

## Relapse

I ran into Jane [made up name] at the courthouse today, she gave me her number again and told me to call her. She wants to talk to me and come see my baby daughter, Margie [made up name] – she says she still has some things that belong to us at the house. I told her I had drug court to go to and after that, group at TASC and then I pick up Margie at the sitter's.

She asked what time I'd be done and if I needed a ride. I told her I wasn't sure, probably around 3:30 or 4:00 I'd be leaving TASC and catching the bus.

I've been sitting in drug court thinking about using – it's a 4 day weekend and I won't get pee-tested until Wednesday or Thursday – I won't have group until Thursday night. I don't have any groups or anything happening until then – and now I just really feel like using – I could party tonight and stop Saturday and give myself Sunday, Monday and Tuesday to clean out my system. I'm sitting in group and I'm rethinking all of this – I'm fidgeting – I'm anxious, I just wanna get the hell out of here – I keep bouncing back and forth about whether or not to use today – every time I think maybe I shouldn't use and try to think about what could happen or what might go wrong – the urge to use comes back even stronger and I find myself making sure all my bases are covered so that I *can* go use. Then again Jane has never been very reliable – especially when she's using and I don't have any money – so I probably won't end up using after all – I'll call her and see, I guess.

Thank god we're out of there. Well, I don't see Jane anywhere, that's probably a good thing though – I don't really want someone who's tweekin' hanging out waiting to give me a ride anyhow – not here anyway!

I'm starting to have second thoughts now, I'm not sure I really feel like using anymore. O'boy, here comes Jane – I can't believe it. My heart's racing so hard – I feel nervous

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as I step up to her car to get in and I feel the need to go to the bathroom. She want to know if we need anything at the house – she wants us to come over to her house to pick up our things – we can visit for a while and then she'll take us home – First things first though – I wanna get loaded – lets get Margie and rush to Jane's house.

I feel guilty already – I keep looking at Margie and feeling like crap – but I know I'm going to use anyway – that just makes me feel even crappier.

Well we're here. Jane is watching Margie for me while I do a hit in her bathroom – I can hear Margie hitting on the door and saying "Mommy" – god that hurts to hear her but the shit's already in the rig – I just want to hurry up and do it! I feel sick to my stomach now I don't know whether it's from the dope or this overwhelming guilt I feel for not saying "no" – It's already 8:00 pm and I told Jane I had a 10:00 curfew and Margie still hasn't eaten – she needs to eat and go to bed. Jane left to get us something to eat over an hour ago – I'm starting to get a little worried since her MO is to say I'll be right back and then not see her till a day later. I found a can of ravioli's to feed Margie and now she's asleep – it's 9:30 and still no word from Jane – I have no money for a cab and no stroller to get Margie home even if we did catch the last bus downtown – and I'm too high to think of anything else. god I'm so mad at myself for doing this – and everything else is just irritating me even more – there isn't even a phone here and the number she gave me was to a stupid pager! Now I can't even call home to see if anyone did a curfew check tonight. It's 11:40 and Jane just pulled up. She's paranoid, saying the cops are all over the place and she's not going anywhere tonight so I can just calm down and she'll take us home tomorrow morning – so yes of course I'm gonna stay and yes I'll do more dope – I won't do anymore after this though so I'd better do too much!

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It's 10:30 am and Margie is out of diapers and still wearing the same clothes from yesterday – but at least she's been fed – I told Jane we really need to go – she keeps telling we'll go in a little bit – I've decided enough's enough we're going to catch a bus – I don't have a schedule and don't know when the next bus will be coming but we need to get out of here. It seems like we've been waiting at this bus stop for forever and Margie is getting on my nerves. I feel like I'm constantly yelling at her and none of this is her fault. Thank god, here comes the bus – my poor kid – she's so dirty looking and of course she won't sit still. I can't wait to get home!

Well, we finally made it – thank god no one's home – I'll check the phone for messages – no messages.

9:20 pm Saturday we're all alone here – a knock on the door and there's my PO and an officer standing in my doorway. PO wants to know where I was last night. She's also holding a test kit in her hand! She asked me if I was high – she says it's real obvious that I am and then she asks where Margie is and to show me – I'm so scared I'm shaking and I can hardly speak to answer her questions. Oh my god, they're placing me under arrest because they think I'm high and they're afraid for my daughter – can they really do that? – I never said I was high – Oh my god, I can't believe this is happening to me! I can hear myself begging them, please don't do this, please, please, please, oh please don't do this, please, please, please, oh please my poor little girl, they're going to wake her up and make her go with strangers. Oh my god I can not believe all this is happening – what have I done??! All this can't be happening all over one fucking high – it just can't!!

--Anonymous