

Unit 4 Discussion | Isabel Transcript

Isabel (female adult)

I am so drunk right now. It's the day before I am supposed to go to rehab again. I know, I don't sound drunk, but that's how you know a REAL alcoholic. I take care of the kids, drive them everywhere, do my job, and even make dinner like most Moms. It's just that I start drinking in the morning and only stop when I go to sleep or pass out. Oh, don't be so surprised. There are lots of us. We are doctors, lawyers, and teachers. We are homeless and we live in mansions.

Okay, here's the thing, I really don't want to go tomorrow. It's not like I don't KNOW that I have a problem. It's that I have to leave my kids and job. Who knows when I'll be home again? This drinking...this awful drinking started when I was in high school. I think I was about 16 when it first started. My friends and I found some beer in my Dad's fridge in the garage. My parents were out of town and a bunch of my friends came over. I was never cool...no, I never really felt like my friends liked me very much. But that night? Well, that night, I was cool. My Dad never said anything about the missing beer, so I kept taking some from his stash. It got bad though, you know. I began sneaking out of school with older kids. We drank and then went back for our afternoon classes. Soon, I stopped going back at all. My parents never really said anything when my grades dropped.

By then, they were fighting all the time. Now that I think of it, I think my Dad was drinking a lot then too. All I know is that my parents totally ignored me unless I was in trouble. Finally, I straightened up and cut back on my drinking. I even got into college...that's right...college.

I remember my first year of college as one big party. I still don't know how I passed most of my classes. I was barely sober and loved hanging with all of my new friends. We were always going somewhere exciting. When I went home for summer, I had to stop drinking. I hated it and I hated that summer. But, my parents had divorced and neither one drank anymore. By the end of my second year of college, I had failed almost all of my classes. So, I had to drop out. I got pregnant and married my husband. Here I am, grown up and drunk...(sigh)...okay...now I know the problem is that I don't want to stop drinking and I don't want to drink anymore. What a terrible struggle!