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Methamphetamine: Stories and Letters of the Hidden Costs

by Users, Loved Ones, and Parents

At the end of my rope.....at last

I've read the letters and I can feel the pain. It hurts me to hear lives and families destroyed because of meth. I am the father (Dad), I am the husband, I am the son, and I am the brother. I want so bad to give back due to whatever damages I may have caused anyone through the past. My name is John, And I have just recently come to the conclusion that I am truly hooked on crystal meth and have been for the last 21 years. Through the years I have seen how it can take a very productive and accomplished person and just chew him up and spit him out like it was nothing. Well it's been different for me crystal has been chewing me up and chewing me up chewing me up and slowly to finally the point where this drug is gonna spit me out but it's not gonna happen. Crystal meth is not calling this shot! I'm done with it. I start counseling tomorrow. You see I'm not at rock bottom but I sure see the bottom. It's very close, and I don't want to be there, you know in jail. My license is suspended, I havent paid taxes in a few years, I have no health or car or life insurance. I'm broke. Im on unemployment. I'm 2 house payments behind. I am sure that some of you reading this are sick cause it sounds so familiar with your loved one. I have deep sympathy for you too. Please don't hate. This drug grabs you by the balls and will not let go. Ive smoked pot forever.

I've gone years without and i've rarely bought it, but it's something I can do with or without. I did cocaine for a couple years and watched a buddy from beginning to end get ate up on it and quit school and lose everything. We freebased everyday, but I told myself this was gonna end sooner or later and as I watched him become totally dependent on cocaine it didn't seem to phase me that way and it came to an end and I was through with it. Then crystal appeared, and I tell you what...ever since the first time I did it 20 years ago it has taken from me, and taken from me, and I know now that it plans to take every fuckin thing that has ever meant anything to me! There's one thing that has saved me....prayer! I've prayed, and prayed, and I believe in god and prayer with all my heart. But I believe my mistake has been that I was just askin him to just one day lemme wake up and the urge to get high would be gone. It never happened, so I prayed for willpower and strength. Well the good lord above works in mysterious way because about a month ago I was pulled over for speeding. Lets see my license was suspended, I was speeding, No insurance, I had a warrant out for failure to pay and failure to appear. He takes me to his car. I'm in the front seat with him and he calls in my driver license number, and I figure any minute i'm arrested on my warrants. Well you see I prayed that morning and just asked god if he would you know just be by my side and hang with me for the day (among other things). Well as I was sittin there I got to thinking about that and I started to get a little upset. So I started prayin again, somethin like "god I have total faith in you but you have to understand I made it a priority to specifically ask you to be with me today because I want you with me always, and I dont feel your there." at that instant I heard them on the radio givin me a court date and telling the cop I was free to go. I was looking up with my

eyes closed and after I heard that I said thank you lord and looked down and opened my eyes and the cop was just starin at me like he was tripping. He knew I was prayin. So we get out and I'm going to my jeep, he stops me and ask if he could search my jeep. I say "ummmmm sure I guess." I'm thinkin "shit". Lets see he finds two 1/4 oz. of pot , some empty baggies and some scales in a tin can, a glass crystal pipe, The crystal was in my pocket and I flicked it and some rolling papers in the in some tall grass om the side of the road. Everything changed then. "Get up against the car and put your hands behind your back." I told him none of it was mine. That pissed him off. He started tellin me I was insulting his intelligence. I told em I didn't mean to I'm desperate. He started tellin me a little bout being a man and facing responsibilities, and I stopped him right there and said I'm sorry it's all mine every bit of it and this shits been takin from me all my life and now it's gonna take my freedom! I hate it, i'm sick of it, and I would like some help and get far away from all this bullshit. Luckily this man, I feal was sent from god, cause he called my wife to come get me and called a buddy to gt my jeep, and told me to come to court and dont worry about a lawyer and we will get you some help. So thats how I finally made it here. Since then I have been mentally preparing myself because I know it is a difficult thing to do, but it is like my number one priority, and I have prepared myself mentally, and spiritually. I have been on the internet researching all I can scientifically, chemically and any other way to help me understand why I am depressed, why i'm tired all the time, why i'm gettin fat etc. but I really must say that what I read scares me. I mean I been doing this for 20 years. I start to have doubt I will be able to do it, but really that is not an option. I'm puttin a lotta stock in the counseling sessions. I hope ya'll don't think Ima nut or something. I am very focused. I try to keep things simple. It's as simple as this , the good lord allowed me to experience this lifestyle for most of my life. I have met all kinds of people and I know that 99 percent of them are good people, but crystal meth has gotten a hold of them and won't let go. Now I have to be free of any desire to ever want this drug again because there are so many faces in my mind, It's like their in quiksand and they're slowly sinkin. They are looking for someone to throw them a rope. I wanna some day soon be da man with the rope. Thank you for taking the time to read this. It feels so good just to say, "I'm ready!!!"

--John

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

Meth stole my daughter

My Dearest Daughter : May 23rd, 2007 I would like to tell you a story. I ask that you read it all the way to the end.

I had a daughter named Rebecca. She was beautiful with blonde hair, blue eyes, and a wonderful smile with white even teeth. Rebecca had a sparkle in her eyes that I loved. I would tell her 'don' t ever lose the light in your eyes'. She was an amazing girl. She was loving, thoughtful, and full of energy. She loved her family, loved children and had many friends. She wrote stories about herself and others, traveled to different countries and spoke English, Spanish, and Portuguese fluently. She wrote a poem one time entitled 'Who am I' which was published when she was in high school. Rebecca always remembered her family's birthdays, and anniversaries and would send them out cards and letters. She would sometimes make the cards special by adding a real picture that had been taken a long time ago. Rebecca went to college and majored in Child Psychology. Rebecca was definitely smart and I had a secret wish that she might go on and become a doctor of psychology (mothers always want their children to be doctors). Rebecca's nieces and nephews talk about her all the time. When I take my grandchildren, Cyan and Aspen to their favorite park we go by a library and they always say 'Auntie Rebecca took us there' . That is a very good memory for them and I am sure they will always remember her doing that.

One day 'Meth' came along and stole my Rebecca. Meth sneaked into the crevices of her mind and slowly started working away to destroy not only her soul but also her life. Meth doesn't care about education, jobs or families. Meth actually likes to keep Rebecca from thinking about her family and does not want her talking with them, visiting with them, or remembering their birthdays, anniversaries, or mothers/fathers day. Meth

wants only to please itself and get 'high' . Meth will steal, rob, and hurt others. Meth will do whatever is necessary because it must have the 'high' . Meth doesn't care if Rebecca is destroyed (in fact) that is what Meth does. It destroys people's lives. Meth also likes to take away people's beauty by having their teeth fall out, dulling their hair. It also makes sores on their faces and they become so thin they are gaunt looking. Meth also takes away their soul. You can tell if Meth has gotten their soul as they lose the light in their eyes. Meth did this to my Rebecca. Meth makes the family watch their loved be destroyed . Meth is especially happy when the loved ones family starts hurting because it then knows it has total control of their victim. Meth makes the 'high' harder and harder to get so the victims need to take more and more of it just to get half the 'high'.

I wonder if Rebecca will ever return. I pray every day that she will. Rebecca is the last thing on my mind at night and the first thing in the morning. I feel so helpless because I can not get her back. When the family is together we ask Have you heard from Rebecca? Many days go by and we do not hear from her. Meth keeps her from answering her phone or writing letters. But every once in awhile Rebecca sneaks out and talks with us. We worry about Meth totally keeping her from us. We know of others who have had their family members taken by Meth and they do not know where they are for months or years at a time. We are afraid for sure. We Know Meth is nothing to mess with. I am afraid she will not survive and think about taking out life insurance on her so that I will have money to give her a nice funeral.

Meth will only release her if she is dead, insane, or imprisoned and he is not able to get to her. Meth has already taken away her job, creativity, education, health. She is now facing felony charges which could result in jail time for her. Meth has a powerful partner named Denial . Denial is very important because it keeps Rebecca from seeing the reality of her life or how much her family is hurting. If Rebecca could see clearly she would do what ever it takes to get away from Meth.

Getting away from Meth is very tricky. To do that Rebecca must take control of her mind again. This is difficult as it destroys part of her brain. She will not be able to feel pleasure again for a long time because Meth controls the pleasure part of her brain and with out the Meth it will take awhile for her brain to mend itself. Thus, it will be awhile before she will feel happiness and pleasure. However, if she stays away from Meth long enough it will return. Meth also controls the part of her brain which is called her 'conscious' . This means it is difficult for her to know right from wrong. Her body will also be crying out for food and nourishment which means she will feel the need to eat all the time and will not feel satisfied. You may wonder how I know so much about Meth and Denial. I have gone to much training and talked to may people who have gone through this.

I hope Rebecca can find her way back home. The farther away Meth takes her the harder it will be for her to come back. I pray every morning and night. My hope is that the spirit of the Lord will touch her and she will be set free from the bondage of Meth.

If I could talk to my daughter without Meth and Denial I know she would choose to run to the nearest treatment center for help.

Meth and Denial I hate you. Let Rebecca and her friend Josh go. Sincerely

--Rebecca s Mom

Ps. Rebecca come home and bring Josh with you.

For me, weed was not "the gateway drug". Meth was. It was when I started smokin meth that I did every drug except heroin and none of them had an effect on me like meth. I didnt know what smokin meth was going to me, my family, or my entire life. I was fortunate for never being caught doing it, and I never stole from my family (friends yes, family no). The main impact was on my mind and body. I've been clean for 1 year and 7 months now and I still get intense cravings. It's strange how meth affects your mind, I finally have my life almost back together and almost everyday I think about just throwing it all away and going back to that life, even though I know that it will destroy me. I've never been able to talk to anyone about this because the only people I could talk to were active tweakers. I can't talk to anyone about the cravings because my husband was also addicted to it for at least 15 years and I dont want to trigger his cravings by me talking about it. My family knows about my addiction although its never been explicitly spoken about between us. My ex-sister in-

law was also a tweaker and before I became addicted I pretty much raised my nephew for 4 years, then I got addicted and I was still able to take care of him, but I still feel horrible about the way I did. We'd sit him in front of the tv and put on a cartoon and we would all go into another room to smoke up. I will always feel so guilty and I can only hope that one day when he's older that he can forgive me. I just wish I could go back in time and stop myself from doing it. Summertime is the hardest time because thats when I first started doing it. The effect on my body is incredible, and not in a good way. I always used to be in nice shape without needing to exercise, and now because I've stopped smoking my metabolism has slowed down to the rate of a middle aged woman, and I'm only 21. It definately ages you mentally and physically, I'm 21 and yet I feel 45. I lost all faith in god, so for me there is no higher power to call upon, only myself. It's definately a much harder journey, and I've relapsed many times. I moved across the country to get away from it, got rid of my telephone, and do not associate with anyone I used to know. It's the hardest thing I've ever had to do, but I did it to save my and my familys life.

--d

My Addict - My Ex: How Meth Destroyed My Relationship and is Inflicting Trauma on Middle Class America

In the dirty, grey hall of a 1920s building in Hollywood, I saw my dreams, sitting high in the glittering hills, crash --- landing in the muck of a nasty break up. His Hollywood redo and my plan for some kinda success became a lower middle class fight over drugs, gambling and staying out all night. In that splotchy, dimly lit top floor, hope soured into a blistering argument over his multiple addictions and me throwing him out.

He dragged his belongings to the elevator as we fought. As he descended, my sweet dreams for romance and career vanished. I've been a news reporter, an advertising writer and I've saved sea turtles in Greece. I'm wise, smart and sophisticated. I thought knew it all.

Then I moved to LA. Now, six months later, I'm back home in Texas, recovering from a traumatic experience with the deadly crystal meth.

Crystal meth is a fiendish illegal drug on an unchecked rampage in America. The federal government is rapidly enacting strict laws against it, as middle class families struggle in its grip. Meth is invading small towns and major cities, cutting its way into all levels of society.

Before moving to LA I had never heard of meth. Ice? Tweaking? What's that? [Continued Click here](#)

Hi my name is Dan. i am 23 now and I live in a suburb of Cleveland. Meth is not very popular in these parts but some how it seemed to find me anyway. When i started using i was a huge coke head, but i still had control over my life. Then one night i stopped by a friends house and he had some speed. It looked just like coke so i figured I'd give it a try. That one time started it all. I was up for 3 days off a quarter of a gram!! After that i started getting about a bag a week. Well that only lasted about a month or 2 till i was deep into it and doing about 5 grams a week. I used to stay up about an average of 9-10 days at a time, sleep 1 day, then 9 or 10 more right after that. In 2006, on June 8Th, was the 30Th day of sleep i had all year. i lost about 70 pounds and looked very sick. I didn't lose weight only tho, i lost my girlfriend, job, friends and most of my teeth. The house i lived in for 20 years was my parents, and they lost it to the bank. One day between binges i woke up and everything was gone. i was sleeping so heavily that they could not even wake me up when they moved out. A few days went by when my dealer approached me and asked if i was int rested in "cooking" with him. He explained how we would do it and the way we did it, it could NOT explode. At first i was hesitant thinking of the jail time i could get, but the addiction took over and of course i said yes. I mean i went from spending about \$500 a week to getting it free, just so he can use the house. He started teaching me everything he knew and became a partner in crime. We never slept. We were always on the go. When u have a lab, it is a lot of work. If we weren't cooking we had to be selling or dropping it off. If we weren't doing that it was driving from Walmart to Walmart hours at a time to buy cold pills. (u can only get 3 at once) It is a non stop life. It was exciting and I felt great but that was far from the truth. The house would reak of chemicals and actually

the worst part was that ANYTHING made of metal rusted out in only a few days. I was very open about my addiction and didn't care if any 1 knew or not. Then one day while cooking in a hotel we stepped out to get a drink and when we came back police were everywhere. We turned to leave like nothing was going on and when we got outside we ran knowing there going to put 2 + 2 together and arrest us. The next day my friend was arrested by swat. He had put the hotel in his name and they tracked him down. FAST. I think that was my wake up call. I stopped cooking and threw everything out that we used to do it so i would not be tempted. Since that day i quit cold turkey. I have always had control when i am using so when i said i was quitting that was it. After about a month of being clean i started losing my teeth. Alot of my teeth. I think it was from doing hot rails. (snorting smoke from a glass tube) It used to be almost impossible to stay awake and i slept about 21 hours a day for the first month. After that the weight started packing on. I was 140 and weighed 240 in 6 months. I have stretch marks everywhere. My legs stomach, sides, armpits, and butt. If that is not enough to detour people from doing this drug think about what it is made of. Most of those chemicals would kill u alone. For every 1lb of speed there is 6lbs of toxic waste. Actual toxic waste, that is very poisonous and is dumped down a drain or the ground polluting drinking water, and putting every 1 u love at risk. Take it from it is not worth ur life, or being in jail of decades. If u already are on this drug it is not to late and the longer u take to quit the harder it is going to be. I have been clean for a little over 10 months and never regretted leaving all that behind me. ~Good luck~

My experience and withdraw

It all started when I was 22, I was studying business administration at this expensive private German school located in Mexico city which enforces students to get a job at a German company located in Mexico city, to fulfill the German learning style 3 months theory at school, 3 months practice at a Company. Easily I got involved with this German company which manufactures big industrial Germany made printing machines. In one of this practice cycles I had the opportunity to go overboard and live 6 month in Dresden Germany , to work at this fabric and get to know the different areas like sales, human resources, etc. I have been to this city before my visit, and I had make contact with some people which were my friends. I like to smoke weed, in Mexico its quite usual to smoke pot and snort cocaine... well I have an issue with cocaine, which makes me don't like it, and I am very happy with that, cocaine gives me this very hard, long lasting headaches so I just stay away from it and I am happy. Weed is an other thing, I have smoked weed and hash since my 19 years and never had a bad trip or bad experience, I am still a weed smoker and very happy with that. But back to my story from those days in Germany , I rented this room on the outskirts of Dresden city from where I daily travelled per train to the fabric. The fabric is located near this little German town called Coswig, which I called under friends "Coswig-City" just for fun. Since my arrival it was very easy for me to get some hash and sometimes good green marihuana, double expensive than hash but more powerful. And so I kept my good habit of smoking weed after work, hanging with friends, listening to music or playing play station or just hang around. On the weekends I used to go out with my close friend from Coswig-city" to some house-parties or sometimes any disco in Dresden city but at that age if you have no car in Germany u r doomed to use the Bus and Train, and stick to the strict departures times, so sometimes its not very nice to go out far away home, because the way to will be the same way back but not sober....

Oh well, after like 2 months in Dresden, and having visited all discos and been almost with every friend to every party things started to get boring so once I asked a friend if he could hook me up some ecstasy which we innocently call in Mexico just "cristal" in Spanish. So I asked him if he could hook me some "cristales" like we said up, and he watched me very rare and asked if I really wanted crystal, and I nodded. No more talk through the phone, he was ringing my house an hour later to take me to some of his friend in Meissen City like 15 miles from Dresden away. Once there we parked the car and went into this old post-II ww German 6 story building. The windows were al messy painted, also the stairs, it was not a nice place to live but well, I wanted my ecstasy...(my idea). My friend knocked at some door and this "dark" guy all dressed in black, but very very pale (even for pale Germans he was really pale) face and arms which I could see, with skulls on his t-shirt and metal chains stuff hanging all over maybe 17-18 years at that times old (Talking about 2002...I was 22) (In Germany it is very very common for young people ages 17- 18 to leave their homes after high school

and start studying or working by their owns and get along by themselves) so I didn't care much about him, I just wanted to hook up some ecstasy to party that weekend. He passed us into his apartment and had us sit down while he got some stuff from his room. His living room was also covered with black posters like Manowar style and Skulls and bones painted all over every where, many black candles and all windows were all dark covered. This guy came with this tiny bag back with some white powder almost glassy stuff in it, very different from the stuff I used to swallow here in Mexico , X tablets with doves, or Mitsubishis loves Adams, etc. but I wondered that was a different kind of ecstasy from Germany different than the stuff in Mexico . I didn't care much. My buddy did all the talking and so fast that darky guy was doing some very very big crystal lines, 2 lines, one for him, one for me about some 4 to 5 inches long and nice and wide. Because of my old cocaine experiences I knew it was way too much for me and for other reason because I just don't snorted stuff, so I told that guy that it was far too much right now, he just told me to take whatever I wanted...and so I did it, I took just a little zip of it, maybe one inch, no more. Right away the darky guy took the leftover and the other big line he prepared for him. I was astonished how much he could snort and told him that it was too much...just imagine two meth lines 4 to 5 inches long each in just a "zip"... he responded to me that it was the normal hit for him to go to sleep I was astonished. After a few minutes there my friend asked the darky if he had some to sell and I handed 20 euros. He filled a little plastic zip-lock bag with just a few crystals. I said OK and we left because my friend was in a rush and had to go somewhere else, he asked me if it was no problem for me leave me at my home and I said no. On the way back home things started to get very different inside me, I felt very powerful and spoke a lot, very active, I told my friend that this "ecstasy" was more powerful than the one I get in Mexico, and he said to me that it was no ecstasy, it was crystal, but I keep insisting that for us Mexicans was the same shit... Big mistake ...

I arrived home with this power all inside me, once inside I made myself another little like less than an inch long line and thought of smoking it with some marihuana I had home. I crushed the crystals so small to mix it with some pot and rolled a joint. I was half away the joint, things started to get more exiting, I was so high, so happy didn't know why, but it was more powerful than the X here in Mexico . I had a boner, my dick was rock hard so I pulled my laptop open and started to jerk off at some xxx pics I had there. By that time it was like 7 pm and I had the whole night and the whole weekend on. I kept that night wondering what that stuff was, still smoking and snorting it like normal Mexican ecstasy. I didn't go out that Friday I just stayed home and kept watching xxx and jerking of while smoking pot and snorting more meth. I didn't sleep that night, next day I just kept smoking pot, went to some friends and smoked some more. I had some meth left over in a paper which I was keeping for next weekend. I waited the whole week to snort all the meth I had kept home and as soon I got home that Friday I was frying my brain with more of that shit. That time I called a girl friend I had and she came by to snort a little and have wonderful animal- like sex all night. I was way over my mind, that thing was great I had a boner the whole night and could fuck all night long, that girl was so wet my dick just slipped inside her once and over every time after another line. That was just great. Next day that ugly long-lasting bad feeling, I thought that ecstasy was shit stuff bad made which made me feel like shit, very depressed and just sad, everything was sad, nothing could make me laugh or smile for 3 to 4 days after that weekends. So I thought to get back just to smoke pot and leave the X I thought it was.

I managed some weeks clean from that stuff and things started to come back to normal, although I had this reminding and some cravings of that long lasting great high from the first time I snorted it.

Some days passed normal and a friend from Mexico contacted me because he was doing this Europe trip and wanted to come by visit me some days and go to the love parade in Berlin and to Ibiza afterwards. I have partied and X sometimes with this friend in Mexico , so I thought I could surprise him with this mega-powerful X I found in Germany and so I went to buy some more from that darky guy again. B4t he was not there, for that my buddy I contacted before contacted another dealer and we went to his. Again 20 euros, this time my friend from Mexico arrived and as soon as we got home I introduced him to it, because we used to swallow it, he got very awkward from my new way of taking it, he didn't like the idea to snorting it, so he swallowed some. Then a few min later a friend of mine picked us up and we drove to this Germans party on the other side of town. We didn't care the distance, by the time we where on the autobahn we already were jaw-stuck from the meth we took binging at 220 KMPH in the German Autobahn. At the party there was some beer and jaegermesiter to drink which we greatly drank a lot, then the guy from the party asked me if he could have some shit, without thinking we were doing more meth over a laundry machine. The party was over and we went back home, we didn't sleep, we smoke more hash and pot I had home, then we crashed. The next day

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we both had this bad feeling, depressed and just shit again... we didn't care, we smoke more weed and planed our trip to Berlin to the love parade, but without meth. We arrived in Berlin, Love Parade 2002 was so good, we had such a great time, we scored some good X MDMA blue doves and partied all night long with some other friends I have there. Some days after we headed to Ibiza , wow what a place; girls, party, drugs, all at he same...so great really a must do 4 everyone I B I Z A. In Ibiza we scored some more X for like 3 euros a piece we bought like 6 or 7 for each, don't remember and had all day and night to party with, I remember over the day to go to our room and hit an X line after another, or smoke a joint and back to the pool to rest jaw-stuck waiting for the night to party at Amnesia at the beats of Cris Liebing and Sven Väth's hard techno. Some really amazing days.

Our trip was over and we had to fly back to Germany , my friend stayed another night at my place, only smoking hash he managed to get over from Ibiza trough the plane, the next day he left to continue his trip. I had like 3 more months over in Germany till my comeback to Mexico . Back to the old life habits, going to work and back home or to friends to smoke weed or hash. One day in Coswig I was at some friends and this crazy tweaked dealer guy came with some meth, the next second every one was over it snorting all we could take. I that moment I asked the dealer what the name of this shit was and he said it was Methamphetamine... . It sounded to me like ecstasy...but I knew ecstasy's formula is MDMA methilenedioxymethamphetamine... or that shit MDMA ..quiet different than just Methamphetamine...so next day I found myself in this enormous Dresden library looking after that Methamphetamine stuff. And then I realized the big mistake I made... boom.. it opened my eyes right there. I realized it was way different from the stuff I was looking for. I read that it was very addictive and not to take it but I didn't care, I tried it and thought I was ok with it until that day I got soo scared of I will never do meth again, although after so many years quitted I still crave some...the same first high rush it gave me, that first time. One day after all this I went to another friend, a girl very very naughty style, and she hooked some meth, and I took it, it was a Wednesday, the middle of the week, and I was binging soo high by night time I was all spun just thinking how will I manage to go to work next day and then this crazy idea came to me.

One day, (before doing meth, just a normal day) during my bus ride from the city back home I found a box of medicine under the front seat of me, first I thought it was empty, but with the movement of the bus I could hear that there was something inside, so I picked it up and opened it, I found 5 of 10 capsules of TEMAZEPAN, a very potent antidepressant derivate from DIAZEPAM, I read the "manual" of it and kept it home, some crazy shit medicine for more crazy people that take it.

That's the crazy idea I got, take that Wednesday that Temazepam shit to cut the meth effect, but from what I read it was very very powerful so I took just a 4th of it, it was liquid so I diluted it with some water and drank... I layed across my bed, with my head and upper body resting on the wall....to my astonishing next morning...8 hours later ... I found myself awakening from the same position I slept...I was so scared at the mix I did with my body I thought if I would have taken the whole pill I think I would have passed out to death... I really don't know what could have happen, but I better stayed away and I m still happy to have taken only the 4th part of that pill... I still keep the pills in my drawer, but I really show big respect to them.

The only thing that helped me to quit meth is to leave Germany . Without knowing I was playing with the devil and he was involving me more and more every time in his game without me knowing about it. I thought I had the control. My time over there was over in November 2002 and I flew back to my family and friends in Mexico . Because all friends only do weed and rarely X I kept with mi weed habit until today, and try and manage to stay away from meth, although I still have some cravings from that first big big high I got...it was amazing...I never felt something like that...never again even taking more...stay away from that shit.. after that trip I returned to Germany in 2004 and 2005 to my surprise that the people I had to do that time where in jail, or very very hooked up in that shit, I also saw one guy and he was so different, so skinny bad looking and bad smelling. Also one girl I knew, I heard she went to Hamburg to the Reerperbahn which is like in Amsterdam this red light district street where all the hookers wait for the next customer...I remember her as a pretty girl.. by now she is a meth prostitute in Hamburg ...and for what I think and seen she will be looking like shit and she will never get away from it, I think she doesn't remember me.

Stay away, say no, or earn a flight to some place u can't get more meth, or die with it. I hope this story is an example for you. Don't mess with meth, it will mess u until death. Regards to everyone

--Ricardo S, Mexico City

my name is Amber my father is addicted to meth and achole I ran away from him when I was 15 hoping that this drastic measure would show him that its no All right I had been in fostercare twice once before my step mother died and once after I'm now at risk of going back again because he wont change not even for me. I never met my real mother she was a meth user too, she abanded me when I was 2 and when I was 13 she died. At her memorial service is where I met my 19 yrs old brother who she hod abanded at the age of 10. my brother is a sucesesful adult now even no he was addicted to meth when he was 12 he is the only person in my family I can honestly say that I'm proud of I hope to be like him one day exculeding getting addicted to meth

--Amber

Hello - I was reading your site and when I read that it's intent is to dissuade people, I though I'd write to you. I am not an addict but I had experimented with "drugs" including meth and had some experiences that could have cost me. I'm 42 and growing up a number of my friends smoked some pot and even did some coke, angel dust and acid. We did get high but we all went to school and for most of us, it was just a phase. By the time, I was 17, I was done with all that stuff and kept good grades my whole time in school. When I was in my mid 30's, I was working in mgmt in an arcade so I was around younger people. I was 33 and I started smoking some "chronic" pot and actually smoked it quite a bit, solid for about 6 months. This pot was much more stronger than what they had in my day but I liked it. I only did it when alone or with this one girlfriend. Then I met a guy where I worked and I smoked meth with him twice and twice with the same girlfriend. I liked it but the after effects were terrible, dry mouth, bad breath, could not sleep and did not feel good. I hear people talk about the sex and yes it was absolutely amazing. Looking back, I realize that I did things I would not normally do. I showed up at work with hickies; I went to a hotel with the guy mentioned above and of course had sex with him. It was not a smart thing to do. He had a problem with meth and was even arrested. Well, the company I worked for downsized and most of us were laid off. I had 2 firm job offers and I failed the drug test - I tested positive for marijuana - I was so embarrassed and of course, stopped, collected unemployment and got a great job (and passed the drug test) and continued with my career. No one (except that guy and the one girl and the one who sold me the pot) knew that I sometimes did these things. People would have been shocked. But I stopped because I realized that it would only be a downward spiral. I do not do any drugs, rarely even drink alcohol and have a pretty good life. What do I see I now?. I see a neighbor who when he moved in 5 years ago was a good looking guy - what do I see now, a skinny, scrawny, disheveled guy who looks "crazy", babbles, puts together and takes apart things and stays up for like 2 weeks at a time and then, no one sees him for 4 days. He has got to be on meth. I have seen people, lose good jobs, their kids, their homes and end up in jail. I see a lady who I used to see when I went to the store for cigarettes, a nice lady, who is now homeless with no teeth. She looks like a drug addict and roams the streets. And I live in a "nice" neighborhood. Kids, it is not worth it. Most people think they are strong but they are not when in the grips of meth and even other drugs. I was "lucky" that I was able to experiment and kept my sense, most do not especially if you do it for extended periods. The fun is not worth it. I said to myself, "What the f am I am doing?" Remember that this is bad stuff, even if your parents smoked weed years ago and even if they did some coke remember that this stuff is different, it is made with POISON and highly addictive - why take the chance. The best phrase I have ever heard is JUST SAY NO. I hope this helps some of you - SAY NO. You are worth it!

--S

Family of a Meth User

My brother struggled with meth addiction for the last 10 years. He was in and out of jail and rehab too many

times to count. He got out of a program called TREND and he was clean. He had stayed clean and followed all of the conditions for his parole. One night, he was with his girlfriend and they decided to do methamphetamines again. Since then, he had been on a downhill spiral. He kept saying he felt like his life was out of control. 1 week ago, he cooked a batch of meth, shot himself up, and hung himself in my mom's backyard. He was such a great guy apart from the drugs. But that one decision ended his life.

--ch

I started to drink in High School, popped acid , THC and peyote. Kid stuff mostly. When I got out of school I got a job at General Motors. Lots of money, I thought I had life by the balls. I met a girl who had some ties to the local motorcycle gang in town. I started to do some dealings with a few of the boys and one night a member didnt quite have enough money on hand to buy something I had so he asked me if I wanted the rest in Wiz. I didnt know what he was talking about ,but this girl did. She said I should go for it. I dont to this day know why I did this stupid thing but I agreed .I even wanted to act the part and agreed to allow myself to be injected. What a Rush! It was amazing . It also ruined my life. For the next 10 years my life went to hell, It was torture. I lost my job, family, respect, dignity even my soul. I began doing things I still cant believe i've done. Lied cheated and screwed friend after friend until I had no friends at all. At one point I knew I had to get away from this life this girl but I was so addicted to Meth that I thought If I broke up from this girl I would no longer be able to get my daily fix. I began to get paroniod carried a 20 guage sawed off shot gun around with me because I could Carry my little baby girl in one arm and shoot with the other (if I had to). I saw people in trees behind sofas where there could'nt possibly be anybody there. It was a nightmare. That was 25 years ago , today I am a proud member of AA. And totaly against the use of any nonprescription drugs. If you ever get into a position where meth is around do yourself a huge favor and run...

--My name is Bill H

Dereck's story

I write you this story in extreme despair.

I met a woman who I thought at the time was the most beautiful, energetic, and sweetest woman I had ever seen. She had this radiant long brunette hair that almost everyone she met complimented her on, and if they didn't come right out and say it, they were most definatly thinking it. For there eyes as they admired her, spoke the words they couldn't say. Her eyes were this sparkly green, and so mischeivous, almost like a cat you could say. And she had this lovely little high pitched sing song voice that could literally make someone melt if she desired anything, anything at all.

Me and this beauty, her name was Lily, dated intimately for six months before the devil came knocking on heavens door. That is what we were in before things took a turn for the worst, Heaven. We laughed, played, teased, we absolutely never ever fought. nothing was short of bliss with us. We could gaze into each others eyes without any influence on drugs at all, and tell eachother truthfully that we loved one another and we meant it. Really, we meant it. She was my air, and without her, I would have certainly have suffocated to death. She had me wrapped by every possible finger, nook, cranny, she could have ever have managed to discover. I would have killed and tortured for my Lily. And she knew it, and she took advantage.

I noticed the changes about 7 months into our relationship....she went from being home with me every day to going out with "friends." And these friends I had never met before mind you. She would come dancing out of her room looking like a movie star with her beautiful long hair sleek and shining, and her most radiant smile flickering and she would run up to me, kiss me on the forehead and lips and say this, each time, "Goodbye and goodnight my lover, I will be back to sprinkle you with my love shortly." And just with those words, I would blush and let her go on, but if only I had know, if ONLY I had known.....

I started seeing the the most suspicious signs about two months after her late night visits with "friends" began. She would come home at around two in the morning, and I would be in bed to get up for work in the morning, but I would hear her rumbling around the house at all hours of the night. The place beside me soon

became abandoned. She never came anymore. She was either scrubbing the kitchen at five in the morning or dusting everything. But stupidly I never asked why this behavior began.

Then the picking started. They always say, a sure sign of crystal meth abuse is the picking of the skin, and sores that never heal. Well, my Lily had perfect skin when I began our relationship, but about a year or a little less into it, I began to notice scabs, and I mean dark and bloody scabs all over her chin and forehead start to form. Around this time I also began to notice little empty baggies laying in the garbage (she thought she was slick), and also on the ground. And she also began the turn against me, which was NEVER like her to begin with. I would say, "Lily, don't you sleep? Don't you want to lay with me?" and she would snap. And I mean SNAP. And go off on me, saying, "Don't suffocate me Asshole!! I have friends!! They want to see me to! If you don't like it then LEAVE!" I was scared then, this was not my the girl I had fallen so madly in love with, and I officially went under investigation in my own home for her drug abuse. Too make a long story short, I later learned about the other men she would sleep with to get her meth. And such trash they were!! Compared to my beautiful flower, they deserved nothing even close. And even with her scabs and bones beginning to protrude, I still thought of her as so lovely. Love truly is blind.

This is about when she would be gone for days, even one time 3 WEEKS at a time before coming home to me. She was obviously out on a binge with her new "friends." She would come home, exhausted, hungry and dirty, and the fool that I am, I always took care of her. I Loved her so. I would bath her tired, weak bones, wash her limp hair that had lost all its radiance, fed her deceased appetite that desired no food, just to be left alone again no matter what. She would go, while I was at work I even tried bolting the doors while I was gone, but she proceeded to find her way out the balcony door, two stories up. I would always expect her to be gone by the time I came home, if she was there I would pamper my girl. Even if she was high, and she often was, I would still love her and treat her with all the passion I could. But basically, I was spit on.

The stealing began. Oh how awful a time. My angel stole not only from me, but my mother, my sister, and her very own mother. Everyone knew what was happening. Nobody was as worried as they should be. Lily had everyone fooled. Everyone but her sister Jade. Jade was 17 at the time. She said to me, Derek. Lily is using, and she is going to die if we don't help her. And you could say that hearing that she would die was like a punch in the gut. So Jade and I confronted her. And she freaked. Words cannot explain Lily's reaction. The best way I could describe it would be to say, it was as if a devil was unleashed on us all. She was out of her right mind. Thin as a rail, no radiance, no sparkle, no liveliness. I seen her for real for the first time. I called the police. I had my love arrested, and kicking and cursing me to hell as she went away, and I looked on with forced strength, but on the inside I was dying, literally DYING, I loved her so, even then. I love my Lily so. And she was locked up for three counts of methamphetamine possession. To be let out in about a year. My Lily. Imprisoned. A prince locked away. Meth had not only stolen her love her passion her life, but her beauty, her relationship, and most certainly her dignity.

Can anyone tell me how to find my love? Because I miss her dearly, and want her back. Right now she is still blaming me for it all. And if she were to be let out of prison today, she would start using immediately. Get the devil's grip off my love and give me her back! Please tell me what I should do! E-mail me at amyluv6486@aol.com

My name is Sam and I am 30 years old. I am a divorced male with 2 children. After the divorce I moved back to my Mom's and turned to some old friends of mine who were severe meth addicts. I was 27 and had a nice pickup left...not anymore. I actually smoked my first bowl of meth with my drug felony laden father who I was trying to rekindle a relationship with, I loved it. Then all of a sudden it was 3 days later. I returned to my hometown and contacted my buddies who were on it cause I thought I was just going to experiment a little more. Within a month I was a full blown junkie but after 6 months of use I was starting to sell my own things for it. Needless to say my Truck was repossessed by the bank, I could not care less. I would crash off a meth binge and feel like the end was coming down on me. I really felt like I was dying when I finally went to sleep I would wake up in the middle of night thanking God I was alive. I would wake up and be so sore from the binge but worse I was ashamed of what I did because I missed my kids so much. The mothers don't talk to me and I did not have a girlfriend yet so I just went back to those rat-bastard friends of mine and justified

getting high from depression. we would score with one friends food stamp card..meant for his kids!!! and the other would buy an 8 ball with his social security check. I started pawning my tv and xbox ps2 games. then i just flat sold them for the drug then id say to myself well when you sober up you will be so mad at yourself you will quit this foolishness and man up and get my life back. I met a girl who didnt use and i poorly kept my addiction from her, she would dump me everytime she saw i was lit. this happened a thousand times. on her payday i was fiending so bad i took 40\$ from her and jumped out of the car and walked to the nearest dealer. I stole her dvd collection. well all this started in nov 2004 and by july of 2006 i was so sick of being sick from the drug and the backstabbing from the drug buddies i achieved 2 months of sobriety. i went to my Dads oct 6th of 2006 got high went home sold everything i could to get an 8th smoked it by myself and realized that i wasnt getting high anymore my body needed it. I have not smoked it since, today is june 21 2007. I am so damn proud of myself. I could tell you of some nasty trips I had from sleep deprivation but I just want this letter to be informative. I have replaced my girlfriends dvd's and am starting to get my knick knacks back, xbox etc. I babysit my kids. I am looking for work. My teeth are disgusting and im fat from quitting. But i will change these things. I dont talk to my dad at all and told my best friend since 89 to never call me ever again. that was the hardest thing to do but it was absolutely necessary to my recovery. I am happy now without it, i dont crave anymore, i do have nightmares about drug situations but i will live and overcome. thank you for this opportunity
--Sam cali

a school report by marco -- a eighth grade student

Meth, i have had an awful experience with meth. My mom took meth and she was later killed by a bunch of men that had no lives to live. They had killed her because she saw them kill someone else before. She was one of the examples of the things that can happen to you when you take meth. I know from the fact that she was so cruelly murdered that the police couldn't find out who she was until a woman told them who she and the other girl that they killed were.

The men got them when they took my mom into the shower and shot then drug the other girl into the shower and shot her also. They then took the girls to a place called delano california that is where they burned the two girls to the point that no one could recognize them. The whole bottom half of them were gone.

The men killed them at their grandmothers house in compton California they were holding the two girls in the house so they couldn't go anywhere without one of the guys watching them. They then had the girls take meth to keep them from going or doing anything that could get them into trouble with the cops. They later had the girl that told the cops who the bodies were and where they were, had her clean up the blood and brains that came from the two people, one of them was my mom they shot her in the head then to the chest when she made a very loud noise.

I only got to say good bye to her the week before that happened to her. So i really want to see her again so i can tell her that i love her and i miss her very much, but i know that won't happen too soon. I don't have my mom or dad with me anymore to bond with or anything. Well that ends my short report. One thing i have to say is never ever do meth don't even try it.

There can be a happy ending!

my name is erin and i am an addict.... That is what i'll be saying for the rest of my life! sometimes when i'm not in a meeting i almost say that, it's kind of crazy i'll never be just erin....sometimes it hurts but today i like my life....i stated using meth when i was 12 my mom gave it to me....it was her fault at least for the next 11 years that's what i'd say....i have 4 little boys my first came a month after i turned 17....that is the only time i could not get high was when i was having a baby i wished with my last son i was prag. cuz i just wanted to stop....as soon as i had him i was high again...i started doing stupid things and getting into the game much more.....my boyfriend was the dope man and crazy i spent months in my room hiding from life so some1 would not get hurt for me talking to them...i soon when to jail like most but i took on my boyfriends

charges think i wouldn't get in a much trouble as he would he left me the day he got out of jail....i still got high but now because he was gone i was scard i didn't want him to come after me like he said he would so i stayed high i had cps in my life trying to take my kids and i still couldn't stop my mom like me was in and out of jail...my last night high i was in a cab with my mom we had no money to pay for this we where going to run.....well i was high and could not run...i ran right into the cops my mom got away i went to jail for 3months and got let go to a rehab my mom was gone my kids got left at school by there dad i lost everything.....my dad got my kids but now i had some hope.....i did less than 30days in treatment and had a year of prob.....i learded more in them days than i did my hole life i went to school got my GED went to collage for med. billing and finished i became asst manger at a half way house, today i work for a dr. office i go to meetings i have 2 meetings i run, i have my kids back a boyfriend who loves me for me i feel like now i am living happialy ever after....there is life after meth and there is hope for loved ones on meht i have almost 2 years clean my mom now has a few months behind me the things i learded due to my past life i'm am happier with my new life...there is a end thank yu for reacing my e-mail is zagalatempe1@yahoo.com
--erin

My recovery 9 months after the death of my son Austin

Today, I still cry in my pillow at night, I cry when I meet complete strangers and talk about Austin, I cry when I watch a program or read stories that remind me of Austin.

I miss Austin so much. I wish I still had him here to try to help him overcome his addictions and his sadness.

I wish I could say that I feel total peace for him. Maybe because I haven't found total peace with myself yet.

I continue to try to stay strong and do everything I can to educate and tell others of Austin's 10 year drug addiction. I have joined the local meth coalition and have done some talks at schools. I have asked everyone I know and talk to, to visit Austin's memorial website, to light a candle, read his story and share with others, to gain the strength to overcome the powers of meth. www.austin-hesse.last-memories.com

I am working so hard at showing how strong I am, but inside I am so weak. I am so sad, so sorry for not saving my son.

7 years ago I had my 2nd husband (Austin's step dad) arressted for domestic violence for the last time. That day was the last day I allowed that man to destroy my world. At that point, Austin's world was already starting to crumble. I hate my ex husband. I hate him for what he did to me and Austin for 13 years. It was 13 years of hell. Austin hated him and then felt sorry for him later on. Sorry for him because of his addiction to alcohol and drugs. Austin became Scott's drug buddie. Austin did lots of meth and other drugs with Scott and he stole from Scott. Scott has never taken any responsibility in his part of destroying Austin's world.

I take responsibility for not getting out of the hell my children and I lived in sooner.

I believe Scott is still doing meth and other drugs today. Thank God he has been living several states away for years. We have a younger son Daniel together. Daniel talks to his dad on occasion and maybe gets to see him for a few days once a year.

I want Austin back, I want Scott gone and I want life to be good for Daniel. I want to feel peace with myself. I know the longer I go on and try to make everything look like I'm ok, the sadder I will become.

Great support from family and friends isn't enough for me. It isn't enough to stop the grips of meth. I want this hell of meth use to stop and I can't do it on my own.

I don't blame Austin for any of his actions over the years. It was the drugs that controlled Austin. I have forgiven him a long time ago, even before his death.

I never forgave meth or the other drugs.

I will never forgive Scott. Is that why I can't find peace with myself? Should I forgive a man that brought the drugs into my world, the violence into my world and the fear of death he so much threatened me with? I can't forgive him.

TWEAKLESS IN ALAMO

How I tweaked and came to be tweakless. My name is ken larson and this is my meth story. Meth was my demon drug of choice. Meth took from me every moral fiber that GOD gave me at birth, and slowly, down to the last tooth in my mouth, destroyed all my hopes, dreams, and goals as a young man.

I started smoking POT when I was twelve years old. Yes pot is a gateway drug. I was born and raised in Portland Oregon. Lived in newberg, Lincoln city, all over this area. I had three older sisters and three younger brothers. They was really cool. I would babysit my sisters kids and they would rescue me from my alcoholic home. My sisters are groovy girls still are today. Smoking pot was what we did in 1976 in Portland Oregon. My sister ruth new all the big drug dealers in Portland and of coarse I thought this was really cool! So did all my friends. Pot made me lazy. soon I was introduced to speed, cross tops (piss beans they called them) black beautys, Dexedrine and all amphetamines period. At 17 I became what was known as a real SPEED FREAK. Speed was my master. Basically I have chased some form of speed my whole life. I turned 18 in 1978 and talked my mother into buying me a 57 corvette. And so the start of a big ego began. Mom thought since I ,being the oldest of the boy's, having been witness to so much alcoholic violence from my real father, that she needed to buy my love my whole life. She was my inabaler till she died aug 25, 2004 a day I will never forget, thank you GOD!

I dropped out of newberg high school in tenth grade to get high basically. My whole life from that point on was just a blurr. I started lots of cool things, but never finished anything. My mother bought the first head shop to newberg Oregon in 1979. PUFF-N-STUFF was name of the shop. I thought at the time, wow my mom selling bong's to my buddies, awesome. lost the shop , end of that story. Selling bong's to my friends what was she thinking? She said it was a business venture, right mom. By this time 1980, mom met step father # 3 and wanted to move to new mexico to be around her family. Mom was born in roswell, new mexico. Now is when story gets really weird. They moved and I followed them about 2 months later. My stepfather talked me into going into air force. That lasted about 2 years and they kicked me out dishonorably in 1981 , for a little cocaine habit, well a big one alright. At this point in my life, I still did not see that there might be a problem with speed, I am an addict. Ran around roswell couple of years thinking I was GODS gift to all women, bartending etc..

I started running with the drug crowd like always, that's where I felt most comfortable around other drug addicts. Never felt good in my own skin. I lived in a fantasy world I made up in my own head of who I wished I really was, not an addict. My fantasy friend named ken. A very irresponsible person at this point in life. In 1983 I wrote some bad checks on my stepfathers business account, nineteen Of them, and was sentenced to ten years for forgery. At 24 years old I'm doing hard time in the penitentiary of new mexico. I had been in and out of county jails since 15, always for a high. In 1987 I'm released from pen. in Las cruces new mexico. Take a wild guess what I did? Went straight to the dope house when I got home, I'm an addict. I Worked a little mooched off my mother the rest of the time. Fine tuned my drinking from 1984 till 1990 in and out of trouble.

Once in Hayward California, I was hitchhiking and met this dude, he offered to help and let me shower at his house. When he went to work the next day, I stole some checks and wrote them all over town and he and one of his big biker buddy's found me in a bar there, took me out to the desert to kill me and the gun misfired when they put it to my head. That was the first GOD thing to happen that I remember. All kinds of stuff like this happened and I finally made it back to roswell at the end of 1990. I met my wife to be at the motel where I worked (budget in) she was working in housekeeping. I was really drinking a lot then. in 1993 We moved in together (mother paid for it) and I got a good job with the city of roswell parks dept. things went well for about a year. Got her pregnant and was really happy. Then the MONSTER METH came into my life. A guy in the trailer park I lived in ,told me of a speed that was cheap and would keep you for days on just a little. Snorted some. Smoked some. Stuck a needle in my arm. In Six short months I was a needle junkie, hopelessly lost. METH at that point took my soul. I would die for METH. Meth came before everything, my wife, kids work, everything. I was stealing, lying, cheating , looking at pornography. I became very evil. my wife didn't do drugs so I had all kinds of secrets, sick secrets. Meth does that to you. By 1996 what was weekend , or otherwise limited tweaking, became everyday use. Still thinking I,m hiding it from everybody including my wife. I would lay in bed and act like I was asleep. After awhile I stopped caring whether or not anyone new, I'm an addict.

Work ethic's were out the window by now, the little green men were everywhere, freaking me out. All my close friends are snitch,s . So my meth brain told me. Meth controlled all I did, which wasn't much but chase

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more meth and collect more dumpster diving stuff. Digging in dumpsters has now at this point, become more important than my job, kids, wife and family. The end of 1996 I quite my good job with city. I had life insurance policy coming to me that I had built up (3 years worth, 7 grand.) I bought a 84 chevy pick-up, bike's for the kids, couple lamps for living room and guess what I did with rest?.. I didn't put it in the bank, I'm a meth addict. by this point my wife is telling me I need to get help or she is leaving me. I said I would, leave me alone please. She left me a number of times, always to take me back with all the intentions of help and big promises. big house and picket fence. No happiness ever comes to a meth addict I don't care who you are, this drug will take you out, without exception.

The start of 1997 I managed to get clean long enough to pass a piss test and apply for a truck driving school in Dallas Texas. I could not do drugs at home, so I got a job that would take me away from home so I could do them, I am a meth addict. Things are still really crazy, more big promises of big money and happiness that of course, never happened. I'm a meth addict. I started using meth as soon as I got to come home for time off. I went straight to dope man, my best friend METH was back in my life. and so the madness is refunded 10 fold to me, I'm a meth addict. I would start fights with my wife so I could sleep in my truck and look at pornography. I remember my son banging on the truck door a number of times crying, dad I love you, please come in the house and play with me. Sorry son meth addicts don't do that, I thought.

From 1997 to 2001 I did the best I could as a chronic METH abuser. I had lost by this time, half my teeth and 50 pounds, I looked handsome. Girls were after me, right. Delusions were all around me. I had nervous ticks and gritted my 4 teeth by the end of 2001 Had lost about 5 truck driving jobs. METH told me this was all normal. I always managed to clean up just long enough to pass piss tests and most did not test at that time. At about march 2002 amphetamine psychosis had set in. hallucinations were often. I wasn't going home but maybe once a month if that. People were following me everywhere I went. I was hopelessly addicted to meth. I took my boy on a couple good runs to the east coast, Canada, gulf coast, California, but always high, hiding it from him. He knew the whole time. You can't hide meth use to god.

My mother had just returned from living in Canada with stepfather number six. 1999 she had moved to another country to get away from me. None of my sisters or brothers would tell me where mom lived for two years. Her alcoholic ways brought her back to Roswell with a divorce 50,000 dollars and a Ford Mustang. I made sure I got my part of the money. Not on purpose you know, I'm a meth addict. Shortly after that she moved to Alamogordo where her favorite sister Irene lived. (100 miles over the mountain.)

I lost another driving job. Started staying with tweakers around Roswell, going home to see my son whenever my wife would let me come around. Stealing, dumpster diving, and so on. The end of 2002, I moved to Alamogordo to use my mother some more. I loved my mother so much, I miss her now that I'm clean. I'm writing this letter in hopes that it might steer one youngster away from the meth. It's in every community in America.

I had gotten my license suspended in Roswell for not paying a speeding ticket. So of course mom helped me get my license back, and back to meth madness I go. I lasted till about the middle of 2003. I was going to Phoenix Arizona alot. The Trucking company I worked for was there. Lots of meth and cheap. I was in meth hell for sure.

I decided to leave a new Peterbilt truck at the truckstop (this is real rational thinking here) and take the stuff I had in my truck (bedding and clothes) and go live in a tweakers village made out of pallets and cardboard, digging in dumpsters, was right around the corner. Meth sucks I'm telling you. Your brain tells you everything is alright and normal. There's nothing normal to this drug. About March of 2004 I was about 100 pounds (6'4" mind you) had 4 teeth and looked real handsome. I had stole some stuff from another street person and he caught up to me one day. I was sleeping believe it or not, not. He came to our camp really angry. Started throwing rocks at me and tried to kill me with a stick and a pipe whatever he could get his hands on. Well thank god for the police that just happened to be right around the corner. I screamed for them they heard me and came running to help me. The guy that was after me was an illegal alien from Mexico. The police told him to put the stick down, he did then he pick up a rock and hit the cop in the head with it. The cop said stop or he is going to shoot, the guy picked up another rock and threw it at the cop and hit him in the chest and the cop shot three times. The guy lived through this. (there's a long story.) After the investigation they asked me if I wanted help with my meth addiction, I said yes please. They ran my name and found out I had a missing person report out on me in New Mexico. My wife and mother had filed it.

I came back to New Mexico in June of 2004 went to mothers in Alamogordo, spent the rest of my mothers

savings, moved with tweaker friends and started cooking meth. I Had been up 21 days and figured I needed to tow a car for METH dealer at 3:00 am I got pulled over and received 1 of 2 DWI'S I received, 20 days apart from each other. The second one I had been up 28 days, little green men everywhere. Two DWI'S on the same road by the same cop. I should have never been driving.

I was in jail on the second DWI,when my mother passed away. I could not get off meth before I lost my mother. This was a life changing experience to say the least. My mother basically gave me life twice. After she passed I decided (well the courts helped also) rehab would be good. Went to 90 day program here in Alamogordo and another in aspen Colorado. Almost 8 months of rehab, best thing I ever did. Stayed there until Christmas 2006. Christ jesus saved my life. I went to meetings everyday for first 18 months(AA,NA,CMA. my higher power GOD has control of everything I do today. I am of service to the rehab where I got clean may 2, 2005. I work there now and god has opened the doors for me to go to college in the fall semester, to be a drug and alcohol counselor, cool huh! GOD is GOOD, METH IS BAD, METH IS DEATH I Am SO GRATEFUL TO BE ALIVE. I hope this story helps someones life meth has or has not destroyed yet. I testify that there is hope for all METH addicts both inside and outside the rooms of crystal meth anonymous, a program I brought back with me to rehab in Alamogordo. it's a wonderful program. We now have two meetings a week lots of newcomers ,people I use to use with. This is what god had planned for me from the beginning, it just took me thirty three years to get here. REHAB Clients can go to church if they like, its awesome.

I have a 29 year old daughter that's beautiful, non-drug user, and a 17 year old son, all-state basketball player, non-drug user (6'2 180 pounds) God is good. Thanks for your time, there is life after METH. GOD-BLESS YOU. GOD BLESS your sayNotoMeth campaign. If you ever need help of any kind let me know please.

--Ken

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