

Lucy in Hell with Heroin Trust Fund Junkies

Lucy, a 20-year old freckled-faced college student from Indiana, became a heroin addict in Barrington Hall. “I didn’t get strung out right away,” she said. “It sneaked up on me over a few months. I kept my kit on the table next to my bed so I could shoot up in the night. When I woke up because I couldn’t sleep the whole night without a ‘fix.’ I remember looking at the shadow against the wall of my hand holding the syringe. It was horrifying. Me, a junkie!”

“I worry that this thing is going to be a my back for the rest of my life,” Lucy said. “Sometimes I feel there’s something missing from my life,” she went on, “but then I shoot up and everything is good, everything is better, and I’m complete. I stop worrying about my life and just lay there.”

“A punker in a suite down the hall who was doing a lot of coke offered me some really good China White. He said it helped to smooth out the coke-ride,” Lucy recounted. “It seemed innocent enough. I tried it and it was GREAT! A bunch of us were taking an English course about that time that included studying William S. Burroughs’ book, *Naked Lunch* where he describes his life on heroin and seems to legitimize it. We romanced heroin. We romanced the beat authors. It was all sooo cool. No one realized that in just a few months we’d be really messed up.”

“My friends were snorting it. We didn’t think we’d be hurt. The horror stories sounded like huge exaggerations, like those we’d heard about smoking pot—you know, Reefer Madness. After I smoked pot, then snorted a little coke and nothing “happened” I just didn’t believe the scare stories anymore.”

“I started by just snorting it a few nights in a row. Then I snorted a little in the morning. Soon the time between snorting got shorter and shorter until I couldn’t go for more than two hours without my fix—then another fix. Then one morning I woke up *craving* heroin!” Lucy recounted. “In the beginning it was only about \$25-a-day to keep ‘my habit’ going but it quickly became a \$300-a-day habit to feed. I am ashamed to say how I did that. I did sell my body to creeps I’d never met out there on the dirty streets of Oakland,” Lucy whispered.

“Still I wasn’t too worried,” said Lucy. “I thought snorting it or smoking a little with pot would be okay. Junkies were those people who use needles,” she continued. “Then that great China White heroin



dried up and I was forced to go to the streets to find ‘smack’ to feed my habit. That’s when I began to feel like a lowlife,” Lucy said.

“I’d be out there somewhere on a street corner in Oakland with some pusher I’d never met before. I would pay the creep, then step into an alley, and stick out my arm—wondered why am I doing this?” Lucy whispered. “Like I said, sometimes I’d let the creep fuck me to get a ‘free’ fix. So I became a prostitute—anything for a fix—*anything!*”

“I told myself I would quit—soon. I promised myself I’d quit after finals but I didn’t quit—and I didn’t make it to two finals and got in-completes. Before I’d been a honor student, then my grades went into the toilet. Still I continued to use heroin until Christmas, when I had to go home to mother.

People who wish to use heroin without becoming addicted do so by limiting their frequency of use. The rule of thumb is that a person should always refrain from use for twice as long as he used. For example, if used for 2 days in a row, you should follow up by not using for 4 days. Another rule of thumb of is that a person should never use more than 2 days in a row. As the hospital studies have shown, 3 days will result in a minor addiction. While such withdrawal is not difficult to get through, it is likely the addict will become more addicted given that the cure for his pains is one easy fix away—a fix that will make him feel better even as it is making the addiction worse.

—Francis Moraes, PhD
Opium

Finally I called. ‘Mom,’ I said, ‘I’m sorry to tell you that I have a problem... I’m addicted to heroin. I’m a junkie.’” Lucy mother shrieked in disbelief! It wow this could have happened to me. I was an honor student. I studied. I had ambition. Now all I think about is my next fix. I don’t know anyone from home who has ever used heroin. How did I fall so far to find myself in the Oakland ghetto at 4 a.m. trying to score? How could this happen to me? My life is ruined. They call me a “trust fund junkie”. I sometimes think of ending it all—maybe I will, but not today.” Lucy revealed.