

DOPE AND BOTTLES

I began drinking and using other drugs at the age of 14. Through my addiction, I drank at many bars, though I preferred the street corners, younger folks, and you couldn't shoot meth in a bar.

My first drink was whiskey, a half of a fifth, and I blacked out. Black-outs were common in my addiction.

A year later, I had progressed to 5 quarts of beer and 10 bottles of wine a week. I liked what I was doing, and I was successful at it.

About this time, I started smoking pot and doing mescaline along with drinking. I was told smoking was just like drinking without the hangovers.

I was driving my mother's car, which I put a couple hundred dollars into. I had a part time job after school. I began to cut out. I robbed a house and got drunk and got caught. I totalled the car after drinking wine, and my feelings about what was happening to me were, "So what!"

Through my disease I've been addicted to alcohol, pot, mescaline, acid, cocaine, speed,

and pep. I totalled 3 more cars, hurt a couple girls that loved me, and nearly killed more people than I can count.

I also got into huffing paint-thinner and gasoline. I ran away from home many times - mostly because of paranoia. I wanted to be able to "use" all the time, without being hassled.

At the age of 18, I was sleeping with a 15 year old girl, but before we had sex we got bombed. I could still drink my booze.

Somewhere along the line, I was walking down the street at 2:00 a.m. and got hit by a car. It broke my arm - I still have a steel rod in it. I was drinking. And when I say I was drinking - I mean heavy.

I had told so many lies by this time - I couldn't believe myself. I was playing the big shot, working off and on, and doing all the dope I could get my hands on.

I saw me out of work, on welfare, and living on the street. I was hallucinating. I had time-sensory distortions, and my reactions were slow.

In September 1976, I was in a rehab due to my mother. I knew I would blow again, and in 7 months, I did (on speed). I stayed sober

7

for 8 months, and went out again. My mother was getting frustrated and knew I was playing games. I stayed sober for 1 1/2 years, and then got drunk two times.

I am now 3 days sober, and want to stay that way.

Sobriety isn't easy - but it's better than being stoned.

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