

TRAYCEOUS

Born - Place of birth unknown.

My biological mother abandoned my brother and I, we were put into a children's home. December 8th, 1966. I have a fake birth certificate. They make up a birthday for you. I celebrate my belly button birthday and my sobriety birthday on the same day. It has more significance: July 4th, 1985. Permanent address: Reno, Nevada.

"Looking at myself in the mirror and seeing this really awful hideous sort of monster."

I grew up in a very troubled home. I was put into a foster home with both alcoholic parents. It was a real turbulent and sort of disturbing childhood. We learned how to deal with our problems was by blotting it out with chemicals, violence, and running away. I don't like to say I had any other course to choose but to become an addict.

When I was 11, I developed an auto-immune disease and I was put on some pretty serious medication that I soon became severely dependent on. I was like this perfectionist little kid trying to do everything right or do everything perfectly, not wanting to accept the reality of my physical disease. So I started taking a lot of painkillers to sort of cope with not having to look at my physical pain and then later also with my emotional pain; all those feelings of like non-acceptance and stuff when you're that gangly age in junior high school. I was an 11-year-old brain popping pills.

When I was 12, I skipped a couple of grades, deciding that was the perfect thing to do because I was going to be the star of the family. I started drinking alcohol in high school, something I said I would never do because I would never want to be like my parents. Drinking just got completely out of hand. I discovered I was now also addicted to alcohol at the age of 13.

I was trying to be an honor student and an alcoholic at the same time and the two don't mix. When I was 15, through a course of events that were real uncontrollable at home I decided to chase the bright lights of the city and I like dropped out of school and gave up a rather brilliant school career, as I already knew I was in line for some scholarships.

I lived in San Francisco for a year on the streets, where I learned everything there is to know about panhandling, eating out of garbage cans, finding out what it truly meant to be poverty stricken. At that time I came into contact with some great drugs and the psychedelic era. I thought at the time I was living at peace with myself, but in reality it was just sort of I had one set of clothes: a blanket. This was going to be my existence. I was real sad. I didn't think it was sad. There was some pretty heavy stuff going on in our squat and I lost a lot of friends through the disease. It was the scene you know, the hardcore scene, the San Francisco hard-core scene, which never wasn't much of a scene.

I knew coming back to Reno, scamping around, was going to be easy no matter what you're doing. Got into real heavy, a lot of Methamphetamine, free basing, intravenous drugs and Heroin, and thinking there was absolutely nothing wrong with my behavior, that it was just totally acceptable. I had never been told any reason or learned why mind-altering drugs shouldn't be used in excess. I got busted for some major grand thefts and ended up on probation and a number of different sorts of wrist-slapping little details.

