

I've met a couple of great people on this site that I talk to through email, but this is my first blog entry on the site. I'm a 35 year old female, I'm married (though will be divorced in the future sometime), have two boys (9 and 15 years old), work as a lawyer and am an addict. I took my first drink at 14, smoked my first joint at 15 and first did LSD, cocaine, crack, opium and other various drugs for the first time at 16. I had a really bad acid trip at 16, so bad that I had to wake my mom up in the middle of the night and tell her. Boy was that something to see-she was freaking out. So she sat up with me until she could get me in to see my doctor in the morning. And of course she is asking all kinds of questions about my drug use, etc., and me being in another world tripping, it just all came out of me! I told her about all the drugs I'd been doing and whatnot. So the doc the next morning said I'd be fine and gave a shot of something to stop my throwing up. I tripped for two days and finally fell into a "coma" for a few days. When I finally got up it hit me what I had done and what my mom now knew! Well off to a rehab program for me. It helped me a little in dealing with the underlying issues I had (sexual abuse when I was young, rape when a teenager, my family's addiction issues, etc.), but I continued to use. In fact my use became quite a bit heavier, I was using cocaine on a regular basis, even in the bathroom stalls at school.

So I stopped using at 19 when I found out I was pregnant with my first son-of course I didn't find out until my second month, so I did expose him to some drug use, but thankfully he came out fine! I nursed for a month or two, and when that stopped, I was right out using again. I also became a heavy drinker at this point. Since then, I don't think I've ever been completely sober on any given day. I am currently on a Suboxone program for the addiction I picked up to pain meds a couple of years ago. But I've had relapses here and there of street drugs. My last relapse was about a week ago...let's just say it was real bad, in fact I'm surprised I didn't OD or die with the amounts of drugs in me. And I don't use just one drug when I use, I like to mix multiple drugs together. So anyway, here I am, a white girl driving in the worst parts of the city. I knew eventually someone would stop me, and sure enough they did. I bought some crack and almost got the heroin he threw into my lap. But I knew if I would've gotten that heroin, that would've been it for me.....I'd be going down a path that would kill me. So got the crack and drove on-almost got busted too, a cop was right up at the intersection where I was going. It was all an adrenaline rush, but when I thought about it later, I thought how stupid could I be? I could lose my bar license over something like that.

I'm not sure why I even touch crack anymore. Smoke it away until gone, then I crash into a coma like sleep and wake up depressed, and jonesing for more. I've started AA meetings, found one I like. I need to get a sponsor too. I'm still using too....I don't know if I can be completely sober. I mostly use prescription drugs now and lots of mj. Well, I'll write more later....need to get ready for my meeting and have so much other shit going on right now-I feel like I'm living a nightmare!