

EXTREME TRIGGER WARNING.

THIS IS A REALLY LONG STORY OF MY LIFE WHICH CONTAINS A HUGE AMOUNT OF CONTENT THAT IS VERY TRIGGERING TO SOME. BE CAUTIOUS.

Well, I don't know what to start off with really. I guess a bit of background. I started to hate adults and authority around the elementary school age. It only got worse as I grew. I got in trouble for something someone else did. That's how it all started. It was like 1st or 2nd grade, so long I can't remember. In 5th grade I would constantly get in trouble for putting my books in the desk, I was forced to put them on the desk in a certain spot, basically I wasn't allowed to put them in the desk because it was 'not my desk' being that we switched classes and this wasn't my homeroom class so yeah. I hated that. Now with bullying, I hardly had that in my life but I know how it can feel. In 4th grade a girl would constantly hit on me and I told the teacher, he told me it was because she likes me. I haven't and won't ever forget that fucking statement.

In the summer of 6th grade I had a girlfriend and I told her I thought I was bisexual. She ended up breaking up with me within a week, she ended it because she was cheating, I forgave her and she didn't feel right so yeah, she dumped me. Then I start 7th grade and she told everyone that I was bi. I got teased. It wasn't the fact that she told what I told her, it's that I told her I THOUGHT I was bi, she told people I AM bi. I was so upset. I wore eyeliner one day and got teased. That's about it for that respect. Fast forward to high school, because middle school is basically not worth talking about. I slid through school, the only class I had a hard time with was 9th grade history, I didn't do homework, that was only the reason why, I had better exam grades than half the class. I got kicked out of a class in 12th grade for something silly that everyone blew out of proportion(found a password out to take reading quizzes).

Well I got out of school and didn't want to go to college. I ended up working at my best friend's mom's store. It was a gas station. I loved it. It was so fucking easy, literally all I did was pump gas into cars. I ended up meeting my best friend's aunt. She was 27 and I was 18. I started talking, being a normal person, she already knew I wanted to fuck her (I literally say I want to to almost every girl, in october when I was 17 on halloween, I met her for a bit but barely, someone else there asked if she was dtf and I was like, yeah are you, just joking and shit) Anyway, I can't remember me hitting on her to start with other than telling her I'm gonna fuck her one day, which I told to like all my coworkers that were girls, and on her birthday she kissed me. We ended up going all the way. I waited like 3 months because I wanted to make sure it was somebody special. Well, I guess I should've waited to be honest. After that entire thing, I started making worse choices.

I should also mention that earlier that year I started doing heroin. I NEVER got addicted. It was only occasionally, so I made sure not to get addicted to it. It was near october I think and I met this fucking hot ass girl that went to my school that finished already. She was with 2 guys, one who I knew smoked crack, I asked them about her and they said she was easy and did heroin. So that was great, I knew her brother. He said he could prostitute her out. I wanted to go

through her without him though. I basically fucked her for \$40 in heroin. 2 bags. Well actually, the first time I had sex with her and the other girl that was 27, I started and then got soft, lost my erection. I attribute it to my sexual/porn addiction, which I still deal with today. Later I did have full sex with her, of course without a condom because I didn't give a fuck about life.

Anywayyyyyyy, it was the 15th of november, what I consider the WORST day of my life. I was visiting a friend in college that was about 3 hours east. I was coming home. At this point I had 16 bags of heroin in my room incase I wanted to kill myself. I wanted to be prepared. I was driving home and got a text from the girl I fucked asking if I wanted heroin for a cheap ass price. I was going 65 mph down the highway, was 60 mph speed. The place turns into a 45 mph zone for a short distance that most people don't even slow down for. Of course I decided to go through it 64 mph and got pulled over. Thought I would get off with a warning since it was literally the first time I had ever been pulled over. But nope, I got a ticket that was going to cost \$175. So I get there and give the bitch \$80. She got some other guy come out to give me the shit and he said "I don't know why they told me to give you this but get the fuck out of here or I'll fuck you up." something like this, I knew the guy, hated the fuck out of him. She was supposed to come with me and shoot up with me and fuck. Went home, it's brown sugar. I'm pissed. Spent 175+80 that day, decided to kill myself. Fuck it. I shot up 5 bags of heroin, I was so god damn high. I spent the next 30 minutes opening the other 11 up and getting ready to kill myself. I shot them up, now so motherfucking high. I was pissed the hell off that I didn't die. I got a text from that guy, saying he was sorry they screwed me over and come there and he will sell me an 8 ball of coke. I was like okay, basically, I ended up going there, trying to shoot up. I couldn't get it done right. I later found out it was fucking powder of some random shit. I couldn't even suck it up in the needle. So I had spent like \$165 more at that point. So I spent 175+80+165 so far, drove while high, don't honestly know how I did it. Then a friend texted me and then said he could get some and I could come over. I went over, bought \$110 of coke, was supposed to be like 1.25 grams. It was fucking like .5 grams. I shot up a bit. Didn't feel a thing. My friend(s) it was his friends there too, asked if they could do the rest since I did so much already and I don't feel it anyway. Basically they fucked me over too. So I fucking wasted 175+80+165+110 dollars that day. I used my 16 bags of heroin which was basically near \$300 itself that I had spent. So I hated that day. I just wanted to die. So bad..

I decided to never do heroin again. I got 4 total tattoos recently after that. 3 hearts. One on each hand. One on my arm where I shoot up sometimes. And the phrase "please don't go home.." to represent that heroin made me feel safe and at home.. I got it tattooed where I shot up all the time on my right arm.

So I was good until January. I really wanted to meet a girl to start my year off good with and be a good person. I didn't meet anyone worthy. I met some girl, asked her out(this was all on omegle/voice chatting) and yeah, we hardly talked the next day and then she just started ignoring me. I met another 2 girls on omegle. On the night of January 2nd. Talked to them till like 3 am on January 3rd. They both wanted me to come fuck them. So I drove there after sleeping like 2 hours. This was the 2nd worst day of my life. Basically I didn't even get to fuck

but 1 sorta, lost hardness yet again.. But I still did 1,2,3rd base lol. And I'm on instagram making out with both. So that's all the good stuff I got out of it. One girl was a semi coke addict, basically she still was but she was trying to stop I think. The other girl was a heroin addict that was clean for a few months. The coke girl told me about all this shit that happened throughout her life. Like she was sold to men at the age of 5 to have sex and her mom made her do it. Basically she told me shit that killed my soul and emotions. - The heroin person lived in ohio and was visiting for Christmas - So I offered to take the coke girl to ohio and give her all the money in my bank account to get herself a 'life' again. Anyways, in the end I ended up giving her \$300 (which was not all of the money I had) and going home that night. I found out she blew it on fucking drugs and basically I was so upset.

SOOOO. Next day, I had a psychiatrist appointment, came in crying, most I had in a long time, talked with her and said I can't do it anymore, I can't live on a world bad people like the coke girls mom and the guys who fucked her.. She got me an appointment in 2 days. 8:30 in the morning. Fast forward to that night, I ended up getting a text the very next day asking if I wanted to go do a drug run and pick up some coke for someone and get paid \$20 (\$20 for 300ish fucking miles) anyways I asked if they could find me heroin and ended up taking forever to get it. Zoom to Wednesday, the day of my appointment. I went in, emotionless. Not a single fucking emotion. I was talking to her and thinking to myself. I thought this thought right here. "If I always tell myself why kill myself now when I can wait a week or two. Why don't I just do it now? Instead of putting it off like always, how about I just do it once and for all. I'm always fucking thinking about it, might as well just do it." I thought that while my psychiatrist was talking to me. When I left, she told me promise not to hurt myself or do drugs, I told her I can't promise it.... I went back home that day. My grandparents asked me for help for literally like one single minute. After that, I told them I was going to take a nap so not to come up and wake me.

I went up, prepared my heroin, played my favourite songs.. Lover Dearest by Marianas Trench the entire time I was getting ready I think. One I shot up I think I had it start the same time. I was singing it to myself. I immediately started playing Like I'm Gonna Lose You by Meghan Trainor. I drink the rest of an almost empty bottle of 40% alcohol. Then had another bottle, I opened it and drink quite a bit. Laid down on the bed. I don't remember shit from then on.

I woke up in the hospital. From the way I was told by my entire family and everyone who saw me, I was blue, like dark fucking blue. I barely had a pulse. I was cold to the touch. I was throwing up but was like so unconscious that it just ended up getting into my lungs, so I got septic also. I was not responding at all, everyone thought I was going to die. (My mom claims she had a feeling that I was going to live) So my grandparents come up around like 4 hours and 45 minutes after I did the shit. They were screaming because I wasn't answering the door after they banged hard on it and stuff, they unlocked it. They saw me. My grandfather tried to slap me awake. He told my grandma to call 911 and my mom (she is a doctor). So she called 911 and then my mom's office and talked to a nurse who was great friends with my mom. She told the nurse to get my mom and come over NOW. (like 3 miles away) So she told the ambulance to get narcan (when she talked to them I don't know or understand) but they didn't bring it. The

ambulance had no fucking idea what to do with me. My mom and her nurse friend decide to take me off the bed and put me on the ground, they then 'bagged me' I think it's like making it where I can get oxygen even though I'm unconscious and make me breath, I'm not sure, it's a medical term and is something that you can google if you are interested enough. So they finally get the drug in me or something to stop the heroin and they said I'm starting to sorta turn pink(which means I'm getting oxygen and not fucking blue lol) so yeah. The ambulance left along with my dad in the front seat of it, he got to the place I was found at after my grandparents called him also. So my mom (maybe with the nurse, not sure) drove 30 miles along with the ambulance in her own vehicle. They got to the hospital and no one was available to put me on a ventilator. So they air lifted me in a helicopter like 100 miles away. My mom and dad were told not to try and drive there and beat them there as it was impossible. My parents drove there and got to the hospital I was at. Now also let me include that, my brother and sister were picked up by my grandpa. My grandma stayed at the house while the 20+ policemen searched my room and stuff. My aunt drove about 1 hour and 30 minutes to come to my grandparents house (where I tried to kill myself at). They were all apparently praying for me and shit and crying their eyes out about it all. And when I said everyone thought I was going to die, I mean literally everyone. The ambulance people, the helicopter people, police people, my family (excluding mommy) all said I was going to die, there was no way I could make it after they saw me. So I don't know many more details that are that important. I overdosed on nearly 2 grams of heroin. I think around 750 mL of the vodka, it was enough to get my B.A.C. to .465 or very close to that. That's high as fuck if you wanna look it up. So the hospital report said all of my vitals were low as fuck and terrible. They sucked the vomit out of my lungs. They had tubes down my throat. It was bad.

I woke up thinking it was a motherfucking dream. Literally I was dazed and was like waking up and confused. I was strapped down because I was fighting trying to get up when I actually came to the first time that I can't remember well but I might, I don't know.. So I had the most awful headache from a hangover in my life. Literally like the most painful fucking migraine/headache. I couldn't sleep and was crying that night begging to get morphine(not because I'm fucking addicted to heroin or some shit, because that shit hurt that motherfucking bad) to kill the pain. Yeah. Well I got TDO'd to the Mental Hospital. Now if you don't know what a TDO is, it's a Temporary Detention Order, I said I won't willfully go to the mental hospital so they had to TDO me which is basically getting a judge to legally allow them to take me in without my consent. So I was pissed I didn't die. I was confused. I got in the mental hospital and that night was awful, I started crying because a girl named Misty was yelling in the room across from mine because she hadn't seen the psychiatrist at all that day or something and she was forced to be in there so she deserved to. Anyways, I met a lot of people I really liked(got their contact info but was always too afraid to contact them because I didn't want any reminders to the feelings I had), I truly felt happy in the mental place because I literally had nothing to upset me. No phone to message anyone. I literally could walk around the place barely(even though I was locked to that hallway because I was a high risk) which got unlocked at certain times and shit. But... There were no hot girls, they were pretty but not hot. No one I got an emotional connection with like in the movie "It's Kind Of A Funny Story" - <http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0804497/> - so yeah.

Basically. I don't really know how to go from here. I got out, everything sorta has been the same simply. I quit the job because I knew I wouldn't make good choices if I went back. I still have an urge to do heroin because I fucking love it and it makes everything perfect. I never had withdrawals from it, I literally told you I'm not addicted. So yeah. The only major shit was that I started college at WGU. I love it honestly. I don't really contact any of the old friends I had. Most were bad influences. I do stay friends with my brother's best friend who is a good influence. Also, I went to a therapist and nothing good came of that, was literally the stupidest shit. No fucking point to it. I still see the same psychiatrist. I am prescribed 150 mg of sertraline (Zoloft), 150 mg of bupropion (Wellbutrin), 50 mg of trazodone (Desyrel), 50 mg of hydroxyzine (Atarax), and 150 mg of lamotrigine (Lamictal) - the lamotrigine is was actually 75 mg, now I'm increasing to 150 mg with 25 mg increases each week which I think is how she told me to do it. So yeah. If you want to call and ask about me (name is Jeremy Austin Moore) the number is 434.315.5340 the website is <https://www.centrahealth.com/facilities/cm-g-%E2%80%93-farmville> - ALSO my medical information is supposed to be released to anyone, I literally signed a release form for anyone to ask anything about me, so I'd love for someone to test it out and see what they say.

This is my story. I don't know what's next in my life. I'm getting my degree in Cybersecurity.

Here are a shit load of pictures attached that should prove I'm legit about everything.

[https://www.instagram.com/fae\\_the\\_fyrst/](https://www.instagram.com/fae_the_fyrst/)

<http://imgur.com/a/6wLW7/>