

Songs and Fears

My first love was chocolate. It was great for a while-- but I wanted too much. I have a fear of dependency, so when I got up to eight ounces a day, I gave it up and started drinking Diet Pepsi. When I got up to a gallon of DP a day, I switched to coffee, which gave me insomnia. I tried decaf, but I heard it had cancer-causing chemicals in it, so I stuck to the real stuff and began drinking at night to take the edge off and get to sleep.

When I got up to eight cups of coffee a day and four drinks a night, I realized I was a veritable caffeine addict and alcoholic so I quit both—and started smoking pot to ease the withdrawal. When I got up to six hits a day, I developed severe lower back pain, so I quit—and started smoking cigarettes, which I *knew* were cancerous, so when I got up to two packs a day, I was really disgusted with myself.

In order to quit, I started chewing nicotine gum, which I was hooked on for a *long* time before I finally managed to switch to Carefree. But then I read the label and found out the sweeteners in it were proven cancerous to laboratory rats so I switched to Wrigley's Spearmint, which I knew was bad for my teeth, so I became a brushing freak, carrying my toothbrush everywhere and brushing in between each stick of gum, up to thirty times a day! That left very little time in my day to get anything done!

Finally, some friends turned me to dental floss. That got me off the brushing, and toothpicks finally got me off the gum. But they left my lips dry, and I got heavily into chapstick. That led to harder things, like lipgloss and lipstick. But for a while I was doing ok, with my dependencies limited to toothstuff and lipstuff.

But I wasn't happy. I became mean and would snap at people for no reason. So last week, I had a piece of chocolate.

Song: *Oral Stimulation*