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## Crystal Meth / Methamphetamine: Letters & Stories

*by Users, Loved Ones, and Parents*

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### My story of meth addiction

Hello my name is Rachele I'm 28 and have been clean off meth for 10 months, I started in a family that was filled with everything you can think of that consists of meth, my real father was murdered over meth (black beauties) when I was 14 my step-father introduced me and my brother to the making of this drug, he told us this is how you make money, at the same time I was a watch out while my father and his friends would be doing what they had to do. I thought this was normal everybody did this was brainwashed into my head for years, until around 1995 when his "friends" were ending up in federal pen. for this so called life my step dad had painted for me. I only smoked weed at the time, until my first son had passed away when I was 18, than I started to use meth. My life for these 10 years were hell, It did not matter me falling asleep at the wheel from a 5 day spree with my kids in the car, making meth while I left my 5 month old second son out in the car in freezing weather, I thought I was a good mom, using meth while I was pregnant with my daughter nothing was stopping me to use meth, no cops, being raped, house being watched, nothing was gonna stop me.

I lost three houses, lived in motels, lived in my car, spent the night at people's houses just to take a shower or to feed my kids, pawning everything of my kids and my stuff, I thought this was "normal" everybody lived like this.

I tried rehab one time and failed after 4 months of sobriety, my relapse was the worse I lost yet another house, I had gotten pulled over after another 3 day spree and the policeman asked me if I was high, "I told her hell yeah and when I get out of jail I'm going back home to use again" and I did exactly that. A few weeks later I went back to rehab it was different this time I wanted it, I was ready, I got tired of my kids telling me certain things that 3 and 6 year olds should not be saying. This was a new beginning for me I hang around non-using people rather it is alcohol or weed it is all mind and mood altering substances. You truly do find out who real friends are. I attend N.A. meetings, I live life on life's terms not mine. I have ran into old users and to see that I walked around like that for 10 years just breaks my heart. I had made some new friends that in my using days were my enemies but who also was there throughout my using and have seen the growth in me and from me, my attitude towards other people, my kids, my loved ones, I have family members who talk to me now and that trust me now, I even go to college and for the most thing I have always wanted to be-P.I., I still struggle with cravings every once in awhile but they have not been bad as they was when I first came out of rehab. If anyone has someone they love that is on this, be gentle this is a hard habit to kick and don't give up they will be ready they just have to be ready. I thank God I am still alive from this drug. I can say I love myself today. Thank you

--Rachelle

**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](mailto:kcimeth@yahoo.com)**

### **my meth story**

i started using meth when i was 2002. at first it was all fun and games. but in no time did my life start to sputter in a downward spiral. I was living with my boyfriend of 13 years. he also used meth. in 2003 he lost his job. so i became the only one working trying to pay all the bills (house payment, car payment, groceries, and of course supporting both of our drug use). I was quickly falling behind on all my bills. taking out loans and getting higher limits on my credit cards just to try and stay above water. in April 2004 i found out i was pregnant. i was so excited even though my relationship was on the rocks with the baby's dad. and i had an addiction to meth. i wanted this baby more than i wanted or needed meth. the day i took my pregnancy test and seen the positive line was the last day i used meth until my son was 3 months old. then i started using again. i was depressed because we had lost our house, i had found out my baby's dad was gay. i used every day to help numb the pain of my broken heart. not realizing it was only making things worse. and putting my son at risk of being taking away. i moved home to my parents in may 2005 with my son. continuing to use things got worse. i had no job no money. so i did what i had to to make sure i had my meth. i pawned things, even things that weren't mine. i stole from people i loved, my parents especially. in June 2006 i was about to hit rock bottom. i had gotten into an argument with my brother. he posted no crack-head signs all over our home and locked me and my son out of our home, being high and stupid i stole a book of his blank checks and had an acquaintance try and cash it. it backfired and we both got arrested. i ended up in jail and my life was suddenly falling apart before my eyes. what had i just done? when i got out of jail i avoided my parents and brother as much as i could. i was so ashamed of what i had done. and scared of the possibility of jail time when it came time for court. i hung out with my sons dad at his home cuz it was a place i could get high and a place it didn't have to face my family. finally on July 13th 2007 i had gone home to find my whole family sitting in the living room with a intervention counselor waiting for me. i had a family intervention that day to send me to inpatient treatment. as i sat there crying listening to each one of them tell me how i had hurt them and how each one was scared for me i felt so ashamed. but knew it was time to kick this meth addiction. especially after my parents said they had contacted child protection. my son was too important. i wasn't going to let him get taken away. it hurt to listen to each of them tell me how my meth addiction was hurting them. when you are high you don't think of anyone else. you don't realize who else you are hurting. i knew at that moment i needed help. i had lost my brother because of my addiction and stealing his checks and that broke my heart. we used to be so close. i was bound and determined to get my brother back, keep my son, and get my relationship back with my sister and parents. so i agreed to go to in patient treatment the next day. i needed to spend time with my son before i went. I was in treatment for 21 days. i t was the best thing i could have ever done. i am so thankful for my family intervention. and to my mom who kept investigating her intuitions. it is now February 2007 and i have been clean for almost 8 months. i have my family back, still have my son, working almost full time and most importantly I GOT MY LIFE BACK!!!

--Anne

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I'm 14 and for my whole life someone in my family has done meth. My dad did it for the longest time. He stopped about 2 years ago. Well about a year and a half ago my mom started to do meth a lot. It started out with her being in the bath room for hours at a time. I didn't really think about it till my step dad started to point it out to me and my sisters. After about 4 month of her doing it really hard my step dad left, and left my sisters and me there. My mom and me didn't get along at all. We were all was fusing at each other and all most got into a couple of fist fights. She had people coming in and out of our house all the time. Most of the people were men, and i didn't fell right with them there. Some of the guys scared me, like the way the looked at me. I told my mom but she didn't do any thing about it. In Jan. I moved in with my dad. i dint really no him but i thought it would be better to live with him than with my mom. When i moved out of my moms house she didn't have power or heat. My little sisters stilled lived with her and i worried about hem al the time. It's been a little over a year since i moved out. My mom has lost everything. She doesn't have a house, a car, and she doesn't even have her kids. Both of the parents have died and her brother is in jail for the same thing. She will call me some times and she says she trying to get better, but ever time i see her i can tell she is fucked up. She thinks i don't no but i do. She has turned my sisters and my life up side down, and she doesn't even care. i try to help but she wont let me. I don't no what to do

--Doris

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I am writing this letter to all the parents out there with teens or young adults that are hooked on meth. I am the mother of two beautiful teens. My youngest adult got clean from meth but my oldest is using. I would like to share the story with you about how my youngest teen got cleaned. Two years ago my youngest son wanted to go live with his dad. I was really hesitant but i let him go. His dad and i have been divorced for quiet sometime because he was abusive and a drug addict during our marriage. During the time that my son went to live with his dad he claimed and his family claimed that he quit using and that he wanted to try and make things right with his kids. I let my son move in. I would call my son daily as he was working for his grandpa at whom lived at the end of the street. I started making uncalled visits to my son and noticed that he was losing a lot of weight. I also noticed that he had black circles under his eyes. It really started bothering me. My oldest son confided in me that he had went to his dads and was going to try and make things right with his dad and seen his dad sitting in his truck. He was coming from the back side and noticed his dad with a syringe in his arm. He told me that his dad told him not to say anything to anyone. As my son was telling me this he was crying. I then immediately called the police and asked them to escort me to pickup my youngest son as his dad has a record of domestic violence. My son was very combative towards me and hated me for making him come home. He seemed so different. We went on mini vacation and something told me that something was not right about him. I went through his belongings and found paraphernalia and empty small bags that looked like that had some sort of crystal stuff in them. I confronted him about it and he didn't say a whole lot about it. The next few months where hell and he was suicidal and i thought that i was going to lose him. The pain i felt was something that i hope that no one ever has to go through. He was up and down. We talked allot about the drug and how it made you feel and what it was doing to him. He ended up quitting on his own and was open to me about his usage. He said that he relapsed a few times but that he was done with it. He ended up getting a DUI this summer and has been attending drug and alcohol classes. He goes every week and UA"s done randomly. He has made the honor roll this quarter and has only one class to take before June to graduate with the rest of his peers. He is thinking of going into the military, college or getting a really good job with a Co. that pays very well here in town. The Co. requires that he have a clean UA and they do random UA"s . He still kind of moody but not like he was before. He doesn't hang around a lot of his friend that he hung around before. I still monitor him and as a past drug user i know he's staying clean. I pray for my other son who lives here and there. I pray for all those whom I don't know that god will intervene. It is a decision that the user has to make to want to be clean. My son is talking about his senior prom and that gives me a good feeling that he will be there likes he's suppose to. He says that meth is a thing of the past and that he can't believe how it can change you and control you. Please don't give up hope and believe!!!!

--H

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### **my brother's a meth addict**

I live in LA, but my mother and brother Austin(23) live in Northern Cali.. I left my mother there with my brother who I thought was on the road to recovery.. I just found out that my brother tested dirty with his parole officer a couple weeks ago.. (he was in prison for 1 year because of crystal meth) His parole officer told him that he now needs to go to these proposition 36 meetings or he's going back to prison.... He has missed 3 meetings and they are coming for him soon... I feel so bad for my mother...she cries herself to sleep every night and has done everything she possibly could. I'm afraid my brother is never going to stay clean and that he's going to be in and out of prison his entire life...(he's even told me that) My mother continues to take him in, as any mother would do...the false hope he gives her is taking away years of her life and I hate him for that! I tell her that it's okay, and to just let the system take over and maybe next time he will have learned his lesson...I know deep down prison wont help, my brother has even told me that he got drugs in prison.. I think sometimes rehab would help, but the addict has to want it and agree to it, he would never do that! Besides that, it costs a fortune... Unless there was a free rehab center that handcuffed him and strapped him into the rehab center everyday, there's no way in hell. I hope that one day he comes to his senses...but even then, would he be the brother I remembered? Will this cycle ever end??? Will my brother ever get clean?? Why is this drug so powerful?? He could have done so much with his life. He really is a good person.

I have so many questions.....

--Jacquelyn

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### **When a child becomes the parent**

I am writing not for myself but for my mother-in-law. She is me husbands mother and she has a problem. This is not

anything new to our lives. We have been dealing with this now for the last 10 years off and on. She started to do meth back in the day before I was even a thought in my husbands mind. It then went to Rx drugs and when the didn't help she went to meth. She has never been a day in day out user it is more so off and on. My husband and myself got married three years ago and live with his parents for four months when we had to leave because the problem got so bad. Then there was the time that we had to take her to the hospital because we all thought she overdosed on her Rx but come to find out she was so strung out that was causing the problems. Now they have lost there home to this monster and they still will not stop doing it. My father-in-law would stop if she would just stop bring it around. My husband and I are at our end of the rope we don't know what to do to make her stop.

--Pat

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I have been reading letters for the last four hours, I don't know why, I don't use meth don't know anyone who does and have no interest in ever trying it. I am however a concerned resident of a small town where I know meth is very prevalent. I have a boyfriend who is an avid pot smoker and I believe that anything can become addictive, from food to shopping and of course drugs. I more or less have a question to all of the family members who write in, why do you stay? I think this is an important question, and I don't think love is a viable answer. I had to answer this same question when I asked myself why I am still with my boyfriend who is addicted to pot. My answer had less to do with love and more to do with what I got out of the relationship, which was that I felt needed. I guess that is my own addiction. I need to be needed. Once I answered this question I was able to make decisions that benefited me instead of my bf. I identified my addiction and am now able to make decisions that avoid feeding it. So why as family and friends of meth users do you find the need to stay apart of that persons life? I truly believe that when you love someone you are able to love them enough to leave them alone or force them to make tough decisions. I don't know but sometimes you have to be selfish.....

--RL

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I am the victim. The REAL victim. Users of drugs are not victims. Users chose to use. A victim is a person who had no part or participation. The word "Victim" is used to make users feel they are victims, so they can possibly recover by placing fault on that awful drug. The problem is - the drug did not jump down ones throat, nose, or inject itself. The user did that.

Drug education? Victims - aka - the public taxpayers paid for drug education not for the fun of it, but with purpose. Evidently the drug addict thought it was a game.

Users victimized my family and myself three times through burglary. The last group of intelligent drug users/manufactures/distributors - a drug ring - messed with the wrong victim - me! After the capture and prison sentence came my prison sentence. My prison sentence lasts longer. I have PTSD. I have never received government paid free cognitive behavioral therapy to express my "feelings" or obtain free dentistry.

Meth mouth - I recommend pliers and no dentures for all prisoners who use meth. The public owes nothing by way of a good looking smile when meth addicts opted to destroy through ignorance although drug education has been well known for at least 40 years.

This is my story. No empathy, no sympathy for any Meth addict. All I hear from recovering drug addicts is wah wah wah. Poor me, poor me, poor me. I didn't do it - that horrible drug called Meth did it. Sniff, sniff, I didn't know this would happen. Sorry - I don't cut it!

Drug addicts made their choice although the never ending link to money - the taxpayer - now pays for drug rehabilitation and dental work instead of perhaps - an earned vacation, or even health benefits for themselves and family.

When I was a kid, I did not have the taxpayer who paid for drug education, but my gosh, I used common sense. I watched many of my friends drop acid during the 60's and 70's. All I could think was - they are so stupid! Drugs are bad. I consider people who take drugs as extremely weak people. But just because of weakness or a horrible childhood does not and should entitle a person to freebies.

I consider my right to voice how I feel about drug addicts because my tax money entitles me to not get sucked up in the sympathy attempts occurring due to so many Meth addicts needing recovery.

--Bobby

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### **It just does not hurt you**

This is the first time I have actually attempted to research meth and what it does. I always knew how it was made and knew that those who sold it made a lot of money. What I did not know is how much pain it caused to those who are around a user. My best friend of seven years has been on meth for a year. He is convinced that he is going to get off of it. Even though he still has the nightmares and can not go out one day with out feeling like their are ten people chasing him he is convinced that he will get through this on his own. He has convinced his family and girlfriend that someone has done voodoo on him. Mean while he continues to wonder when will they ever stop chasing him. The hardest thing for me is to imagine how lost and afraid he must feel. He has completely isolated me from his life because I tell him that we need to face the real problem and not what his family has him believing or him telling everyone that I have his whole house wired to watch his every move.

I have not given up and truthfully doubt I ever will, but I want to let him and everyone out there with the same disease know that good friends with the best support will always be waiting for them to want to help themselves.

--P

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my name is Briana and i am 15 years old, i have been around speed all my life i knew waht it did and i know what it does, my father left my familia when i was 4 because he got soo strung out, he was violent, shooting up everyday. i promised myself when i got older and relized what was really going on around me that i would never do it. My mother got a new b/f who turned out to be a tweker too (i guess she dosent have a very good picker) well he cleaned up his act ( for a lil bit) and they got maried, we moved to a new town, and then he went to prison for manufacturing. my this time i was about like 9 or so and that when i first started to party, hanging out with older people, drinkin and smokin pot. by the time i was 12 i got into a relationship he was older but he did ice on a regular basis but i thaught he was the greatest guy in the world ( well he is but the drugs made him crazy!!) i dont kno what happend but i guess i thaught that if i would talk crap on speed i should atleast kno what it does so i tried it and idk i didnt think it is that bad as people said it was, so i started doing it like every weekend not on the daily, but then i started to like it incredibly too much so i started to work and spent my money on it, that went on for about 2 years,

then i i tried crack now that is a rush i got addicted the first time i did it i taught i was so grown and to tell you the truth it actually makes people more imature, i have been clean now for about 2 months not very long but it is a start, i am growing a relationship with my mom sumthing i have never ever had, my mother is a great person and i made her go threw so much stuff she shouldnt ever had to go threw with me. i was sooo selfish and i just want to tell everybody cherish your familia they are they only ones who will really allways be there for you!!

--Briana

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### **My meth love affair ended up with JAIL**

I was 13 when I started smoking pot; I started using coke when I was 18. I met my husband while I was in the Air Force and cleaned up long enough to get married and have three children. Off and on I would smoke pot and not see anything wrong with it. I managed to finish college and start a good career but in my thirties I was introduced to amphetamines and used for years while maintaining my teaching job at a private school. Most of my co-workers used pills or smoked pot with me, we never saw anything wrong with it. It seems crazy to me now that we were teachers in this very pricey private school in San Antonio and we were all high all the time and drinking and toking on the weekends, even getting DUIs and such, we were a mess and I didn't realize how it was affecting my family life. I thought since we lived in an upper class neighborhood and my kids went to private school that made me a good mom. Eventually I had a nervous breakdown from my lifestyle and having to work so hard to maintain the "image". In the mental hospital I made a friend who introduced me to meth once we got out of the hospital ward. It was instant addiction, it made me feel like I was on top of the world when in reality I was zoned out and completely out of control. I told myself I could control it - complete lie, meth is the DEVIL and you can never control your use. I sold things, spent all my savings, got money out of my parents, did everything I could to get money for more crank. I was using 7-8 times a day, snorting and smoking it. I started having hallucinations and believed everyone was out to get me esp. my friend's husband who would come over to my house to catch us using meth. I was also starting to try to manufacture it using chemicals that can KILL you, my husband was a science teacher and it was easy to get the materials. Before I could really get into making it, there was an altercation at our house with my friend's husband and the SWAT team was called in because my husband had got his gun out and was pointing it at my friend's husband. The police swarmed in and found all my drugs and paraphernalia (I was also growing pot) and arrested us both right in front of our kids. What a great example to leave to your children, right? We got out of jail after a few days but were charged with a lot of charges. My dad came to help me and told me to get rid of all my stuff and he helped me bag up everything and throw it away.

My withdrawal was the WORST, I was throwing up and shaking and sweating like crazy. I kept trying to find little bits of crank that I had hidden all over the house, when I found some I used it but my husband caught me and threw the rest away. After that my dad suggested to my husband that we move near my parents in another state so to sever all drug connections, so we uprooted our family and moved. I was kept very isolated and supervised so I couldn't make connections, it was "tough love" by my husband and parents. My court case came up and I got 5 years probation which is like a miracle (my husband's charges were dropped because he had nothing to do with it all). I've been clean for 2 years now and nothing could make me use crank again, although I still fight cravings occasionally and have had to deal with watching people on the street make drug connects and longing for just one line. But I wouldn't allow myself to do it. Long story short - crank is the DEVIL'S drug; it is the most addictive thing out there I ever tried but it CAN be beaten. If you are dealing with a loved one's addiction the best thing you can do is PRAY and use "tough love" but be loving and compassionate. As an addict, I needed the assurance that my parents still loved me, my husband still loved me, and it really helped. It also helped when they told me how much I have to live for. They never gave up on me. Never give up on your loved one; once they have determination and a loving support system they CAN make it, just be there for them. Addicts are still people and still need love; just don't give them money and don't allow them to use in your house (believe me they can hide it well - I did). Addiction is a disease that CAN be beaten, I am living proof of that.

--LM

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### **The drugs are killing my family!**

I have visited this site more times than I can count over the last year. This is the first time I have written. I have been married for 13 years and have 2 kids. My daughter is 12 and my son is going to be 7 in March. I am not addicted to meth, but I am addicted to Xanax, and my husband is addicted to pain pills.....Lortab at the moment.

I can not begin to express what this has done to our family. I won't tell you how my husband and I never talk unless it's about dope, or how my daughter is in so much pain she has now resorted to cutting herself. Let's also not discuss how you stop having sex because the drugs consume your life and make you lose all desire for that. I literally sit and figure out ways of how I am going to get the drugs in the event we run out. I even went so far as to take some from a family member who had recently had surgery and needed the pain pills. I know, what kind of person does that? Well...I did. To make matters even worse....I am a nurse. I am supposed to be the person encouraging people to get off drugs and showing them other ways to cope with trauma instead of running to the drug. Look at me. I am a hypocrite. I am a drug addict who wears the mask of a "normal" person. I am numb and can only feel pain. Please, for those of you reading this that have not tried drugs or have and think it can't happen to you. It can and it WILL! I used to own a house, drive nice cars, have lots of money in the bank. I now struggle to keep a roof over our heads and only pay the bill when the disconnect notice comes. I can't even help my daughter who is turning into a cutter because I am so screwed up myself. God.....stay away from it!!!!

--K

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### **What meth has done to me...**

I was addicted to crystal meth from age twenty until I was thirty-four years old. That's FOURTEEN years of just about EVERY other day of doing this highly addicting drug. I come from a middle-high class family and starting using meth to lose some weight. I was a pretty young girl who was about thirty pounds overweight, and heard this street drug helped you curb your appetite and gave you a boost of energy. I knew I was hooked from day one. Man, was this drug the ULTIMATE!! It made me feel so beautiful and have all this energy. And the sex on it was so mind blowing! Everything on it was mind blowing for me. I loved it. I lost all my excess weight and had the energy to do anything and everything. I ALWAYS went to work because I ALWAYS had the speed to get me through the day. I held down the same job as a waitress for fourteen years--which is how long I did the drug for--fourteen years. Meth made me so friendly and outgoing considering I was semi shy off of the drug, or should I say before I starting using the drug. I kept my drug addiction a secret from my family and friends. People just thought I had tons of energy. And I always had money for my fix since I always went to work. I allowed myself to come down off the drug on my two days off so I could start all over again the beginning of the week. I even hid this secret from my boyfriend of eight years!!!!!! How could he not know I was on speed you ask?? He never tried it and didn't know anyone who did it so how would he know the signs to look for?? He saw me have compulsive shopping marathons and caught me in lies and couldn't understand why I barely slept. And the anger outbursts--oh my God!!! He just thought that was me--how I was normally. I kept it very well hidden. I thought I was just brilliant. I used to roll the meth up in a wad of tissue and swallow it with some water.

I didn't want to be the obvious user and have the sniffles all the time or a runny nose. Then after fourteen fast years, at age thirty four I starting having this horrible heaviness within my chest--like I could barely breathe so I rushed to the

emergency room. The hospital did an EKG and said something was very wrong with my heart and admitted me. I was shocked considering I never had any health problems and nothing of any illness ran in my family. Of course I had the common cold or occasional flu...but who doesn't? After several days of being in the hospital, I was told I had a leaky mitral heart valve. My heart valve wasn't opening up and closing correctly so I was told I had to have open heart surgery. They gave me the options of either having a pig valve put in, or a mechanical valve made of metal. The pig valve would only last ten years and the metal valve would last forever. The down side about the metal valve was that I would have to be on blood thinners for the rest of my life so I would never be "allowed" to have children--because they would be deformed. Never having any kids (which mentally I was never ready for yet since I was such a drug addict) or being able to have kids but having to look forward to having to open heart surgery again ten years down the road--I opted for the no children and had my surgery. About a week later--the hospital kept a close eye on me--I went into cardiac arrest and died for twenty-seven minutes. The doctors told my family and boyfriend I would never mentally be the same. That I would be slow. Being dead that long does something to your brain--the lack of oxygen or something. But the doctors revived me after being dead and I have no brain damage!! I showed them I thought. Then they put in a pacemaker in to give my now damaged heart a shock whenever my heart rate gets out of wack. Needless to say, I was NUTS in the hospital before, during and even after my surgery. The hospital staff all knew I was coming down off from crystal meth. But it wasn't just my coming down from the speed that made me feel like I was losing my mind. It was also accepting my open heart surgery and pacemaker and my option of having children was ripped away from me. I have this huge ugly scar from the top of my chest all the way down to the top of my stomach. And this pacemaker has shocked me several times already which feels like an electric shock going through my heart. It's scary. I also obtained high blood pressure and depression. I'm now thirty seven years old and have been clean for three years. Not by my choice--believe me. I'm just scared of dropping dead if I do some more speed. Otherwise speed is all I still think about still. I only have 15% of a heart left since the drugs damaged it so badly. I've also gained one hundred pounds which also gave me diabetes. I no longer have any energy and I mean ANY. And I've been clean three years and I am always depressed, tired and fat. I hate my life now so much and still am consumed with having "speed dreams" and still think of wanting to do speed. Speed dreams are where you dream your on speed. I still have them almost every night. Where do I go from here?? I hate my life now so much--I can't seem to shake off this weight--which I know contributes to why I feel I have no energy. I'm still with the same guy and I with hold sex from him because I'm never in the mood anymore. "I'm too fat" I tell him. "Please wait for me to lose some weight." And I haven't and he's still waiting. I no longer get any mental highs--no excitement from really anything anymore. Is this what I've become from meth??!! When will it change for me? Or will it ever change?? I'm still waiting.....I want a life back. Am I alone? Sincerely,  
--S

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My boyfriend of 13 months, an M.I.T. graduate, etc., admitted to me that he had been orally ingesting meth for roughly 20 years. On Dec. 4, 2006, he took his last hit, made two subsequent suicide attempts, was in and out of psychiatric wards, on multiple prescription meds, and a changed person - angry, irrational. He finally succeeded in suffocating himself in his car in my garage while I was at work, on Jan. 12, 2007. He was 38 years old.

Attached is a poem I recently wrote about the experience, which I hope you can publish among the family and friends letters.

--M

### Ode to Jim

A year of pleasure, a life of pain,  
Sentenced to see you never again.  
Your demons drove you to die, I see,  
Without even bidding good-bye to me.

You left us, angry,  
You left us, drugged,  
You left me deceived,  
Bereaved, unhugged.

You're now up in heaven  
Or down in holy hell.  
Which way you were headed,  
I never could tell.

I just know you left me sad,  
Full of rage, shock and sorrow.  
You deprived yourself of air  
To deny yourself tomorrow.

Because it's so sick I have to believe  
You needed us to share your pain.  
You died in order to watch us grieve,  
But the solution you chose was insane.

You left your kids, you left your mother,  
You betrayed me, your sisters, brothers.  
And all for what: to make a point?  
You preferred your drugs, or to smoke a joint.

Escape was your goal  
The quick fix your cure.  
What you tried to achieve,  
I'm not really sure.

Just know you let a lot of us down,  
Fearless man, tearless clown.  
It appears I am right yet again:  
Meth, it maketh monsters of men.

You lost control  
You spiraled down.  
Brain in flames,  
Burned to brown.

"I used to be brilliant,"  
You lamented inside.  
No one could argue -  
It was a matter of pride.

You used to reign  
At the top of your game.  
Science, computers -  
To you, easy and tame.

But something propelled you  
Too close to the edge.  
You moved frightfully near  
A dangerous ledge.

In the end, you were driven,  
Consumed to the core.  
And now, my dear Jim,  
You can love me no more.

To choose pain over love  
Denies humanity.  
To choose dying over life  
Belies insanity.

I really wish you'd listened,  
I really wish you'd stayed  
To give life another chance,

No matter how dismayed.

But instead you chose a route  
That's hard to comprehend.  
When you hastened your last breath,  
The devil became your friend.

Though you staged an early exit  
Bad deeds remain unburied.  
Hero or saint you are not,  
Yet your spirit lingers, harried.

Though I hope you're now at peace  
Clearly your loved ones are not.  
Death may bring you surcease,  
But lifelong grief will be our lot.

My mind fights to frame the questions,  
And hear the unasked replies.  
The fact that you chose death  
Only seems to compound your lies.

I cried to you the night before  
You chose eternal rest,  
"Why can't you just be honest?  
Then you might not be so depressed!"

Why you led a life of lies  
Finds its roots in pools of pain.  
But deception never delivers,  
Nor does ill-gotten gain.

Despite all your faults and foibles  
You harbored a heart of gold.  
It grieves me to know I will never  
Again have your hand to hold.

But you turned your back on the world  
And by your own hand you perished.  
Now gone is the Jim I loved,  
And gone is the Jim I cherished.

Feb. 1, 2007

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