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12/24/17

Hi ^{NAME}
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sent you a letter about my life story. well here is something I've been working on about what drugs have done to me and how they made me feel + do.

Drugs became my best friend, and I came to rely on them, need them, love them. I was getting high everyday. When I turned 14 I discovered cocaine, LSD, and speed hard drugs that offered me a new and exciting adventure to explore, this was the beginning of my end. No one is immune to the potential power of drugs to cause a good person to do bad things. I thought I could control my drug use. I can stop anytime I want, I kept telling myself but the last thing on my mind was quitting because by this point my drug use was all mixed up with feelings of inadequacy and confusion about who I was and who I wanted to be. I did drugs to feel better about my self and it worked instantly, miraculously I did drugs to forget my problems, and the drugs made my problems disappear for a few hours. I couldn't see that the more I used the worse my problems became, because in the short run, in the moments and hours when I was high. I felt better. When I was high my fears, shame and unworthiness faded away. But they always came back. My shame and my drug use ran along parallel lines until they merged and became one. I did drugs because I was broken and ashamed about and by what my father did to me for so many years. At some point want became need, and I used not to feel better, but to feel normal. It wasn't just lack of self esteem, childhood trauma right or wrong, or making bad choices. Something deeper and more insidious was going on. I needed to get high and that need

became so deep, and strong that I was powerless before it. On the inside, however I was raging against every one and everything, especially myself. I didn't understand what was happening to me and because no one else could see my torment or name it for what it was, I was left alone with my tormented self. All my energy became focused on one thing to keep the inside from showing on the outside, to hide the truth of my misery and my shame from others and even from my self. which was a huge mistake, it destroyed my life for the next 40 years. whether I was using to highlight the pleasure or blot out the pain the drugs automatically did for me what I could not do for myself. They gave me confidence, boosted my self-esteem, erased my shame and eased my despair. We all have our scars and torment and ghosts. We all walk around and smile and pretend everything's ok. We are polite to strangers and share the road with them and stand in line at the supermarket and we manage to disguise our hurt and desperation. We work hard and make plans and more often than not, that all goes to Hell. For so many of us that first introduction to drugs becomes a lasting memory that defines the begining of a torrid but doomed love affair, you feel like your locked in chains of love and hate and you just can't break free because you'll miss the feeling of this doomed love affair. When ever I doubted myself or feared I wasn't good enough or just wanted to feel good, whole just not broken anymore, I turned to drugs, and it never failed to give me instant relief. Some people take aspirins for

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a headache, me I took anything I could get my hands on when ever my heart or soul ached, the pain only went away for the moment, but that was ok because that moment was all I lived for. If I felt bad or hurt or ashamed, I got high, I felt good, it was that simple.

thats all I have right now. this is part of my memoirs that I want to write once I get home. hopefully some young person will read it and it will help save them from the life I've lived. I can only pray it does.

Thanks for listening