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The Anti-Meth Site

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Methamphetamine: Stories and Letters of the Hidden Costs

by Users, Loved Ones, and Parents

from wife of Meth user

This letter is for those of you are still suspicious of a loved one doing Meth, but are in "DENIAL". What I mean is , in the back of your mind, you know it, but, your heart wont let you believe. You just don't want to believe that the person you love more than anything in the world is doing drugs. Well that was exactly the way I was for about 2 years. I kept making excuses for his behavior and wanting to believe every lie that came out of his mouth. (Does this sound like you yet?) Then as his habit became worse, he became more unable to cover his tracks. One night my child told me that he had taken a Tylenol. Wanting to make sure that he took the right thing, I asked him which bottle he got it out of. He pointed to a bottle right there in the kitchen sitting on the table and said "That one". I picked up the bottle and opened it. Tylenol was not in that bottle. There was a bag of meth in that bottle. At the time I was not sure what it was, but I knew it was a drug. I asked my child again which bottle he got the Tylenol from and he then showed me a different bottle that was in the cabinet that did contain Tylenol. He never even saw the bottle on the table. I still to this day believe that that was God's way of showing me what was going on. I took this drug to a person who my husband did not know, but I knew this person would know what kind of drug this was. I was right, it was meth and had been sitting on my kitchen table for my children to find. Well, you guessed it, the very next day, my husband called me at work wanting to know if I had seen the Tylenol bottle. He said that it contained a very expensive powder used for tools and that he borrowed it and had to return it ASAP! Yeah Right!! I told him that I had not seen it .For the next two days I was Questioned over and over about the "Tool Powder". I finally gave it to him and demanded that he show me the tool that it was used in and how it worked. Believe it or not, then he could not get it the shed to get the tool, He had lost the key. When I offered to break down the door to get in, He became infuriated and stormed off in the car. Then I was mad at myself for giving it back. I should have flushed it or something. I talked to him over and over, and he continued to deny that he was using drugs. I finally put a recorder on my phone (you can get these at Radio Shack) .I overheard things that I did not want to hear but it was for my own good. I was listening to a man who most definitely did not sound like the man I married. I even found out that he was a very big dealer and maker of Meth. I could not believe some of the people he talked to who I also trusted, was on the drug. I even overheard a conversation, he was talking to a person on a cell phone who was in progress of robbing someone's home and my husband was cheering them on!! I assumed this was a person who owed them money for drugs. I then told him to get out. He had nowhere to go, so he lived out in the shop for a while. One day, while I was snooping out there I found a bottle of urine. Why? I guess he was coming down one day and was too lazy to go outside. I took this urine and had it tested. (I had access to this) It tested for positive for SEVERAL drugs. He still continued to deny it. Said there were

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chemicals in that "DR Pepper" bottle. That's where the divorce came in. My children never had a father much and now they really don't, He finally got busted and is serving a very lengthy prison term. The moral of this story, is, If in your heart you need "Proof" to make you believe, get it. You may have to be sneaky, and you will find out things you did not want to know, but is it worth your children and family suffering his/her consequences? Meth addicts will not let you help them. Not when they love the drug. They will tell you whatever they have to. Prison is the best thing that ever happened to my ex. He is now off Meth and realizes that his children are very special. Now he sees what he did. If he had not gotten a divorce, that could have been my home being raided and my children could have been taken away. I have asked myself over and over what could I have done to help him, You can't help them if they won't help themselves
--TC

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

Down the road to hate.....

Well where to start? I'm 23 years old, I started meth when I was 17 because my older sister whom was 19 at the time offered it to me saying it was the cool thing to do. Not ever feeling wanted by my sister I decided to try it out. It never really had an effect on me the first time, So I tried it again and then I was hooked. Hanging out with my sister all the time It felt so great being accepted by my older sister we started doing everything together. I then introduced meth to my boyfriend and my friends and got them hooked as well. In July 2001 while riding around in a car with a friend was pulled over by the police and searched. Sitting in the back of a cop car I was frightened. Was brought to a holding cell for the night to sleep and released early the next morning. A Court date was set and I ended up getting 12 month probation. Luckily not getting jail time. But I still didn't learn my lesson. Still I did everything in my power to get high, Bank fraud, pawn shops, I was living a life that wasn't controlled by myself anymore. I never knew my family anymore never saw them. Never cared about anything but being high. In November 2002 I moved home due to my boyfriend's arrest and jail time. Being home was a living hell. Staying up late at night or all night alone in my room to high to sleep cutting magazines, drawing weird stuff, writing poetry. Fighting constantly with my Mom and Dad. I hated being home. I realized that I had a neighbour whom was into meth as well so I packed my stuff up again and moved in down the street, In with a family husband and wife and there two kids. Sneaking into the master bedroom with them to smoke meth while the two kids stood outside the door wondering What's mommy and daddy doing in that room with a 18 year old alone? I'm sure it didn't look very good. They were a happy family and I watched it be ruined from Meth. Needs to say they divorced lost their home and possessions. It was horrible. I moved home again...Fights starting again with my family...I tried to fight my dad almost everyday..I was out of control...And I didn't care. Still doing everything in my power to be high. Nights would go by and I would sit in my room getting heart palpitations thinking my heart would explode or I would have a heart attack it was starting to make me feel really sick. I was so depressed....My legs would go numb and I would bring myself into the emergency..sit there for a couple minutes freak out and then leave being paranoid someone would know I hadn't slept in days and that I was messed right up. In April 2003 I met a guy..A guy whom never did drugs, and never knew that I did. The worst thing and hardest thing was trying to hide it from him... a couple months into dating him I told him I needed some help. He said choose him or the drug...And at this point I was ready to give it up I didn't want to die and that's how I was starting to feel.. I flushed all my meth down the toilet and I haven't touched it since. I have been clean now for Three years.. I look back and All I say is I was so lucky if I never quit where would I be today? Since quitting Meth I've been experiencing heart problems...Been to a specialist and found out that from using meth I now have a hole in my heart, Might need open heart surgery in the future.

My long term effects haunt me all the time, confusion is my middle name now and my memory is shot. I wish I could take back those three years of my life but I cant. I tell you it feels so good to be myself again I am so proud of myself. I know am dealing with my sister who has not quit yet, its really hard to help when seeing her brings back memories...But I know and pray to God she will be able to quit like I did. DONT THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY....ITS NOT WORTH IT!!!!!! AND IT WILL HAUNT YOU FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE... God bless everyone
-NV

Hi...I am 33 years old and have been clean for 11 months now from meth use. A little history about me....I have a beautiful 11 year old daughter and a gorgeous 2 year old son...my family is very supportive of me, still leary of me because of almost 3 years of lying..but they are standing beside me in this fight. I was just about to turn 30 when I first tried cocaine. I thought it was a one time choice - WRONG. I started using weekends, then weeknights, then weekdays.....then along came Ice. Again, thought it would just be "this one time"...wrong again. I kicked Coke to the curb and Ice and pipes and lighters quickly became my best friend, with me at all times. I withdrew from family, friends and started missing work. My best friend (Ice) and my best friend (she shall remain nameless to protect her family) very soon were scamming ways to get cash from their business, from my paycheck, from child support, selling movies and books to 1/2 price Books for cash. I was leaving my daughter to go make runs, I was allowing people that I knew Nothing about to come over and hang out - because they would deliver the Ice to us. I was partying all the time, after work, before work, during work. I stole from my best friend (money in a water jug for their vacation) and I was lying all the time to family. I was even high at my daughters birthday party. All of this happened in just THREE MONTHS.

My mom and I were constantly arguing and she KNEW something was not right. She called the local Police to get info on drug abuse and the signs of abuse, then she confronted me. OF COURSE, my response was no way, not me, how could you even ask that! But I knew deep down that I had a problem. The next day I took over 15 vicadin to "ease the pain" and landed myself in the hospital. While they were doing their blood tests on me and talking to me about suicide, the e.r. staff came in and announced I was pregnant. I was completely shocked. HOW COULD I BE PREGNANT! This was September 3, 2003. I was almost 2 months pregnant. I went to Timberlawn hospital for about a week. When I got out, I did not use and I decided to keep the baby. Although I had no idea who the father was, because during the previous 2 months I had sex with more than one person. Consequences: My best friend and I could no longer hang out, even though our daughters were best friends, we lost trust of everyone. I was pregnant.

I stayed clean throughout my pregnancy, but I did not attend any 12 step programs because I was "not one of them" - I even got my dad to agree with me so I did not have to go with those "ADDICTS".

Fast forward to April 15, 2004. A beautiful baby boy was born and he was PERFECT. I thank God that my bad choices to use drugs did not affect my son physically. But even knowing that God gave me a second chance.....approximately 3 weeks after my son was born, I started snorting coke again. I started with a guy friend and then other friends slowly joined me once again, including my ex-husband. Then Ice became my very best friend again. Soon, my best friend came over to visit me (of course without knowledge of our families) so she could see my son. We talked about using..at first I did not tell her I was using again, but then I changed my mind and told her. We started meeting whenever we could. She would leave her car at a local store, I would pick her up and bring her to my place to get high. We became very good at making up stories in order to meet with one another to get high - still top secret. When I think of this it makes me sick now - at the time it was exhilarating to think we were "getting away with it". This lasted from May until January 2005, when she decided maybe she was getting too far into with me and we were going to get caught. But this did not stop me, I found new friends to get high with CONTINUALLY until in March when I got fired from my job for absences. This was devastating, but still did not stop me. I called my best friend to cry about it and we got together and got high once again. So it all began again..... just this time I had more time

to get high because I did not have a job. I ended up moving in with my family because I could not find a job, then we also lived temporarily with old high school friends too. In between all this, someone called Child Protective Services to report my drug abuse. You know what? I got out of that too and thought I was real slick then. So, CPS was gone. Somewhere around this time, which was the summer of 2005, I started experiencing some paranoia and hallucinations - all of which I of course did not think was part of the drugs. I thought it was true and real. I finally got a job again, making \$30,000 +....and got my own apartment again for me and my two children - this was in August 2005. During the next 3 months my life very quickly went downhill and I felt I was very out of control. I wrote a hot check to a drug dealer, I wrote two hot checks to my new apartment complex, electricity got shut off (I quickly got that turned back on), was high again at daughters bday party, missed my lil sisters bday party, missed a lot of family functions, I popped my best friends daughter in the mouth for spitting, scammed dope we bought together to keep for myself, lied constantly, lost a very good male friend due to constantly shooting him the ghost when I made plans and then lost my job once again, got another job at a daycare. I went from size 18/20 down to almost a size 7. Meanwhile, the paranoia was out of control. I up for days at a time, sure the Feds were following me, bugging my apartment, my car, thought my friends were in on it as well as my family and most of all the worst not giving my children ME. My mom called the local p.d once again and had them come to my apartment, I went outside to talk to them HIGH and swore they were in on following me as well. They left that night stating "your mom is just a drama queen". I had fooled them as well. It would take me 30 minutes to drive to my best friends house, when she only lived 10 minutes away because I would drive in circles thinking I was being followed and set up. (by the way, her husband agreed to let us start hanging out again, because we conned him into thinking we were still clean and could be "good girls".) October 2005, I was working at the daycare and became convinced they knew I was using and they were FED. One day, I picked my son up out of his classroom, got my bag and his and just walked out during my shift, never to return again. The front staff came outside to follow me to see what was wrong, I just got in my car and drove off.

On October 30, 2005 I sat in my recliner all day - high of course - and contemplated what was going on in my life. I knew, I KNEW I needed to stop but also felt like the paranoia was not paranoia, that it was REAL. I was so very confused and distraught. I was going thru the house, gathering up all the things my best friend had given to me, tv, clothes, shoes, plants, any decorations she gave to me and piling it in the living room because I thought that somehow it was all wired to the Feds. As I sat back down in the recliner, my son walked in the living room 18 MONTHS OLD and walked up to the mini-blinds and did the "tweaker look".....he peeked out the mini blinds without moving a single slot and then went to the front door, put his ear up to the door and listened attentatively for some "noise". This is when I lost it. I picked up the phone and called my parents. They came over quickly and I shared that I was once again smoking Ice and that I needed help. That night was a turning point in the right direction - the slow process recovery. Will the REAL SHANNON please stand up!!

October 31, 2005 was my first day clean. Over the next few days many tears were shed, unasked questions lingered between me and my family. I told my 11 year old what I had been doing. The look on her face was pure devastation. My mom and I found out how could go to treatment, but before doing so we went together to Child Protective Services, an act some people don't understand. I did not want my children taken away from me, I wanted to make sure they could be with family. So we signed a Family Safety Plan, giving my parents temporary custody. Over the past year, I went to rehab, moved to another city to start a new life, I have attended many, many, many AA and NA meeting, I have had over 4 jobs and cried many tears with my family, without my family, with strangers. I have been put on medication to calm the Drug Induced Scizophrenia that I was diagnosed with. Still to this day, something will trigger for maybe a fleeting moment that same nauseating, fear and paranoia, but I know now how to deal with it - and smoking ice is not the answer. When I first quit using, I couldn't hold a conversation with anyone, I couldn't sit still, had VERY short term memory and didn't "feel" anything. Since rehab, I have slowly been able to retain information for longer periods of time, I can have conversations, REAL conversations with people, I realize too that my choices did not just affect me, they affected my family and friends in some of the following ways:

My daughter lived with my parents, her dad's parents, me and now her dad's parents once again, in just a period of a year. She had to grow up quicker than some, she had to change schools, not be able to see her best friend on a regular basis (they are still allowed to go to each other's bday parties, email and talk on the phone) she has had to live without a mom not just physically this year, but live without me emotionally all there for almost three years. She now knows what drugs do to a family and the user, she knows what AA is, the Serenity prayer and much more. But, I will have to say she is a strong preteen girl who still loves me and has given me a second chance. As she told me in a letter " Things don't just happen mom, God allows them to happen for a reason."

My son has spent the past year with my parents and lil sis. He has only seen me weekends and talked to me on the phone. But I do have faith that we will be even closer once we are together full time again.

My mom , I have lied so much to her (sometimes even in recovery) that she doesn't know when I am telling the truth and when I am not. She has had to raise my son not only financially, but emotionally as well. She is in her 50's and has basically had to start over with my son. She questions her own parenting skills at times, although I have assured her it was not her that put the ice in the pipe, melted it and put it to my mouth. It was my choice. She has had to endure questions from strangers as to why she has her grandson. Luckily my mom has been blessed with a friend who also has a child that is an addict and they are there for one another to offer support, comfort and someone she can share her anger with about the circumstances. The family had to give up vacation b/c of financial reasons, as well as emotional. They are tied down because of my son at this time. But yet, my mom still loves and believes in me and wants "her shannon back".

My dad. He is the laid back one in our family and this has changed him as well. He was really upset because of my pregnancy - but now is in love with my son. He blamed himself at first when he found out I was using again, because remember, I got him to agree that I was not "one of them" and that I didn't have to attend 12 step meetings. I had to tell him, he was not to blame. I AM THE ADDICT, the one with the great excuses and ability to lie to convince.

My lil sis that lives at home. She is 10. She has had to deal with me being an addict and my choices as well. She has had to learn to share my parents with her nephew. She has had to answer questions from friends. She and my daughter created a website for drug abuse.....something that made me proud was said "if my sister can stop using drugs, so can you." She is a strong young female as well. Someone to be proud of.

My other sister. She now knows that when she was helping me financially it was going to drugs. I was lying to her as well. She is having to learn to try to trust me again as well. It even affects her marriage because she was giving me "their" money. But slowly she is starting to believe in me again too and to want to actually visit me.

My brother. He is now about to graduate from the Police Academy. Something that I am very proud of. He was very disappointed in my choices as I lied to him many times as well. We are just now beginning to become close once again. He is very confident in my parenting abilities and ability to find and keep employment. He is an inspiration to me and I love talking and being around him.

My grandma.....we don't talk much at all (even before this happened) but knowing that she loves my mom and has been there for her during this time, makes me love her even more. She is constantly there for my mom, even though she may not understand my addiction.

My friends.....I lost many friends that may not be able to be recovered. But my one true friend has been here for me always no matter what....She is very special and just knowing that she still loves and trusts me in spite of all the bad choices I have made, gives me great comfort. She is helping me now to find employment.

Now, where am I today, 11 months later? I have decided to move back closer to my family. I am still seeking employment. I am attending 12 step recovery programs. I still don't have custody of my children. I am working on amends. I am taking care of old tickets, hot checks, friendships and doing what I can to amend safely. My CPS case is closed. As soon as I meet requirements set by CPS, my parents and myself, I will be allowed to have my children live with me once again as a family.

But most important?? God is first in my life. and I am still clean. I know thisI will be in recovery til the day I go to Heaven. But it is worth it. Worth it to have myself alive.

Worth it to have my family. Worth it to have my true friends. Worth it to have my sanity. Worth it to not look behind me daily. Worth it to not tear up my home looking for surveillance equipment. Worth it to know that I am protected by God. Worth it to talk to others and let them know what all meth can take away.....but what promises you can receive once again if you are willing to fight the meth fight. Don't give up. It is NOT easy. It is not easy to do what the ads say, JUST SAY NO. If it was truly that easy, would there be a need for those ads? It is hard I will not lie. It is all around us. It will find you. But surround yourself with clean family members, clean friends, 12 step programs, church and put God first. He does not give up on us. I have surely found that out. He is definitely a God of second, third, fourth...chances. He does not care how many times we have to come ask Him for forgiveness. He will be available day or night. Just waiting to receive us in His arms again.

--Shannon, a meth addict in Recovery.

I am 34 years old, and I have never had a drug problem....I have never been a heavy drinker. I am a college graduate with a good job and two beautiful kids. I divorced my husband five years ago because he had a crack problem, and made a promise to myself and my children that I would never allow another user to rule my life.

Two and a half years ago, I met a wonderful man not long after I had lost my job, who quickly became my "savior." Even before he moved into the home I had bought on my own, he would give me money to help with bills on the weeks that my unemployment checks didn't cover everything. Six months into our relationship, Christmas came, and he gave me 500 dollars so that I could give my kids a good Christmas. Christmas eve, after getting the kids' stockings and gifts ready, he got down on one knee and asked me to marry him. We cried together and I accepted, and thought everything could not be any more perfect. Two weeks later I found a good job, and I thought everything would be allright.

Little did I know, he had demons he was fighting in his head. Shortly after that magical night, he relapsed into his addiction with meth. At first it was a little, here and there. He would spend twenty or thirty dollars a week on this evil drug. Now, a year and a half later, I have lost my home, he is no longer here, and I am broken. Not because I did anything wrong, except love someone with all of my heart.

I cannot believe that although I have never had a drug problem, for the past 10 years someone else's drug problem has had ahold of me. I cannot get over the fact that at some point he lost enough respect for me and my children that he took that first hit again. I caught him smoking in the bathroom, have watched him melt away to just a pathetic shell of the man he once was. I always saw him as this strong, very masculine man.....he was a bullrider, a farmer, loved working with his hands. Now he is nothing but a ghost of the man I fell in love with.

We talk, and he makes empty promises about making things better, getting out of that town, the one where he has all the connections to get what he needs. He talks of a better life where we can build back the trust that we once had between us.....but I am scared. Scared to let myself believe him, but scared no to try because I know if I don't he will probably be dead or in prison in a year's time. Scared because my children are coming to the age that someone somewhere is going to offer them something, and hoping I have set a good enough example that they will be strong enough to turn it down and walk away.

I gave him a picture today, taken Easter 2005. It is a picture of my children, myself, and my former hero, the love of my life. In the picture, we are all happy and smiling. He is strong and happy and healthy. He kept telling me that he had not changed that much. I thrust the picture in his face and told him to take a good long look at himself in the mirror. Look at the dark circles, the sunken-in face. Look at the damage you are doing to your once beautiful body. He looked in the mirror for a long time. He took the picture from me and folded it up and put it in his pocket. Then, he broke down and cried. His mother cried, his stepfather cried. I don't know if this is going to be what helps him kick this terrible addiction, or if I am just chasing a fantasy. He says he is ready to change. He says he is going to get clean. Then he will come home. I don't believe him.....how could I after all of the lies?

I don't know if this letter will help anyone, but it has been very therapeutic to me to get everything down anonymously. I am a professional woman, and this is all quite embarrassing to me. I keep thinking over and over in my head.... I have never had a drug problem, but a drug problem has me. My prayers are with all of the wives, girlfriends, children, mothers, fathers....all of the people that love someone that cannot let it go. Someone told me not to hate the person, to hate the drug.....I feel like our society has been educated on the dangers of this drug long enough (I myself was a peer counselor in high school 15 years ago) that we should all know better. On the other hand, having not ever been an addict, I cannot understand the difficulty of it all. My fiancé was nine years old the first time his older cousin smoked pot with him----what is wrong with our society?

All I know is this epidemic is robbing us of our loved ones, either by death, imprisonment, or abandonment, and I truly believe it is the devil's drug. Peace be with you all and God Bless.

--Anonymous

The Children

I have read & reread these stories, & can't help but cry when I do. I feel for each one of the people writing these stories. They each have their own hell. But the ones who I feel for the most are the innocent family members of the Meth users. My daughter & her boyfriend were both arrested for Manufacturing & Trafficking Meth. They have a 6 year old son who was in the house with them at the time of their arrest. Thank God, he has us. My husband & me. There are so many children out there in foster homes or who have no place to go. It was never in my plans to start over & raise another child, but I'm making the best of it! We all are. But when you get that call, that your child is in jail, you feel so alone. You don't know where to turn. You don't know what to do or how to do it. There is no instruction manual for this kind of thing. My daughter & her boyfriend are both in Rehab now, & doing good. I can only pray that they can stay strong after rehab. I will continue to support them as long as they stay clean. But when I think of what my grandson must have endured while both his parents were high, it makes me sick. He's such a wonderful & happy child now. So different from a few months ago. Why do so many innocent people have to suffer because of this evil drug?

--T&B

suicidal drug.....

Well I'm not the type to sit on a computer and share my thoughts, but after watching a documentary on W.E channel (women in denial) and googling methamphetamine I just need to get a lot off my chest.... My name is Jeremy and I'm 25 yrs old and live in North East Pennsylvania (poconos) area. On June 13th 2005 my sister committed suicide from the uses of meth..... That was the darkest day in my life and same for my family and her beautiful 6 year old son.... I really don't know how to start to explain everything but her it goes. My sister was 34 years and was addicted to the devil's drug... In late April of 2005 her apartment was raided by the NJ state police, Sussex county sheriff's narcotics task force, hazmat crews and the local town police. Her boyfriend who is from Tenn.. had a major meth lab in her house, and was a very reliable dealer in northern NJ.....My sister was on her way home from work when her house was invaded..... the authorities were tracking them down for months and knew their schedule and they knew that her son wouldn't be home during this operation. When my sister got home she noticed all the police at her little apt.... to make a long story short they actually let her go and took her boyfriend to jail... they let her go bec they knew she wasn't making it or selling it but just another innocent victim who got mixed up in the wrong crowd and they felt bad for her bec of her son..... After the raid the news and every newspaper in the area had her name all over it. My sister lost her job, her house and her son. Her life totally went into turmoil... All the other meth users that were associated with her boyfriend were threatening her, threatening to kill her if she gave the police any information..... We all still think she was still on it after

the raid bec she was always so paranoid and she just didnt look right.....She had no where to live so she started bouncing from friends house to friends house and always up to no good.... My other sister and I keep trying to get her to move in with us so she could get away from everything, but she never excepted the offer..... finally at 430 am on june 13th we all got a phone call from our mom screaming in the phone to get to the hospital asap trish is dying trish is dying.....so we all go the hospital as fast as we can to find out that she swallowed a whole container of tylenol.....the doctors said that there was no hope for her, her body already excepted the acethmphine that is in tylenol, for the first cpl of hrs we were at the hospital she was awake and was able to talk a lil.... we never told her that she wasnt gonna make it,,, we then let her son in there so she could see him one last time, either of them knew what was going on.... after lunch time all of her organs shut down so they kept giving her medication so that she wouldnt be so uncomfortable. around 8 pm she passed away, she left us for good.....this all could of been avoided if her scum boyfriend didnt get her into meth..... oh yeah he was the first meth lab to get busted in our county ever and he could have gotten 20 yrs in jail but new jersey prosecuters have no clue what they are doing and pled him out in 2 years....Im sorry that some of things i wrote in here are lil deatailed but i need to get it out... Know one really knows how bad meth can effect so many ppl untill it effects you..... I f you are reading this plz find help some how some way, dont do to your family like what happen to mine. you are loved and you have to realize that.If anyone is reading this and has any info on any support groups or organizations in the penn/ NJ area please let me know. I want to get involved in my area, to stop the epidemic of meth, idk if ican give my email add jerseyboy2137 at yahoo.com plz any info send to me or if you just want to talk if you are addicted and need some one to vent to plz feel free to email me.....PLEASE IF YOU ARE ADDICTED JUST THINK OF YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY PLEASE

--Jeremy

I have gone online several times to read the stories here when life with my husband gets so frustating I want to rip my hair out. I sometimes feel like I am all alone in being the clean spouse of an addict. At the end of every day I tell myself I should leave him but I don't want to do that either.

Yesterday was our 6 year anniversary. Through the last 6 years I have been trying to teach myself not to build up any expectations around holidays because I know I will only be let down. Every year I lose the battle and always hope that this year will be different. After not coming home or calling for a week, my hisband finally drug himself home at 10 the night before our anniversary, slept all day long the day of our anniversary, and today, the day after, went running, yelling and screaming out of the house because I for once had the courage to say something to him about how sitting around watching him sleep for our anniversary was not any fun for me.

I read all these e-mails and deal with all the same stuff, the not sleeping, eating, coming home, calling. Not caring. I check my huband's voice mail on his cell phone and he has all messages from other women. I wonder about his faithfullness to me though he says he would be stupid to get involved with another dumb (expletive).

The thing that continually shocks me about my husband's abuse is how much I let it hurt me over and over again. I didn't know he had a problem until the day before he was married. I am from a family of addicts, and I am shocked that I went on with the wedding. I was too ashamed to admit to anyone he had a problem. We now live totally separate lives. The few friends that I have managed to keep throughout this are supportive but don't know what to say. I actually pushed all my friends away because I was so embarassed by what was going on. The end result is that I am basically a single person who is married to an addict.

I work three jobs seven days a week and have for the last three years so I can keep everything afloat. My hisband doesn't work. We live in his parents' basement and have for almost our entire marriage. I consider myself a smart, intuitive girl but I cry myself to sleep every night because of this. I cry when he isn't home driving myself crazy wondering where he is, who he is with, are they talking bad about me? I cry myself to sleep when he is home because he is just a shadow of the person who I met. He won't go out to eat,

won't go to the movies, won't go shopping, for walks on the beach or anything we used to do together. I know this is all drug-related, but I can't help but take it personally, and I end up hurt all over again.

I always thought I wouldn't do this. I know I would be better off if I left. I see now that we will never have normal lives - we will never own a house, drive nice vehicles, and the worst is, that I know we will never return to that simple happiness we once knew because my husband is too far gone. He LIVES for meth. The only thing I am grateful for is that early on I realized that we could never have children together, so I have pushed all my maternal instincts to the side. Not that he is ever home to make kids anyway.

Well...I m back this site helps me .My kids father is all most fourty., still does meth with his friends. We no longer are together, its easier for him to have a crank girlfriend.I see so many kids that have a lost parent to meth .Were living in a world eight out of ten use crank, it seems. He just got is truck taken, because cant get it right and he wont admit why. After thirteen years Ive known him, he still wont say why ,all he does say is poor me,Im sick of hearing that . Meth is pure hell on earth ,ive never used.I could just see with my two eyes. Habits could be broken.Iv also seen that too.

--Suzann

I am 15yrs old! My brother has been a meth user for 4yrs now! It started off when he was known on the streets for being the biggest pothead around that was when he was only 14! He got introduce to meth at the age of 16 where he started to have anger problems and lost alot of weight i had knew all that was going on and our parents were so blind they did not see it in him but i did! He started coming home late not lessoning to my parents and leaving the house! Well one night he just got out of hand, he came home and my dad had seen something in his eyes that night and he knew what he did he yelled at him my brother soon got angry denying his problem of using and soon got way out of control. Meth got to him he began throwing stuff cursing yelling to the point my dad tried to stop him but he couldnt they soon led to a physical fight from that night thats when all my sadness began my brother was owned my the drug i didnt know him anymore he wasnt my brother in my eyes just a memory. That night my dad kicked him out but my mother went to go look for him on the streets right after he left well any loving mother who cares about his son would right? We all stayed up all night that day crying facing reality and the fact that my brother was sick and meth had possed him! Well my parents gave him another chance to straighten up his act opening the doors to our home! He soon begin to steal money he stollod over 5,000\$ from his own grandmother and lil by lil stole more and more tell each and every day he stole to buy meth. We didnt relize tell my dad's expensive stuff was messing! When he came home my dad conforted him he denied once again they gto to another physical fight me at the age of 12 at the time didnt know how to handle it every night i would hear the scearms of my parents and see the fights i couldnt handle it i cried every night !!!! Well weeks past and we had gotten a phone call my mom picked up the phone it was the police telling her my brother was in jail for stealing a womens purse when i looked at my mothers face she had bursted into tears!! I was always tough around my parents acting like i didnt care and nothing happened well he was in jail for 3 months and he had promised me he would never hurt me or go back to the drug well he was out and a couple weeks later he was smoking meth again the sadness he brought my familly every night! I can say i was the worst my pain was terrible i wouldnt show it though i thought if i didnt show it no one can see through how scared i was for my own brother! His probation officer sent him to camp and i couldnt see him for another 3months he was away to a jail camp! He wrote me letters saying that he would do good when he got out and how me and him were going to do stuff together like old times i was soo excited i lved my brother and loved when we watched movies! He had soon came out well a couple weeks later he was back to the same drug weed a month past my parents had sent him to rehab he was in for 4months untill we got a call from his rehab telling us that he had a friend bring him weed from the back enterance and got caught! So he was back home we ahd been so out of control my parents didnt know what to do!!! And me his own sister stayed up waiting for him to come home waiting and crying! Well years past of all this sadness and horror1 when my mom got another phone call from the cops they caught my brother for charges of

buglary and theft he was in the dog house once again!!! The judge gave him 4months and sent him to rehab right after well he was also in rehab only for 2months he came out never reported to his probation officer and well he got house arrest for 5months he thought he can handle it i loved that he was on house arrest i mean every day i could watch movies with him and spend time with him well a week and a half past and he couldnt take the pressure anymore he destroyed everything in his room going crazy throwing stuff yelling i was so scared that night he cut off his bracelet around his ankle and threw it to the dog!! That bracelet was worth around 800\$ and him damaging my parents had to pay he was out of control and i soon stopped caring i loved the boy dont get me wrong but that wasnt my brother anymore he had evil all over him the drug was doing its worked! I lost my brothers trust, his hope, and worst of all i started not to love or care!!! He was back to rehab he was in for a good 3months! He was in for his 18 bday he was in for a good 3months! Well months past when he was out i still didnt look at him the same! The unexpected happened after months he had stolen my uncles brand new car drove it around for a week the police couldnt find him or the missing vehical tell one day i notice it parked and very damaged a block away from my grandmas house the police were on the search for my brother! That night they had swat cars outside my grandmas were he was reportofly seen there was helicopters and dogs and swats out surrounding the block me and my dad were out there that night i was scared for my life no sister wants too see that!!! Well they didnt catch him! The next day he was at my house! In the morning while he was sound asleep my parents called the cops on him well they had a right he was on meth and was crazy the cops showed up wile he was sleeping and woke him up and arrested him!!!! I stopped crying i didnt care anymore with all he did to me and my familly why should i care he was in for only 5months he was in for his 19th birthdday well he had gotten out and there was no signs of him using anymore but a couple more months past and the cops had gotten him while he was walking down the street but this time they had gotten him on a charge he didnt do they had mistaken him for another blod hispanic well! He still faced prison and went to court to fight his battle and he had said to my dad " dad im in hear cause even though they caught me for something i didnt do god still knew i was using meth tell this day and thats why im in hear today huh dad" and at that time i had thought he finally learned the madness and craziness of meth well he was in prison big boy prison for one year fighting his conviction but even though he was in ther for something he didnt do deep inside he knows what he did he used meth!!!! Right now currently my brother just got out of jail two weeks ago and still i dont know if he is still using meth You have read about my brothers life when he did meth and how he broughthis family down he spent his four birthdays ever since he was 16 in jail! And currently still suffering! Do you wanna try meth and end up like him think twice to thoughts who want to try it its not so fun!

--VS

Hi, I am 30 years old and wanted to tell everyone my story, I found this web site the other day and was so amazed by it I just had to tell everyone my own story. so here it goes..... I read all these stories and think to myself " that's exactly how I was living and felt when I was on it" its really weird how everyone's life is so different then everyone else's but the exact same in a way when you get on that drug. when I read these stories it almost makes me want to go out and use but then again I thank god every day that I'm not there anymore and know that its my addiction mind that is making me think that way, its really sad how much control that shit has on your life.

anyways.....

I was on it for 10 years every damn day the longest I would EVER go was 3 days with out it and everyone knows that's been on the drug the 3rd day you start feeling like shit again and is the hardest. I started smoking it for 9 years and the last year I was on it I started shooting it, I never wanted to get that far but smoking it never seemed to get me high anymore "ya right that was all in my head, I was high as hell still then to" everyone I hung out with was doing it that way instead of smoking it, sure shooters would still smoke it after they would do there hit, and that would piss me off thinking to myself " goll your getting the double high so quit taking a hit off my pipe" so I decided to try it and that was a mistake!!!!!!!!!!!! sure ever trying it is the worst mistake in the whole world but once you

start shooting it seems like a different story. my first time I did it ya I was so much higher but that was the day I know it had my soul, you feel it go in grab your soul and rip it out from your feet and that's no lie you really do.

I moved away from my home town to a different state to get clean and away from the meth and what do ya know I ran into someone that did it. meth IS EVERYWHERE it always seems to find you when your not even looking for it or want it, its just your choice rather if you want to do it or not. so of course I did it. I started seeing this married guy who had it all the time so I never had to pay for it ever he would just give it to me. I was with him for a year untill one day he had to call my parents to come and get me since he never saw anyone freak out like I was. I would lay on the floor with my hands over my ears and just cry non stop I didn't even want to take a hit off the pipe when they would smoke it around me when I was going through that. I heard voices way bad!!!!!!! not bad ones telling me to hurt myself or other people but possitive ones, they could just hear every bad thought I had about someone or everything I was thinking.(now I know why god didn't make us mind readers that's for sure). but how it got to that me hearing voices of course it was from the drug but I also think that god was helping me to. your all going to think that I'm a little insane for saying this (my whole family teases me for hearing voices now) but one day I was tweeking in the trunk of my car since ya I lived out of my car and just showered where ever I could and I heard a voice say my name and I was FREEKED the hell out, thinking that someone I cared for passed over and they were saying bye to me in spirit form so I called my mom and asked her to call my ex boyfriend thinking he got into a car accident and I heard him which he didn't. then right after that I got into the shower at my so called friends house and freeked out in the shower on my knees saying to god "please don't take them from me, take my soul instead" and I'm not even lying about this at all I heard a mans voice one I never have heard before I cant even explain what it even sounded like or whos voice it resembled but he said to me " do not hurt your family by using methamphetamines any more" I said I promise " then here is my special gift to you" ever since that day I have been hearing the voices which has kept me off meth and am so gratefull every day for that. I know it really was the help of god. every one out there that is just starting to use meth all I got to say to you is RUN RUN RUN far away from it, you have no idea what its like in the long run, some people lose it fast and some people it takes a while but eventually you will lose everything you own and everyone that loves you. it seems like so much fun atfirst and it makes every worry or stress you have go away but the stress always comes back when you quit and you have 10 times more of it when you get off. when your on meth you have no feelings at all about anyone or anything, you think you do or maybe its just memories of feelings you once had. all I know is it makes you numb you might not think so when your on it but it really does. so please everyone that is out there reading my story and the other stories that are on this website there all true and its not even worth getting started down that road or getting into the drug world. and believe me it's a whole other world you get into. thanks for taken the time out to read my story. PS. A good book to read about meth is "meth=sorcery" I don't know the authors name but it's a really good book.

--KJ

Reflections VII

I last left off with "I arrived at my mom's place a wreck. I bought 2 packs of cheap smokes and a 6er of crappy beer. I was into my third by the time we pulled into my familiar, childhood home's driveway. And when I saw my mom I cried like the loser I was...or could still be. And she cried too as she looked at the torn, beaten wreckage of her lost son. In the last installment I will write about life after this tragedy, restarting, and what life is like after, and beyond, the influence and pull of ice." I slept in my brother's room that night, not having my bed or anything of my own except for the scattered stuff I'd managed to grab on the way out. I woke up not knowing where I was and feeling this weight on my heart, this burden. I was completely torn into shreds of myself: I just lost the dream of our family; I was wrecked from the months and actions of ice usage; I was financially ruined; I was back in my mother's house with a shameful cloud hanging over me; and worst of all, I had not a clue what to do next. That morning I woke up and

dressed and grabbed a water out of the fridge and walked 2 miles to the closest store and back to get some smokes and clear my head. Cars buzzed by me on the road, neighbors loomed at me, my phone rang continually--it all meant nothing to me, I was disconnected, unplugged.

I knew that she would be calling and wanting to either scream at me or cry and want me to return. I didn't have a feeling either way. I knew my mother wanted to hear the tale of my days, to talk about the kids that she'd grown to accept and care about, to hear what my next movements would be. I had nothing to tell her, nothing to express. I had blank, numb, aloof, disinterest--I had an overflowing of uselessness. All my days before had been occupied with finding ice, obtaining ice, worrying about money, watching the kids, taking care of her, maintaining some semblance of order. Now it was me, only me to think of and worry about, and I had head full of puffy cotton and a broken heart and nothing but time to dwell on my situation.

I tell you this much: I had no desire for more of the shitty drug we know as ice. Oh, the memories licked deliciously in my mind, but the overwhelming hurt and heaviness of my life's failures quickly extinguished those flames of desire. I had only to look into the mirror to see the shell of adventures. And it was then that I realized what they mean when they say "rock bottom".

After about two or three days, I ran completely out of money. I didn't even have enough to buy cigarettes. I walked around the neighborhood to pass the time. I climbed into the attic and stared at my old toys, my skateboards and gloves and yearbooks. I went out into the shed to scare away spiders and see what the heck was in there. I walked to the park and the library and nearby lake and then I walked back...not home, but back to my mother's house. I walked back to where I was now.

Eventually I took her call and heard both screams and sobs and the kids on the phone. I called a buddy and we went over there. But I picked up the bed, and the clothes, and half the artwork, and some dvds, and the stereo, and the back patio table and whatever. I left the couch for the kids. I left this and I left that and I stared straight ahead and pretended not to notice the pipe in the bathroom or the guy out back on the phone or the bullet in the ashtray or the worry in the kids' eyes. Because I did notice, I'd fall in with them and die all over again.

And my friend was quiet on the way home, but he bought us some beers and me a pack of smokes, and we moved the crap into my mother's house and sat with me and didn't say shit until he had to go home. My first few weeks back were very quiet, were very withdrawn, were full of nightmares, were chalked off each day with one white crayon that was me saying, "I did the right thing" on the wall behind the door to my brother's room.

This is called Reflections. I can't say my whole story at once, I just can't. I'll write to this Letters page from time to time and try to tell it all for those that keep up; just look for Reflections in the heading. I do want to say that I've made it out, barely. And I will never lie or embellish my story; all of it is true including my name. And all the other names of f-ups will be true as well. Please tune in, I won't keep you waiting long.

--m

Reflections VIII

My first few weeks back were very quiet, were very withdrawn, were full of nightmares, were chalked off each day with one white crayon that was me saying, "I did the right thing" on the wall behind the door to my brother's room. Days were long, unplanned expeditions of time. I felt myself rebuilding. I ate meals, I got exercise, I read a couple of books, I wrote, I called friends that I had lost in my inward swirl of selfishness. I pondered my next steps. I needed a job, I need a schedule, I needed to belong to normal life. I knew that was what I wanted, but what to do? I had worked for years and years at my last job...what did I want to do now? I began working around the house to pass the long hours. I would wake up, eat some cereal or a banana, put on some music, and shower. The house, my mother's house and my childhood home, was mine during the daytime. I got up on the roof and cleaned out the gutters. I rearranged the backyard shed, throwing out the accumulated crap. I edged the yard, fixed some broken screen windows, swept the backporch, painted the hallway, rearranged the cupboards, organized the bookshelf,

started on the attic; I left my old room in the chaotic mess it was when I moved out. I couldn't bring myself to go in there and face it. I talked to my cousin in Fla. one day about how I'd been living in my brother's room since I returned to mom's place. She told me to clean out my room, move out all the old shit, and move the junk that was littering the living room from when me and my good friend returned it from the townhouse and dumped it in a heap there--yes, clean out the room, move the heap in there and re-feng shui it entirely. Oh, it was simple. One afternoon I had nothing more to clean in the yard or house except the obvious heap and the closed, dreary room of my past. I woke early, smoked a cig and began. By noon it was done and I had my life back. It was no longer our bed, the bed in the room of our townhouse that she sat and cried and smoked and screamed and lost track of our lives on; the bed was reclaimed. I went and raked the yard. I got a phone call from a friend offering me a job if I could pass the drug test and background check. I could indeed. I found my suit, washed my shirt, gently ironed my tie, matched socks, and borrowed money from my mom for a haircut. I had, for the first time since I moved into the townhouse with her, found hope again...but for me this time, not for us but for me. The bus was slow to arrive as I stood in morning breaking colors of dawn at the bus stop. I finally boarded and settled in. To the station we went, then the train into downtown, then the stop for my interview. The building was large and imposing and the security desk stopped me and called my arrival upward into the countless floors above me. I shook hands with my contact and was whisked upward 15 floors for my interview. I began to gently shake, not from fear of my interview but from losing this opportunity presented to me. I hid my shuddering and extended my hand to the managers and smiled like I didn't have a broken heart inside, like I wasn't shredded by my past, like I didn't come out of hell by sheer luck and timing. I smiled and said how nice it was to be here and then I answered questions and wrote down info and took a couple of tests which were easy. Then I was told I was hired and I shook hands again, all around, and felt what elation and happiness and glee and positivity felt like again for the first time in years. And the past horrors began to ease away as the shining glow of my future presented itself to me, for me, and because of me...from something deep within. This is called Reflections. I can't say my whole story at once, I just can't. I'll write to this Letters page from time to time and try to tell it all for those that keep up; just look for Reflections in the heading. I do want to say that I've made it out, barely. And I will never lie or embellish my story; all of it is true including my name. And all the other names of f-ups will be true as well. Please tune in, I won't keep you waiting long.

--m

11 years of meth use

I have been clean for 3.5 years now and when I speak of my using I often say that I was a functioning addict for the first 6 years of my meth use because I only snorted. And yes I did not lose everything until 2000, but the addiction was full blown and I didn't see it. In reality the meth pipe was what took me down quickly. I still remember the first day I took my first official hit 7-2-1999. That is a day I will never forget. That was the beginning of the end for me. I have 4 children the oldest left home to live with her father at 8 years old. My oldest son went in to the hospital, he was born with a birth defect (not meth related) [THANK GOD], then he went into a private foster agency. Then I only had two kids to worry about. I eventually lost my youngest daughter Mariah, she was adopted in 2002, and Louie whom I sent to live with his alcoholic father, I lost everything my home, car, kids everything for the pipe. I even lost the love of my brother. We used together, he supplied I smoked. The sad thing is that we crossed the line of brother and sister, when I would look for girls to bring to the house for him, I was like a slave to him and the drugs. I really thought I was doing the right thing. But that is how meth lies to you, it leads you to believe that you are on top of the world, invincible, smart and the weight loss makes you feel pretty. And the attention from men of course they care, yeah right. I became even more promiscuous than in the 80's. I found myself without a home, going from place to place, trying to find heaven knows what. I got arrested in 2001, with a 20 of meth and a pipe, and that was the beginning of the end. In California they have a drug program called Prop 36. which was meant to be a scare tactic for recreational users, but a lot of addicts like

myself got caught up in the system. What finally did it for me was that I kept getting arrested for failure to appear on the same case. And when the judge said that it was my last chance and 3 years in prison was next I got scared. I went to probation on February 19 last chance and all and they told me I should go to rehab, mind you I thought rehab was a place to go sleep, I figured they'd give me a couple of weeks to go to rehab, I had a lot of important things (SMOKE) to do, I was in rehab in Pasadena the next day. I consider my clean date February 20, 2003 because that was the last day of my old life and the beginning of my new life, and I haven't went back yet. My oldest girl Sam came back into my life and with me graduated high school and is now a barrista at Starbucks (YUM) and my youngest son Louie is asleep on my bed. I am happy at my job, and I got reunited with my childhood sweetheart and are going strong. Visitations with Mariah, well I hope to get those wheels in motion soon, and my sick boy, well I know deep in my soul that he is in a good place. I sometimes wonder what would have happened to me had I stayed on the street, I know I would be dead. I thank God and NA for showing me a new way to live. I hope my word have some impact to someone somewhere. Meth is the same all over..... the end result is always the same..... Jails, Rehab and DEATH
--Diane

I'd like to write this letter for all wives or husbands of meth addicts. I met my husband when I was 21 and had our first child by 23 and two more to follow. He was always a good husband and treated me nicely. After our second and third child he started to become cruel and verbally abusive. I couldn't understand why he changed and obviously the way he talked to me I eventually got the message he didn't love me anymore. At first my excuse for him was he had to work so hard to support our family and was under stress, then I thought it was an affair but now that I look back I think it was meth. I had to have him court ordered to vacate our home because he threatened my life and went through the knife draw so I did get him out before anything worse happened. Later I did find funnels, batteries, old rusted pipes, brake cleaner, which he never even checked his own oil nevermind clean his brakes, white gas, and propane tanks that he said were from camping. All the years I thought he was just smoking pot in his metal pipe I now think was meth and I didn't know it. I would only have a beer or drink of wine while he smoked his pipe. Now I look back he would take only one or two hits and wait awhile and then have more. Usually pot smokers just light up once I think. The other clue is that he would pace the kitchen floor after smoking and never sit down. I recall telling him to sit because he made me dizzy. He wouldn't stop talking and I could never get a word in. If it was just pot he would be calmer, he even started a fight with me while high and pot smokers I don't think would be argumentative. Anyhow, he never admits to this we have been seperated two years and I can't believe how naive I was. Even though I know in my heart he did meth I need to still have it validated to me by an admission or drug test. Everything all feels unfinished and unresolved. I did the right thing. It was very very easy to stop loving him because he treated me so badly and was never sorry. I give others advice to love themselves enough to get the addicts out of their lives. Maybe if I never let him smoke pot in the first place in our home or even when we dated, if I didn't think this was acceptable then I wouldn't have stayed with him from the beginning. I wish I wasn't so young and stupid to think pot was harmless and like drinking, because now I have learned the old cliché that pot does lead to other drugs. Every now and then I come to this site to help me validate and understand what has happened and get out a good cry.
--Lisa

How I overcame the addiction to meth

Wow, where do I begin? Well I have done so much damage to myself, at 15 I began to battle Bulimia and did so for 8 years, I started drinking at 17, experimented with just about every drug besides acid...the reason i started using was to escape all the things falling on around me, and all those other drugs i did, never felt I needed more and more, then

comes June 7, 2002, my significant other let me try methamphetamine, nothing at first, i thought this was a waste of money then all of a sudden it hit with a huge impact, i was feeling beyond exciting, it felt so intense and i had a huge amount of confidence, i thought i was looking good, but no one told me what was about to happen...the crash...Severe depression, intense paranoia, it was the opposite of what i did feel, i continued to do meth for 2 years, til my sister found it in my room, tough love my parents threw me out, the first year of being away from meth was extremely devastating...I felt so bleak, everything was without pleasure, as some call it, anhedonia, the loss of pleasure. Now its been over 2 years, and i have no depression at all, the anxiety is still with me daily, but if i can kick the habit so can you, just get away from all those who use, it wont be easy at all, but do you want to die very young?

Go to prison, it honestly took my over a year to get 95% better! Good luck to those who are personally and their families struggling with this disease, ive been on sites and seen films where they say its only a 4-6% success rate to quit meth for good, im living proof you can do it!

--Break

I am the wife of a meth addict. For 13yrs he had a whole other life without me. Can't beat em join em became my motto the past 6 months. Not the best decision I ever made.

Giving In

Here I go
Down your road

Am I u?
Are u me?
How can this be?

Love does not take count
Now that I have an amount

Will someone take the lead
And end this life of speed

Nights with no slumber
My days are numbered

Reality
Just a technicality

Cant grasp the future
In a constant stooper

We say it will end
The question is
WHEN?

--MO

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