Life as an

Addict

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Dedicated to my beautiful fiancée and children for having the patience needed to finish my book and to my friends and family that gave me that push.

Preface

Prologue

Ever since my eyes seen the first ray from the sunshine , I have been an addict . Now let's not be silly , I did not enter this world with a beer in one hand and a crack pipe in the other but was born with an addictive personality and alcoholism as well as Manic Depression , ( Now a numbered Bi-Polar illness ) Anxiety Disorder , Personality Disorder and depression . Then again, who wouldn't be depressed dealing with those mental disorders every day .

I was born at Scarborough General Hospital in Toronto , Ontario as it was known in 1976 and lived in the West Hill area for the first decade of my life . The area now known to be feared by a street gang called the Galloway Boys , being one of the many reasons my parents finally decided to move my two brothers and I to a small town , I now call home , Port Hope , Ontario , Canada . When I first moved here the population was in the area of 14 000 . It is now in the 20 000 range .

From a young age I have had this little black cloud hovering over me while the rest of the world have halos . 1983 , December 26th , my parents gave me money to buy some batteries for my first hand held video game , Zaxxon and my brothers being Pac - Man . What a rush for a child to get a present like that to than be disappointed because I had to wait a day to try it . Bright and early Boxing day , my brother a year younger than I , went to the store to fetch us some batteries . I didn't make it to the store and my brother made it as far as running back upstairs to tell my parents what had just happened .

My brother to shocked to get the words out right away , could only spit out that I was laying in the middle of the road . Eventually my father understood and ran down to where I lay , in his long underwear to find a crowd huddled over me awaiting the ambulance . I was unconscious , twisted up like a pretzel because I did not look both ways before crossing what is known as Highway two . I remember standing on the sidewalk , coming to , in the middle of the road and once again in the ambulance .

I came back around after my operation with a pin through my left leg and hanging in a sling because I had a broken hip and three cracked ribs . I was just run over by a car and not any ol' car , a station wagon . That would be my first experience of my black cloud but often wonder to myself if in that cloud lies a halo for me because a two ton car verse a 45lbs seven year old , I consider myself lucky to be alive . Two days after the new year , my youngest brother was born .

I honestly do often wonder about that halo . With my mental and addiction disorders , led to a lot of self destructive behavior , close calls and numerous suicide attempts . The worst being a trip up a hydro pole than to a hospital because I grabbed live hydro wires hoping and wanting to die , for no reason and am still here to now write about it .

With the life I have lived as an addict , the crazy things I have done as an individual being given all types of medications to try and fix my illnesses , I have had many people tell me I should write a book . Now , thirty - six years old , happily awaiting a divorce so I can marry the love of my life and mother of my three beautiful , devil children and step - daughter , I take their advice with the push from my fiancée and the feeling of addiction to want to be a father whose children look up at , not only with love , but with love and respect of their father as well .

We all have a story to tell and a story coming straight from the heart from a man that took thirty - one years to become an adult and grow up . I have now been clean since 2007 and started abusing alcohol at age eighteen . I was then put in jail as an adult for something I did and grew up in and out of kiddy jail as an adolescent . Maybe being physically and emotionally abused until I was able to take a stand to my parents probably contributed to my problems or maybe all the medications I have been given messed with my mind. Either or , in the end we make our own decisions and do pay the consequences because I still pay for my past and if I cannot beat it , I will accept it and survive it .

Chapter 1

Wow , are you ever disliked as an addict and wow , as an addict I did not care . But the funny thing about that statement is that the ones that start to dislike you , watched it all develop right in front of them . In all fairness to others in this world , that is just another point to I have not heard throughout my eleven years of addiction . For others that are still battling addiction or are now clean like I , eleven years may not seem long but let's face it , addiction is addiction and those eleven years has probably taken eleven years off my life . It defiantly took eleven years away from my life .

The scariest thing I do remember every time I did make an attempt to pack it all in and quit , I would get scared . Scared of becoming the shy guy I was without alcohol in my system , scared of reality and the real world and it was the life I was living that I did not want to lose the most . Every day was a party , everyday was new and exciting and when my drug problem developed , I still think of how all the street lights and stop lights in the night sky , had their own different glow to them .

My problem was more than just drugs and alcohol , I have also been in a consistent battle with my mental illnesses I have and the ones I would have developed along the way . I was first diagnosed with depression at age sixteen but my mother was too stubborn to allow the psychiatrist to put me on valium so I was untreated and never seen him again.

I guess in the end though all things do happen for a reason and being doped up on valium at the age of sixteen could have made life for me even worse than what it turned out to be . Life for me as an addict really was not that bad at all but in all honesty , the life I was living was killing me and hurting those around me . For me to say it was terrible I would be lying to the world and myself and if it was not all that fun and interesting being an addict , I believe being an addict would have not lasted ten years .

Once in a blue moon I will ask myself if things may have ended up different for me if I was treated with the valium or maybe the rest of the mental illnesses I have , may have even been prevented but only God has the answer to that question . Another thing I do keep in mind is that it is the past , it's over and all that matters is I am here still , safe , healthy , happy and in love . A feeling I never thought I would experience so deeply and purely and that feeling alone is a good addiction , regardless of the fact that addictions are not good to begin with . Especially for a guy that has an Addictive Personality , one of my other illnesses .

Being sixteen years old back in 1992 was a year I did not want to spend doped out on pills because that was when I could get my license and was also drilled in my head that when I did hit sixteen , I had to move out . Back than I thought it was a joke but now knowing by the way he continued to treat me and the fact I was gone before his wishes , he probably did want me off on my own . The best part to getting your license in 1992 was the cost of fifteen dollars and you did not have to wait a year to get what is now known as the G2 drivers license. Wow , to be sixteen again .

I did not have my license very long after though because of my mental issues and lack of parenting but held on to it till I turned nineteen . Of course alcohol was involved and I went off the deep end for the first time . It was five days after my birthday and a few friends of mine had come from out of town to have a small party because we were celebrating my birthday and my sister that I never had . My girlfriend of that time had a few friends of hers over as well, which was kewl but one of them was male and me being too trustworthy at times , it did not bother me, most woman do have male friends and that is something you learn to accept and live with.

The party was going great , the neighbors in the triplex I lived in had all gone away for the week end so the music was loud and we all just sat around playing caps with the Budweiser empty beers and enjoyed ourselves. I only drank on average , twice a month and barely smoked dope except this night we smoked eight oil joints that were passed around our circle. Throughout the night I noticed my girlfriend of the time sitting a little too close to her guy friend most of the night and by the end of the night , I had seen enough .

A large minority already knows that drinking and driving don't mix and the same goes for drinking and arguing , especially with unknown mental illnesses . My big mouth opened up and confronted the pair of them , loudly and like mine , their defense system went up and the party came to a halt . As words started to be exchanged and anger filled the apartment living room , things got right out of control . I do not remember every detail from what was said or why a framed glass white tiger picture was broken over my head but I do remember almost being kicked in the family jewels making my decision to leave , an easier one.

I left once out of anger and drove my car around the block and up and down the street like a madman , stupid . The car I had was a 1983 Delta 88 Broughm edition , so it was a boat bit floated like a Cadillac . I should have stayed put and kicked out the girlfriend but she had a child and for the well being of that little girl , I was leaving . While on my first dumb not to drunk road trip , I had a near death experience , go figure . I jumped a set of train tracks in my car but lost control when my tires hit the ground .

Stunned and out of control , I almost took a bus shelter out but just missed it . Beside that empty bus shelter , I thank God for that and this, was an A&P grocery store and a transport truck and trailer , loaded with fireworks . I will admit that I became scared when my car was on grass now and aimed directly at the loaded trailer with the only thought of being decapitated or a firework myself. Also being a new driver , high and a little drunk, my response time kicked in just in time enough for me to give my car a heck load of gas , crank the wheel and go , I sweat just thinking about it . An act of God , good driving or good luck made my car miss that trailer and if either had another layer of paint , we would have collided.

Scared but now coming back to reality , I decided I should get my cloths and work cloths and get a motel room . It was not that simple though , nothing ever is . on my first trip of road rage someone from my house had called the cops because before I left I slashed my wrists . After I was done filling my car up with my personal belongings , I jumped in it and was about to leave when suddenly the police pulled in trying to block me in to try and get me out of my car . It didn't work because I was too far mentally gone from this planet .

I was also yelling out my window telling them to leave me alone because I was going to drive my car off a cliff so unfortunately one of the officers had to play the hero and try to stop me . The officer approached my car door and tried to get me out but instead , I ran him over . I did not actually drive into him because he was in between my open car door an me when I put it in reverse and hit the gas . I also warned them I was about to drive my car off a cliff as much as I warned the officer to get off my car but he ignored my instability.

Knowing I was about to end my life and no longer caring about anyone else , I hit the gas even more and was taking him with me . In the process of driving backwards with an officer hanging off my door , I had swerved towards a triplex that was next door to the one I was living in , the officer did jump but was dragged by my car door a few feet and just before I collided with the side of the building he was thankfully released because seconds later my door was crumpled as my car came to a halt .

I did try to complete my mission but for some odd reason my car would not go forward and defiantly was not backing up anymore and did not realize until 2007 that God was watching over me for two reasons that night . The first was because it was not my time to leave this world and secondly , the other officer that had to watch in horror told me and my family that if I would have drove forward , he would have shot me to stop me . Now being behind the wheel of a car , there would have been only one place that bullet was aimed at to stop me and that would have been my head . Which now leads me to believe that a Holy force was not allowing my car to go forward so I would not be shot .

When I was released from my three day stay at the psychiatrist hospital , I had to verify the reasoning myself as to why my car would not go forward because there was no reason why it shouldn't of have . The rut from me trying to go forward was left there and it was only five inches deep and nothing was in front of my car stopping me and I know now the only reason why my car would not go forward . I did not have a lot of belief in God or miracles back than so found a different reason and made one up as to why it was not Gods work but another.

I honestly am thankful that I did not kill or be killed that night because I still live with the guilt of what I did to that officer and playing golf with him and my grandfather before I went to jail , helped with a lot of that guilt going away. The officer did need time off because he could not sit in his cruiser or on his ass because of road burn . The officer probably still does not know that I am also thankful to him for saving my life with the help of God because I know if I got away , my car and I would have ended the night on the beach .

That was the first time I was finally diagnosed with manic depression and was giving medication during my three day stay and to continue it. They also said I have a chemical imbalance but back than there was a lot more guessing and trial and error than fixing . Of course I was charged before being released to the hospital and am also thankful I was not charged with attempted murder. Luckily the officer I did run over had a friend that was suicidal and did lose his life , so to a degree , the officer understood. That was my first long stay at an adult jail and was given eight months that felt like eight years. Poor me , no , lucky me .

Chapter Two

I did end up staying with that girl until I went to jail and still have no reasoning as to why . It did take only three months into my sentence to give up on her and stopped calling my own home with a phone that was in my name and gave up all my stuff . I also decided that it really was no loss of mine , just hers.

I will not say much about my times in jail because most of my jail talk is in my first poetry book , "Man in a cell " that is based on parts of my life and the reasoning's and feelings I was going through at the time I wrote them . Unfortunately having spent a far amount of time in and out of jail , that is where most of my poems were wrote. "Man in a cell" can be found at Amazons KindleDirects website found under man name .

Getting stoned and loaded my first day out was probably my first mistake , fun because I was now free six months later and only nineteen . I moved into my mother's house when I was released and even that was a mistake because the day I left her house she was throwing dishes at me and calling me all sorts of names and having a good paying job and a unknown addictive personality , I drank more often than I use to and that left me with one crappy attitude and a big mouth .

I was use to catastrophe when it came to my mother and arguments , so I knew from the start my stay there would not be a long one . I also failed to mention that during my stay in jail , I took myself off the medication I was receiving so my old routine was starting all over again . It , at the time , was not noticed because it is often too late when you finally do realize you have done this same thing once before , just with different people now . When I finally grew up , I realized all the patterns I went through and hope that an addict or someone with a mental illness will pick my book up and not have to live with addiction as long as I did . At the time of me writing this I am only 36 and that is considered young to most people and I sure don't feel it .

My next mistake when I gathered up what I could and left my mother's house was that I only had enough money to move into a motel . In this case it was more like a hotel because there was a country music bar directly below the rooms people stayed in . As a sixteen year old going in and out of that bar undetected from my age, I often wondered what was upstairs and what went on up there . At seventy dollars a week , I was about to find out. It did turn out to be the most disgusting place I had ever stayed at and falls into the category of one of the worst mistakes I had made. In all credit to the bar owner though , he was the friendliest guy you met with good intentions . God Bless his soul .

The other disgusting thing about this place was you had to share the bathroom , tub and all , no shower , a tub . I could not bring myself to a point to use it . Although I did make an excellent attempt to do it by going out and getting some Ajax powder cleaner and scrub brushes , filled the tub , stripped down and went to get in and said to myself no way . I left the cleaner there and headed to a buddies house on my bicycle and decided to go there every night on the way home from work .

The only reason I stayed there so long , two months to long to be exact , was to get my own place , my kingdom . After spending the amount of time I did in and out of jail , one tends to like being on his own and independent . Another up side to staying so long as well was , come moving day all I had 2 move was my bag of cloths and myself. I even left what food I didn't eat , there for whoever may have wanted it .

My kingdom turned out to be my palace , it was a bachelor pad , with a cute little kitchen , a bathroom that was perfect for one and the best was the fireplace that at one time , worked . It also reminded me off a jail cell because the windows led to a roof so bars were installed to keep the burglars and bad guys out , ironic as I wrote that because I have lived in a lot of bachelor pads, motel rooms, jail cells. It also reminded of Melrose Place but inside and for those of you that do not know that series , it was a chick flick weekly sitcom .

I lived on the third floor so the flights of stairs I had to take was a good work out at times but having the advantage of my pad being at the back part of the building , the fire exit cheap metal stairs were used the most from yours truly . When you walked through my front door , right in your face was the bathroom door. The bathroom/front door area was carpeted and when you looked to the right , that was where the rest of the place laid. It had beautiful glass sliding closet doors that I stuffed a short , long dresser in and the kitchen area was to the left past the bathroom. All open concept and the kitchen had a nice strip of fake hardwood flooring.

Of course I had no furniture when I first moved in and used what blankets I had for a bed . I borrowed a T.V. and V.C.R until the cable was hooked up so I would stay sane and was the happiest twenty year old alive at the time. Things seemed to be going great for me , I got a raise , I was being trained as a bucket operator to further my career and I was seeing my son on a regular basis, what more good a premature adult want?

That time in my life must have been the manic part of my mental illness and that was a rare occasion and did not last as long as I wished it too. It did not take long to furnish my new castle but it also meant I had more drinking money . In societies eyes on 1996 , it was a ok for a hard working man to come home from work and have a few beers , everybody did it , sound familiar. The difference though is everyone does not have an addictive personality and at the time I did not know I had an addictive personality and decided to still be off my medication since before I left jail and saying goes , you learn from your mistakes and this mistake was soon to take a crash course into destruction.

There is another feeling of greatness I felt moving into my own place and being independent , I was conquering fear . Fear of people , Having no other way better than putting myself in the downtown area , on the main strip , to get over that fear . A lot of people , stores I needed and bullies , guys that use to want to fight , but with a hoard . I never lost a fight when it was one on one and moving to this town from Toronto , the people my age would think that I thought I was a tough guy , coming from the big city . They all use to hang downtown by the phone booth or pool hall and there was no way to avoid them when I had places to go .

You tend to get tired living a life looking over your shoulders and just getting out of jail and working out twice a day , other than adding muscle and weight to my body , it added a bigger attitude to my self-respect . The first time this bunch gang beat me , I was fourteen . One of them was picking on my middle brother as I walked by his school . Hearing the tone in his voice that he didn't want to fight and was scared , I egged the guy on to leave him alone and come fight me . That fisrt time we fought in the middle of the street , his circle was with him but I did not care , my brother was and is , my brother .

I took a couple of punches to the head and yes , they hurt , not as much as my heart did though hearing my brother cry for help . I was in grade seven and my brother in grade six so we were in separate schools and were diagonally across from each other . When the bells rang to go to class , the ringing in my head stopped and the fight was to be continued after school . A classic small town soap opera . All day long in every class I went to , friends of this guy kept telling me my ass was going to get kicked . Great , I thought to myself and we will see because I was still pretty mad .

As the day progressed and all the rumours going around , fear was actually starting to kick in so I got myself a detention in hopes the fight would not be . I looked out the windows to still see the hoard hanging around and decided to try n get by them another way. It was next to impossible but made an attempt anyways and was seen . The good thing was I at least had a head start on them and hoped I would get home to safety were my parents would be because there had to be at least thirty of them .

I ran up the stairs to the triplex we lived in to find the house empty and the door locked , not being mature enough in my parents eyes , I had no key either . My last hope was that they would think the downstairs door was the actual door to our apartment . Silly me for getting a detention because if I did not , I wouldn't have missed wherever my brother and parents got to. The plan with the door seemed to work for a good five minutes until one of them got smart enough and looked in the big round window and seen me sitting on the stairs .

When they realized I was in a stairway type setting , they came up the stairs and threw me down them . Another group of them awaited at the bottom of the stairs and they took turns smashing my head into the cement stairs on the outside and taking turns kicking me in the head . Finally a passerby came to my aid and drove me to the hospital . I defiantly had a concussion and defiantly did not rat anyone out . I got my pay back by hunting them down one and two at a time and teaching them a lesson of my own .

Chapter 3

Now where was I , oh right , somewhere in 1996 . It turned out that these guys did learn a lesson because I never got ganged up on again but the fear of never knowing what may become , was a rush all on its own . Eventually I got sick of them hanging around out front or across the street from where I lived and approached them again , alone and asked them if they had a problem still and was told they were not there for me it was a coinsistence . In a way I was kind of hoping that they were there for me because I had a lot of built up anger still inside of me .