

Endless Misery

True Stories of Drug Addict's Families



A Publication of Drug Free Nation

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HARD TRIAL

My brother is a chronic drug user. He also has been involved in drug related crimes and arrested twice. Once, police found drugs in his pocket and inquired about that. He said to police that drugs belong to me. I was shocked to hear that. With the grace of Allah Almighty, Police did not believe in him and kept in prison for some days. After that, I sent my brother to Europe with the help of my uncle. My father requested my uncle to keep a close eye on him. After one year, my brother reported that he has left uncle's home due to his misbehavior. Later on, he was found using drugs and was sent back to Pakistan. He wasted all of his money on drugs. My uncle spent huge money to save him from drug traffickers which we are unable to pay him right now. My parents could not sleep properly.

DO NOT BLINDLY RELY ON OTHERS

My parents all the time had kept criticizing me. Their taunts of disobedient, stupid and immature son left wounds on my mind from which I could not get rid of. I used to suppress my anger. Later on, my anger was converted into aggression that I used to express outside. Sometimes, I broke the things. One day, my friend offered me a cigarette. He assured me that cigarette is the best way of releasing aggression. I did not know that cigarette was full of cannabis. I used that and became a cannabis user.

After some time, I diverted to heroin. Now, I am a chronic drug abuser. My father has died and mother is living with

elder brother. My brother is not ready to keep me in home. I am living on street with other drug abusers. I relied on my friend blindly and reached to the brink of destruction. I suggest all those, who are disturbed due to the family problems, not to use drugs whatever the problem is there. If I had worked hard to improve myself then I would have never fallen in this

SHADOW OF PAINFUL MEMORIES

My marriage was arranged to my cousin who was addicted to cannabis. My family was dwelling in Hyderabad and my husband's family was in Karachi. Therefore, my family did not have idea that my husband is an addict. My in-laws arranged our marriage thinking that I will handle their son. After marriage, I came to know that my husband was drug abusers. He had started using heroin and since that day he could not recover.

I have two children one daughter and one son. I had the degree of F.A and started teaching in a school. With the struggle of two years, I got the job of primary school teachers in a government school. I worked hard to raise my children. Now, my 17 years old son is studying in college and doing part time job to support me. My 19 years daughter is also running a tuition academy.

With the support of my children, I bought a plot of 80 Sqr in a low privileged area. Then I got it constructed. I am thankful to Allah that I have my own home and my children are educated and hardworking. But one thing I notice in my children is that they avoid meeting people like others. All the time, they

remain busy in doing something. The life of us is confined to home to work and work to home. Only I go to attend the gathering when I am invited. My children do not like to participate in social activities. Absence of father's love and support did not let them smile wholeheartedly. They had been seeing people complaining of their father to me. These painful memories still disturb them.

WOMAN NEEDS MORE THAN MONEY

Being 20 years old girl, I had dreamt of beautiful home, good husband and happy life. I, along with my dreams, was slaughtered for the sake of my elder sister. She was not financially supported by her husband who used to spend money profusely. My sister and family thought that my marriage would solve many problems of my sister. Therefore, my marriage was arranged with younger brother-in-law of my sister who was settled in European country and playing with money.

My husband is an alcoholic. Despite financially supporting me, he misbehaves with me. When he is intoxicated, he shouts, uses abusive language and threatens me. I have three children. Living in abroad, I have support from government and I know what my rights are here. But being an Asian woman, I need a peaceful home. I do not want my children from broken families. I just pray for better future

DREAM THAT NEVER COME TRUE

My husband was a hardworking man. He wanted to make our son a doctor. My only son was a brilliant student. He always got distinctions in academics. He was a social kind of person, that's why, his social circle was very large. After my husband's death, entire responsibility was on my shoulders. Once, he went to Hyderabad to attend a party along with his friends. I permitted him to go there. He used alcohol in that party. He became alcoholic and then shifted to other drugs. Now, he is a chronic drug addicts. He destroyed family finance. I am working in old age to run my kitchen.

LIFE TIME GRIEF

My cousin has been addicted to drug for last 15 years. My uncle's family has faced a lot of problem. Many times, he has been arrested by police. He was provided treated 13 times. He relapses after few days of completing the treatments. A lot of money was spent on his treatment and bail.

His mother (my aunt) is so worried about him. Someone suggested her to arrange the marriage of her addicted son, if she wants to see him well. My aunt agreed to her idea that marriage is a right solution for this problem. She started finding a girl for his son. She approached many relatives but no one was ready to accept my addicted cousin.

My mother forbade her from arranging his son's marriage because it will ruin an innocent girl's life. But she wanted to make his son's marriage at any cost. And she did so. After

marriage, the girl came to know that her husband is addicted to heroin. She compromised over it. Now, she is having three children. My aunt has died and cousin has ruined all family finances. Siblings are busy in their life. My cousin's wife was having bachelor degree and she joined as a permanent primary school teacher in government sector. She is doing job to run household expenses. I feel pity to see her and three innocent children who are deprived of father's love and sufficient economic resources.

PAIN OF SOCIAL ISOLATION

Drug addiction derailed my family's reputation and wealth. My elder brother is an addict; therefore, his wife left him putting the responsibility of children on us. Children are living with us without their mother. They are deprived of education because we have no enough resources to bear the expenses of their schooling. Drug related activities are shameful for my family. People make fun of my brother and often bring complains. My eldest brother is living in another home due to his addiction.

My addicted brother also has been involved in crime. He has been arrested many times. Our neighbors do not like to meet us. People visit our home only when they have any complain of my brother. Where ever we go, people ask about my brother. Therefore, my family avoids attending social gatherings. We have feelings of social isolation but there is no other option. I go to my home to sleep. Nothing else for my interest is in my home.

WHEN PARENTS BECOME HORRIBLE

I saw my father abusing my mother in my early childhood. He used to beat my mother and to call her with bad names. I along with my siblings used to sit quietly in the corner of home with great fear. I saw my mother weeping and grandmother cursing my father. He did not support us financially and wasted money in useless activities.

At that time I did not know about drug addiction but heard people and my relatives calling my father as "Nashae". I did not know what nasha was but I felt its horror side. My father was a like a character of a horror movie who frightened others in order to kill them. My father also used to frighten my mothers, me and my siblings.

No one knows what I felt by perceiving my father as a horrible person. He was different from my cousin's father. She got money from her father, used to talk to him easily. But I was fearful of my father and did not want to go closer to him. My mother worked in a factory to fulfil our needs. We all siblings are school going. Our mother requested us to focus on our studies. I understand what she wants from us. One day, I will be able to tell parents that their drug addiction forms the horrible image of parents and diminishes the desire to be loved among children. These children get mature prior to the time.

MAY I BE UNDERSTOOD?

It is said that woman is a very emotional creature. If it is true, then why people around us do not try to understand what a woman feels and thinks. A woman, before marriage, dreams

of a good life, a sweet home, lovely husband and family. After marriages, she has to face hard realities of marital life. I, too, had same feelings before marriage.

I got married at the age of 22. After two and a half months of my marriage, I came to know that my husband is an addict. My in-laws hide it from us. I had no financial problems. After one year, I was blessed with a daughter. I wanted to get divorce from my husband but my own family was not ready for it. They said that I had support from my in-laws and after divorce what I would do. I tried to make them understand that money is not everything. I need love and respect from my husband who was not recovered from drugs. He also destroyed his business and we became dependent on others. During ten years of my marriage, I gave birth to five daughters.

My husband did not support me. I started working at home, stitching and embroidery. I sent my daughters to school so that they could become independent. Now my eldest daughter is 18 years old and has done ICS. Still I am waiting for emotional and financial support from my husband but he never realized that. I spent my life for my daughters and pray to Allah for their better future, at least not like me. Sometimes, I think that no one tried to understand my feelings, ----- my parents, siblings, husband, no one was there.

NEITHER COULD LIVE NOR DIE

I belonged to a poor family. Therefore, my parents arranged my marriage at early age, 15, to an old man. He was a chain smoker. I had spent only seven years of my life with him. After his death, I came back to my parents' home along with

my five year old son. My sister-in-law was not ready to accept me and my son. Therefore, my parents found another match for me. That man was willing to take care of my son.

His wife was died leaving three children behind. I got married him. Initial two years were good and peaceful but gradually I noticed that he always preferred his children and ignored my son. My son used to feel it a lot. My husband forced me to send my son back to my parents' home. On the other hand, my sister-in-law was not in favor of keeping my son in her home. My son escaped from home was not found for a long time. Last month, an NGO approached me and informed that my son was having drug abuse problem. His drug abuse had closed all doors for coming back to my husband's home. I am feeling as if I am hanging, for how long, do not know.

HOW HELPLESS I AM

My son is mentally retarded. At the age of 30, he behaves like a child. Few months back, some guys of my area forced him to use cannabis. He used and became addicted to it. Initially, they used to give him drug without taking money but as soon as he became addicted, they refused to give drug without money. Therefore, he quarreled with us to provide money to buy drug.

One day, he did not come back home till 8 p.m. We went to search him and found him sitting in the group of drug users at 11 p.m. We got him admitted in hospital but he could not recover. My husband is a government employee and many

times, he could not go to job because of my son. We feel helpless all the time. My entire family is disturbed.

DON'T PLAY WITH OTHER LIFE

I was an adopted child. My real parents were belonging to lower-middle class whereas my adopted parents were from upper class. For this reason, my life style was different. I went to abroad with my adopted parents, got education and living in different environment.

When I reached to the age of marriage, my adopted parents tried to find a suitable match for me. They found out but my real parents and siblings specially one of my sister did not accept that proposal because of community difference. Actually, my real parents from different community and they usually prefer marriages in same community. They did not allow my parents to arrange my marriage and my siblings put a pressure on them to send me back to them.

My adopted parents were not sharp and to be away from any dispute, they sent me back to them. My sister arranged my marriage to her brother-in law. My adopted parents tried to convince my real parents not to ruin my life but in vain.

Finally, I got married to live a life that was not my choice. My husband used to take drugs. One day, when I got up, I saw something (white matter) was pasted on my nose. I was not feeling well. It frequently happened to me. When I inquired it, my husband told me that he pasted heroin on my nose.

Gradually, I became addicted to heroin. No body helped me even my sister. She used to demand money from me

After two years, my husband died of overdose. My adopted parents got treatment for me and I quit drugs. My family (real parents and siblings again played with my life. They arranged my marriage to another one. I was blessed with a daughter. My husband requested me to get money from my adopted parents for business. I did so and my husband started business. He was successfully running his business. I forgot my past and started living happy. I thought that all of my miseries have gone. Today I have a hard working husband, daughter etc. But I was wrong.

My husbands asked me to get money from my adopted parents but I refused. He treated badly and pointed out my past. He started criticizing on my daily work and one day he clearly said that he just got married to me to get money from my adopted parents. I have nothing special and not beautiful enough to inspire someone. His words gave me wounds and I desired to die. I started taking drugs again and don't have interest in my life. No one needs me; even my real siblings used me for their interest.

FLOWERS DIED BEFORE BLOOMING

I was very happy when my 20 years old son got a job in government sector. He was very handsome. I used to feel proud of him. I wanted to arrange his marriage. I started finding a suitable girl for my son but nature had decided

something else. When I asked my son to get married with someone, he refused. He had become a drug addict. Initially, I could not believe it.

Due to addiction, he was fired from his government job but he told me that he had resigned from the post. He used to spend most of his time in his room. He informed us that he had resigned from his job. He spent his most of the time in his room. Once, I saw my son taking drugs in the midnight. Then, I got him admitted without his consent in the treatment and rehabilitation center. I spent a huge amount on his treatment but he could not recover. He relapsed again and again. He died at the age of 32 due to drug addiction. He was my only son. Now, I feel as if I have nothing in my life.

UP AND DOWNS IN LIFE

Despite being a poor family, we were satisfied and happy with our family environment. After marriage, my life was ruined. My husband was an alcoholic and used to beat me if I stopped him from taking alcohol. He wasted his money on alcohol. I was blessed with three children. My elder brother used to financially help me.

I was having expectations from my eldest son. Once he went to out of city to attend a marriage ceremony where he was offered alcohol. He too became alcoholic and crystal user. He destroyed his business and got involved in crime. One day, police came to my door to arrest my son for being involved in crimes. He was detained in prison for six months.

My elder brother got him admitted in treatment and rehabilitation center. I am very thankful to my Allah who cured my son. Now, he is a recovering addict and doing a job.

A RAY OF HOPE IS ALWAYS THERE

I belonged to a lower class family. There was only one room in my house for 8 family members. My mother, despite being an illiterate woman, tried to make us educated. We used to go to government school. As soon I passed the grade ten, level, my family arranged my marriage to a businessman. I was his second wife. He was an alcoholic. He used to beat me. Later on, he used to apologize for his misbehavior. I informed it to my family.

My mother suggested me to get treatment for my husband. I approached a treatment center and convinced my husband for getting treatment. He remained in the hospital for three months. By the grace of Allah, my husband got recovered and now we are living a happy life for last 12 years.

THINGS ARE NOT THE SUBSTITUTE OF LOVE

Like others, my parents too desired to get me married as soon as possible. At the age of 21, my marriage was arranged to a guy belonging to upper family with the help of match maker. My parents were too happy with that because I was to going to be married in upper class. My husband was having master degree in mathematics but he never worked anywhere. After

marriage, I found my husband to be extremely avoidant; he did not like to mingle with people, even he rarely discussed anything with me. He was not as expressive as every girl wants her husband to be.

I endured it but after few months, I came to know that he was addicted to cannabis and medicines for 2 years. That was very shocking for me that he was addicted but my family was kept in dark. My in-laws, showing their property and status, found a girl for their son but never thought about me.

I was expecting when it was disclosed to me that my husband is a drug abuser. Therefore, I could not leave him. My father-in-law assured my parents to fully support me. He is still supporting me and I have two children who are taking quality of education. I have enough money to raise my children and to live a good life. But money is not ever thing. I am dependent on others. I tried many times to get treatment for my husband but he could not quit drugs. Although, my in-laws are very nice but I have one complain that why they did choose me as a solution for their son's problem.

MARRIAGE IS NOT A TREATMENT

I hailed from an upper-class and religious family. My eldest brother was very brilliant and social person. My father used to proud of him and used to give a handsome pocket money. But he spent his money to please his university friends. He had friendly nature and gained prominent position in the social circle. He joined a group that ruined his life. His routine was totally changed and he started coming back home late night. My mother did notice of his demeanor.

At one night, he entered home being intoxicated that was a huge shock for my entire family. All of us tried to find an appropriate solution of his problem. His marriage seemed the best solution at that time. Hence, we arranged his marriage to a girl living out of town with her family who did not have any knowledge of my brother's addiction.

After marriage, when it was disclosed to them, they got angry. My family's decision was wrong because it ruined three lives; life of my sister-in-law and her two children. My brother is a heroin addict and did not recover yet.

BE ALERT TO SAVE YOUR CHILDREN

Every one of us dreams of something special in life. Being a mother of three sons, I used to dream of bright future of family. My husband was settled in USA. My children were studying in well standard schools. My eldest son studying in grade 12 started smoking and I was informed by one of my relative. I could not believe it but after few days, I saw my son mixing something in tobacco and filling the cigarette. Very next day, when I tried to inquire about it he completely denied of it. I consulted a treatment center, I came to know that my son could be an addicted to cannabis.

They further suggested me to inform my husband. It was very difficult for me to inform him but I had to. My husband came back to Pakistan within a week. Very soon we got our son admitted in treatment center. He remained under treatment for three months. Thanks Allah, he is now a recovering addict and doing MBA from a reputable university of town. I suggest

all parents to be alert all the time so that they can save their children.

DO FACE THE PROBLEMS

I was born in poor and dysfunctional family. I never went to school and used new attire. My grandmother kept accusing my father. My father was a drug addict. My grandmother arranged his marriage despite knowing his addiction. After two months of marriage, my mother came to know about my father's addiction. There always had been quarrel between my parents. At the age of 15, I ran away from home and to be settled in another city. Initially, I used to sleep at railway station. Later on, I got job in a workshop. My boss was a nice man and always cared me. After four years, I went back home. My father had passed away due to overdose. My mother was working hard to run family finance. My uncle was also helping my mother. I decided to share the responsibility of my family. My mother was too much happy to see me. We all are working hard to lead a sober life.

GUTKA MOTHER OF MOUTH CANCER

I was shocked to get the news of younger brother's death. When he reached in high school, he had started taking gutka. But we did notice it like others people. Because in our society, it is not considered as dangerous as others drug like heroin. After graduation I got married and went to USA.

Everything going well until I knew the my younger brother sickness. After medical examination, doctors

diagnosed him mouth cancer. We could not do for him and he went away forever. I miss my brother a lot

ENDLESS MISERY

I am the only sister of three brothers was very dearest to all of my family. At the age of 23 I got married. After two years of my marriage, my husband became addicted to drugs. He initially took cannabis, alcohol and then became habituated to heroin. I got him admitted to treatment centers for many times but he could not be recovered.

I have 11 years old daughter. I am doing a job to run my home. My brothers too help me but my husband snatches money, beats me uses abusive language. He has sold my utensils and home appliance for drugs. His misbehavior made me psychologically ill. I am just living for my daughter.

I know he will never quit drugs and will remain same till the last moment. My marital life is just a misery for me.

ADDICTION KILLS DESIRE TO LIVE

I got married at early age and Almighty blessed me with six sons. Despite belonging to lower class family, we were living happily. I wanted my children to be educated. Unfortunately, drug was easily available in my locality. My elder son also became addict. I arranged his marriage and thought that after marriage he would be recovered but he did not stop taking drugs. After some time, my two other sons also became addicted.

My other sons started living separately due to their addiction. They do not want to live with addicts. I am, at the age of 65, is

working to bear household expenses. My daughter in-law and grandchildren are dependent on me. Life totally seems to me a burden.

NO RAY OF HOPE

I was living happily with my husband and three children. They were getting quality of education and I was dreaming of their success. My husband was doing business. Suddenly, I came to know that my husband has indulged in addiction. One day, my husband came late. When I inquired about that he started beating me. He was using alcohol and was out of control.

For this reason, he could not concentrate on his business. He destroyed his business, money and then started selling household things. My children had to quit education and spent most of their time playing outside the home. One day, my husband died of overdose.

After his death, I started working in a factory to fulfill the need of my children but no ray of hope is there for me. Second phase of my miserable life has started with the indulgence of my eldest son in drug addiction.

ADDICTION: A THREAT FOR WHOLE FAMILY

I belong to a reputable religious family. My elder brother is a hafiz-e-Quran. He is married having three children. My father sent me to a renowned center for religious education in Multan. One day, I got news about my elder brother's addiction so I had to discontinue my studies and came back to Karachi. He was taking drugs for last five years. He used to buy drugs from a peddler who also used

his sister for this purpose. My brother had sexual relationship with his sister. I tried my best to get treatment for my brother but I failed. More than 20 times, treatment has been given to him but he did not sustain his recovery.

My brother also involved in drug selling and has been arrested by police. I had to go to police station to resolve this matter. I am earning member of my family. I have to take care of my family, brother's children and managing addicted brother. Sometimes, hopelessness rules over me and I see darkness in future

Hiding the realty is not solution

With the grace of God, we are three brothers and two sisters. We were very happy family. But one day, my neighbor informed my mother that my younger brother is an alcoholic. My mother got angry at neighbor and hid this reality from my father. After few month, my father came to know about his alcoholic behavior when he came back home while drinking. My father tried to stop him but he did not follow.

Due to his alcoholic behavior, he was fired from his job but he did not disclose it to parents. Next day, when he went out, my younger brother chased him. He reported us that he injected himself while sitting on railway track. That was very shocking for my father. He used to steal jewelry and expensive things from home to buy drugs. Even, people of our locality used to complain about him. We got him admitted in hospital but no recovery.

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