

# [My dance, and after asking say twelve](https://assignbuster.com/my-dance-and-after-asking-say-twelve/)

My eyes flooding with tears, the burn that yours eyes give off when theyhave been watering for a long period. I remember the background a blur, myhead spinning. It was as if I was in a different world, some place thattime stands still and the people around you are images voices and blurredshapes.

The calming voices of ‘ are you ok’ and ‘ just rest here’. Things yousee only stay there for a split second. Then you feel your body slowlyfalling, plummeting towards the ground but as your body falls, your brainstays in the same place still with the same picture in your eyes until yousee your sights silenced by darkness from your eyelids. The only tense leftis your hearing.

The voices you hear around you send you in a trance slowlystarting to fall in an eternal slumber. As the voices fade, you slowly headdown the stream of darkness. That was your memory of the first time you passes out as you say. What thenled you to becoming in the state that you are in now.

I think it was my friends and the pressure of drinking. I would o to theparty’s and have a shot to calm my nerves to get the courage to ask a girlfor a dance, and after asking say twelve girls to dance I could hardlystand let alone dance. I would think that drinking and making a prick outof my self was funny and made people laugh with me. One night I a girl Iwas with told me where to shove it when I made a gesture in front of agirl, and to my surprise she turned round and slapped me and then a wave oflaughter roared around me and I left that party with a label of shame overmy head.

Then the next time I got seriously drunk was at my friend’s housewhere I decided to see if I could down a bottle of Malibu, which was noshock I ended up at the local hospital having a hose in my stomach. When was the time you realise that alcohol was taking control? I do not think I realised it until one day when my parents found my diary. They sat me down andtold me how stupid I was.

I remember my dad readinga section that really hit me that it was taking control. The section was ina space of month. The section started and ended like this: Monday 5th: I went to Wendy’s house today had fun and I watched the newmovie outTuesday 6th: Drank today with DarrenWednesday 7th: Can’t remember get back to you laterThursday 8th: Friday 9th: Saturday 10th: Sunday 11th: This carried on most weeks. I realised that the alcohol was slowly creepingon my back taking control like a cancer. Then drinking became a dailything. I always took a quick shot before school and down to the pub for anafter school beer. My grades suffered the most.

I went from a grade astudent to a boy that spent most of his day behind the bike shed readingmagazines. I think the scariest moment at this point was me drowning mypoor marks with drink, but I was drinking for the fact that was the onlyresort I had. It was then I realised that my school career was at thebrink.

How was it that you resorted to your mothers help? I think it was only my mother that had the courage to try to do somethingabout my problem. My farther just became angry and at one point disownedme. I felt that the one person I look up to is the person that has left me. My mother only made me go to this programme in the only way I would of, which was a bribe.

My mother offered me, a brand new Mini if I could lasttwelve months. I agreed, and soon as I did I felt a rush of heavenly goodgo through my bones. When you were quitting the alcohol, what did it feel like? The first week off the juice was hell. My body felt empty and my head wascrashing down. I went through cold turkey quite quickly though. One personthat helped the most was cannabis addict.

He told me to find a replacementto drinking, his was eating, but from the state of him, I did not want