

## Drug excess

It was towards the end of my training. There was a summer party at the sports club. A former classmate was also there. He had ecstasy pills with him and offered me one. I was curious and took one. After half an hour I felt fantastic, happy and was in love with almost every woman who were there. Of all the drugs I know, MDMA suited me the best.

Even on the way to the *Rock it*, a legendary Berlin rocker Disco, you were approached by dealers on the street between the hookers. I now took advantage of these offers and got myself cocaine or speed on the way to the Club, why not? I didn't care, I wanted to have fun.

My vocational school buddy Mathew and I went to the Berlin *Love Parade* that summer and we were on fire, it was great. I danced in the streets - well, actually I rather jumped around in ecstasy.

Mathew knew someone who dealt in pills and powders. We could be there for purchase prices. Every weekend we went to the *Linientreu*. At that time, it was a techno club and drug temple. I took everything that the market gave, mostly ecstasy or speed, all mixed up. That was certainly very dangerous, but I was immortal.

Mathew always had to keep me from marrying some girl completely high. I was always head over heels in love on MDMA. One night he didn't succeed and I ended up on a farm in the middle of nowhere. I remember how the E in the car gradually wore off and the woman behind the wheel got uglier and uglier. I wish I had listened to my buddy. Thankfully, he picked me up the next day.

In the months that Sonja and I lived together, so to speak, we spent most of our evenings hanging out on my mattress watching movies. I think I had the last TV in existence without a remote control.

### **Our song was 'Creep' by Radiohead.**

There was a Truck snack bar on the corner, where I often went to get a bottle of wine or a hamburger. Even though it was very cold, fashion-conscious as I am, I put on boxer shorts, sneakers and a coat, nothing more. Style – I'm good at.

Sonja and I were at a lame party in Berlin-Kreuzberg. Someone had E's with them, we each took one and met up with Ben's band at a pub, completely off the rails. I think that night I said something bad to Ben, it led to the break of our friendship. I don't remember what it was.

Sonja was so high that she peed her pants. I gave her my jacket so she could tie it around her waist to cover the mishap. She hadn't really noticed all that.

Our drug rush had to be financed, we bought from our acquaintance and sold on. I had a so-called 'ticker', that is someone who sold drugs for me. His name was Thorsten. He always ripped me off, I wasn't much good as a gangster, which in retrospect was a good thing. I should have smashed his face in, but I didn't. Consequently, I was taken advantage of. Every weekend, Mathew and I were on drugs, and that went on for three months. I had just failed my oral final exam, I didn't care about anything. I weighed only 134 lb at 6 ft, physically I was not well. The last I heard from Mathew was that he had been caught on a train at the German-Dutch border with 15,000 ecstasy pills. I don't think even his rich parental home could help him there.

A friend from the drug scene approached me at the *Linientreu*. She had an LSD paper with the nice title 'Comic' and wanted to exchange it for two ecstasy pills, no problem. A paper is about one third the size of an ordinary stamp and was drizzled with liquid LSD. Strictly according to the user rules I first took half, after an hour nothing happened and I threw in the other half as well. The girl in question came up to me again and asked me how much I had taken, a quarter was quite enough for someone who takes it often. The paper was double drizzled. So I had put 8 times the regular dosage under my tongue.

**The look on her face said it all, I was screwed.**

An unprecedented LSD trip followed, it started and got heavier and heavier. I understood God and the world and took off into galaxies that no human being had ever seen before. I got scared, higher and higher levels of consciousness, everything made sense. Would I ever come down from here again?

The *Linientreu* was set up like a circus arena. People on speed or ecstasy ran or danced around the dance floor in the stands. Due to the drugs they felt an enormous urge to move and as a consumer you dried out, the corners of your mouth turned white and you constantly licked your lips. My situation got worse and worse and I started having violent hallucinations on my rounds around the arena. Suddenly everything was full of bawling, raving Nazis, but only in one half of the rondel, the other side was safe, very strange. My fear of Nazis manifested itself in hallucinations. I hate violence, I hate stupid people who don't even make an attempt to mend their ways.

I sat down and the woman who had given me the paper reappeared with me. I asked why she was crying. She was not crying, I looked into her soul. I slumped forward and slapped my knees to keep from losing consciousness. I needed to get out into the fresh air and I didn't know how. I needed help, she refused and was still preoccupied with the fact that I had seen her crying. I found a dude to accompany me outside, it was early morning. My body was failing, more specifically my circulation. Death grinned at me with its ugly grimace, if you will. I tried to stay awake with cold water on my neck and biting into lemons and not just keel over. People's faces turned cartoonishly colorful and it felt like my brain was burning up. Hard to imagine, but it did. I was aware that I could die at any moment, but I fought and won. I was lucky.

Mathew brought in a pretty fucked up guy and we drove to his apartment. He showed us photos of a deceased neighbor, eaten by maggots, and he said that he never wanted to end up like that and decompose in his apartment because no one would miss him.

**This was now the perfection of my horror trip.**