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Crystal Meth / Methamphetamine: Letters & Stories

by Users, Loved Ones, and Parents

Over the years, I've often wanted a way to let others know just how addicting meth can be. I'm glad I found your site if it means I can help even one person decide NEVER to try it. By the time I was in my early 20s, I had experimented with marijuana, alcohol and cocaine. None of those drugs really did anything for me and I never found myself "needing" more. Even though I had experimented with some things I was still very naïve. A friend and I were at a bar one night and met another girl who said she had something she wanted us to try. She called it "crank" and I just assumed it was cocaine. To this day, I can hardly believe that I blindly snorted this stuff without having any clue what it was. I guess that's what peer pressure does to you. Anyway, we ended up going back to this girl's place after the bar closed and stayed up all night just talking. I remember being amazed at how wide awake I was. Before I left her place in the morning so I could head to work (yes, it was a work day the next day) she gave me a little baggy of the stuff and, with a smirk on her face, said, "For later, when you start 'coming down'." Well, while I was getting ready for work in the morning, I decided to use the rest of it. I'll never forget how dry my mouth was all day at work and how I could not stop running my tongue around and around in my mouth to the point of it being in pain.

Still, I wanted more of the drug. THE ONLY THING THAT SAVED ME FROM BECOMING A METH ADDICT WAS THAT I HAD NO WAY TO GET MORE!!! If I had known how to contact this girl or anyone else who could supply the drug, I would have been frantically searching for it once I got off work. Almost 20 years later, I am happily married and a stay-at-home mom to two beautiful kids. My point to all of this is that it IS an extremely addicting drug and NO ONE should assume it won't happen to them. I apparently have a high tolerance for drugs but I was no match for meth after just ONE use.

--Barb

Selected e-mails are published monthly. The purpose and intent is to discourage crystal meth & methamphetamine use. If you, or someone you know, have been affected by crystal meth, please add your story so others may learn from your experience. We do not disclose personal information and edit out such when possible.

E-Mail letters to: kcimeth@yahoo.com

broken dreams, broken hearts, broken families...

i question if candy coating words to show support for our loved ones, or loved ones who have loved ones on ice is a good way of showing support. i have family members that are on ice, totally disregarding how their own loved ones hurt because of their actions. ICE IS NOT NICE. IT IS A VICIOUS DRUG THAT HAS NO BOUNDARIES AND KNOWS NO LIMITS... I speak of it as a personage. it may as well be... for it is a demon in disguise.

you are an individual, you have to be responsible for the choices you make, there are LOTS of information on this drug. Make yourself well informed. Ice is not one to be reckoned it. It will take you down, and possibly your loved ones around you, you may be even looking on with your eyes wide open seeing it all, but because of it's hold on you, you will not notice it much, it will not affect you much at all. it will chew you up and spit you out. It is out to accomplish one thing to get you so high and into "Me land" that you eventually don't care about anything else or anyone else.

no, i am not a user, but i know firsthand that it can take kids away from their parents, possessions get taken away, loved ones being at gunpoint...unborn children having a home with only one parent, there are some with neither. It's overwhelming the life experiences and problems of others who are affected by this drug.

i beg, i plead with all of you who are on it, BREAK THE ICE HABIT... BEFORE IT BREAKS YOU... DON'T LOSE YOUR SOUL (LIFE) TO IT! take a look around at the people that you do have, that love you and care about you, to you they may not seem to be helping you. but can you really say that HONESTLY? that None of your loved ones tried to stop you from going deeper? we're only human too, we realize that we can only do so much... that we can only say so much.... It is ULTIMATELY, YOUR LIFE in your own hands. If you want your life back then you have to take it back! go and get the help needed to help you stop using this drug!

I can only hope and pray that this letter will give somebody out there the strength and courage to care enough about him or herself and step up, STAND UP and WALK AWAY from this Life DEVOURING drug!

--MUCH ALOHA

i have lost the man i love more than my own life itself to meth. i can never forgive myself for everything that has happened. he was in my life for a year and a half and showed me what it was like to truly love someone with everything that was in you and now its all gone. i couldn't handle his 17 yr old son (who is also an addict) being here and making me not want to come home everyday so i sent them away. when he left he went back to where he was before me and has fallen back into the meth addiction. today i told him i wanted to fly out and see him and all he could think about was that he would have to stay clean for a few days and that destroyed what little hope i had left for us, the meth was more important than seeing me. i wish he could stop i wish that he could love me enough to want to stop but its taken hold of him and dragged him away from everything that was good in his life and is holding him there with everything bad in his life. i hate that its me that seems to hurt the most. it never would have happened if i hadn't sent him back there. to all of you that think meth is the way out, your wrong. if it doesn't kill you, each day and each time you use it kills the people that love you . i shake every time the phone rings scared to death someone is going to tell me that he did one to many and he's gone. i fight everyday just to get up and get thru another day and i pray every night that i wont wake up because i'm afraid it will be his last day and i don't want to be here when that happens. i cant live anymore knowing that i sent you back there and even if it hasn't killed you yet it has killed me inside. to all of the meth users out there think about what i have written and know that when you make the choice that its more important than anything else in your life its not just yourself your destroying its the lives of those who love you to and know that every time you use it doesn't just kill you it kills them to!!! i'm tired to fight anymore but i pray for others out there that their love can be stronger than mine and that they can save the one they love, that they can hold on to something and not lose all hope as i have . the meth not only ended his life it ended mine.

--ly

I am a 43 year old women. I am not the person I would like to be. Never have been probably never will. I am very much in love with my boyfriend who had a heart attack in my arms in the beginning of this year. He is 44 and should not have had one or any of the rest happen to him. We called 911 and he was rushed to the hospital. We were getting high when this happened and I was feeling sooo messed up inside. He was admitted and they ran test on him and found out he had major blockage and damage from the heart attack. And drug use as well. He had double by-pass surgery and it was the worst thing I had ever been through in my life. Seeing him with all those machines and tubes i felt so responsible.

The whole time I was with him in the hospital I was high. Even though I didn't want to be. I wanted so badly to trade places with him to let him be okay and for me to be the one going through all of that scary stuff. I deserved it he didn't. Well as soon as he got out I had dope and we got high together. and I thought to myself. "You are the lowest scum of the earth the devils pawn. Getting high with him wtf is wrong with you?"

But you see this is no justification but this is how it truly is. I was and am so desperate for someone to love me that I

would do anything to keep them around. This guy at the time was seeing three ladies and I was one of them. And basically he would go with one whom had the most so I broke my neck everyday pawning and selling anything and everything to keep me supplied. TO HAVE HIS LOVE!!! It is the most awful thing I have ever Been through in my life. trying to keep the man I loved around ever. The thing is he loved one of the other girls and not me. But I didn't care cuz I knew my sack would remain the biggest and the best. And it did until he had his heart attack.

Now he has been with me for a while and not anyone else until recently. One of the other girls came back into the picture. And I feel foolish trying to run around keeping myself supplied to have a fleeting moment with him. He don't love me and he never will and its killing me and getting him high is killing him. And I DON'T WANT THAT!!! But if he is not doing it with me he will be doing it with her. and I DON'T WANT THAT EITHER. I just keep using to cover the pain but it isn't working anymore. PLEASE UNDERSTAND I'M AN ADDICT and this is how they live. NOT HOW THEY TRULY WANT TO BE IN THEIR HEARTS. Deep down inside we are all good people the person you know before we used and we want to come back so badly!!! BUT WERE FIGHTING AGAINST THE EVIL ONE.

And he is very powerful!!!!!!

--Lori

First Timer

I am a 32 year old, successful male college graduate with a wonderful girlfriend and amazing job. I have never been one for illegal drugs. I did not try marijuana until I was 23 and did not get drunk until I was 18. I have never even bought an illegal drug in my life. If there was anyone in the world you would think would not try using meth, it was me. I had every reason in the world not to, but 6 days ago, I chose to use meth for the first time. It was the worst mistake of my life.

To this day I cannot fully articulate why I chose to smoke meth. I really did not know much about the drug. All I knew is that it was supposed to be very addictive. Not having an addictive personality, it's addictive qualities did not worry me much.

Over the years, my strict moral view of drugs had lessened a bit. Being a big music fan, I recently had read the biographies of Kurt Cobain, Jimi Hendrix, and Anthony Keidis. All of these people were drug addicts, and all but Keidis died from drugs. I read these biographies and though for most they would serve as a warning sign against using drugs, for me, they only intrigued me more. These people were my heroes and they chose to use drugs and seemed to have a good time using them, despite dying from them.

Also as I got older, I began to experiment a bit sexually. I went from being a "one-woman" man to often engaging in threesomes or going to sex parties. If I did have any addiction in my life, it was with sex. There came a time in recent years when I even began to experiment with having sex with people of my same gender, despite the fact that I did not consider myself "gay." I recently noticed that I only chose to have same gender sex when I was feeling really depressed. I do not know why. My guess would be that since "gay" sex was considered taboo, I chose to engage in it as a form of punishment. This leads me to my experimentation with meth.

I had been unhappy with my girlfriend lately and chose to cruise craigslist in search of sex ads. I had been curious about "partying" for a while and decided to place my own ad, looking for someone to share their "party favors." Sure enough, someone closeby responded.

I met this person at their house and within minutes we were both naked and watching porn and "partying." This person was eager to get me "partied up" and despite never doing it before, I complied. I took several hits immediately and did not feel any affects. So I took more. And more. And more. I would say about 10-12 large hits in a 3 hour period. Soon, I was flying. And I was loving it. Despite being high, I was able to abstain from having sex with this stranger, despite his urging. He eventually came to orgasm and came down and told me he was going to bed and nicely asked me to leave. I had no idea the night that awaited me.

Again, not knowing much of the drug, I left his house thinking I was no higher than I had ever been on pot and I would go home and it would soon be over. I couldn't have been more wrong. My sexual urges soon overcame me, and despite being 2am, I decided to drive to a 24 hour porn theater I knew of downtown. (The person I partied with actually called me while I was driving and said he wanted to make sure I was safe as he felt pretty bad about making me leave when he knew I was so high. I lied to him and told him I was heading home and would be fine.)

I got downtown (how, I do not know as I was high as a kite and certainly endangered other lives while driving) and stumbled into the porn theater, high as a kite and almost locking my keys in the car. Mind you, during all of this, my wonderful girlfriend was home sleeping, thinking I was safely out with friends. I got into the porn theater and soon found a dozen men masturbating and even a few smoking meth. I was so high, I even managed to get a smoke off another tweaker.

As naive as it sounds, I still had no idea all of what I was feeling... the horniness, the energy, lack of judgement, etc.. was all from the drug.

To make a long story short, I ended up spending 10 LONG HOURS in this porn theater trying to "get off." Due to the meth, I was unable to. It was a Friday and I was off work and made it home at 3pm. I had been up for almost 14 hours partying. When I got home, I thought I would pass out asleep. I did not. Over the next 36 hours, I would get 4 hours of

sleep. My GF noticed but I just told her I was having insomnia and smoked some bad pot the night before.

I even emailed the person who I had "partied" with for answers. the person who was so compassionate the night before, sent me an email back acting like he did not know who I was or what i was talking about. I suspect he was worried about his privacy.

48 hours later, on Easter Sunday, when I thought the effects would be gone, they were only beginning. I slept about 6 hours that night, and when I went with my GF to eat breakfast, I flew into a RAGE over the slow service. I then flew into a rage at my GF who had a horrified look on her face. This was completely out of character for me. Then, something I never suspected came: I felt a craving for more meth. Then, I soon felt suicidal. They were feelings I could not control. I started to cry in front of my GF, something I had not done in the 3 years we were together. I felt I could not control my emotions. She asked what was wrong but I just told her I was feeling depressed and sleep deprived due to insomnia. I never felt more alone or more out of control than I did that day.

I went to sleep that night and tried to go to work the next Monday, still sleep deprived. My co-workers knew something was wrong as I was a zombie. I told them I had insomnia and they let me go home early.

Back home, I was scared and knew I had to do something to take care of myself which is when I found KCl. I took everyone's advice, Took some tylenol PM, ate a lot of protein, and slept for 13 hours as my wonderful GF took care of me, never knowing the wiser.

In the following days, I experienced chest pain (still have it now), stomach pain, and constant jaw pain from the grinding of my teeth I was not even aware I was doing. (I grinded my teeth so much, I think I may have done permanent damage - I plan to see a dentist). No one told me it was imperative to stay hydrated while high, so I did not drink a thing for the first 8 hours of partying. My mouth got very dry and my throat very swollen, and I had awful plegm. Also, I got so dehydrated, I could not pee. What did come out hurt very much when it did. And then after I did pee, I would constantly dribble in my pants. 12 hours before trying meth, I was home, comfortable, watching TV with my GF. Now I was sitting in a dirty porn theater with a sore throat and dry mouth with piss in my pants, trying to jack off my soft dick. I was a mess.

On my way home I stopped at a store to get some water. I noticed a couple people in the store look at me funny. I figured it was because I looked like I had no sleep. It wasn't until I looked in my rear view mirror in the car that I noticed my eyes were as wide as saucers. I did not even notice the person I was looking at. I looked like a killer from a horror movie.

It was not until today, 6 days later, that I finally started to feel like myself again. All this from one night of using meth.

Thankfully, I do not have the urge to ever use again. And all those rock stars that I envied about their drug use, I suddenly had the ultimate compassion for. All those news stories about meth users and their crimes that I previously ignored, now hit home. I am not a particularly religious man, but I think God that I came out of that night safely and that I have not had the urge to use again. I learned a lot from my one time experience and will use that awful night and lapse of judgment to make my life better and stronger.

--T

I am 25 years old and currently pregnant with a man who has used meth our entire relationship. He is currently on parole and has managed to slip by and pass his urine test because he knows when he must take a drug test. Him and I have been together for over 2 years and I have always dealt with my insecurities of his meth use. He tells me to back off I am not his mom. He tells me I don't understand what it's like to be an addict. I don't know what it's like, but I do know what it's like to live with one. Since we have been together and I moved in, his drug habit couldn't be ignored. Most nights I would go to sleep alone and wake up alone in a very lonely place. I wouldn't know where he was all night long and when he came home he was unsocial. I can't tell him how I feel because he doesn't want to listen. It seems the drug numbs him and helps him to not feel. I asked him a couple days ago why he does meth? His response was "I am bored with life and I always have been. I have a lot of friends and now I can focus and get stuff done. It's boring to just stay home." I felt sad that he feels this way. Even though he says he is bored I'm not sure I buy it because we have went to concerts or out dancing and he would make his way to a bathroom to swallow or take a hit. He lies to me all the time and he is obsessed with porn, stripclubs and sex. I have left him many times and told him I'm sorry but it's me or the drug. Many times he begs me to come back and promises he will stop. He doesn't he just tries to hide it. He can't hide it well...I see it in his eyes. He can't look me straight in the eye, he can't keep still, he can't stay in the house, and he doesn't want to talk with someone who isn't on the same page as him. I am afraid of having this baby, he says he will stop once the child gets here but I highly doubt it. I see many stories with men and women who have children struggling with addiction. A child wont change anything if you can't change yourself. Just a few days ago his leading dealer was busted and is facing 5 to life in prison. My man is sad about this and thinks the guy didn't deserve it, personally I am relieved because that same guy is who gave my man his first hit ever. Another one of his good friends was killed about 9 months ago. His friend was staying in a hotel with a woman while on the run from the police. The police tracked him down because he was using a stolen car. The police went up to his hotel room and the guy was so high on meth that he pulled out his gun and jumped behind a bed. The cops naturally fearing for their safety pulled out their guns and shot fire killing him. That is 2 of his so called best friends who have lost their life from meth use. I

personally suffer because not only is my man a user but my own father used too. He was recently found guilty of possession and is facing 3 years probation. A girl who was my best friend for 10 years had a child and was a good mother. She started hating her weight and looks so she turned to meth to lose weight. Sadly she began prostituting herself out for drugs. We lost our friendship over this and she lost her child and self worth. I never smoked meth one day of my life but I feel the hurt and pain. I wish Hitler's drug never existed. It destroys lives and takes away families. I feel so trapped and sadden. I want to help my guy get over his addiction but he isn't ready to stop, he has even been to support groups. The unfortunate part of him going to support is it gives him craving and he meets up with other addicts and only brings around more harm than good. Meth is every where, it is in the homes of the rich and the poor. Meth use is growing rapidly and I fear it will not be stopped.

-Ali

My name is Sarah, and this is my story...

As a result of my previous involvement with methamphetamines, I have developed a strong desire to play a part in educating young people, and all people, about this awful drug. We all need to have a fear of this drug, and it is my responsibility to paint a fearful picture to anyone reading this who thinks they like meth. I was raised in a family of intelligent, politically active, community leaders, and until my early twenties I was poised to follow the same successful path. In high school I had been an honors student, won numerous academic honors, and was a varsity athlete. I went to college and studied political science. Some people assume that once kids leave adolescence, their likelihood of using illicit drugs diminishes. Wrong. Actually, it is when young people get that taste of independence and freedom to decide what to do and when to do it that they are most vulnerable. At least that's how it happened for me. When I left college, I worked full time and continued to smoke marijuana recreationally as I had done in college (again, once I was away from home). Marijuana, although illegal, and therefore irresponsible, never affected my life in a negative way. I certainly never used anything harder with any regularity. Until I was 24. I suppose I was generally bored with my life and became friendly with a new group of people for a change. I had seen meth before, being snorted, but never liked snorting anything considering the few times I had tried coke. Then, I smoked regular meth off aluminum foil one night before work (I worked third shift) and from that point on, I was into it. I wanted to stay high. I wanted to work hard all night and instead of coming home and crashing I wanted to get things done during the day, too. I stayed up for seven days once when I had that job. I drove a delivery van and I remember one night I was driving on my route on a back road and slammed on my brakes because I thought I saw midgets in the middle of the road. Still, I kept using. I thought I looked great, even though I dropped 30% of my body weight in two months. The person who gave me meth my first time turned out to be my boyfriend for the next year. Two months after my first hit, I lost my job under the following circumstances: I made up a fake excuse to miss work (which I would have never done sober) and took off with my boyfriend on a road trip designed to yield money and drugs. This was the beginning of the end for me. We had been driving across about five states, with no sleep, no food, car trouble, and about three ounces of ice on us. I drove the whole time, because I managed to somehow keep my head enough to navigate and drive. But my boyfriend had been up for twelve days and was starting to get delusional. He was convinced that we needed to steal a four-wheeler and sell it back home, and made me circle around neighborhoods all night long looking for the perfect ATV to steal. We were crazy! At dawn, my boyfriend became furious that we had not found a four-wheeler to steal and told me to move over because he was going to drive since I couldn't get anything done right. I refused, telling him that he was too tired to drive and that if I couldn't drive I was getting out. I ended up stranded at a post office. I walked twenty miles, by myself in the hot sun, three hours from home to a greyhound station where I called my friend to make the six hour drive round trip and pick me up. When I returned home, I had lost my job and I faced a felony grand larceny charge resulting from my involvement in this road trip. I had no prior criminal record. At this point, I found out that some of the people we had sold meth to were getting busted and rolling over. I never thought I would see my name and "possible distribution of methamphetamine" on a police document. But that's what was printed on the affidavit for a search warrant that I found on my dining room table the night I came home and found my apartment had been torn apart by the police. When my landlord got wind from the police that they were after me and my boyfriend and suspected we were selling meth from my apartment (which we were) I was evicted. I now had no money, no job, hadn't talked to my family in months, and was facing jail time. I actually ran for two weeks until I was arrested and spent two days in jail before being indicted for grand larceny. So, four months after my first hit, I was jobless, homeless, emaciated, and facing a felony charge. My boyfriend had been using for many years and had been in and out of the penitentiary (where he sits today) so his addiction had progressed to where it was causing psychosis. He was angry, violent, made games out of backhanding me and choking me and I took it. Yes, that's right. Why did I take physical abuse from him? Because I was a drug addict, I had nowhere to go, and I was more afraid of not being high than I was of getting the tar beat out of me. One night, after his mom had thrown us out because of one of his fits of rage, we ended up driving around town in a car he had stolen from his friend, fighting, and we got pulled over. The police took the car, since the plates didn't match the registration, and we walked around in the dark for four hours with 120 pounds of our belongings on our backs. Our meth reasoning led us to break into a remote building owned by a car dealership and sleep there, among sawdust and mites. Five months after my first hit I couldn't hold a job because my boyfriend wouldn't let me, even though we had no money, I was still waiting to go to

court, and I was being chronically abused. My boyfriend's delusion was that I was the one with the problem, that I was Satan, always trying to prevent his happiness, and that I should probably go ahead and kill myself. Then I got pregnant. I stopped using the drug at this point, but I found myself still living in the same desperate circumstances. On Halloween, 2005, while I was at my sister's wedding, my boyfriend was arrested with a pound of meth and he is now serving a three year sentence. Until I had the baby, I was convinced I would give her up for adoption because I doubted my ability to become functional again. But being pregnant and healthy was a turning point. I worked full time while I was pregnant, making new friends who are my friends today, and I took care to deliver a healthy baby girl, Anne Marie, in March 2006. I did not place her for adoption, she is peacefully asleep in her bedroom as I write this. My beautiful little angel - that is what she is. I am a single mother who works hard and now has the support of my family. My daughter and I live in a nice house, have a nice car, and I moved to be closer to my dad and to an area known for its school system, where I went to high school. It is now my crusade to prevent Anne Marie and her future little friends from ever knowing this drug like I do. She saved my life, I know that much. I often think about what I would have done had I not gotten pregnant. I don't have to think too hard, because I know that I would have continued the meth, the destruction, the criminality, and where would I have stopped? My new purpose in life is motherhood. I still have nightmares about what meth did to my life, and I am missing two back teeth to the chemical damage. I went to court a year later and took a plea bargain misdemeanor conviction, which is on my record, but at least it is not a felony. I will never go back to that. And I can say that I would choose a life of hard work and sacrifice for the benefit of my child anyway, over the brief enjoyment that my experience with meth brought. I hate meth. Let's get rid of this shit.

My heart aches. I can't believe her, and I can't turn my back because I believe in her. I fell in love with this woman a few years ago. When we met she had told me that she had three felonies over drug possessions. I didn't really care. Our energies clicked. I didn't know the severity of her drug use. I had never been exposed to meth or anyone who had used so I was clueless when she was heavily into meth while claiming sobriety. I was out of a place to live and her brother had a house and needed a roommate. She'd come by mostly for sex and to get a home cooked meal. Although the sex was great that wasn't why I fell for her. I could see through her, right into the soul that was so clouded with the addiction. She is (or was or possibly has the potential to be) compassionate, caring, loving, wise, and rooted. But when the drug was there she was rude, conniving, dishonest, short, and hurtful. I left her brother's after 6 months and didn't speak with her for a couple of years. I ran into her uncle at the bar (I've become quite close to her family) who said he didn't know how she was doing and that everyone had seemed to have given up. Right then my throat tightened and my stomach dropped between my feet. I drove past her place that night and at 3 in the morning she was running around in her yard with out a coat (in negative degree temps) screaming that she had broke her toe. She said she was on pills and it wasn't meth... I'm not really sure now that I look back on the moment. I took care of her that night and since I haven't been able break away from her. I know that she's under there somewhere. I care for her so much it's tearing my heart apart. But what the f* can I do! I just lent her 130 dollars so she could stay out of jail (pay a bondsman). Because I want to trust her I gave her cash.... IDIOT!!!! I'm sick about it. She calls me a few times a day. I haven't heard from her since I lent her the money yesterday afternoon. I know it's a rough journey for her. I want to be her walking stick not the f-in sole of her shoe.

--Cal

Story of a 16 Year Old Ex Addict

Sometimes I think life isn't worth living, but then I think about what I've been through. I'm 16 years old. I've been addicted to Meth already. I wish I could take it back, and never have done it. I smoked weed for the first time right after I turned 14 with my 'so called' best friend. She pretty much forced me to hit the pipe. I didn't take another hit after that for over a year though. Until I went to high school. My friends were smoking and peer pressure forced me to give in at 15. I smoked a few times a month at first and then more. One day I just stopped. I drank alcohol a few times a month, which I thought was no big deal. The last week of 2006, I smoked meth. I went over to my friends house that night around 11pm. I had no idea what I was getting myself into. I thought it was cool. It's not though. Not even close. I sat in a little room of our dealers house for 2 hours continuously loading bowl after bowl and smoking it, I just couldn't get enough. It was like heaven to me. I used it to cope with my pain. I had gone through the pain of a death in the family a couple months before and still hadn't gotten over it. We smoked off and on all night, and I had the energy to be queen of the world. I went home later that day tweakin out still. Coming down was a living hell and all I wanted was more. Turns out, I went back that night and did a repeat. I used every weekend all weekend for four months straight, but that's not it. After about two weeks I was stayin up 3 to 4 school nights a week, and smoking before school. I stayed up for a week and a half even though I had school, without eating a thing. I just couldn't get enough. I learned to light it myself in about a week. At first I said I would only do it once, but nobody does meth just once. I was the same way. I couldn't help myself. What caused me to stop? I realized my body was worth more than putting chemicals into. I'm above everything I have ever done in my past, and I regret every moment of my highs. I regret everything that I ever did or caused anyone while tweaking, and the sad part is, only my best friend who I was smoking with could tell. I remember babysitting while being on the drug. I didn't even watch the child. She could have gotten hurt and I wouldn't have known.

I remember walking around town, tweaked off my ass like no other. I know I had to look just a little suspicious to those around me, but they didn't notice. I remember having serious conversations with my family, though I have no clue what they were about still to this day. Meth screwed my life up. I lost some of the best relationships I ever had. I can't remember things from a long time ago like I used to be able to. I am still paranoid to this minute as I type this, and I still shake when I think about it because I want to relapse so bad. I won't let myself. I am above that all. I remember nights when I would have 10 people in my house and we would pass it around smoking, even though my family would be in the house. My family doesn't have a clue to this day. It's not hard to keep it a secret, but it doesn't mean you should. The saddest part is, nobody at all in my life had a clue, and I wish they would have busted me at times when I felt that I couldn't stop myself. I didn't know what to do with myself. I did meth for the soul reason of forgetting my past and to look good. It didn't make me look like the long term meth users, maybe I had a busted face and lips a few times, but it always went away. I never remembered a single thing, usually not even the night before. It sucked. I wouldn't wish this life upon anybody. I wouldn't wish this drug to be in any neighborhood ever, in fact I wish it would be gone, never to be seen again. It is hard to quit, and i'm not afraid to admit that, but I did it. I may be young but this is giving every single one of you hope to quit, and the knowledge you need to do it. I have been clean for almost two months as of right now. I hope that doesn't make you rethink anything, because I am trying my hardest to keep it up. I relapsed the first time I tried to stop. and after two times smoking it I realized "i can't do this crap for the rest of my life, so why waste and money my time on it now?" and that's why I stopped. I wasted probably 300\$ on meth in about 3 months. Stealing became a horrible hobby of mine. Nobody trusted me to begin with so to me it was whatever. You can have fun without alcohol, and without meth or weed or any other drug. You can stay awake by exercising and moving around. there is no need for meth to be put in you're body. No point in it. I still don't fully understand why I used it, but I do know that I regret every minute of it, and anybody who has used it or is using it that you know or even yourself, let them know, that they are better than the drug, and they can make it and quit. Encourage them please. We don't need another life ruined because of Meth. Never Again.

--Jess

I had a daughter who became hooked on meth. she would take off for a week at a time I did not know where she was. till she called me to pick her up. she was a student in a private school. she was in the eleventh grade had a driver's license. she was a good girl. then she changed I no longer knew her. she started lying to her father and I. she married a drug addict, they had a son. I thought that she was better, but he started going to jail and leaving her alone. then she found other people like him. of course there was gangs involved, she was a trusted person with our family, but then she started to steal and use credit cards in our names, she started stealing from us and doing things like this. I couldn't understand what was going on but it was not right. I felt as if I did not know her anymore. then she had another baby son. while she was pregnant she seemed different, but when the baby was born, she went back to the gangs and drugs. one day she told me and my husband her father that she had tried this drug and it seemed to take over her, she was afraid of it. then her and her husband starting staying in motels, and she wanted me to pay for them and most of the time they used credit cards that they got. they were not taking care of the children, they were leaving them with me. they were always fighting and he was abusive to her. then he went to jail again. then my daughter met another young girl who was hooked on meth too. this girl introduced my daughter to some gang people in long beach ca. so my daughter started hanging out with these people. I went over there many times, to try to get her home. then she went to jail for trying to cash a bad check, I got her a lawyer and got her out on bail. she was to go straight to rehab. or be sentenced to 7 years in jail. I took her to many rehabs, she always went back out. I paid lots of money to get someone to find a rehab for her. she kept going to long beach where the drugs were and the gang people. then one week I didn't see her for a week and she didn't call me. then one day after the week she called me asking for money saying the people took her to this city and left her there so she needed a bus fare. I sent the money. she called me when she got back and said she was ready to go to rehab and court. but what happened was she seen these gang members kill a man for his car. then man live in the hospital for about 10 days. they had shot him in the head. he had two daughters young. they made my daughter burn the bloody clothes that they had killed him in. they kept her in check at this house in compton ca. deciding if they were going to kill her or not. they did not let her use the phone. or leave the house. then on the sunday morning they took her in the shower and shot her in the head and then took the other girl in the shower too and shot her in the head. they then took them out in the shower curtains and put them in the trunk of the car. drove them out to an almond field in delano ca. and put them there and set them on fire, to try to cover their identity. but one girl who they did not kill, called the police and told them where they were and who they were. the police put her in protective custody she informed them who did the shooting all in all there were at least 5 persons involed and three who did the shooting. if not for her we would not ever have known where our daughter was. we would not have been able to bury her. the one girl had a baby. my daughter had three little boys who she left behind with no mother now. the case is still in the la courts and the lawyers of the killers keep asking for more time. while her children have no mother and they are crying all the time and her father and I have to live waiting for the courts to bring justice. I have hardly been able to live without my beautiful daughter. so if someone reads this remember meth kills and it kills families too.

--James

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