

## Diary of a heroin addict

**No-one sets out to be a fully fledged heroin addict. David Wright's nightmare all started as a bit of fun. This is the first part of his story.**



**'I remember the day like it was yesterday. In fact it was the summer of 1983, a hot August day. Normally we would shoot up speed in the kitchen but this was different, heavy shit, and Mickey had not long been busted so we went upstairs. The powder was split into three equal piles and we got Mickey to hit us up as we we're shaking with excitement.'**

It all started for me with Evo Stick and ever since then I've been fixed. The year was 1979, the tail end of punk, but glue sniffing was high on the menu. I was fascinated by this substance that could transport me to another dimension; no other drug has come close to the interactive hallucinations.

Like so many people at this stage of their drug career I was searching for the meaning of life. Drugs were the way to that, so I thought. But as it slowly dawned on me, not only good doors of the mind get opened, you have to pay back everything positive thrice over. And the pan piper of paranoia came for me.

I remember as if it was yesterday. Three of us had taken around 80 mushrooms each and two hours into the trip everything was as I had previously experienced. But this was intense; rainbows of every colour surrounded me, I was blissed out. We were sat on top of a railway bridge of a long disused railway line. I looked down at my jeans and they had scorch marks on them, as if they had been on fire. Still that was OK, until I looked at the floor where we were sat and there was a pentagram and some other occult instruments. At that very moment an icy hand grabbed my throat and began to squeeze. My friends looked at me as I started to choke. The hands loosened and I managed to tell my friends to get me out of this place.

It was a good job I was with real friends, I hate to think if I was with... Anyway, they dragged me back the way we had come through a deeply wooded area, but the friendly trees were now clawing hands of demons. They got me into a taxi and headed for a guy who was ten years older than us and had a lot of experience with drugs. They got me in his kitchen, he felt my pulse and then poured me a glass of scrumpy cider from a big barrel. He told me to drink it down in one, which I did. He poured me another and I downed it in one. The third I drank half way down and I began to feel the familiar sedating affects of alcohol. Five pints later I was laughing my head off, but it was the start of the slide.

It was around this time I found the needle. It gave taking drugs a whole new perspective. Instant gratification. I had been coerced into going to a

Northern Soul all-nighter and they needed to fill the minibus, a fiver a seat. In the all-nighter I was given a wrap of speed and a 2ml barrel and told I needed to get a spike off someone. I joined the long queue for the gents but no-one wanted a piss. As I got near the cubicles someone shouted from behind the one nearest me, 'has anyone got a barrel?' so I piped up that I had and I needed a spike. The door opened and I was summoned in. He took the barrel off me and prepared his fix.

I had never seen anyone inject before, I remember the track marks all down his arm. I thought I wouldn't get like that I'm just doing it once, and I believed it. When it came to my turn I was shaking so much he sussed it was my first time. So he got my hit together and gave me my first fix, and I'm 99 per cent sure Hep C. In those days there were no exchanges, and needles were hard to come by. Well, clean ones.

There is a magic spell to find your lucky word. It involves saying a few words whilst turning a dictionary round and round (so you don't know which way up it is). Open a page with eyes closed and touch your finger on part of the page that feels right. My lucky word was HOOKED!

The paranoia became part of my life. I had no confidence, no self-esteem, I did not know who I was, what I was supposed to be. The speed made things worse. I had stopped enjoying it. I could not relax in company. So when my partner in crime showed up with a wrap of smack, I jumped at the chance. We went to Mickey's – remember the guy who helped me when I was having a bad trip.

I remember the day like it was yesterday. In fact it was the summer of 1983, a hot August day. Normally we would shoot up speed in the kitchen but this was different, heavy shit, and Mickey had not long been busted so we went upstairs. The powder was split into three equal piles and we got Mickey to hit us up as we we're shaking with excitement.

At last my turn, he found the vein straight away and pushed the plunger. As the chemical comfort blanket enveloped my brain I knew I was a heroin addict. It was lovely, for the first time I did not give a shit what people thought of me. It was just what the doctor ordered.

**Part 2 in the next issue of DDN**