

# My dance, and after asking say twelve



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BUSTER**

My eyes flooding with tears, the burn that yours eyes give off when they have been watering for a long period. I remember the background a blur, my head spinning. It was as if I was in a different world, some place that time stands still and the people around you are images voices and blurred shapes.

The calming voices of 'are you ok' and 'just rest here'. Things you see only stay there for a split second. Then you feel your body slowly falling, plummeting towards the ground but as your body falls, your brain stays in the same place still with the same picture in your eyes until you see your sights silenced by darkness from your eyelids. The only sense left is your hearing.

The voices you hear around you send you in a trance slowly starting to fall in an eternal slumber. As the voices fade, you slowly head down the stream of darkness. That was your memory of the first time you passed out as you say. What then led you to becoming in the state that you are in now.

I think it was my friends and the pressure of drinking. I would go to the party's and have a shot to calm my nerves to get the courage to ask a girl for a dance, and after asking say twelve girls to dance I could hardly stand let alone dance. I would think that drinking and making a prick out of my self was funny and made people laugh with me. One night I a girl I was with told me where to shove it when I made a gesture in front of a girl, and to my surprise she turned round and slapped me and then a wave of laughter roared around me and I left that party with a label of shame over my head.

Then the next time I got seriously drunk was at my friend's house where I decided to see if I could down a bottle of Malibu, which was no shock 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 and told me how stupid I was.

I remember my dad reading a section that really hit me that it was taking control. The section was in a 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 new movie out Tuesday 6th: Drank today with Darren Wednesday 7th: Can't remember get back to you later Thursday 8th: Friday 9th: Saturday 10th: Sunday 11th: This carried on most weeks. I realised that the alcohol was slowly creeping on my back taking control like a cancer. Then drinking became a daily thing. I always took a quick shot before school and down to the pub for an after school beer. My grades suffered the most.

I went from a grade A student to a boy that spent most of his day behind the bike shed reading magazines. I think the scariest moment at this point was me drowning my poor marks with drink, but I was drinking for the fact that was the only resort I had. It was then I realised that my school career was at the brink.

How was it that you resorted to your mother's help? I think it was only my mother that had the courage to try to do something about my problem. My father just became angry and at one point disowned me. 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 last twelve months. I agreed, and soon as I did I felt a rush of heavenly good go through my bones.

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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 was crashing down. I went through cold turkey quite quickly though. One person that helped the most was cannabis addict.

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