

DEAR READER,

4-28-19

HEY! I HOPE YOU ARE DOING WELL!

IT'S A DRY AND SUNNY DAY OUTSIDE MY
WINDOW AND I ATE THE BEANS OFF MY LUNCH TRAY...

SOME TIME AFTER I WAS JUMPED AND BEAT
IN THE HEAD WITH BRICKS I TOOK UP A JOB
OPPORTUNITY IN ANOTHER TOWN... I'LL HAVE TO
WAIT TILL MY APPEALS OVER TO TELL YOU THE
2ND HALF OF THAT STORY... :)

THE JOB OPPORTUNITY—SELLING DRUGS. I
HAD NO JOB, KICKED OUT OF MY MOM'S HOME, BEFORE
I COULD FULLY HEAL, BY MYSELF. AND MY
GIRLFRIEND AT THE SAME AGE WAS ALMOST ONCE MY
AGE AND FAMILIAR WITH THE WORLD OF COCAINE. SO
I DROVE IN.

THE MONEY CAME FAST. SO FAST I BECOME
ADDICTED TO SELLING IT. THEN I LEARNED IF I
COULD GET INTO CRACK I COULD MAKE EVEN MORE
MONEY. SO I SOUGHT HELP LEARNING TO COOK IT.

MY DAYS AND NIGHTS BLENDDED TOGETHER.
ANSWERING MY PHONE ON THE ROAD AGAIN, HOPING IN
MY CAR TO MAKE A DELIVERY, SWAPPING CARS SO THE
POLICE COULDN'T PIN POINT ONE PARTICULAR CAR TO ME.
WHIPPING DOPE IN THE MODEL KITCHEN, HAVING SEX,
COUNTING MONEY, EATING & BACTING AND, WHEN I
WAS ABLE TO, CATCHING SOME SLEEP. I'VE STAYED UP
MANY DAYS MANY TIMES. I COULDN'T SAY NO TO MONEY.
I WAS AN ADDICT BUT DON'T KNOW IT.

EVENUALLY I STARTED USING COCAINE TO HELP FUEL ME THROUGH THE LONG DAYS. AND THEN THAT BECAME AN ADDICTION AS WELL. BEFORE I'D REALIZED IT, I WAS A FULL-BLOWN ADDICT. YOU COULDNT LOOK AT ME AND TELL SO I WAS 0.18. NOT SO. LEARNED MORE ABOUT WHAT OTHERS THOUGHT ABOUT ME THAN WHAT I THOUGHT ABOVE MYSELF.

IT WAS ONE NIGHT, AFTER SO BEEN UP FOR ABOVE 30 HOURS, THAT I DIALED 911 QUICKE. I'D BEEN SNORING COCAINE AND DRINKING AND DRIVING ON DELIVERIES. (LUCKY I'VE NEVER WRECKED AND KILLED SOMEONE OR MYSELF.)

I'M SITTING IN A HOTEL ROOM, GETTING READY TO WATCH "ONCE UPON A TIME IN MEXICO" WITH MY NEW GIRLFRIEND. (I'LL EXPLAIN HOW WE MET AT A LATER DATE) AND MY NOSE BEGAN BLEEDING BAD. MY NOSE NEVER BLED. NOT UNLESS I GOT HIT IN IT HARD. I WENT THROUGH A LOT OF TISSUE OVER THE NEXT COUPLE HOURS, REALIZING THE PHYSICAL TOLL IT WAS TAKING ON MY BODY. THE DAMAGE IT WAS CAUSING. AND HOW I'D BECOME WHAT I TOLD MYSELF I COULD NEVER BECOME. A DRUG ADDICT. I POPPED A COUPLE BARS (XANAX) AND WENT TO SLEEP... "DRUGS TO COME OFF DRUGS.

THAT'S WHEN MY ADDICTION TO COCAINE BEGAN. IT
LASTED A COUPLE YEARS BEFORE I GOT OFF. IT TOOK
MY GIRLFRIEND GETTING PREGNANT FOR ME TO
STOP AND REFLECT.

I QUITS. EVEN SMOKING WEED. OF COURSE SHE
QUITS TOO. EVEN GOT A REAL JOB. YEP! I WAS
STRUGGLING MY ASS UP. MOVED OUT INTO THE
COUNTRY TO GET AWAY FROM THAT LIFE AND FOCUS
ON BECOMING A BETTER PERSON FOR MY CHILD.
IT WAS HARD TO FIND WORKS. BUT THIS KIND OF
LIFE HAD HIS PEACE.

EVENTUALLY, OF COURSE, THINGS WENT DOWNHILL.
AND THAT'S THE BEGINNING OF A WHOLE NEW
ERA IN MY LIFE. I'LL EXPLAIN THAT ON MY
NEXT BLOG.

UNTIL NEXT TIME.

YOURS TRULY,

Doug