



Making recovery visible

In Sheffield we know that that there are 100's if not 1000's of untold stories (often shared in closed groups) that the general population don't get to hear about. Sheffield Recovery Forum is STILL on a mission to change that.

Anonymous

My girlfriend of a year and a half cheated and left me for someone who was meant to be a friend of mine about 2 weeks before my stepdad died. So needless to say, my head was screwed. I wasn't eating or sleeping, I couldn't get my mood to pick up. I felt trapped in my own head and emotions. I just wanted it all to stop and go away but most of all I just wanted to sleep.

A good friend of mine who I've known since I was 13 came to stay with me for a bit which seemed a good move at the time because god knows I needed the company and someone who knows me through and through to talk to. In the end he offered me a few lines saying, 'if anything it'll help you get off to sleep' and he was right. But the next day he gave me a talking to saying how what I had taken the night before was highly addictive and to go real easy on it otherwise it'll have it would hook me in

.I took on board what he said and just had little bits now and then but soon enough I started thinking I could be smart and do it just enough to help sort my emotions but not get hooked.

Boy was I wrong. Slowly but surely, I noticed I wasn't doing as my friend said, I was smoking it every other day. And then the rattling started. I got to know my dealer really well and he needed a reliable runner so he offered me the 'job', so with having little money coming in I took him up on the offer not knowing at the time he wanted me to work from 9am until 3am for just £20 a day. Needless to say that that £20 went on buying more gear at the time. All the stresses of running put pressure on my relationship with the girl I was with at the time. She didn't like me smoking gear but she was smoking crack so what can she say, really.

But because of the pressure we would argue all the time, so my dealer stopped me running for him which was hard because my habit had gone up quite a bit at the time. Well some time had passed and someone and his mate needed a place to go and weigh up their stuff, awesome I thought. I get a bag a day for doing nothing but let them come and sort their stuff out.

WRONG!! He was a bully. He stood in at about 6ft 4 and weighed about 22st. I was 5ft 9 and about 9 and a half stone wet through if I was lucky. So, I got bullied all the time, ripped off, they robbed my computer games, made to feel like I was scum and worthless. Like I didn't feel like that already.

One day I came home (they had got the spare key off me to let themselves in when I wasn't in) and I found loads of blood on the kitchen windowsill. I asked them where the blood came from, but they just said they didn't know so. I didn't push for an answer because the last time I did that I got a black eye. When they had gone I noticed my cat hadn't come out to say hi so I went looking for her, couldn't find her. I started freaking out. I went running around outside trying to find her, calling her name and nothing. I went down to my mums because my head was cracking up. I got back home at about 5am and she came out. I don't mind telling you I started to cry at the moment.

My cat means everything to me. I picked her up to give her a hug and she growled. When I pulled my hand away there was blood coming off her tail. They had hurt her. I don't know how or when, but I know it was them. I asked them the next day but of course they said they had no idea. Just as I was asking them, I noticed she had a tooth missing too, but they weren't going to tell me what happened. That was it for me. I had already lost the girl I was with because of them, they had taken over my flat and now they hurt my cat. They were going that night no matter what. I packed their stuff for them and told them, the big guy really wasn't happy. He went nuts. He punched me in the face many times and then pulled out a kitchen knife and went to stab me in my right shoulder blade. If it wasn't for my best mate being there at the time he would have. But he did leave.

From there things got tough again. I wasn't getting the bag a day that I needed, and the quality of the gear was shocking, shocking enough for me to try and inject myself which I never thought I would do. I never done it before and when I tried I was on my own. Looking back at it it was a really stupid thing of me to do. What if I went over? No one would have known because my mate only came round about once a week. And what about my poor cat?

After that I picked up a 10 bag and a 10 bud and believe it or not, I got more off the bud. Next pay I did the same and the same thing happened again. I got more off the bud so I thought screw it, I'll just get a 20 bud instead so I did and stuck to my script. A few months later my new girlfriend came to live with me. She came at the best time really because I was really ready to do my detox and just get that chapter of my life over and done with so when I went to my next appointment I told the doc I want off it and I want off it quick so we worked out when I should start my detox.

A few weeks later I started my detox. 2 weeks home detox. Things were a bit tough at first. Waking up with cravings, feeling run down, tired, not being able to sleep. But I can honestly say it wasn't like doing it straight off of gear. Yes, it lasted longer but the rattle was nowhere near as bad and my girlfriend was an awesome support for me and my detox nurse was awesome. She never once judged me or looked down at me. In fact it was the opposite. Both my nurse and my girlfriend made me believe I could get through it and I did. When I got signed off of my detox my nurse told me about a place called Addaction who do aftercare. I didn't know what to do for the best at that moment in time, so I told her id go and to this day I'm really grateful I did because I doubt id have gotten as far as I have done if I didn't go into aftercare.

I became a recovery champion for addaction after a few months, which was a good little lift actually. It made me realise that I was actually doing good in my recovery. My key worker told me about a course that the DACT do called the Ambassadors course where you train to become a support worker and get a years placement in 1 of the treatment providers and help other who are in the situation I was in no less then a year ago. I thought it was awesome. Finely I can do what I've always wanted to do since I was about 13.

Being in a position where I can help others. So I took that opportunity and ran with it. On the course I met some really cool people. Some I will be friends with until the day I pass away. My confidence grew, my self esteem grew but more importantly my motivation grew. I wasn't just going to get through the course. I was going to own it. We had our graduation in the town hall with our friends and family. The mayor of Sheffield presented us with our certificates and our recovery ambassador badges, 3 of us (including) myself got a little prize for getting 100% attendance which I thought was really nice.

The work I do is support work. Talking to people who just want a chat about things they can't seem to get their heads around or even just a chat about anything really. I don't mind just as long as the person leaves this building feeling at least a little better than when they first walked in. I support people who are going through detox too. That can be hard work but its soooo good to see when the person comes out of the other side knowing their going to be alright.