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## Methamphetamine: Stories and Letters of the Hidden Costs

*by Users, Loved Ones, and Parents*

A very good friend of mine was a meth addict for many years. He was smart, talented, responsible, funny, and kind. He had a very high-profile job. His addiction was a carefully hidden secret. We were close friend as co-workers and colleagues - after I left the company we lost touch for a couple of years. His funeral was today.

Shaun loved his family very much - his mother has been very ill for many years. Last week, Shaun didn't show up for work or call in - something he had never done in his entire career. When friends contacted the authorities that afternoon, they went into his apartment and found him dead with a plastic bag over his head.

Today was his memorial service. The hell of it is, I know Shaun snapped. His colleagues told me he has been very depressed. I know he would never have done this if the meth hadn't destroyed his mind. I feel somehow the knowledge of that would comfort his family - that they would know he couldn't help himself. Cold comfort at best, perhaps, but I can't say tell them about this. His work colleagues don't even know.

I'll never forget him, or his tragic end. God speed, Shaun.

--Bp

**Selected e-mails will be published monthly. The purpose and intent is to discourage methamphetamine use. If you would like to contribute, see the email address at the bottom of this page.**

My son will be turning 29 next Sunday. I don't expect him to make it to 30. Meth, has taken over his life and destroyed all of us. I try to remember when he was a boy now, when he was innocent. Its hard, because the last 15 or more years with him have been hell. He tears the house apart and beats on everyone, including his ealderly grandparents who do everything for him. We run him off. He stays away sometimes for months. Even then you can't be at peace because you wait for the day someone tells you he is dead or he killed someone, or the day he shows back up. He is nasty, hungry, usually sick. We clean him up, feed him. He promises he is off the stuff. He usually manages to get a car from us. New clothes, money. He is nice for a week or two, then it all starts again. The secretiveness. The anger. He starts about how we nearly let him starve to death or freeze to death. How we let him go homeless. on and on it goes. You just want him gone. But he really is gone. Because he isn't my son anymore. He is a meth monster. Lee's body is still there but he has been gone so long. I would hate him, but I am so tired. I would miss him but I am so tired. I would beat him but I am so tired. I would look for him but I am so tired. I would feed him, but he probably isn't hungry for food right now. I been so busy cleaning up the last mess he left. I am so tired. I will wait for the call that he is dead. Then maybe I can rest. I Love my Son. Where ever he went.

--Gloria

Hello, I'm a 21 year old female, where I live meth has struck over half the population, sadly, but true. For two years I was a user, I would always say "I'm not addicted to it, I just like the high". Still to this day I say I wasn't addicted, but I keep lying to myself. About a month ago me and two friends were going to "deliver" and all along it was a set up, I had been up for 3 days and was standing in handcuffs, with the only thing going thro my mind was my son. Yes, I have a 3 year old son, and now my mom and step father has "temporary" custody of him, so I don't lose him. I had a great job with great pay, and quit it back in the summer, because I found "better" ways to make my money, so I

thought. And out of all the friends I had all that time, I now probably call 10 of them the real ones. No one is your friend in the "Meth" world, or in any drug world at that. Right now, I am jobless, and facing 1-15 years in prison over 3.2 grams. Everyone looks at me in a different way. And it is so sad to see some of the people around here being on it as bad as they are.

--Laura

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### **Meth took everything I had and more**

I am 27, have done meth since I was 18. Quit from 19-23. the only thing that made me stop for so long was a time I took a paycheck and bought half an ounce to sell and make money, but that plan fell apart within a day. I only sold \$175 worth the whole time and 11 days after I had bought it, my friends had to trick me into snorting crushed up loritab pain pills and confined me to a friends room, not letting me go home until I had slept enough and stopped the delerium. By the 7th day I was asking everyone I knew frantically if they knew where I could get a pistol, because i thought a large group of people were stealing everything from my parents house while they were at work for the week. luckily my friends were more coherent and would keep promising that it was being delivered to me soon. luckily this time I only had an embarrassing story and an empty wallet to show for it.

when I was 26 I was using regularly again and kept a nice job for 2 years, being the owner of a remodeling company. I hid my use well and noone knew about it until I confessed a year later, also that day I turned down my best friends offer to help me recover from it and turned my back on a wide circle of good people and family. I started dating a girl who did meth, because why not we had so much in common right? within 6 months we went from the cute couple, that never fought, to at least two violent fights a week, starting when I quit working and moved in with her, we lasted another year... until she did the right thing and finally kicked me out on the street with no help whatsoever. I knew noone else having lost all connection with my old friends, I had become so reclusive that I had nowhere to go when I hit the street. So I hungout in front of my ex girlfriends job at night until close the first 3 nights, begging her to let me back in so I could sleep, and shower and eat. I had no money, no job, and by the fourth day of being so ashamed of this (finally) I knew I was at the bottom, I knew I was going to die soon. I told her this in a dramatic plea to get back into her house so I could act like I had a life again. There must have been something she remembered about us so long ago that she gave in, and an hour later we are both getting high, and have our first of three straight days of physical and mental abuse, mainly me ranting about how she had thrown me out to die and I nearly did. such a pathetic sob story, being made up as I went. day four was yesterday, she is at the hospital with a fractured forearm, and many bruises and swollen face, throat. The only reason I havent killed myself is that In the realization of what had happened I have promised her some kind of justice so that she might find peace instead of the state of shock she has stayed in since. I didnt even notice the moment I went from calm to raging monster, demanding everything I wanted regardless of respect for another person, I have given her my parents phone number so that we both might tell them that I have a serious problem that needs help, and could both our parents help her to file and determine the charges I will face, I cant imagine anything that I can do to right the wrongs I have done to her, I can only hope one day she will be able to have peace again, as for me, I dont care anymore after realizing what I did to another human because of the long term affects of this demonic substance. I know that it will stay with me and nothing I can do will save me from hell. I keep having to remind myself I really did do this, and it really happened. I can only hope that she can recover mentally and physically enough to put my last spiralling rage out of her memory and live a normal life again. I have no other thoughts any more.

--Jimmy

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### **Another Family Torn**

Hi, I have a sister, her daughter , and one of her sons, and my brother , who are all addicted to meth. My 19yr old neice is about to have her third child, which will undoubtedly be taken from her immeidiatly, as she overdosed , shooting up, during her first six weeks of pregnancy. Tonight my 48 yr old brother is lying in a hospital bed fighting for his life, he has staph infection from 'picking' and double pneumonia, and fell and broke his hip several days ago but would not go to the hospital because he was tweaking. Now he is inchoerant, delirious, has a blueish tint to his face and hands, blood clots in his lungs, and when he looks at you the pain you see is unbearable. It is not from the physical aspect, he has no life in his eyes and hasn't for a while now. My sister is almost as bad as him, and would not report his condition until he was found with a puddle of blood on his chest that he coughed up. The devastation of meth is profound. I smoked it when it first 'came out', but never saw the appeal of staying awake day after day doing essentially nothing important. I did not like what I saw around me when I stopped, and made sure no meth came into my home again, and I am fighting to help what is left of our family, and to keep the other young ones in the family

away from meth. I have successfully intervened with another niece and continue to educate her as often as I can, I am sure this experience with her uncle will add to her knowledge of why NOT to do meth. Peace , not Meth  
--Mary

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My brother is gone,  
though I just thought I saw him today.

I went to see my brother,  
but a thin, angry man opened the door.

I stood in shock and listened,  
but it wasn't him anymore.

I tried to take him to safety-  
but no one wanted to see.

No one has time for troubles-  
and help, now days carries a fee.

I looked into my brothers eyes,  
so deep and far removed.

His callus smirk and twisted speech,  
was every nightmare proved.

I tried and tried to call for him,

I tried and tried to pray for him.

I cried and cried for him,  
but my brother is gone...

and I just saw him today.

--Kimberly

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### **From Meth to Music - A Mother's Miracle**

Thanksgiving Day 2005, I stopped by Jack in the Box to see my then, 18 year old son, after a turkey dinner with friends. Billie had been working for a few months now and I was grateful that things seemed to be getting better. He was working hard and staying out of trouble. Friday seemed like any other day, I dropped him off at work and went about my business. Later that evening, Billie called and asked me to stop by work to hang out with him for his dinner break. I picked him up, we talked a little, he seemed down because he had separated himself from his former group of friends in an effort to stay clean. It had been a while since he did meth and he knew the consequences all too well.

Saturday morning I woke to a ringing phone. It was Jack in the Box wondering where Billie was. He was suppose to work early that day but didn't show for work. I didn't recall hearing him come home the night before. I soon discovered he was gone, again. The phone rang all day Saturday, Sunday and into Monday. No signs of Billie at work or home. My heart sank into the pit of my stomach. I had prayed that we were past all of this. So many times, over the past three years I had lived this nightmare. The cycle had started again. Where would it end?

Looking back I now recall the first time I witnessed Billie coming down from his weekend binge on Crystal meth. It was the first time he disappeared for 3 days at the age of 15. I spent countless hours driving the streets of north Phoenix and Glendale searching all of his usual hangouts and calling friends. No one knew where he was. He had disappeared with his 15 year old girlfriend and no one had heard from them. This was my first experience, of what was to become many, filing a runaway report. I was terrified. I watched the news intently, dreading the story headlining the two teens found beaten or shot to death.

Monday morning came and I could not bring myself to go to work. I couldn't think about anything except the terrible news I was going to be getting when the Phoenix Police Department called. It was later that day that I did receive a phone call. It was Billie, telling me he was ok and asking if I would pick him up. He was now safe at home and I was truly grateful. He had spent the weekend in Tempe after catching a bus from north Glendale. He was strung out in a way I had never seen before. Waves of crying, anger, resentment overpowered him. I asked him what kind of drugs he had been using. He confessed to using speed that weekend. He had recently been diagnosed as bi-polar so of course I thought that changing his medication would put an end to this behavior. I had no idea of what was about to become my life for the next three years.

Within a few months, Billie was arrested for assault after being wrongly accused of smoking pot on the way to school. We spent months at the Juvenile court as he continued to violate probation through his drug use and running away from home for days, sometimes a week at a time. Too many of my Wednesday nights and Sunday mornings were spent visiting him in detention. I kept asking myself the question, "Why me?" I didn't even do drugs when I was growing up. I grew up in an alcoholic family and I chose not to take that path. I thought I was a good parent. Maybe not great. I made a lot of mistakes along the way, but he always knew that I loved him. I didn't repeat the mistakes that my parents made. But I couldn't help but believe that the mistakes I had made were so terrible that I had ruined his life. The guilt overwhelmed me. The more guilt I felt, the more I compensated for and excused his behaviors. We went to counseling. I took parenting classes. I tried to use tough love tactics. Threatening, apologizing, begging, and bribing nothing seemed to work.

I always believed I was a strong person. After all, I had survived an abusive father, and an abusive husband. Somehow I always landed on my feet. I had my degree in psychology and had been employed in social services for more than 15 years. I had seen a lot of chaos and despair but nothing could prepare me for the helplessness and hopelessness I felt the day my 17 year old son attempted suicide.

Once again he had been missing for several days. One afternoon, I answered a friend's door to the incoherent crying of Billie's girlfriend telling me that she just hung up the phone with Billie. He had returned home to overdose on his medication. I rushed home to several police cars, a fire truck and an ambulance parked in front of my house. Billie was lying in bed disoriented and lethargic. I went to the kitchen to discover he had taken 10-15 of his seroquel, used to control his manic episodes. Once again, my heart sank. I felt helpless and devastated as if my world was about to end. How could this be happening? God help me. I don't think I can survive this.

I had never felt so alone in my life. I remember standing in the emergency room watching in disbelief while they made him drink a charcoal substance used to absorb the toxins in his body. He looked so pale and ill. He was a mere skeleton of himself weighing only 135 lbs. As I watched him fight the effects of the crystal meth, wanting to fall into the deep sleep that he was so desperate for, I stroked his hair just as I did when he was a small child. It always seemed to calm him and it appeared that it still did. From the emergency room to ICU, I followed in disbelief, helpless and hopeless. What am I to do? Can't somebody make this right? No one answered, no one could make it right.

The days that followed were some of the toughest in my life. The psychiatrists and doctors urged me to admit Billie to a psychiatric hospital for observation and treatment. Billie begged me to take him home and once again he filled my heart with hope with his promises of quitting drugs and staying clean. "I'll take my meds and go to counseling just take me home." And so I did.

Several months passed with much of the same turmoil. There was a lot of arguing, leaving, binging, apologizing and bargaining as the cycle picked up speed. Sometimes Billie would return home after a binge having slept on the street for days with no shower and little to no food. I'd wake in the middle of the night to hear him throwing up and watch him sit in the hallway picking at his skin. How could someone possibly want this life?

Our mother son talks were now nothing but desperate pleas turned to meaningless arguments. Occasionally I would catch a glimpse of the young boy that I cherished so much. Even through all of this I could see his kind heart and that gave me hope.

The age of 18 came and I executed my final strategy. I had to kick him out of my home. At this point I felt as though I was only contributing to his cause. My house was a great place to stay, no worries. He had his friends over when I wasn't home, what motivation did he have to change? Either this was going to work or I would lose him forever.

He lived on the street for several days before moving in with a friend. Within days he got his job at Jack In The Box. I thought, wow this is really going to work. We talked on the phone nearly every day. I would stop by his work and have dinner with him. Things were going to work out this time. A few months passed when he showed up at my door in the middle of the night. He was cold and tired. He said that he couldn't go back to his friend's house because they had a fight and he couldn't stay there any longer. After seeing how well he was doing, I reluctantly agreed to let him come home. I had this feeling before. Hope combined with fear praying it would not turn to regret.

Thanksgiving weekend 2005, my heart sank into the pit of my stomach. Here we were again. Billie returned home after a few days of binging on crystal meth, only this time something was different. I had seen him tweaking before. Pacing rapidly throughout the house, talking incessantly. Moving from one subject to another with no logic. His emotions were beyond reason. Within seconds he shifted from anger and resentment to remorse and helplessness.

He was vulnerable. He begged me to help him. He admitted he was powerless. This is what I was waiting to hear. It wasn't just an erratic statement. Throughout the next few hours of his episode, he continued to plead with me to get him help. He couldn't do this anymore. This time he knew he had f\*\*\*\*\* up.

I have to admit, I was a little hesitant to let myself trust that this was the time. Nonetheless, I began my research on rehab centers where I had left off so many times before. Something he kept repeating rang in mind. "I have to get out of Phoenix. I can't stay here."

That night, I found a rehab program in California. It was going to cost more than I could afford but what choice did I have. The next day I asked Billie one more time, "Are you ready to do this?" The answer was the same, yes. Friday morning, December 3, 2005 we were on a plane headed to Dana Point, California. He was still suffering the effects of his last binge and I would later learn that he had continued to use up until that day. We arrived at the airport to be greeted by someone from the program. When we arrived at the house that Billie would be staying for the next 3 months, I could see the uncertainty in his face. He was starting to question his decision. Now he was changing his mind. He became teary eyed and reluctant to stay. I told him, he had no choice. This was our agreement. What other options did he have?

It broke my heart as I remembered the days that I would leave him with a babysitter while I went off to work. Only this was different. His life depended on my strength to leave. I hugged him and kissed his cheek and this is when I was reminded that I was doing the right thing. Once again, I could feel his frailty. His cheeks were sunken and I could feel the ribs in his back. If he didn't do this, I would surely lose him forever, one way or another.

Two months had passed, not without resistance and at times testing me to let him come home but Billie persevered and seemed determined to fulfill this commitment. By the end of January I felt like it was safe so I made a weekend trip to see him in Dana Point. When I saw him I couldn't believe the transformation. He looked so good. He had gained back the 20 lbs he had lost.

Although we had big plans of going to an amusement park and driving into Los Angeles, we never made it to any of those places. We spent the weekend, driving around as Billie showed me all of the places he had come to love during his time there. The first place he took me was as a little cove in the harbor at Dana Point where he had spent many hours reflecting. It was here that he reconnected with his passion for writing.

Even as a young child, Billie always had a passion for music. I would find little pieces of paper lying around his room with what seemed to be poetry. Sometimes the words were disturbing and a little haunting but it was apparent that he had a gift. He had this ability to express himself through his writing. I'll confess I wasn't always encouraging of his talent. It could be somewhat frightening.

By the age of 10 Billie had his first guitar. I signed him up for lessons, but he would have none of that. Always a rebel, he went to one lesson and decided it wasn't for him. He spent hours in his room teaching himself to play his guitar.

Over the years, he wrote many songs. He played at an occasional open mic night. I always knew he had talent but it was the first time he played in a local club at the age of 16 that it was confirmed by others. Seeming fearless, he got up on stage with his guitar and began performing his original songs. During the first song I could hear people in the audience singing along to the chorus. The man sitting next to me asked his friend where this kid came from. I proudly interrupted their discussion to announce he was my son. The man turned out to be a member of the house band. He continued to share his thoughts about Billie and described him as very intense. He compared him to a young Sid Vicious and Billie Joe from Green Day. He told me to encourage Billie to pursue music as he had an amazing talent. As I sat and watched and listened to the audience, I knew that I was not influenced just because I was his mother.

Although, Billie's passion for writing songs didn't subside, his drive to perform was overshadowed by his drug use, depression and mania. The desire was intermittent. He pulled together a band and spent everyday for an entire month practicing in our living room only to play one show and break up the band. The show was his fix. He had reached his natural high and then it was back to drugs.

As we sat in my hotel room in Dana Point, Billie eagerly played his new songs for me. I was overwhelmed with emotion. These songs were different. They had a new message. As he sang about the chaos and confusion in his life and I could hear the longing for serenity. I video taped his performance with tears in my eyes, so grateful for the peace they conveyed.

I met several of Billie's new friends that weekend including a man from Phoenix, John. God works in mysterious ways. John turned out to be the father of one of Billie's acquaintances. John showed up in the program at the point when Billie most wanted to give up. He took Billie under his wing and they instantly bonded. Billie told me that John had become a father figure to him. John was very encouraging of Billie's music as were others in the house. I was happy that Billie had so much encouragement and I could see the drive in him to pursue his music like I had never seen before. Over the next month Billie would call me on the phone to play his new songs with such enthusiasm. I was now anxious to have him home.

It was now March 3rd 2006, three months from the day we had boarded the plane to California. I met Billie at the airport. He had been clean for 3 months. Returning to Phoenix wasn't going to be easy. He knew the challenges that were ahead of him. The cravings for meth had subsided but now he was back in Phoenix and he was worried that his

triggers would kick in.

A couple of months had passed and Billie was doing great. He got a job and was working full time. He was spending a lot of time writing and had decided that it was time to start performing again. We found some open mics and once again the response was incredible. People from the audience asked if he had a CD and expressed their interest in his music.

A friend referred me to a music producer and it was then that Billie got the validation he needed. He was told that he definitely had talent. He suggested making a demo CD. When we left, Billie had a confidence that I had never seen before. He was determined to follow his dream. But there was one obstacle, money. Once again fate showed up at Billie's door. A few days later through his work he met someone that owned a small recording company. He agreed to cut a demo for Billie at a price he could afford.

Now was a new challenge. He had the songs, he sang and played guitar but he needed more, he needed a band. His co-worker suggested having a friend of his who played the drums sit in on the demo. That's how he met Yvette. Within a few months the demo was cut and a new band was born, "Contradiktion".

Now the determination was fiercer than ever. Billie had now invested himself into this pursuit. He described his lyrics as telling tales of hope and strength in this day of suffering and self-destruction. His songs spoke about his life using drugs. Songs like Down the Drain, Streets of Phoenix and Shed Myself of You.

Things were moving along very well. Billie and I were back to our mother son relationship. He had turned into a young man before my very eyes. It was in September that his world would be shaken for the first time since being home. This would turn out to be the biggest challenge he had faced since kicking his meth addiction.

Billie received word that his grandmother had died. She lived in Canada and he wouldn't be able to get back in time for the funeral. He knew she was ill but still he was saddened that he hadn't been able to spend more time with her. A few days later, he received a message that John, his friend from California died of a drug overdose. Billie was filled with mixed emotions but he seemed to be holding up very well. Within a few days, I received a frantic call at work. The news was almost unbelievable. Billie had just been informed that another friend was found dead in a canal that morning. It was a suspected drug overdose. This friend was only 21 years old and left behind a small child. Billie's spirit seemed broken. I was terrified of the potential for relapse.

It was that night that I was awakened by the faint strumming of a guitar and the soft sound of Billie's voice singing about the past day's events. This song would turn out to be titled, No Regrets, which would be dedicated to his lost friends. He later told me that if he learned anything in California it was that he had to experience his pain. That if he covered it with drugs he could never move on and the pain would live with him forever.

That's when I knew he had moved from Meth to Music.

It's almost Thanksgiving weekend again and as I reflect on 2006, I am most thankful for my son and his strength to triumph over an addiction that takes so many young lives. I know that he will follow his dream and I will be right behind him every step of the way.

--L

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### **Well I just want to end it all**

Being that I was clean for so long and just started using again to win a guy over. I want to be loved so badly its been like this all my life. I mean I am 43 and never even been ask to be married. I just feel like I have no reason to even be here. I sit here smoking and wishing I would die. I have been a user since the age of twelve. And people are amazed that I look this way at 43 after all that. I myself think Im a worthless piece of shit. I just want to be loved you know someone who would just love spending every minute with me. I treat my man very well. Seriously there isnt nothing I woldnt do if im inlove with someone. yet I have always been f\*\*ked around and abused. I mean am I really that bad that nobody wants me.?? Oh and the guy I was trying to win over went back to his ex who has put him in jail several times for serious crimes. homeless with nothing. I work and have a car and a beautiful home. But have nobody to love. So I just wish this shit would kill me im so miserable

--Lori

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### **Nothing but Destruction-From the wife of an Addict**

First, I want to say thank you for this wonderful and powerful website. Although it is painful to read the stories and letters, it gives me hope and strength. I have been married to an addict for eight years. We married young and had our first beautiful child soon after. I knew Michael was an addict when I married him. He was an alcoholic who drifted between cocaine and marijuana. I was a naive party girl myself and thought that our love and dreams of our future would be enough to help him. For 6 years, we maintained a decent life, full of the typical ups and downs one can

expect from an addiction influenced family. We separated several times, found ourselves in terrible financial situations, but somehow, we managed to pull it together and he managed to stay somewhat functional. He'd binge for days, I'd go through periods of doing coke and drinking with him, and then we'd have months of bliss.

I've read some angry letters as well as loving ones here, and although I am angry at the current state of our lives and his actions, I still believe that he is one of the best people you will ever meet. I need to say that because I would never want anyone thinking ill of him. The story I am sharing will no doubt be familiar to some and what we all need to remember is our loved ones outside the confinement of meth addiction. Michael is a great father, husband, son, brother, uncle, employee, and friend. But "Michael" does not exist any more because of the shit they call Glass.

After moving to a new state, Michael's drinking became more heavy right about the time we became pregnant with our second child. Before I knew it, he was moving out, saying he had found someone new. He left ten days after our son was born. That was nearly two years ago. I didn't understand it, I didn't see the signs. I hadn't even heard about meth. After being gone from our lives for 3 months, he became coming home, then leaving again. He brought meth over one day and told me it was like coke. I tried it with him. I did it with him every now and then. When I wouldn't, he'd leave again. We stayed in his state of transition for about a year, he'd move home, move back in with her, he didn't and wouldn't work, meanwhile, I lost a job because he never showed up to watch our kids. I was always the breadwinner and when I lost the job, life took an ugly turn. We had a car repossessed, I moved in with family, he moved back in with his girlfriend who he presented merely as "a place to stay" by this time. I got a DWI and a domestic violence charge. He was getting sicker and sicker and none of us, his parents or I, knew how bad it was.

My guilt is so huge for partaking with him. I thank God everyday that for whatever reason, I credit my two beautiful children, I never let the drug get the best of me, I did not become addicted. I found another job and we got an apartment. I lost the job after two weeks. Michael wouldn't come home for days on end, leaving the kids and I at the house with no phone or car. When he came home, all he wanted to do was get high and have sex. Christmas was unbearable, I was so depressed. Our son's one year birthday came around and I was so ashamed of our life, we didn't even have family over.

Finally, In March of 2006, I had enough. By this time Michael had begun the typical check fraud that addicts find themselves in. He begged me to become a part of it and when I chickened out at the store, we fought badly. Our children were with us and I got out of the car, walked home, he took them to my parents house. I tried to die that night and ended up in a detox facility for 3 days. I had a BAC of .382 and meth and coke in my system.

With no job, no clue of how our lives had taken us here, and no logic or reason to get him help, we willingly signed temp custody of our kids to my parents.

From March to May, Michael got worse. He ran checks all day, leaving me at his dealer's house and taking his addicted girlfriend on "jobs" with him. I'd stay in hotels with him when he wanted me and then end up begging to stay on someone's couch again because he left me again.

The drug had taken him over and I was still blind. Couldn't understand why he was such a liar. Why he was so mean, why he hadn't seen our kids. Wondering where MY Michael had gone. I saw the kids every weekend for the most part. He lied about money, checks, the extent of his fraud, his girlfriend, his drug use...everything. He picked his arms for hours. He began shooting it and a week later, his girlfriend and he were in jail for forgery and fraud.

He was there for a month, during which time, I felt so alone and helpless. I was living at his dealer's house, I was getting high, I wanted to bail him out, I didn't want to bail him out. I just thought if I waited there for him, surely 30 days clean would be all he needed and he would come out, go to rehab, and life would be fine again. I still didn't understand that Michael was destroyed and what effect this crap had on him.

The day after he got out, he got high and what brutally meant to me. Thank God for my mother who told me to pack my things and wait for them to come get me. The next day, I was in another city in a women's shelter. I was also pregnant. Michael and I had planned on an abortion, but he never came through with the money. Pregnant, alone, and away from my kids, I found the strength to move forward despite him getting worse. He immediately went back to check writing, his girlfriend, his drug.

He has since been in more trouble and is serving a 30 day sentence with work release. I have been out of the shelter for 2 months and have been working for 3. I have an apartment, a new found faith, I see my kids twice a month and talk to them everyday. They will be back with me when our oldest gets out of school for the year. I miscarried our third child, a little boy, at the end of August. God always has a plan.

Michael, on the other hand, is worse than ever. He is violent with his words, he is still using during the time the corrective facility thinks he's working, he has begun shooting it up again, and until tonight, at this moment, I haven't honestly and completely realized that I will probably end up burying him someday soon.

Beyond the deception, betrayal, anger, and pain of our life and his addiction, my greatest sadness comes when I realize I am helpless to rectify any of it for him. My children and I will go on with our lives as needed. We are healthy and mostly happy. I know Michael hates himself and his life. I know he wants it to be better. What I can't understand is why he won't or can't take the steps to do so. No amount of court ordered punishment (which has been NOTHING helpful and disgustingly disappointing), begging from me or his family, or bad days here or there will give Michael the peace he needs. That is my greatest pain. When I ignore his calls and attempts at reconciliation, my life is peaceful,

but my guilt is unbearable. Why can't I help him? I am stuck between being so close to having a shot at a real life and my loyalty and love for him. He is a lying, thieving, heartless man....because that what meth does, it robs you of your soul. He said to me the other day that when he looks in the mirror he sees no reflection. Two days later he began injecting it again.

The stories of recovery here are such a strength. The stories of death and despair are my biggest fears. Thank you everyone for sharing. This was difficult to write. Thank you for the website. If anyone can offer words of wisdom, please do so. Continue to love with distance, strive for sobriety, mourn your losses, and pray for our loved ones destroyed by this evil substance. Only God can save most of them and God can hear our pleas and tears. God Bless You all, I hope if nothing else, my story comforts someone out there going through the same thing, or better yet, speaks to an addict and is instrumental in their first step towards sobriety and loving themselves enough to forgive themselves and stay clean. Goodnight.

--Amberly

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Hi I was involved in meth for years i think its the worst thing in the world!! It made me do stupid things and introduced me to monsters ive been shot seen people in my own lounge get shot stabbed punched, and seen good mates turn into creepy faggots! its shit stay away its for the week! A couple a drinks good food, music, the world is your oyster love it, not hate.

--Sa

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I picked up my 18 month chip last night. All those nights I stayed awake using I never thought that I would make it this long without a drug or drink. But I look at it like this, my Higher Power needed me to go down that path so that I can be where I am now. Of course my Higher Power didn't want me to get into as much crap as I did but he had a plan for me. And even though I am a little late starting on the plan I am still working on it regardless. I have decided that I want to be a Certified Addictions Counselor so I am now working in the field and going to school. It is hard to see what drugs are doing to people everyday, yet I am living proof that life does get better. You just have to believe in yourself and stay away from old playmates and playgrounds.

--Paula

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i am a former meth user of 3 years, i lost my marrige, let my kids stay at my moms son10, daughter 3 at the time, finally set my mind to quit, little girl got sick, 6 weeks later died, don't do it its not worth it.

--C

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### **Long Lost Friend**

There's a trophy New England Patriots football in my office that reminds me of him everyday. It was given to me by good friend who I had grown up with in Rhode Island. We were the best of friends growing up but over the years, for one reason or the other, he ended up moving to Florida. We'd grown apart. Stephen had his own life in Florida and I had my own in Rhode Island. As the years went by I often thought of him and why he moved from his family.

.....He contacted me from Florida and things were going great for him. He said I just had to see for myself. Growing up, Stephen was the one who turned me onto my partying ways. I smoked my first joint with him, drank my first alcohol with him, snorted my first lines with him and smoked my first crack with him. On this trip to Florida I did my first Ecstasy with him and had the time of my life! Couldn't wait to get back! I went to visit him on consecutive years for 4 years and each year was better and better. He was always the life of the party. Friends everywhere!

.....In August of '05 Stephen came back to Rhode Island and brought a friend called Meth along. Myself, I never even heard of it but trusted him completely. He told me it was his "own brew" so I was aware of him making it himself. He described how to do it but at the time I was so high I couldn't comprehend all he was saying. ....It was fantastic! I did it a handful of times while he was here but the day he left he handed me The New England Patriots Football as a present. ....Over the coming months I talked to Stephen less and less. He told me there were some problems in his marriage and things were not going as good as before. ....The next call I got from him he was in county jail looking for bond money. I wrestled with giving him the money or not. I could've put up my house



for bond but felt I had responsibilities to my own young family. He was arrested for manufacturing meth along with some credit card scams. I'm figuring the NE Patriots Football was bought with stolen credit cards. ....He did end up getting out on bond, awaiting trial and finally taking off the week of his court date. His bail bonds men called me 3 days after missing his court date. Thought I mite know where he was. ....I don't know, but wonder every second of everyday. ....Good Luck friend, I can only hope to see you again one day. Be safe and God bless you, all of you!

--S

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I read all of these stories and my mind starts spinning. It's too much, it's so unfair, it's so messed up, it's so uncontrollable and there's no answer to the question... How do we fix it? How do we make it better? How do we get our daughters, sons, brothers, sisters, mothers, fathers, friends, lovers, husbands and wives to wake up and realize what's happening? How do we stop it? There is no real, tangible answer. You can walk away, but the pain of that loss... like some one you love has died, burns inside you unrelenting. A smile, a laugh, a bright disposition, a sharp mind and bright future you treasure and hold high in your heart, is lost forever. You have no control, no power. You can be a tyrant, and try to control them. You can stand back and watch and let it happen, hoping they will see the light. You can try to get inside their head and figure out what makes this madness tick. Treatment centers, jails, rock bottom, homelessness; you may step far enough away to let these things take them, hoping they will see, and relapse will plague. The stress of their everyday lives will never be same. Every hurdle, every loss, every struggle, every exhausting day will make them want it more.

When I met him he was clean. I don't mean, a week, a month, or even two. He was clean, he hadn't touched it in a year and a half. I was seventeen, he was eighteen. He was gorgeous, he was quiet, he was flirtatious, smart, self-possessed, responsible, sensitive, affectionate; he lit my soul on fire, he made my blood boil with lust, he made me feel more alive than anything ever has. He was best friends with my best-friend's boyfriend. It was all so perfect, so fairy tale, so happen-stance. I was in love.

I came to find out he was a dual diagnoses case, bipolar/schizophrenic with general chemical addiction in addition. At the time, he was on his meds. His history of drug use was long, starting at age eleven, but as I listened to long, sad, or horrifying stories he told me, I saw before me what I believed to be a truly changed man. I told him so, I said, "Wow, you've really turned you're life around; that's amazing!" I loved him more for his strength.

He had been put in jail and treatment for a year, and had recently finished a six-month probation period. He was young, so the charges where light-handed.

Much stress ensued in our relationship, the situation was a very unhealthy place for him, and slowly his resolve, his composure, his sense of self-worth, his pride, and his sanity began to crumble. Old friends from his past began one by one to resurface. He stayed clean. But, a year later, he relapsed. It was the sealing wax a change that had already begun to take place. The warm hearted smile I was once knew faded to a plastic reassurance. The sparkle in his left him. I began to become an annoyance that impeded on his space, and inhibited his ability, his 'right' to "just have fun."

He is not what one calls a junkie, per se. He doesn't use everyday, or even (I think) every week. He sleeps, he eats, and though he's lost about sixty or seventy pounds in the last two years, he is not close to being emaciated. But he lies, he hides things, he is reserved and uncommitted. He thinks about it everyday. I've done it with him four times, thinking to some how try and understand, or get through it him... forget the pain of having no control. As much control as he has over it, he is still an addict. He values it more than me, he won't leave it alone. As little as he does it, it still hurts me, his brothers, his mother, his father, his non-addicted friends. It hurts my family to see me suffer with the violence, the moods swings, the disrespect and disregard.

Once he was the man I love, now he seems like he is just acting... like his feelings don't work right anymore. He hasn't taken in months. But underneath I keep hoping that the man I love is still there. It wasn't an act... He just self-destructive. He changed. I don't even know how to turn back on him, and lord knows how many times I've tried. A day, a week, a month... I can't seem to see through his pleas for my love, my forgiveness; can't seem to see through his promises, his show of affection. And it always fades away. He always turns back to it again. And as time goes on, it only happens more and more.

Am I the only one who feels like this is hell? Love,  
--KHD

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I had to withdraw from school because I decided that it was best for me to attend rehab at Pacific Ridge. Last school year I got into Methamphetamine because it helped me with my school work. I knew that it was not going to

help me forever, that eventually it would do just the opposite, but because of it I was able to study more and did better in my classes. I felt there was a lot of pressure being put on me from my parents. My initial decision was to quit at the start of summer, this didn't happen because of all the compliments I was getting from my friends because I had lost weight. I thought to myself that I would just quit when school started because I had nothing significant to do that summer. Maybe a month into the summer my parents found out and I lied to them and told them I would quit, but with this kind of drug or really anything for that matter, you can't help a person to quit unless they want to. The entire summer was a blur and by the end of it I knew I had a serious problem. My body was constantly tired but my mind awake. I didn't get to sleep until around six or seven in the morning because I would be doing useless things on the computer that would take me hours to do and take a normal person maybe ten to thirty minutes. Because of this I was continuously late for work and I actually walked out on my employer, something I would not have done if I had been sober. I was very paranoid and suspected my friends of plotting against me for reasons I made up in my head. School started and I attending classes for a couple of days but could not understand what the professors were talking about. It all fell apart when I had a simple french assignment to do that should have taken ten minutes tops. I was buying concert tickets online and figured it would take me five minutes at the most to buy them and then I would do the assignment, get dressed and go to class. I had an hour until class. By the time I was finished purchasing the tickets class was about to start. I couldn't believe it, I had sat there for an hour buying concert tickets, I wasn't dressed and hadn't finished my first assignment. The next day was the deadline for a work study job that I was applying for, it took me a while to write the essay but I got it done. But I had no strength at all to turn it in. Instead I fell asleep on the couch, when I woke up the deadline had passed and I was upset but blew it off. Instead I called my using friend Kim and some other friends and couldn't get a hold of anyone. I had a mental breakdown. I was crying, I felt terrible, but I couldn't bring myself to take another hit. I thought about it a lot but I just couldn't do it because I knew that it would solve nothing. I'd just continue to be in the same situation that I was in. I text messaged my friend Chelsea back and forth and she helped me through it, she helped me to realize that I needed help. I text messaged my brother because I couldn't talk because I was crying so much. I told him to tell my mom that she needed to come pick me up. That weekend was the hardest weekend of my life. I slept. I yelled. I cried. I lost three more pounds. I agreed to rehab, I changed my mind. I told my mom that I was going to have Kim pick me up and she would never see me again because she wouldn't let me leave. I wanted to change the fact that I called her for help and just go back to using. I was told that I couldn't go to school that term. It killed me. I sat there, reading my finance book out loud. I could barely pronounce the words, much less understand what I was reading. All I wanted to do was go back to school and make everything normal. But finally I admitted to myself that it was impossible to do at that point, that I needed to go to rehab. I told my mom that I needed rehab, but it had to be an inpatient program or else I couldn't make it through. She agreed and called insurance and did what she had to. On Monday, she told me that we could either be there in an hour or wait till the next day. I told her that I needed to go now, so within the hour I was at Pacific Ridge. That place helped me more than anything. Coming out of it I was not only off of drugs and a lot happier. But I was happier and more in control of myself than I had been my entire life. I realize now that my drug habit didn't come from just the pressures of school work, it came from being unhappy also. I don't regret one day of my summer or school year. I don't sit here and wish that I had never done meth. I honestly think that me going through what I did has helped me to become a better person. I still struggle with the affects of using meth everyday. It's hard for me to remember things, even something that happened 2 minutes ago, it's hard for me to concentrate on school work. I don't feel as intelligent as I used to, but everyday it's getting better. There was a point in my life where I thought I could never function like I used to again. Maybe I won't ever fully get back what I had before, but I know that everyday I do a little better than the day before. Coming off of drugs made me realize how important school is to me, that's all I could think about in rehab. I actually followed the syllabi I had in rehab to the best of my ability at the time. I not only realized how important school is, but how important life is in general, the little things that I take for granted and the family and friends that I have hurt. I am honest with everyone about being an addict and am willing to talk to anybody that will listen because I feel that I have overcome a big obstacle in my life and am very proud of myself for doing so.

--Amy

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### **I need to get it out of my chest!**

I've watched this site every week for about a year now, I've read all these letters over and over, at first I wanted to understand the reason of his addiction then I wanted to help him thank god now I just feel like I need to get this over with, I know it will always haunt me, and even now 17 months after, whenever I think about it I still feel it as fresh as yesterday, I don't want to bounce back on all these readings, as a girlfriend of an addict I went through the same pain to say the least, the cheating, suffering because of his never ending tweekings, the low self esteem that comes with it, the feeling of being guilty for his actions, I even felt weak because I couldn't change his ways, at some point I felt like I kind of deserve it, I've never been as broke, sad, angry, shallow yet as happy (I know it sounds crazy) as when we were together, if you ask me how I feel right now, I will tell you that I wouldn't change a bit of all that I went

through, out of the dark there was a bright light, we had a baby, my reason for everything I do, she's the coolest thing that ever happened to me, so one day I put my things together and left with my baby, whatever was ahead was way better than what I left behind, I did all possible I could, no regrets at all, it made me stronger, now I'm the happiest mom, she's the best of him, he's asked to see my baby when he's sober but we're miles and miles away, he knows he screws things up, and I wish that he gets out of the situation he's been for 7 years now, I'm doing good, God is helping me I know, and is like a weightlift off my shoulders, because I finally understood that I have only one person to take care of instead of two, and I have to look up for her and no one else, I hope this letter helps another person in the same situation I was in, Jesse if you ever read this letter I just want you to know that I don't hate you and hope you get well, and it breaks my heart when I see these letters but in whatever position you are in, you have to look up for your self cause if you don't who will? right?

--Nadya

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Hello, My name is mark. I have a problem with Crystal. Cocain straight to Meth. So Ive got about 10 years under my belt. The sad thing is that I have Lost my family, house, car, good friends. I used to be so socialable. I was always in the mix. Now I catch myself to afraid to go into public. To afraid to go to interviews for jobs knowing there going to piss test. Ive gone to AA meetings. I plan to quit one day. I know this poem I found off the internet has really helped me. Finally brought a tear to my eye. I wanted to share it with everyone if you post this. Very touching poem. I myself can say that everything said in the poem has and is happening in my life. Meth has ruined some moments with my 2 year old son that I will never get to experience again. Simply because I was to geeked to remember them. I don't use large amounts but even when IM kinda high, I know that my 2 year old knows. He looks at me different. He kinda ignores me. Then I realized he is ignoring me because I had been ignoring him because I was to geeked up in the moment of whatever was doing. Simple stuff like "dadda play cars." "Dadda wanna watch spongebob?" " No son, or hold on." I HATE IT!!! Maybe thats why I only get to see him on the weekends since I lost her also. I didn't blame her. You can prob sense the depression in this letter. Thats my life. Kinda hard to feel anything anymore. I don't even know when to laugh or cry anymore. Like I can't tell.

--mark

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Hey, my name is Stacee. I can remember when I first tried Meth. I was 18 and influenced. Senior year in high school I reunited with people that would show me, "the time of my life." It was in ABQ that I first tried the devils dust in a friends family house. It took one 'hit' for me to begin a new chapter in life. I was dating Justin and completely rebelled against my parents and dishonored my relationship. Lying for money and using school as a scapegoat. I would go on day binges and disappear for quite awhile. I never understood what it meant to crave until it started to happen. Evey Monday was pay day and the day I had to resupply for the week. On the weekends i would go home so I would stop. It seemed like everyday I wanted to feel high and rushed. Soon after other people that lived in my neighborhood were smoking crack, meth, snorting meth and coc. Because I was, "using." I didn't graduate and became easily angered all the time. To this day I "use on and off" I have made it a habit that is uneasy to break. Until a month ago I decided to put my foot and down and SAY NO. I get my strength from God. I want to be a teacher someday and I know that with that lifestyle I can never succeed. Maybe your like me you like to get on-line and read true stories to have a hidden hope. That is what I did now I have a hope that I can quit forever. Thank you for reading and keep encouraging one another to end the madness of Meth.

--Stac

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I have not done meth for almost 3 years now. I just found out last week that my boyfriend had a relapse and was afraid to tell me. His relapse was so bad that he took \$150 of OUR money and spent all of it on meth. He snorted it, ate it, and smoked it. All of it. All in one night. And now him and i stay at home with my 16 month old daughter and no one that has anything to do with any drugs comes over to our house. We go to our p.o. every other week as scheduled and we both get drug tested twice a week and when we go to our p.o. We are only 19 and we want to see my daughter grow up. We are both in school and we both graduate in may. Me from hs and him from his 2 year college.

--Dani

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I just found Meth again, hiding like bacteria. I am frozen. I want my husband back, I am losing him. Keep chanting it is not me, this is his relationship with something ugly. Its not me, I don't own this. I can't scream I feel like knives are wedged in me and there are hands choking me. 13 years of marriage, 3 kids, my soul mate, who can I save. He is 46 I am thinking about life insurance, burial plots, upping the medical coverage and not retirement. Who do I save???? Who is he seeing? Like a scary movie, I can't watch the rest of this movie, yet I am powerless for him because he is the director. I have threatened to leave, did so once, and may have to again.

Thanks for listening to all this!... This world needs my husband, he is good, hardworking, friend, father.

My wings are broken  
Don't make me cry  
My senses are fogged  
Don't make me cry  
I am on the verge  
Don't make me cry  
I love you  
Don't make me cry  
Let's not go there  
Hear my heart, it skips and flutters  
Hear my tears, waiting, waiting  
Don't make me cry  
I am beautiful, look  
Tender and sure  
Don't make me cry  
Hold me, touch me,  
Lift my wings  
I need you, let me go  
Don't make me cry

--Frozen

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### **Dr. null or anyone that will listen,**

I got into null when I was 15 and followed with heavy drinking. The last four years of my life have been a series of unrealistic highs and manic depressive lows lasting for what seemed forever.

Everyone I knew did it, cooked it or sold it. I always felt I had no way out I could never escape it for I was really just trying to run from myself. That very first hit I was hooked and only wanting more, wanting to get higher but I never could. The summer when I was 15 was spent in different random hotel rooms, anyone we could find that we were allowed at or they didn't know who we were. I always waited for the cops to come they always found us no mater where we went. They would bust in the door throw us on the floor or against the walls and rip the room apart looking for dope or anything to take us to jail for.

My mom was out of her mind between me and my sister getting her wake up call from police stations at all hours of the night. She always was waiting and fearing for them to tell her they found my body somewhere. My lowest was that summer I was up for over a week without sleep and hardly eating more than a french fry a day if I could force that down. I looked like a zombie, I looked like death and all I wanted to do was get high. I can't imaging the damage I have done to myself. When I was up this long I was seeing things null one night so bad I thought all my friends where trying to kill me, I thought I was gonna die. I feared my life I was so out of my mind no one could talk sense into me. No mater how many times this happened or how sick I would get i never stopped.

I never even really thought about stopping until Brandon another addict I ended up getting into a relationship with when I was 16 and he was 27. One night while high he got upset over nothing and beat me until I could hardly walk my legs were so bruised up. That's just one of the nights I put myself in a situation where I really felt I could die and know one would know. He tried to kill me a few times to the point he said he would kill me and my family if I ever left him. So I stayed for the longest months of my life in fear he would hurt someone. One night in a hotel room we got into a fight that ended in him getting his glass pipe scolding hot with a blow touch and putting it to my face. I remember crying trying to call my mom and hitting me in the head with the phone. I finally got out and got a restraining order that didn't make me feel any safer tho.

After that I was still getting high and had one useless addict boyfriend after another. The last time we got raided was 3 days before my 17th null and I was the only one that didn't go to jail because I wasn't 17 yet. I would of went for a long time with all the dope we had in that room. I stopped everything after that night I was done I thought I don't want to go to prison and I was clean up until I met Scott a recovering addict who I thought wanted the same things as me boy was i wrong I got myself on another null. Someone brought dope over one night and he gave in then begged me till I gave in. Their I was living each day just to get high again, letting it control my life. Are relationship was a mess he would take off and not call for weeks out getting high and I would sit at home and wait for his brother to call and tell me he was in jail. I did that for a year. We would break up then get back together. One night I was sure he was out cheating on me . So I called up and old friend and went over to get high. I had been clean for about 6 months this time. I really loved him and I was just broken, I didn't care anymore about me or anyone else. I sat their and did more and more I couldn't get high no matter how much I did. I watched all of them get so high from shooting and I said screw it I wanna get high and I shoot up for the first time six times one after another that night and it felt so good to just be numb from emotions to not think at all. I just sat their with that mortality of a 2 year old all night.

The next day I never felt so ashamed of myself so worthless doing something I always thought was so wrong. I finally thought I was an addict, I realized I have a problem and if I don't do something I am gonna die or go to prison. I didn't get help then tho. Scott and me broke up and I spent weeks planing out how I was gonna kill myself. when I went to see my therapist I broke down and told her everything. I was sent to a a crisis ward and was kept for a few days. I found out so much about myself while I was in their emotional along with finding out I have bipolar disorder, OCD, extreme anxiety and a million other things in results from doing meth.

I was happy again and i wanted to change my life. As soon as i got out I checked myself into a drug program and went everyday I felt good about myself for going and everything was going great until I talked to Scott one night that somehow I have no ideal got us back together. I dropped out of my classes and got high. I felt like I threw everything away, like I keep working just so I can mess it up again. I would ask my self why I keep doing this but I never had a answer. Scott decided he was gonna take off to California I guess he will never change. It was probably the best thing for me. I never went back to my classes but I have been clean almost nine months and looking forward to my 20th birthday null up. I am happy and I have not been able to say that in so very long. My sister on the other hand is back in prison along with all my friends.

--Brittney Ann

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### **Girl Friend of a Meth User**

I have read all these stories and cant not believe how my story is so similar. I have been with my boyfriend for 5 years now. When I met him he told me that he use to smoke meth and has been clean for 5 years. I thought WOW, thats amazing. One year into our relationship we moved in together. We had a nice home, he a great job and was planning on building a dune buggy. It took him a year but he finally got the dune buggy built. One day he was headed out to the desert with his dune buggy and someone hit his trailer, damaged the dune buggy and the truck. He just couldnt deal with the stress and the damage to his dune buggy. I noticed that he was moody and at times would work long hours. After 7 months of him working late, coming home late, working weekends, us arguing over stupid things, I would say to my self is he seeing someone else. One morning, in Feb 2006,he kissed me good bye to go to work and he usually will got into the garage to put on his work boots and put his hat on, his normal routine. I got out of bed and opened the door to the garage and saw him standing there with a glass pipe. He looked at me with these big eyes. I told him I knew there was something going on with you and I thought it might of been another women.

On May 16th he got fired from his job, and on May 31st I kicked him out of the house because he was still using. Since May he hit a semi truck on the freeway, over turned it, used his dune buggy as collateral and borrowed \$4,000 against it, and bought \$4,000 worth of Meth. Smoked and sold most of it. A week later he sold his dune buggy. He got \$10,000 cash and a off road truck. Paid back the \$4,000 that he had borrowed and spent the rest of the money at the casino. A month later he used his off road truck as collateral and borrowed another \$4,000 against the truck. He took that money and blew ALL the money at the casino.

For 5 months he hasn't made any credit card payments, no car payments, got his cell phone turned off, got a speeding ticket and never paid that. He has a warrant out for the vehicle, and bench warrant out for his arrest for failure to appear in court and not pay the speeding ticket. His license will be suspending on Nov 16th 2006. He doesnt talk to his family. He only talks to me.

This has taken a toll on me. At times I felt as if this drug has taken control of me. I dont use the drug but it sure feels as if I do. Its taken me almost 6 months to realize there is nothing I can do. I tried and tried to stop him from using. He lied to me, he cheated on me, he has grabbed me and had this angry look in his face. He has broken things in the house.

He tells me hes beating himself up. I tell him that I love him and I will be here for you when you get clean.

This is what the meth has done to my boyfriend in 6 months. He has lost everything.

--Crystal

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when i was 12 i smoked my first cigarette. when i was 13 i was what most would call an alcoholic. and a pothead. At 14 i was arrested. and served 12 months in juvenile hall and another 12 months in a group home. and in those 2 years id go home to visit ~smoke cigarettes and enjoy my weekends there with alcohol. when i turned 16 i started hangin out with my sister more (this was after i moved back home) her being my older sister and on the dance team at school, she went to all the 'cool' parties. and i ofcourse tagged along. and that is where i got addicted to coke. i made new friends, and from there i made even more friends. who introduced me to crack. and in certain cases i guess you would have called me a 'crack-whore' i had sex for drugs. i finally magaged to break away from those people (mostly becaus ei had lost my job, and they didnt want me around if i didnt have money. and then i went back to the usual weed smoking. until one night my mother ~who i knew did meth with my sister~ asked me to try it and see if it had any affect (because it did nothing for her) i never thought my own mother would steer me wrong, but she did. and that is when i started snorting meth. then billy came into my life 23 years old (i had just turned 17) he did meth. alot of meth. and for that reason he moved in with my mother and i. at that point i didnt use often. but they would have a hay-day. leaving me left out. then i started using more, and more until at one point i was up going on 15 days. i looked like death 93 lbs ~im 5'8"~ and then my mom started freaking out (paranoid) and asked billy to leave) we both moved out (i left because everyone was so strung out and i was trying to quit and i had left for one night and came home with my entire room trashed) and i left. i moved in with my aunt and for about a week things were going fine. until my dad showed up. and he was on meth worse than my mother. so for about 2 weeks my father and i bonded over a lightbulb. pathetic. then my father went back to jail. and billy left me. (after he had stolen 3,000\$ from my aunt) after the withdrawals passed i knew i had to get out of california and away from everything i hated. i moved myself to north carolina. kind of a spur of the moment type thing. and from there i stayed with my friend. things went good. i got a job at a bar after i turned 18. and that is where i met matt. and i have been clean ever since~ that was june 2004~ now we are married have a 18month old son. we have a house here in indiana and things really couldnt be better. i got my GED and i start college in january. i didnt go to rehab. i did it all on my own.

--les

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Hello my name is andy I am an addict, I just excepted my addiction. Never in my life have I felt so lonely and depressed like I did that day when I realised I was addicted to crystal meth, I was in complete deny everyone knew except me it was like I went trough a black hole and just like that my world that I was living in had passed me by. I don't know what's going to happen with me I keep trying to quit but a week later after beeing clean I find my self unconsciously looking for my dealers number.with out knowing I fell in love with crystal and everytime I try to leave my mind and body pull me back.....I. Just want to say this for anyone that wants to try this drug, please stay away u don't know what ur f\*\*king with hear me no one can controll it u don't do meth meth does u all ur going to do is ruin your life and drag your family down with you. Focus on your future and if your friends start messing with drugs find new friends new crowd.

--andy

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real story of a meth user, i was addicted to meth for 4 years i lived with someone who was making the drug and thats how it all started for me.i stated smoking threw a lightbulb my mom threanted to take mykids away from an completly woke me and the man who also the father of our to kids we also had the dea at our door with a forecic scientis at our door wanting swab our apt wiyhout a seach warrint so of cours we didnt let them in that was awake a call for us to dispose all of are evidecn. they never came back again. weve been clean for 2 yrs not that i dont think of when things are going bad but i have to much to to lose. so for all you still using please take my story as some advice to get clean

--nr

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