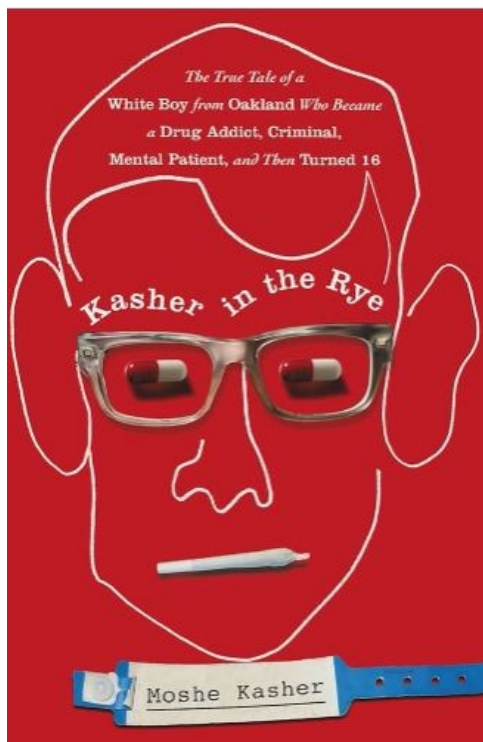


# KASHER IN THE RYE



*Adult*

**By Moshe Kasher**

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## CONTENT WARNING

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### Book Summary:

The autobiography of Moshe Kasher's adolescence involving drug and alcohol use.

### Summary of Concerns:

This book contains sexual activities; sexual nudity; violence including domestic violence; references to sexual assault; references to racism; excessive/frequent profanity and derogatory terms; alcohol abuse by minors; drug abuse; alternate gender ideologies; and alternate sexualities.

**3** /5

**Minor Restricted**  
BookLooks Review Rating

Page	Content
6	He was Zeidi. As far as I know, everyone called him that, including his wife. Sounds like their sex life was rockin'. Give it to me, Grandpa!
9	<p>Out of control. That's how my mother always described me. She'd sign, "You were just always out of control."</p> <p>Apparently my father was, too. My mom told me stories of how scared she was, of how he threw her around, but to be honest, I never believed her.</p> <p>...But my dad also raged. He also fumed and yelled. He also grabbed my mother by the hand so hard he broke her fingers.</p>
10	"Finally," she said, "you've come to your senses and left that fucking man. I've said it a thousand times, all men are pigs."
12	Therapy for a four-year-old is different from regular therapy. Mainly, it involved Ruben sucking my penis while convincing me not to tell my parents. Just kidding.
13	Most days, we'd leave the house and immediately my mother would have to yank me back from playing in traffic or biting a woman's vagina or whatever other mess I got myself into. I was unusually horny as a toddler.
23	If you get off the F train at the last possible stop and then walk past all the Coney Island fun and past all the people of color (yikes!) and through a gate, then through a time portal to pre-Nazi Europe, you get to Sea Gate.
26	<p>On the bad days, when things weren't going as well at home for my black buddy, or maybe because I was being just a little too white, I became honky or cracker or white bread or white chicken bread or bitch.</p> <p>I tried calling a kid nigger once. Once. I was in third grade and was fighting with a kid named Darryl, who was yelling out a rapid-fire machine-gun assault of:</p> <p>Honkycrackerwhitebreadwhitechickenbreadbitch!</p> <p>Honkycrackerwhitebreadwhitechickenbreadbitch!</p> <p>Honkycrackerwhitebreadwhitechickenbreadbitch!</p> <p>...It seemed only fair at this point for me to let loose the rumbling slur from the recesses of my nonexistent Confederate roots. Nigger.</p> <p>..."But what about all that honkycrackerwhitebreadwhitechickenbreadbitch stuff?" I asked, confused.</p> <p>Darryl welled up with compassion and he explained the rules to me.</p> <p>"That's different," he said. "You're white."</p> <p>Then he punched me in the stomach.</p> <p>...I felt like shit and slumped off the playground, determined that I'd rather be a honkycrackerwhitebreadwhitechickenbreadbitch than a racist bitch. So that was my first and last time calling someone a nigger.</p> <p>Later, when I became black, I would often call people nigga, but that was affectionate and a reclamation of the word. Actually, technically it was a re-reclamation of the word, as it had already been reclaimed by actual black people. My people, whites who wished they were black, then re-reclaimed it from them and used it among ourselves, proving that white people could use the word in a cool, friendly way.</p>
28	<p>"Hey, I have an incredibly small white penis; do you?"</p> <p>...Richard lived with his grandmother, too. His dad was an alcoholic, his mother was a crackhead prostitute.</p>

Page	Content
30	<p>Rather than The Power of Now, I would study the power of Freaky Tales, the filthy anthem of Too \$ hort explaining the ins and outs of male-female love relations:            “I knew this girl, her name was Tina, bitch so dumb we named her misdemeanor. Cuz it had to be a crime to be that dumb, I took her to the house and she let me cum in her mouth.”            ...With no one left not to hate, I spent my early years reading Gloria Steinem while imagining ejaculating on women’s faces in disdain.</p>
31	<p>Nancy Reagan had given him a blow job: “She licked my dick, up and down, like it was corn on the cob.”            ...In typical Bay Area hippie mother fashion, my mother was hardly shy about teaching us about sex.            ...I’m not saying I would have preferred an emotionally distant mother who never told me anything about sex other than that masturbating would make hair grow over your eyes and make you go blind, but it would have been nice to have had it as an option. My mother would be much more likely to cheer me on if she caught me jerking off, delightedly signing, “It’s natural!” as I came.            Tuesdays were sex talk nights. Every horrid Tuesday, my mother would call my brother and me away from whatever we were doing and gather us for a humiliation session.</p>
32	<p>Boys and Sex was the name of the blue-covered manual from which my mother would read to us. For hours every Tuesday, we would pray for comets to hit the house and take us out of our misery as my mother droned on about “orgasms” and “rectal insertion.” As she talked, our disgust turned to a buzzing sleepiness. Somehow, she took all the fun out of it. Never has a nine-year-old been so thoroughly bored by sex.            At the end of every chat was the same question, “Are either of you gay?” If there is such a thing as being too supportive of homosexuality, my mother had it. We got the distinct impression that not only would it be okay if we were gay, it would be preferred.            “Are either of you gay?”            “No, Mom,” we’d explain again, “we still aren’t fucking gay.”            ...“David does like sucking an occasional dick, though.” I laughed from behind the back of my hand.</p>
33	<p>“Now” —she’d settle back in— “are either of you gay?”            ...I would transcendently leave my body and float to East Oakland and imagine Too \$hort telling me all about pussy. Now that’s sex ed.            I learned to jerk off, too. A couple of years after my mother first cracked the blue book, I got my hands on a copy of Jim Carroll’s The Basketball Diaries. In it, I read about how he would steal away to his hot New York roof and stare at the silhouette of his neighbor’s body while he played with his dick in bliss. Up until that point, despite all the long-winded lectures from my mom, I thought masturbation, or “touching yourself,” was when you put your hand down your pants while watching TV, à la Al Bundy. But I could sense, in my reading of the passage in The Basketball Diaries, that he was doing something different and I studied it carefully, again and again, until I found that ancient bit of limbic, instinctive wisdom that tells man to constrict his hand into the shape of a vagina. I stole away to the bathroom for hours daily to try my new trick. I was eleven years old and unaware that there was such a thing as ejaculating. Quite happy with the sensations I’d found from using my new “pussy hand,” I’d simply lube up and jerk off for a while and then pack my little dick back in my pants and go on about my day, awaiting the next time me and me could be alone together again.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>Richard was kept apprised of all these sessions as he had recently learned the wisdom of the "tube hand" as well. We would talk on the phone about different techniques. It was very gay, which would have made my mother proud, but we were too young to know it so it hardly counted.</p> <p>Then, one day, I was happily in the midst of my stroking when something started to go very wrong.</p> <p>...I wanted to stop but I couldn't as the terror and the ecstasy rushed into me. Trickling waterfalls of electric sand filled my arm and then back to my dick and then back to my arm. It shot through every square inch of my body and set my scalp on fire. My toes curled. My world changed.</p> <p>I CAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAME!!!! I called Richard immediately to report the results.</p> <p>"Dude, you just keep going until it happens. I'm not sure if it's good for you or not but it feels... I can't describe it."</p> <p>Richard was excited to try. "Hold on the phone, I'm gonna go into the bathroom and try it, I'll be right back."</p> <p>I waited as I wanted to hear his supplications as he thanked me for changing his world. Ten minutes later I could hear him bray from the background:</p> <p>"I caame!"</p> <p>He returned to the phone, "Wow, dude. Wow. I'm gonna go do that again, but my grandma wants to know if you want to come over for dinner."</p> <p>"What, was she there when you did it? 'Oh, now that you're done jerking off, ask if he wants dinner.'"</p> <p>"Shut up, dude, she told me to ask you earlier. Yes or no, I really want to go try again."</p> <p>"Yeah, okay, perv, I'll see you tonight, have fun jerking off in front of your grandma."</p>
37	<p>Mostly, nerd just meant white. For some reason, white just conjured images of squares and losers in the imagination of Claremont's consciousness. So the nerds, who would've just been "people" at another school, became the lowest rung of the social ladder at the watering hole that was Claremont.</p> <p>Among the black people, there was diversity. There was the square, the churchgoer, the clown, the thug, the ladies' man, the crack dealer, the oft-flunked, the gay dude, the African, big-ass muthafucka, retard, rapist, nice to whites, hella tall, half Asian, knows karate, has a twin, black with freckles, going to college and more, and more and more. But if you were white, you were just white.</p> <p>Unless you were a fuckup. Fuckups weren't white, they were fuckups. It was like you didn't even notice their whiteness because the dysfunction was screaming so loud that you couldn't pay attention to anything else.</p>
38	<p>To show you the odds Joey was up against, I will tell you the rest of this chant reserved only for interracial fights:</p> <p>"A fight! A fight! A nigga and a white! If the nigga don't win, then we all jump in!"</p>
40	<p>"I'm Sean The Bomb with the strength of King Kong. I got fists of TNT and my dick is long!"</p> <p>...At Claremont the crack-dealer kids could be spotted by their ever-changing Nike Cortez shoe collection.</p>
41	<p>"I ain't white, you big-lipped bitch, I'm Italian."</p>
47	<p>Some-day, I'd like to have a-sex with you.</p>
51	<p>You could simply nod at any woman and receive an obligatory blow job.</p>

Page	Content
59	<p>Every P.A.G. initiation ritual I went through was somehow deemed insufficient afterward and then they'd ask me to perform some other pain ritual or sexual humiliation in order to be accepted in. I stuck my finger up my ass and tried to write my name on the wall in shit; I whacked my little pubescent dick against an ice-cold school bench; I drank a dead goldfish, and I put out a cigarette on my arm.</p> <p>It was a Camel wide. I fucking remember that—believe me, you would, too. As this new group of guys gathered around, I jammed the lit end of this cigarette into my forearm and shook in pain while my flesh bubbled and smoked. All the guys cheered and slapped me on the back for what at the time felt like the best decision I'd ever made.</p>
60	<p>There was talk of ritual rape as my next induction ceremony.</p>
61	<p>I realized, after hanging out with these guys for a while, that they were smoking pot. Pot. Our parents called it grass, they called it dank. If it was really good, they called it The Chronic. The D.A.R.E. program called it a gateway drug.</p> <p>I made a decision that I'd smoke with those guys if they asked me. Fuckin' weed! Bill Clinton said he didn't inhale and the nation laughed at him. I didn't. The first time I smoked weed, I related more to Bill Clinton than the black community did. I fucking tried.</p> <p>...So when Donny invited me to the bushes to smoke some weed and I didn't get high, it was my lungs being a bitch, not me.</p>
62	<p>I needed these guys to know I was serious. So, like none of the women I've ever been with, I faked it.</p> <p>To be fair, I wasn't positive I wasn't high. I mean, maybe this was it, maybe pot felt exactly like not smoking pot, you just felt cool and tough for doing it.</p> <p>I walked from that bush to my grandma waiting in the car to pick me up after school and I tried to convince myself that I was a changed man, that I had gotten high.</p> <p>...The first time I got high for real was at Tommy Klark's house. His older brother passed me a joint and my lungs opened up to the smoky gateway through which I passed into a new world. The THC drip-dropped its thick syrupy coating over my brain and I floated away. So this is what it's like to be high...</p> <p>I smoked and smoked and every hit chipped away another part of my life... puff puff... gone were my worries. What was there to worry about, it's Ganja Time! Puff puff, gone was my retardation; I could puff away the extra chromosome and feel my Down syndrome become more of a Down Situation... puff puff, shit I was smart! And even if I wasn't, fuck smart! Puff puff, gone was my fat! I had smooth, sculpted muscles under there somewhere. Puff puff, gone was my fear of being rejected by the cool kids. I'd jumped through a Mario warp zone way past the cool kids. Fuck those square pieces of shit. I didn't need to be popular, I didn't want to be popular, I didn't want to be anything. All I wanted was to kick it with these guys and stay high for the rest of my life.</p> <p>I'm not sure if there's a heaven, but if there is, I'm pretty sure it's gotta look something like Tommy's backyard.</p> <p>After that, things get hazy. We started drinking Everclear margaritas.</p> <p>...Before I got high, I had no idea that's what had been wrong the whole time.</p> <p>...I just needed to get high. That's the secret no one tells you when you're a kid. That it feels fucking great. They tell you that you feel loopy and disoriented, but no one tells you that it crawls through your skin, filling in every place of deficit, every gaping crack where your humanity didn't fuse. The thick warm lava of euphoria fills in the crevices of your psyche, and you realize your soul was an electric blanket that hadn't been plugged in until just then.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>Parents and shrinks never tell you that you will forget all the reasons you had to hate yourself. They don't tell you that shit because then everybody will want to get high.</p>
64	<p>Getting high that first time was like seeing for the first time. It was as if I'd been wearing blinders my whole life, and with that first hit, they shot off and I saw the world in its full repose for the first time. The world had seemed so small and myopic before that first hit, and as I exhaled, I inhaled the new scene before me. The world expanded forever. It was bright and clear and I wasn't afraid of anything. I felt like I could see forever. My life had, until that point, been a dark, small, little place, the rules and dynamics of which had been set by all of the people who controlled me. I had no power over anything. And then, just like that, my world popped open. I could see for miles.</p>
65	<p>I felt like Rowdy Roddy Piper after that first joint. Not like, I want to wear a kilt and beat up the Macho Man Randy Savage, but like, I knew about a secret fucking world that had always been there and mindless victims had been walking around it for years, pretending it didn't exist. I saw the brave new world.</p> <p>I'm not sure what happens to normal people when they get high for the first time. I assume that they get high, feel delighted, and think, "That was soul stimulating. I feel enlightened but not overwhelmingly so. I await another appropriate occasion for mind expansion in a reasonably far-off time, when I will make a conscious and mature decision to take a mood-altering substance again."</p> <p>Not me. I realized in that little high sambo slam-dance circle, right before I melted into hemp butter, that I never wanted not to be high again. I would do whatever it took to get high forever, all the time, for the rest of my life. I was twelve years old and I'd found my calling. Stay high, stay drunk, at all costs.</p> <p>...We sat out on a hill and I fired up a stogie, took a hit, and passed it to him.</p>
66	<p>I stared at my old friend, took a deep breath, and told him, "I smoked weed, too." He stared at me, confused. "Wait, what?" "Yeah, I smoked weed, dude, it was awesome. It's not like they say it is, you know? It felt awesome. Like jerking off but you're just cumming the whole time. It's crazy."</p>
76	<p>I needed something, so I had to content myself with gulping deeply when Shabbos wine was passed to me and indulging in late-night phone sex.</p> <p>I'd found the joys of phone sex just before I'd left California in the summer of 1991. My mother had long since had a 900 number block placed on the phone line in some kind of preemptive psychic protection move. Luckily, the phone companies had arranged a neat work-around of those 900 blocks that I can't imagine wasn't a direct response to the plummeting profits that allowing parents to cut their children off phone sex had caused.</p> <p>...After the phone company took a ten-dollar connection fee, these beleaguered nations could start scraping money off the penises of American hornballs.</p> <p>I called islands like Antigua and the Philippines and jerked my horny little dick to the sounds of their moans and dirty talk. I ejaculated to both Trinidad and Tobago. I brought rivers of cum to drought-addled islands. I e-JAH-culated onto Rastafarian marijuana fields.</p> <p>I can imagine those ladies now, six kids in a small tin shack, stirring a goat curry stew with a baby on their hip as they cradled the phone on their shoulder, boredly moaning to me about how much they wanted my big cock. I didn't yet have a big cock, but I was hardly going to tell them that.</p> <p>I called every night. My father would ask me to bring him a cup of water and then ask me to rub his feet—a nonsexual but nonetheless extremely weird request.</p>

Page	Content
77	<p>'Allo?' The huskiness of the voice threw me off, but my dick was hard and not to be deterred.</p> <p>"I'm rock hard and ready for you," I whispered, trying to sound of legal age to be making a call like this. Nothing like the squeaky pubescent creak of a thirteen-year-old voice to ruin a good tropical jerk session.</p> <p>"Oh. Sarrdy. Sarrdy. No. I not do that kind of call."</p> <p>"You don't what?" This was bullshit, I didn't pay the \$ 9.95 connection fee to be rejected by a woman saying sarrdy. I checked the number to make sure I hadn't misdialed. I hadn't. For some reason I decided to push the issue.</p> <p>"C'mon, give it to me..." I panted, my voice cracking, revealing my youthful exuberance. The reluctant phone whore spoke. "Oh, okay, you want pucker me?"</p> <p>I did. I really did. I'd never wanted to pucker someone so bad.</p> <p>Somehow, that grizzled old voice on the other end of the phone had melted a bit.</p> <p>"Yes, that's what I want; I want you to give it to me."</p> <p>And then, just like that, I had another tug session with an island lady.</p> <p>To this day, I'm not sure if I convinced a random Filipino grandmother whom I'd misdialed to start a career in phone sex that day or if I pulled someone out of retirement for one last moan. All I know is that when the phone bill came, even that triumphant call wasn't worth it.</p>
79	<p>My dad leaned into me and signed, "Phone sex?"</p> <p>...Thirteen years later I was explaining to my father how I'd racked up fifteen hundred dollars in bills while pumping my dick in his living room.</p> <p>...I'd never had so much money in my life as that day after my Bar Mitzvah. But the day after the day after my Bar Mitzvah, it was liquidated on my penis.</p> <p>I spent every penny of my Bar Mitzvah money on phone sex. I just imagined God, looking down at me, shaking his metaphorical head and asking me, "Phone sex? You spent your Bar Mitzvah money on phone sex? The holy rite I have commanded you to follow, you took and spent on calling 'Hot Island Bitches'?"</p>
81	<p>If you go there today, you will see throngs of white people, doing white people things, such as inspecting rare cheeses and riding in packs of thousand-dollar bicycles with penis silhouette-enhancing spandex outfits. Vomit.</p>
82	<p>Officer Joe, ignoring the conventions of probable cause, or perhaps assuming our very existence was probable cause, would search us on sight—every time, every day. Joe lined us up against the wall and a waterfall of contraband would spill out onto the streets. Sakura 64 permanent markers, pot-pipes screwed together from stolen plumbing supplies, knives, and pepper spray rolled down College Avenue, lowering property values with each rotation. Officer Joe would then throw us up against the wall and cuff us, spin someone into a chokehold, and then drive us around in his car for an hour or so just to scare us. A piece of shit, that's how I'd describe him.</p>
83	<p>The monastery was an apple grove in the middle of Oakland, surrounded by an abbey, where Jesuit monks walked around in contemplation of the Lord and where we got fucked up and hurled apples at passing traffic.</p>
85	<p>I'm not sure what's worse: DJ socking that chick in the face, his apology where he explained he never would have hit her if she didn't look so much like a guy, or the fact that, years later, I ended up fucking that guy.</p> <p>...We'd found Frohawk one day when we were on a desperate search for someone to buy us</p>

Page	Content
	<p>booze. He was nineteen so he couldn't buy it for us, but he had some warm gin back at his place.</p>
86	<p>There were rats and black widows and piles of cholera dust and skeletons and gold doubloons from shipwrecks and ghosts and gnomes and sewage water; there were dwarfs mining for precious metals and pet alligators grown to enormous size and then there was us, with another awesome place to get high. ...The land of milk and honey to a thirteen-year-old drug addict.</p>
87	<p>Imagine! A thirty-five-year-old friend. Lucky. Mikey was awesome. He bought us cigarettes and booze and pornography and we hiked back to his place and smoked and drank and jerked off and made Top Ramen and punched the walls ...Usually, if you're thirteen and need to get drunk, you have only a few options: find a crooked store; ask a crooked man; or take your crooked ass into the booze aisle and steal some shit. The crooked stores were the hardest to find. Fines and piety kept most of the local liquor stores out of reach. The next thing to do was find a bum. Bums like smoking crack. Yes, all of them. Crack, however, costs money that they don't have, because the bum industry is one of the worst-paying on the market. That's where we came in. For a five-dollar tip, we were able to get drunk, and the bums were able to smoke rocks.</p>
89	<p>Shane was about twenty-five when we met him, his cheeks already puffy and swollen from years of alcohol abuse. He always had the perfect amount of stubble, too. Not perfect as in: Hollywood-chic, but perfect as in: Yes, in fact I do drink beer with cigarette butts in it—what of it? ...He taught us about Carlo Rossi. "Carlo Rossi is the best wine a man can buy," he told us. Hard to argue with. Only the best comes in 2.5-gallon bottles. Rossi was the finest wine we ever drank. We started with Cisco, and then came Boone's Farm, and on the nights of celebration, we cracked Rossi. Shane liked Rossi but I liked Cisco. Leotis, a Cisco drinker, taught me the "bang for the buck principle." In the world of cheap drink, there are levels. Here's Leotis's Talmudic treatise on the wisdom of cheap drinks: Malt liquor is standard alcoholic drinking fare, but there are levels. First, there's Mickey's—known as "white boy drink," reserved for chicks and people who are still employed. In the middle of the spectrum is Olde English, a drink for Shakespearean alcoholics. And then there's the bang-for-the-buck favorite, St. Ides. Ahh, St. Ides, the patron saint of cirrhosis. The only thing better than St. Ides is Crazy Horse, a true rarity, but if you ever see it on the shelf, you have to go for it. You know a drink is strong when, without any self-consciousness or irony, it is named after a leader of a culture that's been decimated by alcoholism. Wino wines had similar strata. Boone's for girls, Rossi for groups, and Cisco for real men. Cisco was my favorite. A lethal sort of synthetic bum wine, it was made out of a combination of distilled Now and Later, Ajax, and broken dreams. People called it Liquid Crack. I called it dinner. Shane's favorite was always Rossi. He and Corey came home one day with two jugs of the stuff and a look of delight—and a girl! Melissa. ...She was an alcoholic, too, but much like alcohol, there's also a spectrum of alcoholics.</p>
92	<p>"Wait a minute, dude, you've never kissed a girl?" I asked him, terrified at the possibility of going another twenty years without getting some. Mikey giggled and shook his head. "No, I've never kissed a girl, nope. I would, though. I'd</p>



Page	Content
	<p>kiss a girl. I'd fuck a girl, too."            ..."I first French-kissed a girl when I was six."            ...Mikey, however, was disturbingly unfazed by the question that should've sent him into existential angst, or at least horny frustration.</p>
98	<p>Tunnels are amazing. The act of man boring a tunnel through a mountain is a feat of human ingenuity that's pretty incredible to think about. It's so powerfully penetrative, it's almost sexual. (In fact, whenever I see a woman these days, I think, "Man, I'd love to fortify her walls and use a boring machine to grind out a passageway that would allow transit to and from her ovaries.")</p>
99	<p>I stared at him, trying to psychically will him to nix the plan, and it looked like he was just about to when he cocked his head to the side and said, "I've got weed. We could smoke in there."</p>
102	<p>"I dropped the weed!" he yelled back, as if that made perfect sense.            "Are you kidding me? You have to get out of there."            Donny looked up at me like I had just said the stupidest thing in the world. "Dude, it's weed."            ...I leaned down and helped Donny out of the tracks but only after he had a baggy clinched in his hand. Trembling, we climbed over the fence and a few minutes later were crouched in a wooden play structure together and silently smoking. As the weed and the fear and the adrenaline mixed together, we couldn't help but wonder what that little room looked like. I still wish we'd made it.</p>
104	<p>It was late at night, and a bunch of us were drinking on the upper field at the elementary school that Donny lived near.            ...The first time I tried nitrous oxide, I was with Brian.            ...We all went down to Safeway late one night and stuffed cans full of whipped cream into our pants and walked out smiling in anticipation of the dessert party we were about to have. To me, it's cute to think of thirteen-year-olds using something as innocent as whipped cream to get high with. It seems the perfect thirteen-year-old party drug. Get high and have hot cocoa after.            Later, up in Donny's room, they told me what to do. "Crack it and suck it into your lungs," Brian explained, the excitement flickering in his eyes. "Take as much as you can and hold it in." I did as instructed. I peeled off the plastic ring from the spigot and pulled it toward me. The trick with whipped cream cans is not to shake them. You shake, you get a mouth full of cream. I cracked the thing and breathed in big. The rush of gas filled my chest and I held on to it. In about two seconds, my brain began to rattle and shake and the hippie crack started to do its duty. Nitrous oxide makes a sound. The wah wah wah wah sound you hear in your brain when nitrous hits is what we used to call the sound your brain cells make when they die. The death knell of your poor little brain wondering what it ever did to hurt you. So I sucked in big and listened to the symphony of death going on in my brain that first time I puffed nitrous, and just then, just as my mind started to go mush and the ecstasy of the gas took over... bam!</p>
105	<p>I bet he never jerks off and thinks of all races equally. I'm sure Gary is amazing.</p>
106	<p>Later that night we drank together.            ...We had a metal bat that lived at our front door, and I couldn't possibly tell you the number of times I had to run outside with that fucking thing and bang it on the ground to</p>

Page	Content
	scare off some awful mess pissing on my front door or some disgusting trolls fucking in the weeds next to the house.
108	<p>“Hey, brother, you smoke?” The Hendrix Experience handed me a fat beautiful joint. Filled with adult weed.</p> <p>“Do it!” I sucked in, hard. I coughed out, harder.</p> <p>“Easy there, brother!” Zappa laughed.</p> <p>Adult weed!</p> <p>Somehow, no matter how good the weed was back then, some trick of nature or special club allowed the adults to get the best weed in the world. Parents’ stashes were filled with otherworldly shit. Crystal-crusted Indica and Maui Wowie, the best shit.</p> <p>Only one thing was more powerful than adult weed. Adult hippie weed. Oh Lord, give me strength!</p> <p>I smoked that joint and passed it back to Zappa, who put his hand up in supplication like Jesus.</p> <p>“No way, keep smoking, you only have it for a mile, we smoke all day.”</p> <p>...I sat there, laughing, smoking.</p> <p>...“Hey, you want a beer?”</p> <p>“I’d love one. Nothing sounds better.”</p> <p>He handed me a Red Hook Extra Special Bitter. My favorite nice beer. I never drank nice beer. But today I drank like an alcoholic king.</p> <p>The malt washed away my dryness. Hops washed away my sins.</p> <p>We pulled up to BART, my mind blown, my joint cashed, my beer drunk.</p>
111	<p>“It’s white blotter acid.” Donny seemed intoxicated just holding the stuff. “And it’s the beginning of our empire.”</p> <p>I was confused. “We have an empire?”</p> <p>Donny started ripping out hits of acid, one at a time.</p> <p>He handed one to me.</p> <p>“The empire”—Donny pointed at his forehead—“starts in here. Put it on your tongue.”</p> <p>I did as I was told.</p> <p>I’d heard about acid. My mother told me about her experiences as a young woman in the sixties, how she ate acid and the world melted. It was meant to be a cautionary tale, but all I thought during that conversation was, “I’m gonna try that someday.”</p> <p>Today was the day, I guessed. Tuesday afternoon at three thirty was as good a time as any for a thirteen-year-old to drop acid.</p> <p>Jamie took his into his mouth and told us, “I once did acid with my grandpa, he had a pure LSD crystal in his office, and he handed it to me one day after I shot a deer. He licked it and told me to lick it. I was high for a week.”</p>
112	<p>Strychnine is rat poison. It is said to be put into LSD to make it stronger—the poison was seen as some kind of hard-core badge of honor.</p> <p>Jamie leaned into me. “Rat poison, that’s what it is. It makes the shit even more powerful, but if you take too much, it could paralyze you.”</p>
113	<p>“After I licked that crystal my grandfather gave me, I spent two months in a forest, convinced I was a bear, living on nothing but berries and moss. I only made it back because my dad organized a search party and rescued me.”</p>
115	<p>We ate acid the way we smoked pot. All the time.</p> <p>...We dropped acid because there was nothing else to do. We never did anything cool on</p>

Page	Content
	<p>acid. I remember watching The Doors movie, and when Jim Morrison and the band went to the desert to eat peyote, I thought, "You can go places when you get high?" We would drop acid and hang around the subway station or go to class or go write graffiti. Urban psychedelia.</p> <p>We ripped off slices of white blotter and made our world enjoyable. White blotter. Little white pages blowing my mind apart. The bad part about mind-expanding drugs when you are thirteen years old is that there really isn't much to expand upon.</p> <p>..."Fucking, we should start a cani-BUS where people could ride the bus like regular but they could smoke weed, too. The CANI-BUS!"</p>
116	<p>We started to become legends with the acid. Joey and Donny had been impressed with the strain of acid they had given me and returned to the source of it to buy many sheets more.</p> <p>...The black drug dealers wanted nothing to do with "that white boy acid." Because we weren't seen as being in direct competition with them, they allowed us to peddle our wares in peace. Kids from other schools would cut class and come and buy blotter. Dysfunctional children from far-off lands such as Berkeley and San Francisco would load up their donkeys and make the long trek to the promised land of Oakland, where wise men were offering enlightenment for three dollars a hit. The money flowed, and we lived like boy-kings.</p>
119	<p>"Hello, I would like to purchase some LSD, please."</p> <p>"Name?"</p> <p>A nervous look around. A fat sweaty-brow wipe. Nothing too out of the ordinary. This was a sketchy world we were introducing kids to.</p> <p>"Justin Sabarro."</p> <p>"Age?"</p> <p>"Twelve."</p> <p>"Perfect. LSD is an amazing mind-expanding drug that costs three dollars, won't find more bang for your buck anywhere. Transports you to another world, drippy walls, profound ideas, all that shit. Here you are and enjoy!"</p> <p>Little Justin popped a dose into his mouth in ignorant bliss. Oops, one thing I forgot to tell him, "Oh, and don't take LSD if you have a weak mind, dead parents, or a history of heart problems."</p> <p>...Justin Sabarro ate the acid, and fucked everything up.</p>
123	<p>"He made a move on me!" she reported back to us after the visit.</p> <p>How about that Justin, huh? Weak of heart, strong of dick.</p> <p>..."The boy, yes. Did you sell him the LSD?"</p> <p>"LSD? Is that like what the hippies took at Woodstock?"</p>
125	<p>Unfortunately, often I would sneak over to a friend's house and drink a bit too much and pass out. When I'd pass out, drunk on DJ or Donny's couch, I could count on, at seven in the morning, being shocked awake by desperate banging on the front door.</p>
126	<p>"So," Dr. Susan started in on me, not making any mention of the huge black cop in the room, "your mother told me you and your friends sold LSD to a boy who had a heart attack. How did that make you feel?"</p> <p>..."And have you taken LSD?"</p> <p>This was the time for evasive maneuvers, but the best I could come up with was, "Me? No. No... I just sell it. Er... sold it. I used to sell it."</p> <p>Unconvinced, the good doctor said, "And do you take other drugs?"</p> <p>...I thought quickly. "Okay... I've been in a car maybe... you know what hot boxing is? People</p>

Page	Content
	<p>smoking out the car? I might've gotten exposed that way.”            Doc thought quicker. “So if we tested for LSD, then, that would be negative?”            “Look,” I said, scrambling through my scrambled brain for something to throw the dogs off the scent, “I’ve been in a car maybe... you know what forced dosing is? Where hippies tie you up with hemp rope and rub whetted LSD crystals on your lymph nodes and genitals as a retaliatory action for deals gone wrong? I might’ve gotten exposed that way.”            The cop laughed again.            Dr. Susan shifted her ass in the seat, hunkering down for the assassin shot. “Well, we can’t even check for LSD, but thanks for the story. Do you drink?”</p>
129	Then I’d be released and I’d go get high.
131	<p>The girl standing next to me whispered, “I’d suck your dick.”            I was flattered until I realized she was looking through me to her hallucination a thousand yards away. I’d never had a blow job at that point, though, so I got real excited about the prospect of convincing this girl I was the lizard king and getting a royal suck-off. But since there was a total lockdown after hours, I could do little with that invitation except jerk off to the memory of it well into adulthood.            ...Maybe I’d pass on that blow job after all.</p>
132	They gave me thousand-question personality tests and talk therapy sessions, role-playing, pills, and Rorschach inkblot tests, on which there were inky shapes of figures with fat bulges in their crotch and big busty chests, but if you said you saw she-males, you had “gender identity issues.”( No fair!)
133	I’d look for a small chink, poke my little vitriolic prick into it, and start pumping it until they lost their shit and I ejaculated victory all over them. When they lost it, I’d won. I felt so powerless, so at the mercy of these square-ass adults so much of the time, that grabbing their power from them felt orgasmic.
136	“Are you talking about me eating your mother’s pussy? ‘Cuz I kind of think she liked that,” I shot back, punchy from a day of glares and sideways comments.
140	He had gotten through Claremont an unscathed exemplary student and been offered a full scholarship to the best private college-prep high school in Oakland, where he had gone on to continue to get straight A’s and, I assume, participate in fancy-lad sodomy parties where they wiped the cum off each other’s chests with their paisley ascots.
143	<p>“Those fucking piss tests make it pretty much impossible to smoke weed for any considerable period of time without getting caught. You got be careful.”            This was true. Pot, more than any other drug, stores itself in your system and builds up over time, the more you smoke. You might beat the test once or twice, but eventually you are going to get caught.            ...Kids ate niacin and tried to flush their systems, we drank teas and cranberry juices and tried to wash the THC from our bloodstream with water. Once I drank a quart of vinegar, seared my insides, and vomited up acidic poison. But I passed my drug test!            The second time I got a pass-guaranteed tea, drank it, and failed. I eventually had to resort to just drinking and eating acid, snorting speed, sucking down nitrous, and eating mushrooms. Life in rehab is so tough.</p>
146	Gerald was gay, Claire kissed the space where Mateo’s dick and balls met in the bathroom during group, Pablo was flirting with the ex-whore receptionist, I went to that ecstasy party, and we were all getting high.

Page	Content
	<p>...“Nobody wants to get better here! You dumb ass, can’t you see that? We are all fucking trapped here like little rats. We all want to go get high. Most of us already are!”</p> <p>...“Well, like your mother and I smoked some rocks together before I bent her over the soldering equipment.”</p>
149	<p>I got high and forgot. I got high and silently fortified another paper-thin membrane wall around my feelings. Next time, next time I’d feel even less. That’s all I ever wanted. I didn’t want to feel good. I just wanted not to feel at all.</p> <p>...“Fuck Larry.”</p> <p>My mother’s eyes narrowed. “I’ve been trying, but having you in the house kills the mood.”</p> <p>I mimed vomiting all over the kitchen.</p> <p>Poor Larry.</p> <p>Larry was my mother’s long-term boyfriend.</p>
154	<p>If this information got out to my friends, I would be a virgin for the rest of my life. The fucking short yellow bus! Do you have any idea how hard it is to get girls while taking the short yellow bus? It’s hard. You have to unbuckle their helmet. You have to convince the girl your penis is made of candy. You have to bribe the bus driver to look away. I’m kidding!</p>
156	<p>I’d never been raped and murdered, and it seemed totally unpleasant. I knew for sure that I was going to be killed like one of Lenny’s pets in <i>Of Mice and Men</i>, and I was trying to think of an excuse to scream like “My appendix!” or “My anal virginity!” when one of the Gestapo guards screamed at me, “Kasher, line up!”</p>
159	<p>I went home and smoked a joint and reassessed.</p>
160	<p>“You’ll have to wait to get high till the weekends then.”</p> <p>...“The first things they tell you in rehab are the first two things you ain’t gonna do. Get rid of your homies and stop getting ripped up altogether? No one is gonna do that, but you gotta see through the message, though, man. At the rate we get high, there’s, like, no room for anything else. So, if you want to make it in school, just wait until Friday to get high and you should be all right.”</p> <p>It made a certain kind of sense. Odd, though, that I was getting this advice from Donny, the biggest weed smoker I knew.</p> <p>“But don’t you get high every day?”</p> <p>“Yeah, and have you noticed my school career going well?”</p>
161	<p>At around the one-month mark, I sat in the park after school and a kid named Jonah busted out a joint.</p> <p>“Let’s smoke,” he said.</p> <p>“Nah, I can’t. I can’t smoke during the week or I’m fucked. I’ll never do my homework if I smoke now.”</p> <p>“Oh, c’mon, smoke now, you’ll get your head straight by six and then do your homework. That’s what I’m doing.”</p> <p>Oh yeah! It made so much sense now. Smoke and then do the work! At six. Do the work at six. Work at six.</p> <p>Six. Six. Six. Six.</p> <p>666.</p> <p>I grabbed the joint.</p> <p>Oblivion.</p> <p>Of course at six, I was sitting in a bush with Donny smoking and drinking Maybeck away.</p>

Page	Content
163	<p>If you had offered me two doors, à la Let's Make a Deal, and told me flat out, "Behind door number one is success at Maybeck, the ability to make it through school, and feel good about yourself. Behind door number two is... you guessed it: a bag of weed and a forty-ounce bottle of malt liquor," I would have laughed at the absurdity of the choice.</p> <p>...I'd passed into the realm where desire had little or no effect on whether or not I drank and got high.</p> <p>...I wanted to make it through that school more than I wanted to get high, of course I did; but here I was, high as fuck and booted from that school.</p> <p>...My new, exciting social life was there and the people I got high with were there, too. I didn't want to let it go. Every day, I'd take the bus to Berkeley and show up at lunchtime with Donny in tow and we'd smoke with kids at The Grove, a eucalyptus forest by the UC Berkeley campus. We'd show up and just nonchalantly say hi and then sit down to get to the business of getting high.</p>
167	<p>"Dude, shut the fuck up. I'm not as used to finishing whole bowls of things like you. You don't just finish bowls of weed, you look like you've polished off a few bowls of carnitas, too."</p>
168	<p>Miguel rolled off me, and I felt a relief more pleasurable than a thousand orgasms.</p>
169	<p>I broke into my own home and invited everyone over. Party time. Joey Zalante brought mushrooms. We all sat around and broke the mushrooms up into pieces, which we then downed with handfuls of CornNuts to mask the taste. Classy. There is no better way to begin a psychedelic trip than with chile-picante-flavored CornNuts.</p> <p>...After the mushrooms came Donny's Ritalin, which we crushed up and snorted. Speed and mushrooms—to make the cartoons play faster.</p> <p>Now that we were high, it seemed like a really good idea to steal the car.</p> <p>...Little did they know that the mushrooms I'd be eating would make it look like a Transformer. I loved Transformers.</p> <p>We all piled into the bug and Joey climbed into the driver's seat. I didn't know how to drive. None of us had a license. We picked up forties to drink and a bag of weed and headed into Tilden Park, a kind of wilderness reserve in the hills of Oakland.</p> <p>We drove through the hills, pounding our beer, trying to find a spot to smoke and look out at the city.</p> <p>...We sat in the car panting in fear and decided not to keep driving but to smoke where we were, right at the side of the road.</p> <p>Then, as if on cue, the exact moment we lit the pipe, light flooded the car. The cops.</p>
172	<p>Sometimes there is only one set of footprints in the sand. That's when God carries you. And that night, he carried me with a gentleness that suggested, "I forgive you for the phone sex, I totally get it."</p>
174	<p>"You fucking asshole. You better get me high if I come out there."</p> <p>"Of course!" Hearing her agree to rescue me was so amazing, I might as well have ejaculated a river of relief all over the sidewalk and paddled home in that.</p>
175	<p>Seena gunned the Bug down Highway 580 as we passed a forty around and laughed at our luck.</p> <p>...My brain was spinning as we pulled back to my place at four in the morning. I was shaking with speed and mushrooms, slurring with booze and pot; I was fucked.</p> <p>It seemed, at that point, like a logical next step for me to snort some Zolofit. Keep in mind that Zolofit has no psychoactive properties. But I figured, what the fuck, why not give it a</p>

Page	Content
	<p>whirl.</p> <p>I shook out a couple of pills alone in the kitchen. I could hear the sounds of my buddies laughing and partying in the next room, but no, this rare delicacy I would keep for myself. I squinted at the pills, willing myself not to hear the thought that was creeping in the side of my head: "This is a really lousy idea." I chose instead to heed the other much less logical but much more compelling thought, "What the hell, why not? See what happens, it could be awesome. Fuck it." Fuck it is the great battle cry of the drug addict.</p> <p>...My hands were shaking as I crushed up these pills that had been jacking up my brain chemistry for the past year. Chunks of the protective easy-swallow coating stuck out from the white lines like coral rocks jutting out from a foamy surf, warning, "Bad idea! Pain Ahead!" I grabbed my surfboard and jumped in.</p> <p>I leaned down and snorted half of a comically large line of Zoloft. I could feel the grit fly into my nose like sinking into quicksand in reverse. The back of my sinus cavity filled up in a split second and the inside of my face caught on fire.</p>
177	<p>I walked into my living room, where my friends were all sitting and drinking with each other. ... "Oh, this? Ahh, this is nothing. I was just snorting a little Zoloft, you know? Seein' what would happen."</p> <p>"Looks like you've been snorting a little cyanide, bro."</p>
179	<p>Joey crawled out of the driver's seat with a bottle of Jack Daniel's in his hands.</p>
185	<p>I figured out ways to hustle money daily. Being a fifteen-year-old drug addict is a constant job of scraping and stealing enough money to get high. No one's allowance is big enough to cover the bill of addiction.</p> <p>...My house became like a puzzle. How to break into places I didn't belong and then how to take things I didn't own. I squinted at locks for hours, trying to see them from different angles that I could break into. A kitchen knife became a screwdriver. A doorstep became a wedge to pry open a door. I pried freedom from my house against its will. I scaled the walls on the outside of my own house and ran out the backdoor with a handful of cash as the police banged on my front door, looking for a cat burglar that oddly resembled the kid who lived inside.</p> <p>I started, little by little, taking stuff around the house and selling it for drugs.</p>
186	<p>When I needed booze, I'd walk directly to the hard liquor aisle and grab a bottle. It would be in my pants before I had a chance to hesitate and before anyone had a chance to notice me. I stole hundreds of bottles of booze. Seagram's Extra Dry Gin had a bumpy bottle that gripped my waistline and prevented the bottle from slipping out, so I mostly trafficked in that. I'd also grab Maker's Mark bourbon, which came with a hand-melted wax topper that I could pull out a bit and rest on my belt for grip, ensuring that it wouldn't slide down my pant leg and crash onto the floor, revealing my crime, wasting my medicine.</p>
187	<p>They knew that I was desperate for their approval, and they used that to get themselves free booze.</p> <p>"C'mon, man, get us some drink!" Joey would yell at me. "I'd do it myself, but you're just so good at it!"</p> <p>... "Yeah, all right, Joey, what do you want?"</p> <p>"Bailey's Irish Cream." Joey smiled.</p> <p>"Irish Cream? Ugh. Why waste your time?"</p> <p>"Because, motherfucker, that's what I want. I'm getting it for a bitch. Don't fuckin' ask questions."</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...Bailey's, besides being a drink for gay leprechauns, had a fat bulky bottle that just didn't work for my needs. The edges were too smooth, the sides were too oblong. I never stole Bailey's.</p> <p>...I grabbed the bottle and pushed it into my belt and rested it precariously on my waist and bolted for the door.</p>
195	<p>"Well... you're a fox. And there are feathers everywhere. And you have buckets of KFC littered around the den. And there's your raging fox boner."</p>
203	<p>He pulled out the new bottle of vodka safely hidden in the deep pockets of his hoodie.</p>
204	<p>Someone produced half a joint, pulled from the ashtray of the Suburban. A smoke, a drink, and the whole debacle was puffed away.</p>
207	<p>That day was a mellow one. Donny busted out a huge bag of mushrooms. More mushrooms, more madness. We passed it around, chewing the gross stems and caps, trying to ignore the taste. Mushrooms taste so bad and bring you to such psychedelic heights, it's like tossing God's salad.</p> <p>We passed the bag to Jeremy Moritz but he waved them off, citing something about clashing with his psych meds. What a pussy. I was pumped full of meds at the time but I didn't let that stop me.</p> <p>...The only bright spot was that anytime I saw "Caution, do not combine with alcohol or other drugs" on the side of the bottle of the new medication they were experimenting with on me, I got excited in anticipation of the chemistry experiment I was about to conduct on my brain.</p> <p>Zoloft + weed = buzzy high with a tinge of tweakiness.</p> <p>Desipramine + malt liquor = a drunk with 3-D visuals.</p> <p>Ritilan + Nothing = Meth</p> <p>You get the picture.</p> <p>I hated being on psych meds, but at least this way I could make them fun. That's how I lived. But Jeremy Moritz was too scared.</p> <p>"Don't be a pussy, fucking eat some," I told him, dangling the shrooms in his face.</p>
208	<p>Years of medicating them with smoke and pills and malt liquor had stuffed them into places they didn't belong.</p>
209	<p>No one noticed anyway because just then Jeremy jumped off me and, I suppose to prove his manhood, took a little pinch of mushroom powder from the bottom of the bag we had all eaten from and sprinkled it on some hash he had packed into a pipe and smoked it. By the way, smoking mushrooms has absolutely no psychoactive effect (this information will be important later). He puffed those mushrooms like it was the toughest thing anyone had ever done and then stood up declaring, "My grandparents just died!"</p>
214	<p>Then he got high.</p> <p>...He, much like everyone who gets sent to adolescent rehab, rather than cleaning up and getting his shit together, met a new group of exciting people to get high with, people with new tricks and new drugs.</p> <p>..."This is Ozone, man," James whispered into the air between Donny and me, not quite looking at either of us. "It's crushed-up morphine and acid and a few specialties that I threw in."</p>
218	<p>Joey had become increasingly unstable in recent months as coke had flooded into our social group. He'd been snorting for days.</p>



Page	Content
219	We smoked a joint to try and chill but then his mom came home and fucked everything up.
222	<p>Leah had been in and out of mental institutions since she was a little girl and had the kind of skittish, hypersexual, hyperfrantic energy of a girl who had been exposed to horrors.</p> <p>...“I really think I can fuck that Leah chick,” Corey said one day, so excited that we were all made uncomfortable by the erection he undoubtedly had in his pants.</p> <p>...“I really think I could finally make this happen. Now I don’t know if I can do it alone, but with your help, I hope to take advantage of this crazy girl and to, once and for all, be able to declare myself a non-virgin. It won’t be easy. But I can’t think of a group of guys I’d rather engage in a sad attempt to fuck a mentally ill girl with!”</p> <p>...A plan was laid for Corey to get laid. We would all gather back at our safe place, the monastery, and drink and get high with the two girls. Corey, at some point, would pull Leah off to the side and make himself a man.</p> <p>In typical fashion, by the time that night arrived, the rest of us had busied ourselves with smoking and drinking so much that, by sundown, we were completely tapped.</p> <p>“Are you guys fucking kidding me?” Corey asked, pissed. “How am I supposed to get with this bitch if I don’t have anything to get her high with?”</p>
224	<p>At that time, essentially any problem you had would be blamed on ADD, and you would be given speed to calm you down, in a sort of Zen opposite-logic pharmacological experiment. No one ever seemed to connect the dots that the very kids who would display the symptoms of ADD were the ones who loved to crush up speed pills and snort them.</p>
225	<p>I took Elmer’s Glue and squeezed a dime-sized puddle into my palm. This reminded me of my phone sex days.</p> <p>Donny sprinkled thyme and oregano into my palm and I rolled us up a fake bud.</p> <p>...We then stuffed the bud into a dank baggy that we had used to carry roaches of real joints. The smelly half-burnt butts of our adventures had permeated the bag and infused it with stinky, sour skunk smells. No one would ever notice the difference by looking, and if our suspicions were correct about how rookie this chick was, she might not even notice it when she smoked it.</p>
226	<p>Leah and Tina had arrived and everyone was drinking forties.</p> <p>...Miguel and a Puerto Rican kid named Danny Soto had come through with a case of stolen warm Olde English 800 and, feeling generous, passed them out among the revelers. DJ was there, drunk.</p> <p>...“Here’s that weed you asked for.”</p> <p>...After enough Olde English, the night got hazy for me and for everyone else, I imagine. Corey and Leah stole off to a dark corner and the rest of us sat on the grass and enjoyed a summer night, drunk, laughing, and talking shit. Nothing new or special about it. Tina and Leah left, and I yelled, “Enjoy the weed! It’s pretty powerful stuff! Try it with pasta!”</p> <p>...“Ah fuck... I dunno. She let me finger her and everything. Then I whipped out my dick and she just like freaked. She looked at me like I was crazy and just stormed off!”</p> <p>...“You whipped out your dick?” Donny asked, incredulous.</p> <p>“Well, like, yeah.” Corey looked confused.</p> <p>“Just out of nowhere? Just boom, here’s my dick?”</p>
229	<p>“That bitch Leah said they raped her,” Miguel said, looking pissed.</p> <p>...Terry Candle lit a joint and passed it to me. “She said we all raped her.”</p>

Page	Content
	<p>...“But I’m a virgin!” This wasn’t fair. I hadn’t even fucked yet and I was being accused of rape?</p>
230	<p>I was raised by two women in a feminist, bordering on man-hating house. I was raised to assume that all of the things I heard on television relating to men abusing women were spot-on true. My grandmother and mother watched the Clarence Thomas trials with “I believe you, Anita,” tears in their eyes. They cursed at the television coverage of William Kennedy at his trial and assumed he was guilty until proven otherwise. I assumed as much, too. It had never occurred to me, until that moment, that women could or would ever suffer that level of indignity for something false. It was like betraying a sacred trust. My mind was spinning as I puffed on that joint. ...That was one of the mightiest medicines of drugs. Their ability to make any crisis, no matter how severe, muted. ...It was very Zen. All but the false rape accusation part of it.</p>
231	<p>I’d hardly even spoken to that crazy broad, much less fucked her, much less engaged in a weird ritual gang rape at a church with her as her friend Tina sat there and said nothing.</p>
232	<p>One evening, passing a joint back and forth between us, he turned to me and dropped a bomb.</p>
233	<p>I didn’t know what to do, so I did what I always did. I got high.</p>
235	<p>“No, you idiot! Fuckin’ Leah went to the ER and told them she was raped. Not a thing that a girl who was lying would do usually because they can tell by looking at it if there’s been like force or something. Like cuts and shit. They checked her out and found some cuts all right but they weren’t the right kind. They were exact and like surgical. Like someone had taken a razor blade to it and cut it like that.” I just stared at Corey, confused. “Bro, she cut up her own fucking pussy.” ...We partied that night, celebrating, drinking, smoking, sucking down nitrous. I felt my face vibrating from the gas and the relief.</p>
236	<p>I got home, scraped my pipe, smeared a resin ball onto the mesh screen, and smoked it red-hot until I couldn’t hold the pipe, until I couldn’t feel the ache.</p>
243	<p>Nice kid, a hippie from the hills, he busted out a big brown paper bag and pulled out a handful of buds. I’m sorry, but you pull out a gallon-sized bag of weed in front of a stranger wearing a Fila hat and you should expect to get jacked. He kept talking but I stopped listening—that bag was all I had my eyes on. A big fat brown bag of weed. That would look so nice on my mantel. Or in my lungs. Or converted to cash that sat, plump in my pockets. ...People I could only assume were dreadlock connected to Weed-Bag Man.</p>
244	<p>“Stop! I’m telling you! I’ve got something for us. An opportunity to split like a pound of weed.” Now, let’s be fair here. I had no idea how much weed was in that bag. It might have been a poor man’s Russian doll of bags until he got to the little teeny bag in the middle that contained weed. ...“A pound?” Joey’s rage was ebbing, being replaced by his entrepreneurial spirit. “Maybe more!” I said, digging my grave deeper.</p>

Page	Content
	<p>"Maybe more, huh?" I knew, at this point, Joey was in. Unfortunately, I didn't know that Joey owed hundreds of dollars to Fat Pete for all the coke he'd been snorting lately.</p>
245	<p>Apparently, Joey owed him six hundred bucks' worth of coke that was meant to have been sold but was sniffed into Joey's nostrils instead.</p> <p>...Unbeknownst to me, pounds of theoretical hippie weed was exactly what the doctor ordered to pay off this debt.</p> <p>...This shit had nothing to do with Pete, but I could envision my pounds of weed transmogrifying into a snack for him. I imagined him deep-frying the buds and sucking them into his cheeks, cackling as he dangled them just above his mouth, licking his lips like a fat cat holding a proletariat mouse by the tail in a pro-communist propaganda poster.</p>
247	<p>I took off into the night, figuring my weed was done for. I had some trouble imagining, realistically, in the wasteland of that party, saying to my big friend with the bat, "You see, Pookie, this was my lick. I planned this. So when you think about it, that's really my weed." "But of course!"</p> <p>..."I think you can suck my dick. And stop talking to me before I break your fucking jaw."</p>
251	<p>"Smoking alone, that's dope fiend shit," Jamie told me as we sat together under a bridge one day, smoking out of an apple. "For real, after you start smoking alone, it's a real short hop to sucking dick for crack."</p>
252	<p>He danced around, high on crack, playing the blues.</p>
253	<p>And if you yelled back, "How do you like it?!?" he would always reply, "Hot and wet!"</p> <p>...I'd smoke weed out of their crack pipes and look down my nose at people smoking alone. Unless I couldn't find anyone at all. Then I just got high alone and looked down my nose at myself.</p>
255	<p>So I found drugs, I found a painkiller that made me able to ignore the wound.</p>
258	<p>Donny moved back to Oakland just in time for me to hit bottom. We were fifteen. He and his father had been drinking together, and he'd been sneaking off to snort coke in the bathroom, and to no one's surprise, that living situation hadn't quite worked out.</p>
259	<p>middle with my thumbnail, cheap brown tobacco spilling out like the stuffing in a sofa. I cracked the leafy shell of the cigar in half and pried it open between my two fingers while I sprinkled bright green bud in place of the crap that had just been there. I packed it full, determined to give my old buddy a royal welcoming ceremony. I ran my tongue down the serrated opening to seal the two sides of the cigar wrapper together and ran my lighter along the wet seam to dry it.</p> <p>Perfection attained, we smoked.</p> <p>I coughed, he coughed, we smoked away the night.</p> <p>When the world swam behind us, and the blunt was cashed, we climbed up to the roof and threw building supplies at cars.</p>
260	<p>They never noticed the blur of a slightly chubby young Jew with a twenty-four pack of Budweiser hoisted on his hip, darting out the front door just feet away from the commotion.</p> <p>...By the time we got to Pleasant Hill, we were both sloppy drunk, and as we tromped down the escalator, we saw two big BART cops sitting right at our only exit.</p> <p>..."This isn't working anymore," I said, cracking a Budweiser.</p>
265	<p>The thought to get high would hit me and I'd be at my dealer's house or at Safeway with a bottle of gin in my pants before I even had a chance to argue with myself.</p>

Page	Content
266	DEVIL Come to me. I have pussy! ...DEVIL Walk with me, and let's go jerk off while we smoke weed.
267	ME I should get high. Then I'd think: ME I'm gonna go get high. ...Every day was like the last one. Groundhog Day. Wake up. Get up. Steal money. Get high. Steal booze. Get drunk. Wake up. Get up. Steal money. Get high. Steal booze. Get drunk. Wake up. Get up. Steal money. Get high. Steal booze. Get drunk.
268	We'd meet up and discuss our plans to sober up while drinking forties of St. Ides. ...I stared at my hands, wrapped around that thick bottle, beer sweat dripping down over my fingers. I finished that forty off and made up my mind.
271	"More for us!" DJ would slur and take a slug of the booze. We sat in a circle, the bottle being passed, person to person. ...Ahh, forget it. A drink and oblivion. The pain didn't go away but at least it quieted down. I get hazy memory when I look into a bottle of gin. I stumbled home, glowing drunk, stinking of gin, close to the edge. ..."You're drunk." "A bit!" I laughed and pushed her out of the way, making my way to the bathroom for a nice drunken shit.
296	He fell off his motorcycle one day, jacked up on coke, riding like a madman.

Profanity/Derogatory Term	Count
Ass	82
Bitch	44
Chink	1
Cock	2
Dick	34
Fag/Faggot	9
Fuck	361
Nigger/Nigga	7
Piss	41
Prick	5
Pussy	8
Shit	124
Tit	1