



Prisoner

Scott

I “I’m not going to survive this. There’s nothing left to live for. I give up!”

Through tears I fashioned a noose from the bed sheet eyeing the light fixture at the top of my jail cell. It should hold me I thought. What was there left to live for? I had failed in every area of my life. The withdrawal from drug addictions would probably kill me anyway. What good was I now? I prepared to end my life. I had become a prisoner of my own making.

Years earlier, around Thanksgiving of 1984, I received a blow that changed my life forever. Living in Maui at the time, I thought I was at the height of health and happiness: surfing, partying and living free. Over the years many of my friends died from drug overdoses; others were facing jail sentences. Somehow escaping both, I was enjoying all the fantasies of a twenty-nine-year-old who thought he was immortal.