

AT NIGHT IT WAS WORSE. TOSSING AND TURNING MY MIND COULDN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT 'IT'...



I PACED THE BEDROOM LIKE A CAGED ANIMAL, FIGHTING THE URGES RACING THROUGH ME.



THE MEMORIES OF LIVING ON THE EDGE OF EXISTENCE CAME FLOODING BACK...



DID I WANT TO LIVE MY LIFE WITHOUT IT?.....



I COULD HOLD OUT NO LONGER....



I HAD TO HAVE IT...I NEED IT...



... THE NEEDLE ...



SENSIBLE ADVICE: IF YOU ARE THINKING OF STOPPING OR HAVE STOPPED INJECTING YOU MAY WELL FIND IT'S NOT JUST THE DRUGS THAT YOU ARE MISSING. ASK YOUR LOCAL DRUG SERVICE, WHO MAY BE ABLE TO HELP: SEE BACK PAGE.