

Jumping In Swamp

A Collection of True Stories of Drug Addicts



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Let me Live

I did not want to stay at home. I used to hate my family and home because of frequent quarrel between my parents. My parents used to beat me and my siblings. Therefore, I ran from home and reached to Karachi. I used to live on railway station and beg to passengers for money. One day, a man caught me for sexual abuse. Second time, I was sexually abused by a leader of street gang who later on forced me to join his gang. At the age of 16, I had become a sex worker. I was provided a mobile phone to be kept in touch with clients. My clients and gang leader has beaten me many times. The boys in my group were addicted to samad bond and other drugs. Me, too became addicted to drugs.

When I reached to 18, I escaped from there. Some people from a welfare organization helped me and I was provided psychological counseling. I was also taught photography that I opted as a profession. I was happy at that time but one year back, police locked me in prison putting false allegations on me. They confiscated my camera. When I came out, I gain was sexually abused. That incident had taken me to the environment from where I had escaped. Due to that, I made a gang by my own to show people that I was a strong person. Now no one dares to touch me.

Recognize your Foe

My father was a business man. I started going to oil shop with my father at early age. Our business was flourishing. By the end of each month, a group used to come to collect bhata (extortion) from my father. I got angry but my father always stopped me from expressing my anger in front of them. Gradually, I made friendly relations with them. I became an active member of that group and started taking bhata from them. Later on, I became an alcoholic.

I used to take bhata from a drug dealer of my locality. Once, he gave me drug instead of money and I sold it. One day, I wanted to take alcohol but I could not find and drug dealer gave me heroin. Now, I am a chronic heroin addict, a useless person of the world

When Dreams Shattered

I hailed from a respectable family. Being a single child, I had been centre of attention of my family. At the age of 5, I started going to a renowned school of the city. I was in good book of my teachers. When I was in grade ten, two new students got admission in my class. Both of them became my friends. We used to spend most of our time together. We all decided to study together at home. Having permission from my parents, I went to my friend's home. I also stayed there overnight.

Once, both of my friends starting smoking while studying. I forbade them but they did not stop. They used to smoke daily. One day, they offered me a cigarette. I could not stop myself and started smoking. That was the beginning of my destruction. Initially, I tried cannabis and gradually became heroin addict. I lost my interest in studies, as a result, I could not get through my exams. My indulgence in addiction was a great shock for my parents and they wanted me to get rid of this disease as soon as possible. I got treatment for many times but could not be recovered.

My parents tried their best to bring me back to life but in vain. My father has passed away having dream of my bright future. My mother is working in a factory to meet household expenses, whereas, I am leading an aimless life

Balance Your Love While Upbringing Children

I always have been unsatisfied with my gender. Being I male, I always felt like a female. My habits and way of talking were similar to girls. I was fifth among five siblings. Being an only and youngest brother of four elder sisters, I was very dear of my entire family. During childhood, I was not allowed to go out to play with other children of same or opposite sex. I used to play only with my elder sisters staying at home all the time. Therefore, I was very attached to them. They, too, loved me a lot. I did not go to school because education was not considered as important ingredient of life in my family and locality.

At the age of 15, I started coming out of home alone. People made fun of me to me behaving like girl. I was emotionally disturbed. Therefore, I tried to stay away from people. I spent most of my time, either with my sisters or eunuchs living in my residential area. My parents stopped me from mingling with eunuchs but I did not leave them. I also danced with them in parties for taking money. Once, few boys allured me to go to a party with them. They took me on a boat and forced to drink. When I was intoxicated, they sexually abused me. Since then, I am continuously taking drugs along with alcohol. I got treatment many times but I could not recover. Perhaps, I would never get well; especially my female

Jumping In Swamp

I was a gambler and whenever I won money, I spent on girls and drugs. My alcoholism is the result of gambling. Once my friend suggested me to sell drugs for money and I did so. I was arrested three times. My family sent me abroad where I stayed away from drugs for three years. I was earning good. One day my Pakistani friend came to my home and insisted to use alcohol with him. I got relapsed and ruined all of money. Many times I borrowed money from others. Now, I have to pay a debt of 2 million rupees. There was a time when I had family support but now no one trust me. I am burden for my own self. I have lost my job abroad and in Pakistan I

Drug Addiction Can Be A Learned Behavior

I had been observing my family taking gutka, naswar and huka. I was sent to purchase gutka many times for my elders. I saw them enjoying these substances. I developed strong desire to use these things by own. My elder family members used to buy gutka, chalia and naswar besides buying fruits and vegetables. I became curious about all these substances. At the age of 7, got gutka from my uncle and tried it. Since then, am using it.

My family did not take it serious and till the age of 12, I am addicted to gutka. I lost my interest in studies and could not pass my matriculation exams. After that, I was offered cannabis by one of my friends. First I used cannabis and then I experimented heroin. Heroin addiction destroyed my family relations and I used to fight with them for money to buy drugs. I have ruined my life forever.

Drug Abuse Brings Multidimensional Destruction

I started taking drugs in my school. One of my addicted class fellows offered me to test a cigarette filled with cannabis. I used that and became an addict. For this reason, I was rusticated from my school. My father forced me to work at appliance repairing shop. I did not use drug during 10 hours of working at shop that improved my efficiency and I used to be give good remuneration. I used to give money to my family. But I used to take cannabis in other time. My family asked me to get married despite being addict to cannabis. Finally, I got married.

One day, I also tried heroin in my friend's company. Gradually, I started taking heroin during working time. I lost my job due to addiction that brought financial problem in my family. I started coming back home intoxicating drugs that irritated my wife. She forced me to quit drug but I did not. I used to quarrel and beat her; therefore, her family took her back and demanded for divorce. After divorce, my ex-wife delivered a baby girl whom I did not see yet.

Harsh Parenting Brings Disaster

I belonged to a religious family and was given a lot of respect from community. My father was very strict and he tried to handle us in traditional way. Therefore, I liked to stay out of home. Whenever, I came back home after 2 or 3 days, my father used to punish me that made me more rebellion. I had developed anger and hatred feelings toward my father and home.

My younger brother was also suffering from same problems. He gave up his education and used drugs to escape from his problems. When my both parents died, family property was handed over to my elder brother. After taking over the family property, my brother changed his attitude toward all of us. He never helped younger brother to get rid of drugs. Sisters are married and their husbands do not allow them to meet their addict brother. My younger brother is now a heroin addict. Many times I tried to help him but he could not recover. He was youngest in my family and was very dear to us. Now, I feel very sad to see him in miserable condition

Short Cut Is Not A Solution

I belonged to lower-class family and I spent my childhood doing labor work. In teen age, I joined factory where both male and female used to work together. While doing my job, I fell in love with one of my colleague. She, too, used to love me. After some time, our marriage was arranged and with the consent of both of our families, we tied a knot at early age. After marriage, I had to work late night to meet the needs of family including parents, siblings, wife and children. I could not fully support my family.

One day, I discussed my problem with my sister-in-law's husband who was a drug trafficker. He persuaded me to join his business to make money. I agreed and started selling drugs just to meet financial needs of my family. On the other hand, conflict between my mother and wife reached to a peak that was unbearable for me. Therefore, I used to spend most of my life outside and used cannabis. One day, my sister-in-law's husband was arrested by police and during investigation he disclosed my involvement in his business. He, himself, came back on bail but I detained for two years in prison. When I was released from jail, I looked for a respectable job but in vain.

My family was destroyed. My brother has become a heroin addict and I, too, used heroin to overcome my tension. Now, I am injection user and my wife has left me forever. I have nothing to do in my life except searching a token of heroin.

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.

Escape Is Not The Solution

When I reached to the age of maturity, I felt to be detained and my home was like a cage for me. Neither we were allowed to go to visit our relatives, nor were they allowed (by my father) to come to our home. My father had been abusing us. At the age of 17, I ran away from home and started living with my friend. I used to work and very soon I also got married. I used to take alcohol and then started injection. My wife was also an injection user. I had been blessed with a son. When my son was 6 month old, I divorced my wife and came back to my father's home with my son.

I always tried to hide my involvement in drugs. Gradually, every one in my locality knew that I was taking drugs. Now, I want to get rid of it but no one is ready to support me owing to my father's attitude. One day, I requested my maternal uncle and he took me to hospital. After medical examination, I was diagnosed with hepatitis C. I am struggling but with less hope

Social Stigma Behind My Hopelessness

Addiction has snatched every thing from me. I belonged to a respectable family. My friends encouraged me to use cigarette. I did so at the age of 18, I became addict, using cannabis and alcohol. I could not study, destroyed my career and became dependent on other for whole life.

My parents have passed away. They used to take care of me, wanted me to get rid of addiction. After them, no body cares me. My siblings are busy in their life and they do not like to have any relation with me.

I do not want to live any more. Every thing has been finished for me. Now, at the age of 35, I am lonely. People hate me and called me sharabi. My family did not trust me. My life is like a slum dog.

Hopelessness Brings Further Destruction

My family was considered a respectable family of my town. I also have been a good student and got through the matriculation exams with good marks. After that, I had a lot of spare time therefore, I started sitting with boys of my town. I used to enjoy in that company. One of those boys was using alcohol but we all ignored him.

He used to bring alcohol on special occasion. Once, on Eid day, he brought alcohol and offered all of us. We all drank and felt good. We used to take alcohol on every weekend. My family tried to help me but myself never tried to be recovered. Now, I feel that I have wasted half of my life and am not hopeful regarding my future anymore.

Drug Addiction: A Escape From Reality

Before addiction, my life was smoothly running being with my family, my wife and two children. Due to frequent power failure in my residential area during hot days, I used to spend time sitting outside in park near to my home. Youngsters used to smoke during that time. They were chain smoker and some of them were hashish smokers.

Initially, I forbade them from smoking. Some of them offered me but I denied. One day, I had conflict with my family and was feeling blue. I was sitting in the park with same people. I was too disturbed and when they offered me a cigarette. I could not refuse and tried it. I felt good for a while. Since then, I am taking drugs.

Now, I am addicted to crystal. My business has been finished and I am on the street. My wife wants to get divorce from me and my children are disturbed and insecure.

Imitating Behavior Leads To Addiction

Though, I was youngest in my family, I got too much attention and love from all of my family members. I was close to my eldest brother who was addicted to cannabis. He used to smoke cannabis in front of me. I used to notice him and one day, in his absence, I took one cigarette. I did not know how to smoke but I tried. That led to addiction and I became an addict of cannabis till the age of 17 years. After that, I started taking heroin too.

My fiancée tried to convince me to quit drugs but I could not. I used to buy drugs from drug peddler and used it in front of my fiancée. As a result, my relationship was broken. I am still taking drugs and waiting for death.

Leading a dead life

When I was 22 years old, I got engaged with an educated boy belonging to a respectable family. I was very happy but after few months after, my relationship was broken and my fiancé got married to another girl. That heartbreak resulted in depression. I consulted doctor and overcame my depression. I tried to come back to my life again. After one year, I got married to someone else. Initially I was very happy with him. After one month, my husband went to Germany where he got 2nd marriage and divorced me. I became psycho patient and my family got me admitted me in a hospital where doctor gave me tranquilizer. I used to feel relaxed and since then I am injecting my own self. Now, I am injecting more than 15 injections daily. Due to my addiction, no one wants to talk to me at home. I am leading a dead life.

Nothing else, Just Regret

I was addicted to drugs for almost 3 years. My parents decided to arrange my marriage with the hope that my wife would handle me. I got married with the girl whom I never knew before. She was not my relative. My family kept my drug abuse problem in secret. After marriage, my wife came to know that I was a drug abuser. She and her family were annoyed over cheating. My parents and wife tried hard to take me out from the swamp of drug but all of their efforts were abortive. I did not quit drugs; consequently, I had to lose my family.

I had ten months old son, my wife on the insistence of their parents and siblings, left me taking my child along with her. My family could do nothing. My in-laws were agreed to send my wife on only condition and that was my recovery. I could prove my sobriety. As are result, my wife got divorce after two years. I spent 22 years of my life uselessly. My own siblings are leading satisfactory life with their children. My parents are no more with me. My son has gone abroad for higher studies. If he comes back, not sure, he will take care of me. I am standing where I could not complain to anyone. I have nothing just regret over past mistakes.

Parents Separation Behind My Addiction

When I was seven years old, my father divorced my mother and got second marriage. Initially, my step mother's attitude was good but after the birth of my step brothers, she was totally changed. She used to beat me and frequently complained to my father. He also used to beat me; therefore, I escaped from home and reached Karachi. I had no job and shelter. I started living at railway station. There were other street children living at railway station. Passengers used to give us food. Then, I started begging at railway station. One day, I was offered a job of in-house servant by someone. I went with him. He gave me medicine mixed in tea and then sexually abused me.

After that incident I was too much disturbed and left the railway station. I joined a group of street children in Sadder Bazar. They used samad bond. One day, leader of that group forced me to use samad bond. I used it and felt very good. But with the passage of time, everything started going worst.

Addiction to Drug is a Hell

All the time, I used to be sitting with drug addicts. I was diagnosed with HIV positive because of being injection users. I used to share syringes with other drug addicts. When, it was disclosed to my family, my sister-in-law forced my brother to expel me from home. Therefore, I had to leave my home and family.

I was provided medicine from a social worker for three years. They too, neglected me when their project was over. I am getting weak day by day. Now, I am on the mercy of Allah. I want to say to all that addiction to drug is a hell in this world. Do not ruin your own life. No one will care you, if you do not care of yourself.

Regret Further Destroys You

Two drug addicts died today because of cold. I am also feeling cold sitting under the bridge. As usual, two drug peddlers came to us to sell drugs. I saw other youngsters to purchase drugs. When I saw a young guy, will be around 21, I remembered my own young life. I was very smart and healthy. I was very famous in the university. Other students desired to make me their friend because of my active participation in class and extracurricular activities. Now no one is ready to see me. Even my friends have forgotten me.

I look like a skeleton since I started abusing drugs. I could not complete my studies and ruined my life my own. I spend all of my time for searching drugs. Whenever a drug addict dies, I search his body for drugs. I cannot help myself just regretting over my deeds.

When Friends Become Foe

I belonged to an educated middle class family. I was a good student and my parents had many expectations from me. I was leading a good life. After intermediate exams, I went to Pakistan tour with my friends. My travel of Pakistan along with my friends destroyed my life forever. I did not know that friends with whom I am going to enjoy some moments of my life will become my foe. My friends were cannabis users. I started using cannabis because of peer pressure. I felt good after taking cannabis. Initially I used it twice a day and then became addicted to it. Some changes in my mood and behavior occurred due to addiction. My family noticed it and started investigating about that. Very soon they came to know that I was using the drugs. They got me admitted to hospitals many times but I relapsed again and again. Eventually, my family quit helping me.

After that I used heroin and also made friends who were addicted to heroin. I shifted to injection that affected my leg. I could not walk easily. Despite that I did not quit drugs. Now, I have been diagnosed with HIV positive. I am living on street with other addicts. I beg standing on road to meet my basic needs. My parents are no more in this world and rest of my family members do not like to meet me. One day, I will die on garbage and dogs will be eating my body.

Use Of Drugs Is A Foolish Decision

I belonged to a big family comprising of 15 members. Due to lower socio-economic status, we faced many problems. We used to quarrel with each other. I was youngest in my family and remained disturbed. I could not concentrate on my studies and most of the time, stayed out of home. My social circle was very big. I used gutka at the age of 13. My elder brother, too, was gutka user. Whenever I did not have money to buy gutka I used to get from my brother.

At the age of 15, I started working at meat shop. During that time, I used heroin that brought disaster in my life. Whatever I earned, I spent on drugs. I destroyed my life. My parents tried to help me but in vain. They are no more and my siblings are busy in their life. No one has time for me. I do not blame other because I am responsible for my destruction. I chose drugs considering it a solution of my mental distress and was destroyed forever.

Where Should I Be Placed?

My father was a heroin addict. My mother got divorced when I was 5 years old. She got second marriage but my step father did not accept him. I have two step brothers. My mother left me at my grandparents 'home. I felt rejected by my both parents. My real father also died of overdose, whereas my step father did not allow my mother to care me.

I deprived of both parents. My mother did not want to annoy her husband and left me forever. I was growing as a stone on the way that is kicked by people. I used to play with other children in the street. One of them was addicted to samad bond. He offered me and I too used that. After that I daily used samad bond. At the age of 9 years, I became an addict. I also started smoking. My grandparents taunted me by calling the son of an addict. They harsh attitude forced me to run away from home. I did so and started living in another city. I found work to do support myself. My employer was a cannabis and alcohol users. I also used both drugs and gradually became a heroin addiction.

Now, at the age of 16 years, I have become an addict. I cannot go back to my family, specifically my mother. My maternal uncle and grandparents will not accept me. Here I am alone and living on street like an addict. No one is mine; perhaps I do not deserve to be placed in this whole world. If I were, my mother would not leave me forever.

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 am 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

My Destruction With My Own Self

Every day I have to beg for drugs. My leg has been affected owing to overuse of injections. Some outreach workers of NGO come here weakly for giving medicines and bandage to addicts. I have to whole weak wait for them for dressing of my infected leg . I have to spend my days and nights under the bridge .

I always remember my good days and my family. I feel guilt because I have demolished everything I have demolished with my own self. I am ex civil engineer .No one can believe me if I tell it to people. I was employed in a reputable construction company. I worked hard and became the project manager and was giving a car.

Though, I was very social, therefore, I used to meet different people just for fun and enjoyment. One day, my friend invited me to attend a party that was actually a dance party . I enjoyed a lot there and danced with girls. I made new friends in the party. I started to attend the party on every weekend that led to first alcohol addiction and then heroin. Now, I have nothing but will keep lamenting myself till death.

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