

tears on a keyboard



**The True Story Of A Traumatic Battle
Against GHB Addiction**

TEARS ON A KEYBOARD

**A True Story of a Traumatic Battle Against GHB
Addiction**

by Mick Hart

Other publications by Mick Hart:

The Layman's Guide To Steroids

Steroids: The Layman's Guide II

**The No Bull Collection magazine
(currently in circulation on a monthly basis)**

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Dedication

To all those who were affected during that traumatic time, I dedicate this book to you all, for I am indeed truly sorry. I have to live with the fact that I hurt you all. I deserve all the pain that those memories still give me, that, it is my penance.

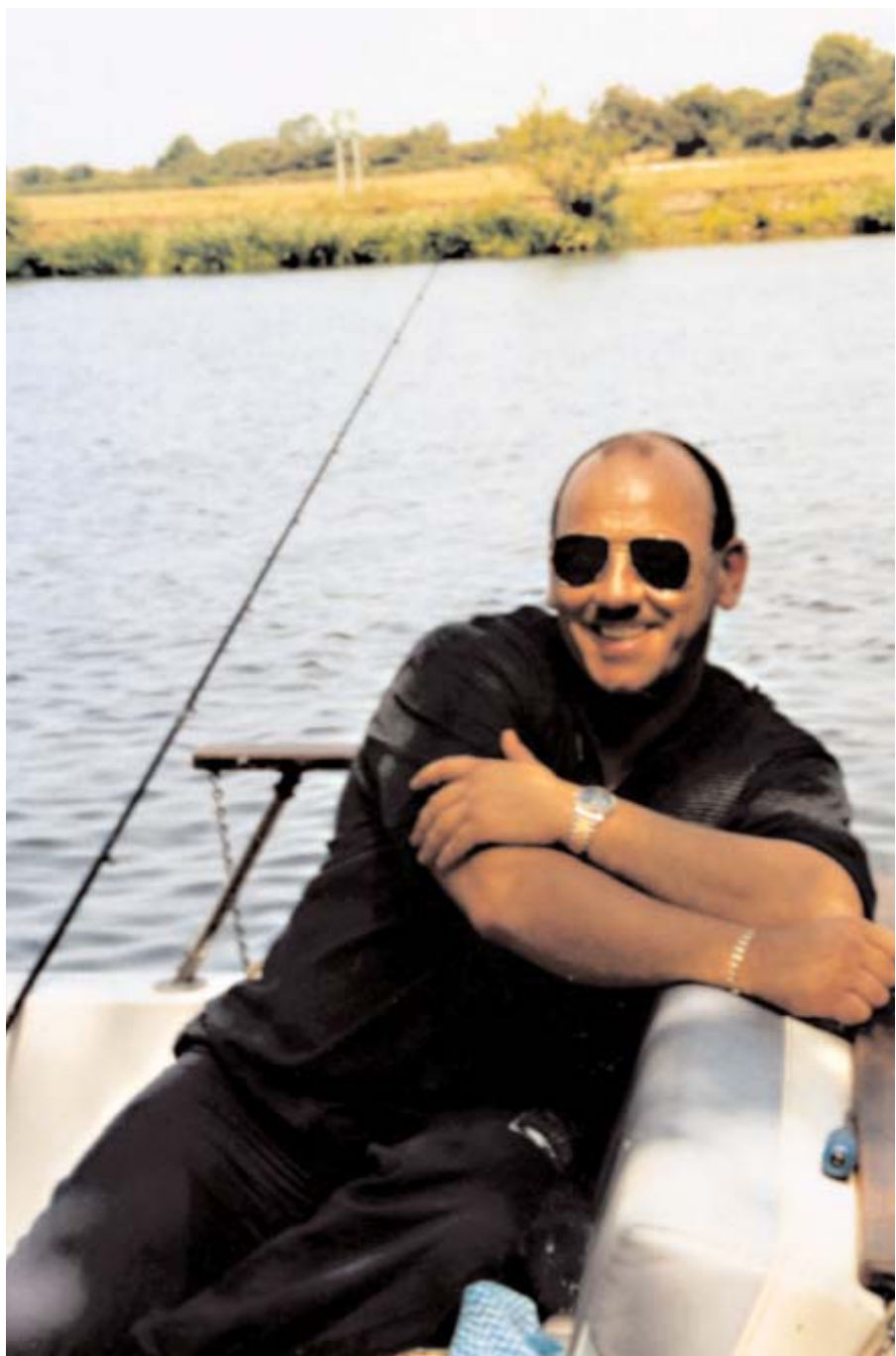
I live in the true hope that this book will guide you away from the dangers of GHB and other addictive drugs, which are so easily available, not only to you but to your children. It is to them that I beg you give the maximum love and attention which they deserve in the hope that will steer them away from such life destroyers as drugs can be. I hope that you will win in the end.

My final dedication is to my wife, Angela. I once overheard her saying to her friend that she TOO was totally addicted - to me! Now that is one addiction that I hope there is no cure at all. For with that cure would mean that I would lose my wife, best friend and lover. A part of my life that I could not be without for without her, the part that I would have left would not last very long I can assure you.



To all the Angies in this world - sorry, but there is only one. Mine!

Mick Hart



Tears on a keyboard

As a writer, I find it quite easy to put things down on paper as you can imagine. In this case, it was the hardest thing that I have ever done in my life. As you read it, please take it all in, it could save your life. I nearly lost mine and I am supposed to be an expert!

I have written two best sellers on the subject of steroids and publish a monthly magazine, the NO BULL COLLECTION

that has become cult reading throughout the world, in fact, it is the only fully independant British bodybuilding magazine left. I am a fully qualified Olympic grade A Coaching Instructor and have been in professional bodybuilding now for about 25 years and in that time have become one of the leading authorities in the sport.

In that time I have been in many competitions, tried just about every steroid that is and was available, all in perfect safety I might add. I always thought that my sense of safety would always pull me through; it had gotten me through all the years so far. Because I advise so much on the subject, and have written two best sellers on steroids, I always felt that I had a good sense of what can happen - how wrong can someone be. Understand the feelings that were felt, the pain that was creat-



ed and the losses that could have been far worse than they were. Just think - please!

For the benefit of the reader, my addiction started around 1996 through to 1998. Since that time I have not touched any GHB or the like and never intend to again. However, and I can say this with great honesty, if I had any near me now, even though I know what it can do - I WOULD take it! That is why none shall be in front of me again. That is, I suppose, the ghost that cannot be laid to rest.

I still live alone with my young son Thomas in the home that I built for his mother Kim and I. Even though I am still married to Angela, I choose to live alone. We are both happy with that. I suppose that little break that we seem to have between us has helped in an indirect advantageous way. It works for us.

Thomas looks on Angie as his real mother and has done since the about three months old, he won't have it any other way. That part is really a long story. His love for her is unequalled - I like that. During this traumatic time, I have to say that Thomas stayed with Angie quite a lot of the time. It was easier for him as he went to school nearby her house. Plus, as you can imagine, it was indeed safer for him as falling asleep was a regular occurrence for me, even if I didn't want to. I trusted Angie, I had to because in the end, my life was to have been saved by her.

It is important that the reader know that Kim is Thomas' biological Mother. Thomas has always been with me even after the split. Kim has also two young children of her own. I bear no ill will towards Kim and her family as the reader will see. I think that the scene is now set.

Please note however, that there were many people involved in this traumatic experience, and as the story progresses all will be revealed. But it has to be told in the way it has been and so

shall be. Should any of my family be reading this, please read on, as all will be told. I have not forgotten your love and help - I never shall.

GHB

Who would have thought it eh? A product that came onto the bodybuilding world with it's wondrous muscle building, fat burning properties, increased natural growth hormone release - wow, it could change the way a man could look AND feel - and that is an understatement to say the very least. This article has been a long time in coming but the reasons for it's delay were simple - a situation that can change and did change ones life so much and yet bring home so much hurt can be a difficult thing to bring back into your life, even if it is only memories. I jest not, this article has been so very hard to write after all that has happened. Will there be a happy ending? Well you will have to read on and see. But, I might add, how we perceive a happy ending is really up to the reader.

First of all let me explain about GHB and what it does. It was used as a pre-surgery preparation up until about 1970 when it was actually banned by the USA. It relaxes the mind and puts it into a deep state of sleep. Previous to this sleep you get one hell of a buzz; a feeling of well being, comfort, confidence, happiness and all the euphoric well being that one could ask for. It makes one feel really relaxed and if used for what it was supposed to be used for, it worked well. Plus the weight loss that could achieved on it was absolutely amazing. In my sport, that could be a bonus especially near competition time.

The dosage, as advised, was originally about half a teaspoon, approximately, and if taken about half an hour to an hour before bed, it would start to slow down the body, if you like, preparing it for a deeper sleep than normal. No messing about, you

WOULD go to sleep. Its main aim in bodybuilding was to increase the amount of natural growth hormone in the body; it would assist you in releasing more cheap, natural growth. If used PROPERLY it certainly did the trick and most definitely put the body into a restful state that could not be matched. I had not known anything like it - ever. I must say at this stage that I had never taken any other drug before, except for steroids and was amazed at the way it relaxed me after a hard days work. I could not believe how much this thing relaxed me. In fact, I got to the stage where I was really looking forward to taking it when I got home. This was to turn out to be my undoing - in fact it was nearly the beginning of the end.

In all honesty I really cannot remember the exact date of when the GHB thing started, or rather the time when it was first introduced to me. I know that it was circa 1994. It was actually on general sale on the bodybuilding circuit and I had heard of it's wondrous properties and especially the great feeling of euphoria, the chilled, laid back, well-being feeling that one felt about 20 minutes after taking the stuff. It was quite dramatic. I sincerely loved it 100% without a doubt!

I was quite simple to take, mixed with water, tasted like shit but it was that easy. It usually came in a 100g tubs of powder and as I have said, was on sale from most of the bodybuilding supply shops and companies. You see, no one really new what , if any problems could occur until very much into the course of it. About half a teaspoon was the recommended dosage, taken about an half to one hour before bed, mixed in a little fruit juice as the taste was quite repulsive on it's own. I actually used to just have a little in water at first as I didn't mind the taste too much. Mind you, I can chew aspirin or paracetamols with no problem so GHB was to be no big deal.

Sex Drive

I was told that it actually enhanced your sex drive and of course, being a typical man, my ears pricked up immediately when I heard this. What? I can get a horn watching Wilma Flintstone for God's sake but I must admit that I have cancelled my subscription to Cartoon Network - I could not handle it!

Although I have used steroids in most of my bodybuilding career and was used to trying different types in cycles etc, I was a little reluctant to try anything that made one a little high. Again, I was told this but not about the extent that it could get to as I would learn later.

Anyhow, the first day it arrived at my office in it's plain but simply labelled tub, I thought that I would try just a *tiny* bit on the edge of a spoon to see if it DID give me a buzz. I was curious, as after everything that I have heard, I really thought that it was all blown out of proportion. I am used to testing supplements that are supposed to have special powers, that's my job.

It was just after lunch that I put the small amount into a cup of orange juice and drank it down. I was carefully watching myself for a time, but nothing seemed to be happening. What a load of bollocks, I thought, another scam from the commercial side of bodybuilding - poor bodybuilders, another rip off that they were experiencing. This was, and still is, the trend in our sport especially on supplements and the like.

I was on the phone to a client when it hit me. BOOM! I didn't realise what HAD really happened until half way through the conversation with the guy. I was chattering like I have never chatted before. Did I feel good! Still not realising what had happened to me, the guy on the other end of the phone said that I was in a good mood today and thanked me for my answers to his questions - which, I have to add, were answered in so much detail that even I could not believe that I knew so

much about bodybuilding. I felt great! I could have taken on the world - single-handed. What was happening to me - it was great!

I went down into my gym to train. I did so with so much gusto too; I pumped those weights so hard that I thought that my arms and chest were going to burst open. I had never trained like it before - EVER! I was expecting to feel sleepy, but strangely enough I didn't. This made me think that the sleepy bit was maybe blown out of proportion a wee bit. Didn't really care, I was ripping the weights and machines to pieces! C'mon summer!

At Home

That night, I got home and told Kim, my partner at the time about the GHB. In all honesty, she seemed a little apprehensive and said that she didn't like me taking it. I explained that it's main use, in bodybuilding, was to assist sleep and increase growth hormone levels. She agreed that it sounded OK, but to be careful all the same. As usual, I said not to worry and that I had everything under control.

Later that evening, before bed, I took about half a teaspoon and mixed it with a little water, drank it and then waited. It was about 9.30pm that I drank it. About half an hour later - BOOM - it hit me! The feeling was so intense it was mind blowing. I was so chilled and happy that I remember thinking that if this was to aid my training, then bring it on baby - big style. I thought at the time, I could handle this no problem without a doubt.

I started to get really sleepy about an hour and a half after taking it. Boy was I sleepy. I lay my head down on the pillow and gradually closed my eyes to drift into a sleep that I had never

known before. The next morning I felt so good. I was rested in a way that I had never experienced. I said to Kim that she ought to try it the next evening as she had trouble sleeping at the best of times, especially during her periods. The following night she did and also agreed - WOW! She felt happy, chatted so much and was even funny at times too. (personal joke there). It got to the point where we both looked forward to having some more the next night. But, at this early stage, we made sure that we did not abuse the idea - even though the euphoria that one felt was amazing to say the least.

At the time, Kim and I were going through a bad patch of arguments and the like. Things were not to bright, but to be honest they were made even worse with the increase in my workload, training demands and to top it all, we had just recently been blessed with a son, Thomas Michael, who was a handful to say the least. He was not to well from birth having a pretty bad case of jaundice, not sleeping at all pulls all the other bits and bobs that come with a baby. He is fine now, but at the start things were quite difficult, as most of you will know. This, of course, led to problems being heightened between Kim and I. Even now, I know that she understood that and so did I. Times were a little bit hard to say the least. She will agree, it was indeed a hard time, no sleep, no time for each other, nothing.

Being in such a position makes it so easy to fall prey to things that will lift your spirits. For most I suppose that booze is the answer. Not so, but it does happen so much. In my case, getting home at night and being able to relax so easily was such a bonus and to be honest a Godsend. This was when things started to get worse and of course the dosages got bigger and bigger. Kim saw it first, tried to tell me, but as any addict will tell you - you don't want to hear. But they got bigger and bigger. I was becoming an addict but I was also blind to it.

Dosages Increasing

The recommended dosage for GHB should be about a level teaspoon half an hour BEFORE bed maybe a couple of times per week, three at most, to be safe. A tub held about 100gms of G, which lasted (or should have) quite a time. This was to dramatically change to horrendous proportions.

As the pressure got worse, I started getting in later and later. My workouts were being left to as late as possible in order that I got home as late as possible so that - I thought - arguments could be avoided. After my workout, I would call in to the local pub and have a few glasses of wine, then pick up some supper and head home.

As the time passed I headed home and almost as soon as I was home, I would go into the kitchen and mix up a small amount of GHB and down it straightaway. Half an hour later I would feel great and we would chat OK, especially if she had a little too. As time went on, I started to look forward to the G so much that I was getting home earlier and earlier in order to take some as soon as possible. Again, I had not realised it yet - but I was hooked good and proper.

Foresight

I have to give Kim her do, she (and of course the rest of my family which I will mention more later) could see what was happening - not me. She developed a total disliking to the G, because as she said, it was actually causing us to argue more and more. Again, I could not see it. The dosages got bigger. She kept warning me - but out there in addict space, no one can hear. God I wished then that I could have heard you girl.

During a normal night, especially if I got home around 6 or 7, I would end that night maybe taking a total of eight teaspoons, but again the level spoonful had long gone, so it was actually

more that I was ingesting. The arguments got worse and more GHB was going in me. We threatened to break up more times in a night, you wouldn't believe it, till eventually she said that if I didn't stop taking it, she would go. The deceit started from here on in - and the lies too - all from me. I was basically becoming the biggest bastard even I had known.

In order to deceive her, I would replace vitamin C powder and make out that I was taking my vitamins because as a pro body-builder, that is part of my job. She knew. I would replace it with protein powders to hide it. She knew. In fact she knew it all and there was not a damned thing I could do about it. It was hurting me to know that I was hiding it so much. I knew I was an addict but could not accept the fact that she was right. She WAS right!

I suppose that every addict of whatever sort of drug will eventually stoop to the lows that lies can bring. They have to, there be no choice. I knew that if I could keep the G hidden and take it in secret, no one would know. Of course they did and I suppose I knew it anyway. Once the Drug Devil took over, there was absolutely nothing that one could do but listen to his wants and needs. You will do anything to feed the need.

Close Call

One evening I was working in my office, which at the time I had built in a beautiful conservatory at home. It was nice and I enjoyed working in there especially in the winter watching the snow fall on the roof and the sparrows made me laugh as they literally pulled their balls off trying to lift frozen bread that was stuck to the floor!

Kim was in the living room watching TV and I was working on the then next issue of my NO BULL COLLECTION magazine. By around 10.30pm I had taken my fifth dose of GHB, I think.

It was enough to knock an elephant out I know that. I was well laid back and on my way - to where, I don't know but I was flying high. Kim came in and we started to chat quite nicely. I said that it would be a nice idea to go out on the boat at the coming weekend and have a good laugh. She agreed.

Then the GHB started to make me feel a bit groggy, with that grogginess came the downer, I needed more GHB. She said, *"Mick be careful love, don't have too much"*. She wasn't being aggressive, just concerned but on GHB I didn't, all of a sudden, give a shit! Of course I disagreed and the arguments started again. It wasn't her fault at all it was mine. I know that she was only looking out for me, but with the shit that I was on, I could not see that. I can now and am really sorry for that night. No real harm was done, but the things that I said, in that state, were not mine I can promise you.

The last thing that I remember was really going for it on the argument. She was trying to explain that I was falling over and worst of all falling asleep - stood up! At that point I must have blacked out, how long I just don't know. The next thing, I remember was waking up and seeing my son Christopher sitting there on the seat across from where I had fell. My son - HERE it didn't make sense. He had never been down to my house because of my break up with his Mother yet he was here. Was I dreaming - NOT! What had happened? Kim saw me black out and hit the floor and panicked, again who would blame her. What could she do? There was only one thing that she thought that she should do - she rang Angela my WIFE! That took balls!

She explained to Angela what had happened and the situation. Angie immediately told Chris my son and the rest is history. He arrived at our home and he and Kim watched helplessly as I shook on the floor. I was having a seizure, my breathing was

erratic and my heartbeat was, well near over I think. I know that they were scared to call the Police because of what I had taken. They didn't realise that it was not illegal to take it, but nevertheless they were unsure. Again, I don't blame them for that. I came around a few hours later and sat up. Chris explained the reason for him being there. Me? Well after a few minutes, it was as if nothing had happened. I had no memory of what had happened previously or what an absolute bastard I had been. How scary is that?

The Inevitable

Eventually Kim and I split up - it was sadly inevitable. I knew it was going to happen - I could not blame her, I still don't, but I know that the increased trauma of such a break, took me and her over the edge. The GHB was the only thing that I had to take the trauma away even though I knew it was the insitigator. I was so trapped. I knew then that I was an addict. Basically I was a dead man walking and knew it! Praying became a regular occurrence. God was not in for me, I didn't deserve any help.

All in all, my addiction lasted about two years, maybe longer. Some of the memories are deliberately blocked off as they hurt so much even now. Kim left just over halfway through that addiction. I don't blame her for that as I can understand that the lies must have been horrible to witness never mind take in. It was hurting me to lie but just I couldn't help it. I needed the GHB so badly. But even worse was yet to come.

On several occasions, I had taken so much that I had passed out and in such a deep sleep that my heart nearly stopped each time. My breathing at one time had become so erratic (I was told) that it was thought that it would stop. Paramedics were nearly called in, but I had woken up so quickly at one point that

all were telling me what had happened and did not believe them. That was how strange and paranoiac GHB made one feel. You could not and did not believe what had happened. You thought that you had been dreaming and people were having a joke. God if only I knew, but I suppose that deep down I did.

Nightmare Become

Daymares

About a year and a half into the addiction, Kim and I were still apart - we had to be. I put together a home office so that I could work from home and Kim would come up with the kids and we would spend the day together. The office would call me from time to time with any updates and would carry on with the magazine layouts or the book that I was working on. It was hard.

During the day we would get on fine. We would have lunch and chat, the kids played on the lawn in the sunshine and it was great, I was really happy. Then the pressures started to get to me. Personally, I don't know why, but they did. Then I took the GH - and she knew it. Of course, I would lie, I had to, but she was right every time, I had taken it. I hid it away in different tubs in order to fool her. It did at first, but then she caught on.

One bad day, I had been laying out the basis for my second book and was ready, nay indeed proud to be able to say, "*Hey Kim, what do you think of this*". It was to be my pride and joy, a SECOND book, what an achievement for a man whose Father had said that he would make nothing of himself. I was over the moon. The GHB was helping too. Now any positive reaction that one would get on a drug would have been great. A negative reaction would spark of a mood that would be frightening for both. Not violent, but just that the mood swing was

amazing; scary in fact. She said that she was not feeling to well and would I mind if she went to lie down for a short while. BOOM, I took it as a negative, on the G, and went into a shouting frenzy. All she asked was to be able to lie down. See what I mean?

She grabbed her two kids and started to walk home to her flat. I went after her in the car and demanded that she got into the car. I was full of GHB. She did and I started to drive her to her flat; full of GHB. I nearly fell asleep on the way down to her flat. I could have killed her AND the two kids. Believe me reader, I didn't know what I was doing. On GHB, you just don't. Again Kim, I am truly sorry. I cried every night after we had argued and she had stormed off again and again and again. I could not help lying. I wanted to die.

The Samaritans

The evening came and although I was so depressed at her leaving, I knew that soon I would be happy again because of the GHB. But as that evening went on and the GHB went down my throat, I began to feel strange, so aware of what was happening, I suppose it was like looking down at myself in a way. In a way, I felt as though I was getting to the stage where something had to be done somehow with my problem. But I could not see myself going without the G. What could I do? There was really only one way - SUICIDE!

The thought of such a thing was of course a selfish one, I know that now, but at the time, it seemed the only way. I feel for those who have taken their thoughts all the way. A feeling of complete loneliness comes over you at first, which must fuel the desire to end it all. Yet in a way it is strangely comforting knowing that soon your problems will be all over. But the fact that you would end yours means more pain for your family - I need-

ed to talk to someone fast, as I knew that the more G I took, the easier it became for me to make the decision. I knew I couldn't call my family because they would try and talk me out of it and also in a way I had made my goodbyes to them but they had not known it. I picked up the phone book, got the number and called the Samaritans.

A lady called Karen answered my call for help. It was around 2.30am. After a few minutes, I knew that she must have been new at the job for reasons I will explain, but she was there and I was grateful. I explained all to her and she was quite calm with her replies. I suppose in a way that I expected her to be more concerned, she was, but talking to people every day with problems, I don't blame her for that at all.

I was crying as I gave her my name, she then asked me if I was suicidal and if so what was the reason. I went into detail as to why and the conversation went on. Still crying.

She asked if I realised how selfish suicide was. I remember Kim saying the same thing to which I disagreed with Kim. I was wrong. I said that it would be so difficult to stop taking GHB and the pain that I was putting everyone through was getting beyond comprehension. I just couldn't handle it anymore. At that point it seemed that had reached a point where she could do no more - at least it felt that way. I was distraught, extremely upset and I suppose that I really wanted to make some kind of peace with someone before doing what I had planned. Then the crunch came, a reply that would later save my life, and yet at this point I had not realised it. She said that she would ring back later that morning and if I was not in, she would leave a message on my answer phone??

At this point I was walking that thin line that many must have done before they killed themselves. A tightrope walk so thin, that to slip of would have been so easy. I put the phone down

and pulled out some electric cable wire that I used for extensions in my home. I tied one end of the cable to the stairs banister and on the other end the customary knot or as best I could manage due to the fact that I was shaking! I had to sit down for a second, don't really know why, maybe the fact that I was scared, but most of all, alone. It really would not matter in a while, but nevertheless I was still lonely.

I tried not to think of my family as selfish as I know it sounds now, but I had to stop myself from thinking that way. It had to be done. I sat there for a while longer as the GHB that I had not long since taken took effect a little more. Even before my planned death, I needed to reap the rewards of my addiction. It really didn't matter; it would soon be all over. The loneliness got worse.

Then for a moment, I thought about the conversation that Samaritan and I had had a while back. As horrible as it may seem to imagine it, but I could see myself hanging there and I wondered if it would be quick. Then the thought hit me! What if she rings, as she said she would, as I am hanging there? She didn't realise what she had said, neither did I. How could she call me if I was hanging by the neck?

"That would be just my luck", I said to myself, "..hanging there and the bloody phone rings and me with short arms!"

I started to giggle to myself. That giggle turned into a laugh, then into a full-blown hilarious laughing fit - I was literally pissing myself laughing and I couldn't stop! I suppose the fright, the tension, and the sheer stupidity of the situation made it all happen. Imagine me dying and the phone an inch away - how UNLUCKY can a man get! I continued to roll about on the floor. When I looked at the cable, then the phone, I started again. She had not realised it, but she had saved my life. I fell asleep on the floor where I lay.

The next morning, as if nothing had happened the warm sun-

light hit my face and woke me up. I felt strangely rested. I undid the cable from the bannister and put it away. For a second I thought about the night before but my mind immediately dismissed it as stupidity, yet I knew in my heart that it was so close, in fact it had been to close for comfort. But that is the scariest bit; GHB can do that to you. Dismissing things that had happened was a regular occurrence in my life at that time.

The Worst To Come

One other evening I awoke up from the floor, around midnight. Didn't know anything or realise that anything was wrong. Just stood up and went to the loo. I did not even question myself as to why I had been sleeping on the floor, just got up and went to the loo. Then I thought to myself that I had better get off to bed as I was training early in the morning and that the kids had to be up for school! SO, I went up to bed.

As I was getting undressed, I glanced at the bed and wondered, *"Hmnn, wonder where Kim is? She must have gone down stairs. I'll pop down and have a cuppa tea with her"*. So downstairs I went. She was no there. Looked in the bedrooms, the kids had gone? What was happening - where had everyone gone?? I had not realised in my head that Kim did not live with with me anymore! The GHB had TOTALLY erased the last 6 months from my head. It was so frightening as I still did not know where anyone was! The WHOLE contents of my brain that contained anything whatsoever so do with the split had gone. How dangerous is that? How scary? How?

Then for some reason I looked my car keys, don't know why just did, and on there was a key that I did not recognise, yet I got into my car and drove SOMEWHERE but I did not know where I was driving too, in my head it was towards this key that I held!? I was so full of this GHB shit, my body was on autopi-

lot but I was not there. It was like a living nightmare. I arrived at a house that, at the time, I did not know. I tried the key in the door, it opened it. I walked in. I did not know where the fuck I was, didn't really care, I wanted to find Kim. I seriously thought that I was dreaming, so in a way, I was invulnerable - NOT!

I walked up the stairs of this unknown house, got to the top and shouted "*Kim*" at the top of my voice. She came out of the bedroom door and was literally shocked to see me - it was about 2.00am - what was I doing there? THEN it all came rushing back to me, everything, BANG what was I doing for God's sake - am I mad?

Kim tried to calm me down. She succeeded. But the thing that I could not take in was the fact that I thought that she was rejecting me, trying to push me away. No she wasn't but it was such a shock for her as it was for me. What was happening to me? The worst was yet to come. For the readers benefit, the house that I had gone to was one that she and I had arranged for her and the kids to live. It's just that my brain had dismissed all of that - totally.

For whatever reason my conscience had tried to put me into a safe reality in a way, I regard myself as a strong man, not only physical, but of mind, I was looking after myself but losing. I thought, in a way, that my body was dying but there was nothing I could do about it. My subconscious could not accept the fact that I was losing my mind.

Eventually I was calm enough to go home after about half an hour. I did so with some resistance simply because I was so frightened. I could not understand what I was doing - again, I wanted to die. It would have been a blessing at the time. I remember looking back at Kim at the door as I walked over its boundary, I will never forget it. Her face was one of sadness. I suppose that the respect that I had earned of her from the out-

set had gone. Here I was a shaking, frightened man afraid of his own shadow. Again, I suffered the indignity of crying all the way home - alone!

Home Is Where The Pain

Is

When I got home my two dogs, Muttsy and Benji where loyally waiting for me. I did not care. I was angry with them as they had pissed all over the kitchen floor. It wasn't there fault, being West Highland Terriers they could not even reach the door handle because in my state, I would have expected them too!! Anyway I went for the mop and bucket outside. Ironically, it was pissing it down with rain - a storm like no other. The kitchen floor was wet through - I was wet through. My kitchen floor was covered in linoleum as slippery as you can get. I was pissed off to put bluntly and even though I had already had about TEN dosages of TWO teaspoons of GHB, I thought it might be a good ideas to have a bit more to calm me down - so I did. After about ten minutes I felt OK. I petted the dogs, the wet floor that they had started was no longer a problem, so I began cleaning and mopping.

As I mopped, the dogs started quite naturally, playing with the mop head that was rubbing the floor. Muttsy was the most energetic and was running and jumping like a dog possessed - his master was having fun, he could not understand it. Then shit happened. He ran in between my legs as, bad luck had it, I was just starting to get really woozy with the GHB. My head was a mess and I was losing consciousness. Then I did - totally.

The last thing I remember was seeing myself from a totally independent view, somehow I don't know why, but looking down

at myself. I remember this with sadness though, so much. My face hit the floor with so much force it woke me up for an instant, only to see and feel my front four main teeth flying across the kitchen floor. I didn't care, it didn't hurt, I was only dreaming. Then I remember standing up and trying to get my balance which I did only to remember my last thoughts at the time seeing my body and face just simply tipping forward, head and face first towards the cooker. My head hit the edge of the cooker with so much force that my four main lower teeth broke and bent back literally at 90 degrees in my mouth. I was OK though as I thought was only dreaming. I wished I were as both eyes had nearly lost their sight too as I later found out. They were so black and bruised that after a day or so, I could not see properly for quite a while.



Rosemary was about 13 at the time, she is one of my beautiful daughters, and I have two. She had been stopping with me through this bad time. I had forgotten about her totally. She was asleep in bed throughout my "dream". No one else was in the house at the time. My youngest son Thomas was at my wife's house as he is nearly always is anyway. He is always well looked after, that was THE priority, always has been, always will be.



The next morning all I can remember was one hell of a scream, a cry so loud that it woke me from what I would have hoped at the time to be

my death. It was my daughter Rosie, she screamed, "*Dad, what have you done to yourself? What has happened? There's blood all over!*" And there was. All over the kitchen floor and walls was blood; it was literally covered. It must have been splattered and spat around as I tried to stand but not succeeded. Teeth were everywhere, and what was left in my mouth was hanging out. I STILL did not know what was happening. I remember trying to calm her down, I was thinking what was wrong, yet could not understand why my mouth was hurting so much. My body was still full of GHB even after four hours of sleep, if you can call it that.

I looked into the mirror and did not see me. What I did see was a bloody mush of bruises and blood. My face was gone. Teeth were hanging out and what was left, I pulled out with my fingers and an old pair of pliers with insulating tape wrapped around the ends - I screamed in pain, but I suppose that was my conscience telling me you deserved it - you bastard! I pulled out a further three teeth. I cried, I screamed, but the reality was coming back and I knew then what I had done. I should have cut my own throat.

Angie and my eldest son Christopher arrived to see what could only be described as a bloody hell hole. It was not I, more like someone out of a Texas Chain Saw Massacre re-make. It was hell but it had to be seen to be believed. GHB had taken yet another victim. It had to stop.

Tears On A Keyboard

There was a long time between going to the hospital seeing my family looking at me the next day and the condition that I was in. That was hard. That next day, I went to see Kim and shown her what I had done to myself. She cried. I don't blame her for feeling what she did. The man had lost it - he was finished.

However, from that time to the time when it all ended, many things happened that I have tried to write, but the tears keep hitting the keyboard. Believe me it is and was that hard so I cannot go into depth about the details. From the last paragraph to this one has been a week, that's how hard it has been to write this. But remember, a man who admits his foolish mistakes is one that has a chance. I had mine and have taken it.

I remember, near to the end of my addiction, that I did go to a supplier and pick up what can only be described as a years worth of liquid GHB. On returning to home, I took one dose, which knocked me out immediately. Angie woke me up, I was lying on the floor and she said, "*Mick you are going to die, you know that.*" Her tears made me cry and I knew that I was going to die. Was I fuck!! I got every tub of GHB and tipped EVERY LAST BIT down the sink - it was gone. I let the tap run for about 20 minutes - I had to. It was gone and I could see it being a hard time, but there was a light at the end of the tunnel, but it was so far away. I knew that I was going to reach it - I had to. Angie was holding my hand, for my family, I had to make it.

The Turnaround

Because of the turn of events, in order to stay alive I had to do what I did. I had to do what I knew I could - get through it. In reality, it only took a few days to feel the benefits of not taking the GHB. I was more relaxed, not as much stress, OK I could not sleep, but that was due to the fact that the sleep that I was getting was GHB induced anyway. Things started to look and feel better. My training resumed, my body began its slow process of being fit again. I was stronger in mind and body. I was, at the very least, alive.

The events that happened during my addiction were, in most

cases so bad that I really do not want nor need to write about them in detail anymore. I feel that the point has been put through enough in the hope that the reader, should they be taking it or consider taking it, look at the situation enough to guide them away from the terrible life that they will have to endure. It is THAT bad.

Future?

With GHB, and without an inner strength to want to win, you have none - zero, zip, nothing! It is, like most drugs, a short-term solution that only reality and a guarantee of no tomorrow will bring the realisation home. You will lose your family, you will lose your friends, and you will lose yourself. You WILL lose!

I know that it is hard to give up - but you can. The next day when you can only just remember that you actually drove your car through four red lights, nearly fell asleep and ploughed into a crowd of people stood just waiting to go home to their loved ones, things are then getting to a point where you should stop (or quickly die) so that you don't take innocents with you. This is what happened to me. It is the scariest feeling that I have ever known and I know that I will never have to worry about that GHB feeling again.



My Family

What can I say now? I regard myself as the luckiest man alive, one because I am just that - alive! What a family can give you is not only support, but also something that is more precious than you will ever know. My heart and soul goes out to them. I am what I am because of them and I nearly let them down. Thank God that they did not let me down. But I had no doubts about that. All that my heart was asking was to be helped and I was. My love and respect for my wife and children can only be described as immeasurable.

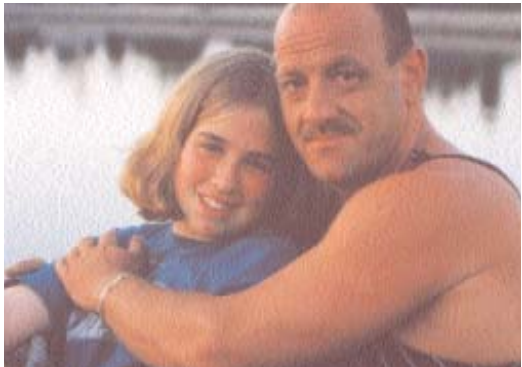
What follows is a Husband and Fathers tribute to their love and devotion to someone that they came so near to losing. I regard myself as the lucky one. It is totally relevant to the story, in fact, it is the mainstay, the whole reason for wanting to lay these ghosts that have haunted me. Please think of your own families as you read, as all of the mistakes that you have and can make can all be put right. You think not? I think that you are wrong.



To **Sally**, my eldest daughter. Baby, I know that you were always there, I never doubted it, never will, but I could not tell you everything because I could not stand to see you cry. You see, for a Dad to have so much love from a child is indeed a blessing, in that context I am a rich man and a happy one because I have had so much love in return. I love you so much. With your love, the pride and the honour that you give me just being my

daughter, what can I say - I am the proud father of such a lovely human being.

To my baby daughter **Rosie**. As much love as I can possibly give is yours my darling. What you witnessed that night can only be described as frightening in the very least, yet your strength when needed the most was simply phenomenal



for one so young. Your opinion on drugs now is admirable. I hope that the pain that I took and the pain that I gave out through my actions will keep your mind as strong as it is and against drugs. I love you so much that it hurts me to believe that a Father can love so much. I am glad that I have the pleasure to feel such emotions. Again, I am indeed blessed, thank you for being you baby .



To my oldest son, **Christopher**. So much pride fills me each and every time I look on you my son. Strong, handsome and of good character, you earn the respect of all around you and deservedly so. But most of all, you have earned mine.

No man could ever be as proud to be the Father of such a son as I am of you. There is nothing much more that I can say on that subject but thank you for being my boy. I know that you are proud of your Father, but believe me my boy, the

honour is all mine. On the other side of the coin, if I were the Father of the girl that you were to marry, I would indeed be honoured to have you as a son-in-law. As it is, and even better, you are My son. What an honour that YOU, along with your young brother who also looks to you with pride as you are his hero too, will carry on our family name long after I have gone. Pride is secondary - the first is that you are MY son. I love you so much.

To **Thomas** my youngest son. As innocent as an angel but as mischievous as they will ever be, I would have it no other way my little one. You are loved by us all so much, one day you will know the truth about that love that you have earned and the strength, I hope, that it will give you as you grow to be a man.

You are so innocent, and with that innocence comes the blessing of purity. You saw your Daddy cry, you



held my hand and you cried too. Even at such a young age, the defence of your Father was so strong, it still is hard to believe that one so young could feel so strongly. I am so proud of you. I am sorry for your tears son even though you did not know what they were for, yet you cried for me and felt the tears from my eyes hit your lap. You smiled at me, yet you knew not why. For you and as with all of my children, I would accept that my life had just twenty minutes left in order that you all lived a guaranteed long and fruitful life. It would be a pleasure to pass on such a gift as all of have been to me - what other way could I hope to express the love that I have for you all. You are my whole world and the reason that I regard existence tolerant. I am just glad that I am still here to watch you all grow up in it. But remember, the twenty minutes that I would have left would be spent holding you all. I love you so much with every single breath and day that passes.

To my wife and my best friend **Angela**. You saved my life. Ask of mine and it is yours so I feel that this picture will say it all. My love and respect for you cannot be described in words. I sit here in tears as I just



cannot bring to words what I feel for you, the salty water running off my cheeks says it all to me. You smile when I shout, you love when I hate, you listen when I do not hear, you're strong when I am weak - you are you. Thank God that you are you.

When I was crying over the loss of another, you calmed me. You said all would be well, but you knew that you wouldn't let go, yet unselfishly, you kept strong even though I could not see the pain that you were going through. How can someone be so strong? Easy. Because, to be able to love as much as you know how to, to be able to show that love as much as you can, makes YOU the stronger person, but one that knows that she loves her husband. That makes me the luckiest person on this planet. Thank you God for sending her to me. I love you Angela.

To my **Mum**. Since the loss of my Father, things have not been so good between us, I am truly sorry for that. This is one story that you did not know about, but now you do. I think that the story will speak for itself Mum. I have always loved you and always will. I feel that it is time to put all in the past and bring things together, all of us, and remember that what we have in life is not a dress rehearsal, we have no second chances, we have to make the best of it all NOW. Please do not think that the son you brought up in such difficult circumstances has let you down, because the victory that I hold is one for us all. I am still alive and that means that we all can still be a family. Even if I had died and the subject that I have written about had helped others, then we still would have won. I love you Mum.

To my late **Father**. I always loved you Dad and always will, but you were wrong - I did make something of myself. However you were right in one way, money and success mean nothing unless you have a strong family behind you and if you are reading this up there, and I know that you will be, I achieved that much and then some.

Four weeks before you died we stopped speaking to each other, how sorry can a man be. Our pride kept us apart but Dad, we were both wrong, but that lesson is one that I will never have to learn with the Grandchildren that you never saw. Dad,

you would have been so proud, I know that you are. For someone who never knew what it was like to hug his son, you will never know how much I missed that. But I am hugging you everytime that I think of you, believe me. God I miss you.

Just A Man

All that I am is a man - a man who made a mistake - a man who thanks not God but his family for their love and respect. God will judge me when it is time I suppose but not being a totally religeous man even I asked for His help on many occasions. My family need me to be strong and because of them, I will protect them from ANY and ALL aggressors with a tenacity that says beware. The reader has to realise that if they are taking GHB - they are the aggressors and not only to themselves.

I suppose that I am lucky. Not only for the fact that I am still able to tell you all of the dangers of what GHB can do to you, but for the fact that I am deeply in love with my family. They were and are the strength that I needed to get me through the terrible ordeal. Seek help in your family and you will know what I mean. Should you have no one, look around and you will be amazed at just how many will want to be your family - not all humans are bad. I, WE, will be your family should you have none.

The strength that you require to win through such an addiction is one that can only be found from within your own self. Strength comes from within and if you want it bad enough you will find it. God I hope that you do, because I feel the pain and always will for what I did and what I could have done to the ones that I love so dearly.

I know that it is hard, no one said it was going to be, but please try and see that there is life after an addiction. I am going to say now that one addiction will do you world of good - look to your happiness - look to your children - look to a tomorrow. It's

the only guarantee that you can be sure of.

It has been quite a few years now since I have seen any GHB never mind touched any of which I have no intention of course. However, even though I am clean and free of it, I could never have any near me as I class myself STILL an addict. My advice? Keep well away because the euphoria from GHB is indeed tempting, but the end results, which can and have lead to death, are not worth it. But that is for you to decide. The fact that I am still here and able to tell others is the next best gift that I could have ever been blessed with. My family, and their love, being the first.

Finally to **Kim**. I know that all between us has been over for a long time and I truly hope that you have found happiness - something that I obviously could not give to you, but I did try love. I am so very sorry for what I put you through. I know that my actions were not my own and the words were hard to hear, but please believe me that I am indeed truly sorry. I owe you that much. Thomas, our son, you can be well proud of. Thank you and I know that you know what I mean. He will know the truth when it is time I can assure you of that.

Finally, to all who have read this story, all is true. In fact there are things that only a few will know and be able to read between the lines just how bad the years on GHB were. I hope and pray that the story that has been told will help you to help yourself or even better make you aware of the dangers that your own children may be near, or in. I pray that they are not. If they are, they are in for a world of pain and suffering, for them and also for you.

Be strong but most of all be aware. If you have no one else, if you are lonely, if you need to talk, remember this - you will ALWAYS have me. God Bless.

Mick Hart

Your Thoughts - My Thanks

Dear Mick

This was the most heartfelt and honest article I have ever read. I remember when you were going through this stage of your life and we spent hours on the phone together just talking. We managed through all the heartache which I knew you were suffering from to get Thomas back with you. After reading your tributes to Thomas I realise it was all worth it. The way your family have stuck by you is second to none and personally with my family background I find this to be better and more rewarding than any

sum of money. The satisfaction you must have from this will never be surpassed. I never realised you were going through so much and you still managed to help people out when they needed you. I hope your article will save at least one person from going through the same horrors and if it does then its worth it.

Mick you have helped me when I've been down and been there for me. You said way back when you were going through all the problems with your GHB and after getting Thomas back that there was nothing you wouldn't do to help those who helped you, if anyone ever doubts you I can tell them different. You helped me when I needed it most and for that I will never forget you, in

life and after. You ever need anything if I can help, I will and I know the same goes from you to me.

Mick you are cornerstone of a community and we respect you always. Take care and stay strong,

Marcel Apfel

Nearly in tears here. My Dad was an addict to alcohol and He

*use to beat my mum up time and again over many years till I got bigger and I got bigger thanks to Mick. That was hard to deal with but this, Jesus. Mick has been my mentor for over 10 years now, I started at 16 and I still remember the advice today and my physique and myself has grown. For someone to give me free advice for 10 years is amazing. I thankyou
Hey Mick just as you have in the past phoned me , my phone is always open! One day at a time. I think its hard for anyone to understand the reality of an addiction until they go through it. But this is amazing and can only be written by the one & only Mick Hart!*

Darryl

Strength is in the mind for without our mind we cannot have strength. Stay strong Mick and remember that when you do get down we are all here for you as you are to us. I have never taken GHB although I did consider it a few times as I get insomnia since my door days and being up late. After reading your story I will never take it. So that's another life you may have saved through saving your own. Thanks again for taking the time to chat the other day.

SM

I read it and now seem to have a lump in my throat, and I think I must have something in my eye!! I can't relate to the addiction thing but the comments about family and loved ones I can. Well done Mick for getting through it and to your family for sticking with you as you did. All the best for future mate.

"What dosen't kill you makes you stronger", not a particulary original quote but a true one I feel.

Chris

*What was that quote? "Only the Wounded can Heal"?
I think it was Carl Gustav Jung (a student of Sigmund Freud)
I think he was meaning that those who have experienced*

tragedy/adversity in their lives can better understand others problems and help them with it.

Cyto

Good stuff. It's said that those who've been through that kind of hell and come back are the only ones fit to be the elders, mentors, and masters.

BB

You are a big man Mick. I hope to make your acquaintance personally one day. Your wife sounds like some kind of woman, and you clearly know it. More strength to you, and to your family.

WBB

Dear Mick

What can I say, but... wow! What an ordeal. And you are a great writer, too.... I would like to include your true story in the e-newsletter I put out to about 750 people. Is that okay? I will of course include the copyright!

Thank you SO much for sharing - I know it will help others. So many people are in your same situation. Have you visited the addiction board for GHB? Some people in there could use your words of encouragement.... it is at

<http://pluto.beseen.com/boardroom/p/51406/>

Thank you so much.

Anya

Hi Mick,

Hope your good. and feeling fine. Ive asked your advice in the past about my problems, and you always took the time to write me and always gave me the best advice. I apologize if I was inconsiderate and not taking into account if maybe you were having your own problems or just knowing how busy you are with your work and all. I was selfish thinking of only me and my

problems, I'm sorry. Next time I will try to work out my own life myself. I feel bad for intruding on you when I didnt know what was going on with your writing. You once mentioned to me that you had wanted to write a book about your life.

You are a great writer. I'm so glad you have decided to stay in touch with me after all this time. It's been over a year now that we have come to know each other, and even though we have never met, I feel I know you personally. the times we spoke on the phone, you always made me laugh. It's like you try to make people happy even if its just for a little while, to forget everything that isn't going good in their life at the time. That's how you made me feel. I look forward to meeting you some day.

All my love,

Roz, California

Hi Mick,

Had to write in to thank you. if you remember a few weeks ago i was thinking of trying GHB. Thank God I e-mailed you to ask your opinion first. I've just been reading your article on the discussion board, I'm pretty speechless (which people would tell you is a rarity!!). I cant begin to tell you how much I respect and deeply appreciate your advice. People like myself are extremely lucky that there is someone like you around who can, and more importantly, is willing to give us the benefit of your wide experience. Thanks again Mick.

Mark

Dear Mick,

I feel so bad and sad for what you went through, also for your family, whom im sure love you so much. I remember you telling me a little about your planned suicide late year before last.... I'm so sorry for all you put yourself through. I'm so glad you are okay now. At the end of your letter or book, I felt tears in my eyes because even though I was not there, I can only imagine everything happening to you and your daughter Rosie when

she discovered you in a pool of blood. The horror she must have gone through..... I can not help but cry. I had no idea. I knew you were hurt from Kim leaving, but I didnt know it had to do with the drug. I am so happy you had help from those you love and who loved you back, yes, that is so important to have people love and care about you. Their love was put to the test and they all passed with flying colors. You are indeed a very lucky man..... I respect you as always. I have always known you were a great man. I am honored to be called your "Friend" I too love you as well.....

Rosaline Ortega

Micky Boy,

What can I say me old mucker, it's a sad story, but by God it sounds as if it needed telling. As I said before it could save lives so in effect, in a round about way, it was good that it happened to someone like you and not some novice, think of all the shit that you are stopping someone else going through mate! Ain't you just a "likkle angel!"

Tony Neighbour - Mad cartoonist of the NO BULL magazine

Mick,

I have been on heroin and painkillers now for about five years straight through since I was about 17 years old - I am now 22. I read your story the other evening on the addiction assistance web page. I have never had a break of heroin, but after reading what had happened to you, I tried and succeeded to stay of for 24 hours. I am back on again, but that first step was a big one and I hope to be stepping out again.

Thanks man.

Ross, Dallas, USA

Dear Mick,

I have never touched any kind of hard drugs and I hope that I never will. But GHB was offered to me sometime ago during a

party; I nearly took some as my friends were experimenting at the time. You know how it can happen so easily when you feel out of the crowd as it were. I read your posting on the net a few nights ago and I am frightened as to what could have happened.

All I can say is thank you, not only for me, but for my family too. What happened to you could so easily have been me.

My sincere regards,

Jason, Birmingham

I was to "choked" to reply by phone after reading your book. I lived with an alcoholic father for 49 years and the book re-awoke the grief addictions can bring to the family. I too had tears for Mick, his family and myself. This book should be compulsory reading by all bodybuilders to warn them of the dangers of ANY substance abuse.

It took great courage to write such a book. Only a person of such humility could admit such a traumatic battle. Such a man is Mick Hart, whose greatest strength is love. I feel privileged to call him my friend.

David Gentle,

International Bodybuilding Author

Dear Mick,

Got your "Tears On A Keyboard" and let my supper get cold reading from start to finish. The book is a masterpiece because you wrote from the heart. You dared to show a pathetic figure, frail and lost yet out of it grew a man of courage, integrity and honour. Your entire family should be proud of you. They are indeed lucky to have someone so fearless that he can cry because his love is so unbelievably strong... for them!

I believe the book will help many. Your good deed is done.

Robert Kennedy

Owner/Publisher of Musclemag International Bodybuilding Magazine

In order that we should survive an addiction we first have to understand the reality of death , because if we continue to do what we do, it will take us all and all that we hold dear, will be lost.

Addictions bring home these realities to such a point that death or the thought of it at least, soon becomes a friend , a way out , an escape as selfish as it may seem - but an escape nonetheless.

Lonliness drapes an addict like a blanket of despair that can be compared to nothing ever experienced before, like the night you know it will come and there is nothing you can do about it, but come it will, fear becomes a close friend that you do not want to know, yet a companion it will be , like it or not.

As surely as daylight destroys a shadow, you must look to your family and friends and they will shine for you like no light you have seen before. Ask for help and if YOU really want that help, you will find it. Just look and survive,

Every day won, every day without, is a step closer. But it is a long way to go and you know it. I hope that with with all my heart that you will make it.

My name is Mick Hart. I am and always will be - an addict.

But win I will - be assured

Mick Hart 2001

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