

OrangeTV's response to Cindy's story, "Overcoming Addiction"

Wow, Cindy. What a story. I'm always happy when people are able to turn their lives in a positive direction after an ordeal like that.

My story: In my early 20's, I had a very good friend who I decided to get an apartment with in Spokane. One night I came home from work and her and several others were snorting lines of meth right there on the dining room table. It was something new to all of them, somehow someone had gotten a hold of it and they were all giving it a try for the first time.

Now, I had experimented a bit with this and that like most people that age do, but meth was something I was not so familiar with. Instinctively I was scared to death of it. That night I freaked out and hid in my room, telling her later that I would never, ever approve of that and I was worried for her well being and didn't even want the stuff around etc, etc.

Well, she could be a very persuasive person, telling me over and over it was no big deal, I should give it a try. It was fun, made you chatty, gave you a delightful sense of confidence.. Several weeks later, she finally broke me down and I gave in and did it. It was alright for an hour or two, like a massively happy caffeine rush, but once I started coming off the stuff, I wanted to crawl under a rock. Weird, guilty memories of childhood and other bizarrely morbid thoughts took over my brain, I just wanted to go to bed, but couldn't really sleep for days. I felt nauseous and couldn't eat and basically it was awful. For some unexplainable reason, I tried it once more and the same thing happened and I immediately decided it was garbage and wanted nothing to do with it. I never touched meth again. It was yucky yucky yucky.

The situation with the roommate got worse and worse, scary people spending days in our apartment, up all night, talking talking talking. She started to completely disintegrate, lost her job, shaved her head bald, turned skeletal, had nightmarish moodswings. The dear friend I had moved in with was replaced by some scary junkie in a matter of a few months.

It was saddening, but at the time, my attitude was "live and let live" so I really didn't interfere much. Finally, after she spent all her rent money on drugs, lied about it, then was totally mean to me about it when I confronted her, I had the landlord kick her out and found a nice, mousy roommate instead.

She continued on the path of self-destruction and was often homeless, in and out of jail, prostituting herself, you name it. She kept doing meth for at least 10 more years and I'm surprised she's not dead or in prison forever.

Happy to say, she is now clean for 6 years and has a nice little family and is about to graduate from NIC. She said her brain still doesn't really feel normal from all the damage she caused it, but she is getting there.

Sorry for the long post, just wanted to share. The more stories people hear about the meth problem, hopefully the more they will be conscious about doing whatever it takes to stop someone from getting hooked into that world...