

GO ASK ALICE
Author Unknown

July 7th I'm at Gran's and today a strange thing happened. Jill Peters came by and said she was going to have a few kids over tomorrow night and she'd call me.

July 9th I don't know whether I should be ashamed or elated. I only know that last night I had the most incredible experience of my life. The kids at Jill's party last night were so friendly and relaxed. Jill and one of the boys brought out a tray of Coke and all the kids sprawled out on the floor or curled up on the sofa and chairs. Jill said, "tonight we're playing Button, Button, who's got the Button?" You know, the game we used to play when we were kids. Every one sipped their drinks slowly, and everyone seemed to be watching everyone else. Suddenly I began to feel something strange inside - like a storm. The palms of my hands were sweating and I could feel droplets of moisture at the back of my neck. The room seemed unusually quiet. I thought, "They're trying to poison me!" Why would they try to poison me?" My whole body was tense at every muscle and a feeling of weird apprehension swept over me. "Lucky you," Bill was saying. "This will be a good trip. Relax, enjoy it." Then I noticed the strange shifting patterns on the ceiling: swirling colors, great fields of reds, blues, and yellows. I tried to share the beauty with the others, but my words came out slurred. I felt terrible, and finally I couldn't talk at all. I slumped back onto the floor, closed my eyes and the music began to absorb me physically. I could smell it and touch it and hear it. Things rushed away from me and at me, taking my breath away. I couldn't tell what was real and what was unreal. Was I the table or the book or the music, or was I part of all of them? After what seemed like eternities, I began to come

down and the party started breaking up. I asked Jill what happened and she said that 14 out of the 20 bottles of Coke had LSD in them. No one knew just who would wind up with them. Wow, am I glad I was one of the lucky ones! I'm glad they did it to me, because now I can feel free and honest about not having made the decision myself.

July 23rd For two days now I've tried to convince myself that using LSD makes me a "Dope addict" and all the other low-class, unclean, despicable things I've heard about kids that use drugs; but I'm so, so, so curious! I simply can't wait to try pot, only once I promise! I simply have to see if it's everything it's cracked up not to be!

July 20th What a thrilling week I've had. Bill introduced me to torpedoes on Friday and speed on Sunday. IT was wild!

Aug 23rd Tranquilizers are the greatest! This afternoon I took just one of Gramps'. I wish I had someone to talk to, though!

Sept 7th Last night Mom and Dad flowed tears and flowers about how much they love me and how worried they've been about my attitude since I got back from Gran's. They talked and talked, but never once did they hear one thing I was trying to say.

If only parents would listen!

Sept. 16th Yesterday I remember thinking I was the happiest person in the whole earth, the whole galaxy, in all of God's creation. Could that have been only yesterday? Or was it endless light-years ago? I was thinking the grass had never smelled grassier, the sky had never seemed so high. Now it's all smashed down upon my head and I wish I could just cease to exist. Like everything in my life, it has become so much

nothing.

Jan 24th Oh damn, it's happened again. Anyone who says pot and acid are not addicting is an idiot! I've been on them since July 10th and when I've been off, I've been scared to death to think of anything that looks or seems like dope. But after you've used drugs, there is no life without them. It's a colorless bare existence.

March 15th Like here I am in Denver. When I was high I just walked out and hitchhiked here. I don't know what hour or day or even year it is.

April 2nd A raindrop just splashed on my forehead. It was like a tear from heaven. Are the clouds and the skies weeping over me? Is it possible that even God is crying for me?

April 30th I have just read the stuff I wrote in the last few months. I have lamented until I am dehydrated, but calling myself a worthless, miserable, pitiful human being isn't going to help me either. I have two choices; I must either commit suicide or try to rectify my life by helping others. I think the latter is the path I must take for I cannot bring further disgrace and suffering upon my family. There is nothing more to say, dear Diary, except I love you, and I love life, and I love God. Oh, I do. I really do.