Peter's story

It was Christmas/New Year 17 years ago. I got up for my dad's wedding. My intentions were really good; to be straight for the day. I really was going to be the best man and show everybody that i wasn't going to fuck up my dad's day. I think everyone knew i was going to be off my head. I was fucked as soon as i woke up that day, I had a bag of blues and kit so i knew i was kidding myself, "I'll not be fucked up".

By the time I signed the wedding certificate for my dad and his wife, I was smashed. But that's what I get for going to the wedding with a pocket full of valium and a charge that morning.

I was fucked from the get go. The start of the day was the end for me, but I didn't think so.

After that, something clicked in my head. I was on a one-man self-destruction mission. I stole my step mother's car and I was wrecked, a lot to drink and valium. I could hardly walk, never mind drive. I got in the car and decided I was pissed off with life and drugs and that I was going to end it. I thought I was on drugs for life. So I headed off in the car. First, I went to get some kit and some more valium. This is me trying to stop, I'm so sick of drugs, the day before I was on my knees, crying. Good going.

Anyway, I left the scheme, got the drugs and drove the car over a cliff. What are the chances of that? I can't do anything good. I ended up driving through gardens, hitting cars, I'm lucky I didn't hit anyone. I hit a parked car, hit my head and knocked myself out. Messed that up too, that's what I do, mess everything up.

I went to jail.

I ended up with no family, only my sister would talk to me after that. I felt like a right prick.

It feels a lifetime ago. I have always got a sore back to remind me of how I fucked up big time.

Now I am in Turnaround and out of the rat race.