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## Day in the Life of a Drinker

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# **Day In The Life Of A Drinker**

**By: Alex King**

## Prologue

The beginning of February may be the most important time of my life. I learned that I was truly 100% dependent on a substance that could easily lead to my own death. I was out drinking for my friend's birthday party when I became overly intoxicated on vodka, rum, and tequila. It led me to the emergency room where all I remember saying over and over is, "I want to die!" I was completely under the control of alcohol, but that was also the day I took my first steps to changing myself. I stopped drinking and ended the winter semester with grades that should have ended all scholarship funding that Grand Valley State University was giving me because my GPA dipped below the required 3.5; however, I did not lose my scholarships because of the understanding of the Financial Aid office. They ultimately gave me this opportunity to write this diary for my Honors Senior Project because I was able to come back to finish my degree. This journal will show what it is like to be a college student struggling with being an alcoholic. Hopefully this piece of work will help people realize that alcohol is not a joke, and every drink brings consequences that a young adult should not have to face.

## **January 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2014: 1:35 am**

I'm sitting up late at night thinking about what had transpired during New Year's Eve. I went to a party in Kalamazoo, where my hometown is, and was surrounded by a few friends and a bunch of strangers that I will probably never see again. At first I refused drinks because I knew I would never be able to just have one, but then around 10:00 I rationalized with myself that I could handle just having one drink since it was almost a year since I last drank. That did not happen. One drink led to another and next thing I know I'm shitty, but I am having a great time.

By midnight I had consumed 6 shots of Smirnoff vodka, 4 blue sole cups full of jungle juice that contained vodka and gin, and 3 shots of Pinnacle vodka. I was having a really fun night sliding down the stairs and making snow angles outside, but I was also starting to feel sad about not having anyone to kiss when the ball dropped. Everyone seemed to have someone but me, and midnight hit. Happy New Year! We were all still having a good time, but something was missing. So I did what any drunk, horny guy would do; I looked for someone to hook-up with.

It took me a bit, but I found someone that was about half a mile away from me, so I strapped on my shoes, and grabbed the full bottle of Champagne that was left and started to walk. I made it to the guy's house around 1:00 and we proceed to hook-up. I was content since I was watching Friends and lying in bed

with a really cute guy, but that didn't last. He decided he was bored and told me to leave. I left, and all I could think of to myself was, "what the hell am I suppose to do now?" I called some people, and I started to walk back to my friend's house. I was drinking the bottle of Champagne while walking down the street, and had the bottle finished by the time my friends found me crying.

I was crying because once again I felt like a piece of shit for being used as a warm body. I don't remember anything of the walk back or the rest of the night, and when I woke up I was in the bathroom covered in puke and feeling utterly defeated. My friends filled me in on what happened, and I guess I kept screaming at them that

"No one would ever care about a dirty fucking faggot like me so I may as well  
die!"

And there it is again. I once again had the desire just to end my life because I feel like it has no meaning, no love, no nothing but school and my own lonely, depressing thoughts.

That is what is keeping me up at the moment. Why do I always get such hatred for myself when I'm drunk? Is wanting to die my true feelings and my smile a mask while sober? And finally, why did I ever think I could handle one drink when I know the results? I just feel like such a failure all over again. I'm scared that I am reverting back to my fifth a day lifestyle and I really don't want that because I know I'll end up expelled from Grand Valley State University.

Hopefully going back to Grand Rapids this afternoon will change things since I get to see my friends again and forget about the horridness of my New Year's Eve.

### **January 5<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 11:40 pm**

I cannot wait for the semester to start. I am really excited for my Differential Equations class and Modern Algebra II class. Hopefully I can get my act together and not wait until the last minute to do everything.

### **January 6<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 8:00 am**

Looks like this semester isn't starting today since both of my roommates are currently doing a case race. This is going to get interesting fast. It's really funny to watch them get drunk, but they better not break anything this time since I can't afford any more damages. Guess I should get ready for work since it'll be busy.

### **January 6<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 7:00 pm**

Work really sucked today. Trying to drive in the amount of snow that was coming down was definitely not on my top ten things to do ever again. No class again tomorrow. Everyone is all excited because they all get to get drunk another night, but I get to just sit here and be bored. My roommate wants me to go out but that's not gonna happen since he always tries to force me to take a shot when he gets wasted. I just wish he would be fine with me not wanting to

drink. It's frustrating since I cannot explain why I don't drink since we aren't that close. I just want to find a way that I cannot be so embarrassed about having issues with alcohol.

### **January 13<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 2:00 pm**

This past week has been absolutely fantastic. Classes finally started a few days late and I'm thrilled with my almost all of my classes and this guy asked me to hang out tomorrow. This is the same guy who I talked to all night during finals week last semester. We had so much in common that it was kind of uncanny. I never actually met another guy who truly liked soccer like I do. I finally got to have a legit conversation about the upcoming World Cup in Brazil; yeah we had differing opinions, but I just couldn't help but smile the whole time.

I thought he wasn't going to remember that night since he was so drunk, but I am pleasantly surprised. He told me what he's planning on doing and it makes me have knots in my stomach because he plans on taking me to the gulf course and just lay under the stars. That's another thing we talked about since it's on my bucket list of things to do before I graduate. Hopefully I can keep warm enough during this since it's going to be way way way below freezing. Oh my god!! I just realized that I can wear my new pair of boots and gloves. Well I need to start writing my first homework assignment for MTH 304 since Dr. Fishback is such a stickler with his rules for submissions. In other words, it is going to take forever to do.

**January 16<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 6:25 pm**

So...I failed my first quiz in history and my first homework in advance calculus 2. I don't even care though because Tuesday night was absolutely perfect, cold but perfect. We just laid there for like an hour and talked. It still puts a smile on my face just thinking about it. We did get in a little bit of trouble with GVPD because I guess we were technically trespassing, but come on now it is college whatever. The officer just kinda talked to us and told us to leave and find a different date place, which was a little awkward since we never labeled it a date.

Anyway back to the failing assignments; it really does suck. I tried semi-hard on that Advance Calc assignment. Like I should get it easily since its like only the first assignment. It kinda makes me feel like a failure, but I guess I can only blame myself for it. This class is going to piss me off this entire semester. Why did I choose to take such a bull shit class about non-applicable stuff? When will I ever have to use the definition of a limit? I'm over being a math major. It is no longer fun and I can honestly say for the first time that I hate math!

**January 20<sup>th</sup>. 2014: 8:00 am**

I am really starting to stress out about this semester. I have no idea how to handle everything that is going on. I already feel like I am drowning and the semester has barely started. I never have time to do anything but study and



work. I don't like this at all. I just need a way to relieve stress. I just have no idea what I can possibly do. I really really wish I could still drink because that always calmed me down at first; that is until I hit that one drink too many and ended up going crazy. I just really want to drink; shit!

My main stressor seems to be that damn Advanced Calc class. It's starting to affect every other class that I am taking, but I can't drop it because that will admit defeat and I just simply cannot be a failure. I need to do well so that I can finally have others proud of me and that I can feel accomplished. This is what I need the most. I need to deserve this, but I truly don't because I am just not good enough.

### **January 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2014: 12:18 am**

I can't believe I have to see him right now. Of all places to be on campus at this time of night he is literally sitting 40 feet away from me. I really can't handle him being so close. It brings up so many things from last semester; it's not even funny. This is actually only the second time I've seen him since that one night, and yet it all comes racing back to me.

I know for a fact I told him no at the beginning of the night, and I truly meant it. I did not want to have any kind of sexual contact with him, but he did it anyway. I still can't believe he did that. This makes me want to drink. I'm already feeling like shit since I cannot do half my math homework because I am too stupid to do it. Screw Real Analysis and screw proofs. Also screw history

profs that assign so much reading. I'm not gonna be able to get half of the things done that I need to. Yay for starting of the semester with failing grades. I really should drink to just forget about everything I have to do, but I won't since I have my first meeting of the semester with Takeelia in like 8 hours and I really don't want to be hung over in her office. I've come such a long way because of her and I refuse to disappoint her. She's like a mom to me. I can't disappoint her anymore, but damn a few shots of Jack would be great right about now. Cheers to sucking it up early on in the semester.

### **January 30<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 8:19 pm**

Naps are absolutely amazing! They just make everything so much easier to deal with. I'm taking the day off from doing homework because all I want to do is scream. It is now going to be a lay in bed for the rest of the night and watch Netflix kind of day because I simply can't do any of my homework and I'm sick of feeling stupid whenever I try to.

On a happier note, I finally got my new sweater dry cleaned, which means that I get to wear it tomorrow. I know that sounds super girly but I enjoy looking good. It puts me in such a better mood when I look nice for a change. It is like a total morale boost and makes it easier not to drink. Those are the best days because it seems like all I want to do anymore is drink. Hopefully this doesn't become a habit or it will be a really rough rest of the semester.

## **February 4<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 9:00 pm**

I dropped MTH 409 (Advanced Calculus II) today. I'm embarrassed that I had to drop it, but there was just no way that I was going to be able to catch-up in that class. I had to admit defeat, which I hate to do because I feel so judged by it. Dr. Talbert told me not to worry about it because people drop all the time, but I am still avoiding eye contact with the professor that was teaching it.

That class just truly started to overwhelm me. I hadn't done a homework assignment in over three weeks because I just simply could not figure any of it out. I think the main reason it was so hard for me is because there is no way to apply the ideas to real life; it is just simply theoretical bull shit. Hopefully this helps me keep on top of my other classes and work since I am constantly exhausted by both.

## **February 5<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 6:00 pm**

I had my first Modern Algebra 2 exam today and I think it went well. I was the first one done in my class which isn't really saying much since I finished with only 2 minutes left during the exam period. But still I did fantastic. But more interesting was the weekend that I had.

That Friday night was the most hectic I have ever had at work. We didn't get done with cleaning until 4 am. I also had to deal with so many jackass customers it was insane. The third to last customer was the worse. She kept

trying to kiss me as if that was supposed to be some great tip. Seriously, bitch please I want nothing to do with you. Just sign the damn receipt so that I can finish up here and get back to the damn store.

Anyway, then Saturday night happened which was quite fun for me. I went out for the first time this semester. I was a little nervous because the people I was going out with have never seen me outside of work, so I had no idea what to expect in terms of pressure to drink. At first they were kinda put out that I was not planning on drinking, but ended up being pretty chill about it since I just said that I was just going to DD for the night. This was true, but I also feel like I am hiding a part of myself from them, but I just don't know how to go about explaining exactly why I don't drink; I just don't want them to judge me or look at me with that damn pity look so many people give.

### **February 11<sup>th</sup>. 2014: 2:00 am**

I got my acceptance letter from Oklahoma State University today. Well, technically it is not an official acceptance letter because the Dean of the Graduate College still has to sign off, but I am as good as in. Right when I read that email I left class, which hadn't ended yet, and started telling everyone that matters to me. That list only included five people: Takeelia, Will, Janaan, Dr. Talbert, and Zack.

Zack was honestly the first person I told. We've been talking and going out together for a couple of weeks. He's an amazing guy that I never have any

problems talking to. The only problem is that I did not exactly tell him exactly where I got into because it is so far away from Grand Rapids, and he has already established himself here with a career and a house. Anyway, he was super excited for me and right away said we had to celebrate and that he was going to pick me up at 8. He said we were going to go to Louis Benton and then see the Lego Movie, which he has been asking to see with me for a couple of days. This put me into such a great mood that I couldn't really contain myself as I was telling everyone else.

Everyone was excited for me because they knew I had major reservations about getting into grad school, since I don't think very highly of my GPA which is only a 3.5, but I guess that was good enough to get into a Big 12 school. Absolutely nothing can ruin this day, even though my co-works want to take me out drinking to celebrate. Thank god I have Zack as an excuse to not drink.

### **February 12<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 5:00 pm**

My date last night was an emotional roller coaster. It started amazingly with dinner. The movie was pretty lame, but I knew Zach really wanted to see it so I dealt with it. He also finally made a move which made my stomach have butterflies. He held my hand and then let me put my head on his shoulder. It just felt so right in the moment and I never wanted the moment to end.

After the movies he took me out for ice cream, which kind of sucks because it was so cold, but it was still fun until we got talking about the future and

where I was going. It got extremely awkward when I told him I got into Oklahoma State. I almost felt bad for it because he looked nervous or scared or I can't even place the emotion that was on his face. I'm scared shitless now that it may all be over now between the two of us, but there is nothing definite yet so hopefully it won't matter.

### **February 13<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 4:00 am**

He called me and told me that he couldn't see me anymore. He doesn't think it is fair to try to do a long distance relationship. And now he decided that since he can't handle the long distance relationship that we might as well not see each other anymore.

Why does it have to be an all or nothing thing? I just don't understand why so many guys seem to think that you cannot just live in the moment. Why can't we just have a great three or four months before deciding what is going to happen when I move to Stillwater? This is so frustrating!

I kind of want to drink the beer in the fridge. Just one or two to take the edge off. It would be nice and relaxing and taste so good. I wonder if my roommate would notice them missing. I just can't understand how someone can go from liking you to not wanting to see you again. It is uncanny and frustrating as hell.

Friday is also going to suck hard because I have to be at work for nine hours as couples order pizza for Valentine's Day. Honestly, the whole idea of a heart shape pizza sounds stupid to me, but I guess it generates decent business. Go figure; college students find it fun. Screw Valentine's Day for that matter. It is such a waste of a holiday. Good thing I didn't get off work to hang out with Zack like we originally planned since all guys seem to be dicks anyway.

### **February 17<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 12:00 pm**

Spring break is just around the corner and I cannot wait for it to start. Some friends and I are planning on going down to Panama City to relax. It will be a fun trip, and my last chance to have a crazy spring break since I'm going on to grad school next year. We got a hotel room a quarter of a mile from the beach and half a mile from all the bars and clubs. It is just becoming more and more real that this is real happening. I even told my parents about our plans. They were definitely not happy with the idea of me driving to Florida, but I think they realized that it is my choice on what I do with my money and my car.

I'm pretty sure my mother's main issue with the idea of this trip is that she thinks I will just go off the deep end and drink to a dangerous level. She still does not know about all the struggles that I've had with alcohol last school year. She still thinks my being transported by ambulance last February was an isolated incident. I wish I could explain everything that has happened to me, but there is no way that she will look at me the same if I told her about anything.

I was also pretty upset with a few of the people at my work when I told them of my spring break plans. A few of them joked about setting up an AIDS prevention fund jar in our store, so that I wouldn't contract AIDS down in Panama City. It was just so offensive; it was obviously because I am gay since they didn't say anything like that when Caleb said he was going down to Panama City too. The worse part about it is that they keep joking about it, and it makes me completely uncomfortable. I just want to yell at them to knock it off since it is just as likely for a straight person to get HIV. Also, are they trying to imply that I don't use condoms because that is definitely not even close to true.

Anyway, back to happier thoughts and the warm beach and getting a B on my first art exam. I am doing so much better in my classes now that I can see myself pulling off mostly B+ and A- in all of my classes. I should probably go study for my Differential Equations exam, but I just don't really worry about that class because it is an application based course which is a million times easier than a proof based course.

### **February 21<sup>st</sup>, 2014: 6:00 pm**

I skipped work today and all of my classes. I just couldn't face anyone, and I know my boss is pissed that I skipped but screw him. I don't care. I feel like absolute shit because all I can think about is how this time last year I allowed myself to get raped. I want to escape the feelings; I just keep thinking how stupid I was to every go over to his place.



I honestly wish that I would have died that night I was in the snow bank. I would have preferred it, so that I wouldn't have to think about how stupid I am. Plus I would not have to deal with the shame of it. I should never have accepted anything from him. I also shouldn't have been such a slut. What else should I have expected when I went over to his place? I'm just an idiot and deserved it.

I want a shot so badly. It makes it easier to deal with the amount of self-hatred I feel every day. I don't deserve any of the people that I have in my life. I'm just a giant burden to most people and they don't deserve it.

### **February 25<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 2:15 am**

My spring break plans completely fell through since my car got wrecked. This means I have to spend a week at home with my parents. I am not looking forward to this in the slightest. I hate going home for any period of time. I just get attacked for every decision I make or don't make. At least I got to blow off steam by going to Craig's Cruisers.

Two friends and I got baked out of our minds before going. It made the whole trip ten times better. The buffet was unreal. I am pretty sure we spent over an hour just eating. The laser tag freaked me out because of all the lights and sounds, but it was so worth it. This may literally be the highlight of my semester. The go-carts were also fun. I haven't smiled this much in a long time, and it was a genuine smile instead of my usual mask I give everyone. But guess

it is time to study for my history mid-term since I have yet to look at it and the exam is tomorrow.

### **March 1<sup>st</sup>, 2014: 3:26 pm**

I am home for spring break and so far there has not been a fight between my parents and me. That is a surprise since it seems that that is the only way that we communicate anymore. That is all we really did ever since I was 14, so I guess I shouldn't be surprised by it anymore.

I got my grade back for my history class, and I am quite pleased with it. I got an 88%, which for studying all of four hours for the exam is pretty decent. Well, it is now nap time since there isn't anything else to do at home.

### **March 4<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 12:24 pm**

Spring Break has been absolutely amazing. I've finally have been able to sleep more than four hours in a night. So far I have slept 30 hours in the past 64 hours. It is absolutely glorious. Right now I am just chillin on the couch and watching Flash Point. I also started working on my final projects for two of my classes; ART 101 and MTH 495. I chose the biggest cop-out of a project for my math capstone, but I don't care as long as it lets me graduate. That is literally all I care about at this point; putting in the least amount of effort and still graduate with decent grades. This guy is also continually hitting on me. It is quite annoying especially because he keeps trying to entice me with Redd's.

Honestly, if you are gonna try to make an alcoholic drink at least use decent liquor like tequila. Anyway, even with all my stressors I am doing fantastic especially this week because I get to be completely away from everything. One thing I have been doing that is important is that I am starting to look into options for housing next year down in Stillwater. Hopefully I can find a decent place to live that is relatively cheap since I am pretty sure I will have to pay for the majority of my graduate school.

### **March 7<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 3:49 am**

I came back to school early so that I could go out tonight with friends. I gave my parents some bull shit excuse about visiting the Gerald R. Ford Museum, but that obviously is not happening. Me and some friends went to Rumors, but the night turned to complete crap pretty early on.

My friend Kiana decided to pre-game pretty hard before going out, which is fine and all but she just went off the deep end mid-way through the night. She just got completely belligerent and rude. She kept yelling at me to go dance with guys and make the first move, but that just is not me. I don't have the confidence necessary to just go walk up to a random guy and just start a conversation. I'm too awkward, and honestly I just wanted to chill with my friends. I had no desire to meet someone or hook-up.

It got to the point that we had to leave early because she kept yelling and getting into fights with people. I have never been so embarrassed while out.

She also kept talking to random guys and getting mad at punching me for not showing interest in them. It was truly a frustrating situation, so we bailed. And here I am at almost 4 in the morning wondering about why I am so afraid of rejection and refusing to put myself out there.

### **March 8<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 12:00 am**

We went sledding tonight. It was the first time I have gone sledding since I was eleven. It was also Kiana's first time ever sledding, which seems really weird but that is beside the point. It was a ton of fun, and we found the perfect hill on campus just pass freshmen land. At first I thought it was a really stupid idea, but once we started sledding it was amazing. It brought so many good memories of living in Connecticut and parts of my childhood.

I couldn't stop laughing the whole time, but damn it was cold. We only ended up being outside for about an hour because we were all cold and tired. It was probably a good idea that we stopped because as we were putting our stuff into Selena's car, a GVPD officer drove up and asked what we were doing. I was just like oh you know sledding. My friend Selena got super nervous for no reason since none of us had any illegal stuff on us, but all the officer did was laugh and told us to have fun. He was actually really young and attractive. I kind of wish I got his name even though nothing would obviously happen.

### **March 11<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 12:00 pm**

It is a few days until St. Patrick's Day weekend; one of the best excuses to get irrationally drunk at 9 in the morning. As of now my only plan for the weekend is staying in and studying for my ART 101 exam. That more than likely won't be what I do, but that is currently the plan. My friends keep calling me a prude because I already told them I won't drink with them. Honestly, they should realize that I haven't drank at all this semester and that isn't about to change for a holiday that thrives on drinking. It just cannot be my style/ won't be my style. I know I would fuck up my chance of grad school if I drink this weekend, and why would I ever do that.

### **March 16<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 4:20 pm**

Well, I ended up going on Saturday to a friend's house party at about ten in the morning. I haven't gotten up that early on a weekend since probably my freshman year; it is an ungodly hour, but I had fun. There was a lot of beer pong and Waterfall being played. I felt a little uncomfortable because these guys I never met before kept asking me why I wasn't drinking liquor during Waterfall and I didn't know what to tell them. My friend rescued me however, and just put water in a cup and told them it was vodka so they would get off my back. Then around nine at night I went to my other friend's birthday dinner in the B.O.B.

That was a giant mistake owing to the amount of drunken revelers. The dinner was okay, but we all kept getting approached by random people that kept asking us to do shots. That was a no go for me, but my friends went for it. After the dinner, Vanessa, the birthday girl, decided that she wanted to go to Diversions, which I wasn't feeling but you can't really argue with a drunk girl.

At first it was pretty fun, but Kiana was hammered again and started to have a go with me. This is after she almost got kicked out for trying to make out with multiple girls in the bathroom, yet she claims to be straight, but I digress. She started the same shit up again as last time we went to a gay bar/ club. She kept trying to force me onto these different guys when all I wanted to do was dance with my friends and have a good time. It got to the point of her constantly hitting me again and I just had enough. I ended up breaking down because of the amount of abuse she was hurling at me and I just left. The next day of course she didn't remember any of it so I looked like the asshole that ruined their time by leaving. Sometimes, I just cannot take being around her when she is drunk. She always starts out so happy and then turns into a complete bitch; I don't know why I keep talking to her.

Anyway, I ended up at home and my roommate's boyfriend was there, drunk, looking for my roommate. I know exactly where Paul was, at the bar with another guy, but I didn't have the heart to tell him. That was a mistake because next thing I know I'm comforting him, and he asks if he could sleep in my bed

with me. How can I say no when he's been crying non-stop for the last half hour?

### **March 19<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 6:00 pm**

I feel like a complete whore about what happened with Paul's roommate, but what is worse is that I am pretty sure he knows. All week he has been a complete dick to me. On Monday he left his car in the drive way blocking mine so I had to call into work because I can't work without a car, so I got another write-up. He also keeps being inconsiderate about everything and keeps giving me dirty looks. I can't blame him though; when I got cheated on I was super pissed off, but now I know what it is like to be the other guy. It is straight up brutal.

The worst part was the little dig he made about me being a prude at parties. It hurt because like a week before I finally told him why I never drank and I just can't believe he used that against me. I just stood there speechless because what else could I do; he used the one thing about me that would hurt the most. But also, I cannot blame him because I think I'm starting to develop feelings for John, Paul's boyfriend.

## **March 31<sup>st</sup>, 2014: 9:00 am**

I'm almost positive that I am going to drop out of Grand Valley this week. I can't do it anymore. I have everything about myself and I don't deserve degree from a university since I can't even keep my emotional life in order.

This past weekend I ended up drinking. It was the worst decision I could have ever made. According to my friends I was blacked out by 10 pm and kept drinking. I don't really remember anything past 10, but my friends filled me in on the main highlights:

- I stole a fifth of expensive vodka from a party
- I forced one of my co-works to drive me to a different party in Country Place
- I puked all over a person's bathroom
- I threw water and other liquids
- I screamed and called one of my friends a homophobe
- I cried a lot
- I puked on the bus
- I tried to slit my wrist with steak knife
- I finally admitted to myself I hated being gay and wanted to be normal
- I got transported to the hospital by Officer Barnes
- I had to get my stomached pumped and still blew a 0.12 at 7 am

I am just...I am just lost for words. I don't want to be here anymore and I doubt the Dean of Students office wants me here either.



**April 1<sup>st</sup>, 2014: 11:00 am**

I am skipping class today because I just feel like a piece of shit. I told Will that I wanted to drop out and I could tell right away he was pissed at me for it, or maybe it was disappointment or a mixture of both. Anyway, I just want this to end. I want to run away from Grand Valley and I wish I died Saturday night so that it could be over. I admitted to Will that I am slowly starting to see as suicide as a viable option and honestly it is becoming more and more of an option to escape everything. I just want to stop disappointing people and dying would stop that because they would be able to forget about in a couple of months or so and move on in life.

I also admitted to him that I hated being gay and I just wanted to be normal, which is true. I want the normal that everyone strives for: house, kids, wife, white picket fence. I didn't tell him though that I was looking into going to a reparative therapist. I got a name and I am planning on calling them later today to see if they can help me.

**April 4<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 5:00 pm**

I couldn't do it. I could not drop out of Grand Valley. I had the form filled out, but I just couldn't put my name on it. I hate when Will is right, which seems to be almost always. But I am staying in the Valley and finishing up my last few weeks of class. I still have to decide what I want to do after graduation because I

don't know if I belong in grad school if I am such an emotional wreck that I have to be transported to a hospital to get my stomach pumped.

### **April 5<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 2:27 am**

I almost committed suicide tonight. I was sitting on the railing of the Little Mack bridge about to jump off. I told my cousin about what happened the weekend before and she told my parents. How could she do that? She didn't have a right to do since it is my life and I was figuring out a way to best help myself. My parents are going to be so disappointed in me and I just can't stand to hear my mother cry.

The only reason why I didn't jump off the bridge was because this girl stopped as she was walking across the bridge and told I wasn't allowed to. I gave her a look of "go fuck yourself" and told her to leave me alone, but she wouldn't. She grabbed my shoulder, which in hindsight was stupid as hell, and gently tugged me off the railing. I was angry at her and yelled at her and said so many horrible things to her. I still want to die, but I guess today isn't the day. Instead, I have to get ready for a campus visit to Oklahoma State on Wednesday that I don't want to go on because what is the point.

### **April 12<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 1:00 pm**

Oklahoma State was amazing. I can't wait to go there in the fall. It will allow me to have a new start away from all my problems and start fresh. The

people there were wonderful and really excited to have me. I found out I will be teaching a 70 person lecture on my own in the fall, but that is what I would want to do. I want to teach statistics after I get my Ph.D. I'm glad I didn't cancel my trip like I was planning on doing. Hopefully these last few weeks of school will be uneventful.

### **April 24<sup>th</sup>, 2014: 2:46 pm**

This is going to be my last entry of the semester since this is due in like 15 minutes. The last week of classes went really well and most of my finals were taking home so it wasn't too bad. My hardest exam is at 4 today and that is Modern Middle East with Dr. Goode.

Yesterday, I thought I wasn't going to be graduating from Grand Valley because I turned my Differential Equations take home in 4 minutes late, and according to my professor's policy that should be 40 points off and since the exam was only worth 60 I failed. I cried so much because I thought for sure the exam was due at 2, but nope. He looked furious with me when I handed it in, and all I could do was get on the bus and cried because with only a 33% on the final I would have ended the course with a D+ which isn't good enough for credit in my major. I got a bottle of wine last night and opened it with the intentions of drinking the whole thing, but I couldn't. I worked too hard these last few weeks battling literally for my life, and I wasn't going to allow one exam through that all away.

Dr. Fishback, my Differential Equations professor, emailed me this morning and told me he decided to only take 10 points off, which means I finish the course with a B+ instead of a D+. Looks like I still get to walk on Saturday. Thank god I didn't drink that bottle last night.

## **Epilogue**

I hope this writing can help at least one person from going down the path that I did. It is not fun and it is full of pain. There are so many more down days than up when you are struggling with alcoholism in college. I wouldn't wish it on my worst enemy. Even if it doesn't touch many, helping only one person is worth it. Also, life would have been even worse for me if I didn't have this outlet to write down all my experiences in my last semester as a Grand Valley student. While I am still struggling with the desire to drink constantly I am able to suppress it with the help of my friends and mentors.