

How my life is unmanageable essay



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With time, my life became unmanageable and chaotic. I tried so hard to pretend I had it under control. It begun about 4 years ago I was in a pretty bad car accident, and was hit on my side I was the passenger. I went to see one of the Doctors I worked with, to get my back checked out. That was probably one of the biggest mistakes of my life. He first started prescribing me Vicodin I think I used it for about a month but it wasn't taking care of the pain and I wasn't getting that euphoric feeling I got the first time I took it.

I went back to the Doctor complaining I was still in pain so he prescribed me 120 Percocet, I told him I still had about 100 vicodin left should I turn them in he said I could but, they are technically mine so I could keep them if I wanted I so wish he told me to turn them in. I remember taking them home, I would take 2 every 4 hrs as prescribed it was taking care of the pain but I wasn't getting high then I remembered I still had some vicodin so I took 2 on top of the Percocets, and that did the trick for a few months.

After, a few months I started building a tolerance to my pain meds and was taking way too many and having to ask for prescriptions way before my next prescription was due. My doctor changed my prescription to better fit me I was able to pick up 120 morphine's every 15 days and 210 Percocet's every 10 days back then I didn't think much about it looking back at it now Jesus that sounds insane saying out loud.

This went on for about a year and half but once again I was building up a tolerance and my stomach was hurting a lot from ingesting and snorting so much acetaminophen, anyone in their right mind would probably be like if your stomach is hurting from this stuff leave it alone but I was an addict and

just thought it was normal thinking. I ended up talking to one of the pharmacy techs that worked at the TMC with me, and he asked me straight up if I was getting messed up on my meds at first I was like hell no, then he put me at ease when he said bro I love taking pills it's all good.

He was getting prescribed pain meds so we use to help each other out so to speak whenever one of us were running low or what not or wanted to get extra high. So, at this time its 3 years after my car accident and I was beyond hooked I was being prescribed 10 100 mcg fentanyl patches, 140 10mg Morphine pills, and 210 5mg Oxycodone you would think that should have filled up my addiction but, I was still running out early and met people that either sold pills or knew someone who was selling pills.

I hid all this from my wife I mean she knew I was prescribed pain pills but she never knew how bad my addiction had gotten. I mean we had a joint bank account when we first got married but I was starting to spend a couple hundred dollars on pills so I told her I wanted to have separate bank accounts. In October 2011 I PCS'd to Fort Leonard Wood my wife stayed at Fort Carson because she got accepted to the AMEDD nursing program. So now I was alone and didn't have to hide my problem anymore.

December of 2011 I went on leave back to Colorado to see my wife and my child I hadn't seen my wife in a few months but, I went back to my old ways being distant, just wanting to hang out with my friends, I can honestly say now I would only give her time when she would bitch at me and even then I would make it a big ordeal and try and turn it that it was her fault. The day before I left back to go to Fort Leonard wood my wife ask me " How do you

think your trip went” I said “ ok I guess I mean we argued a little but what couple doesn’t” that’s what I thought Then she said Akeem I am gonna be honest I liked it better when you were gone.

I said well ok looks like we should get a divorce I was so messed up off of pills I was just numb looking back at it and talking to Tanya if I would have just fought for her, for my marriage I would still have her but, I chose my mistress instead because I felt all my wife did was bitch and complain, as for my mistress (Pills) liked me just how I was and never said a word. But, I can look back now and I know I was the one who messed up my marriage with my addiction as much as I blamed Tanya and wanted it to be her fault.

I knew inside it was mine maybe I was too high or proud to tell her at that time. So after getting back to Fort Leonard Wood I started using way more than before but it wasn’t like the old days when I would run out I couldn’t get another prescription. So, I met some people that knew where I could buy them I felt if my bills were getting paid what was the big deal I isn’t hurting anyone but I was killing myself inside.

Even after having to buy pills I still felt I had everything under control, until I got completely cut off from my doctor. Then I started using Heroin I knew once I put a needle in my arm I had hit rock bottom but I couldn’t stop. I mean after I would pay my bills I would spend the rest on Heroin so about 500-700 every paycheck I would borrow money from friends and family in between pay periods and have to pay it back next pay period.

So by the time I got paid I was usually broke between 3-5 days later. So the big question where did my life start to come unmanageable I believe full

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heartedly when I no longer was using my medication for the pain when I was started using them to just get high. But, as much as I thought my mistress loved me I honestly know now that she is just a gold digging bitch and I have to get rid of her if I want to ever start new and real relationships with other people.