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Julie's Story



It was summertime, we're hanging out and then, you know, people get bored, so they start playing drinking games, which, OK, that sounds like a fun idea, so you kinda wanna, like, I don't know, keep up or whatever, like you're playing games, and we were playing 'kings'; it's a card game, like every different card you pull, there's a different action that you have to do or that kind of thing, right?. Certain cards mean chug this, and you can't stop until the other person stops chugging; it's called 'waterfall'.



Anyways, the guy in front of me does it. Girls, it takes you way less to get drunk and I don't think a lot of the times that girls think about that, like, you know, like, guys get really drunk too, but you might be bombed off three or four beers, and he's had five or six, and he's not as drunk as you, you know, cause you're smaller. So we're chugging and this and that; anyways, we're there for a while and after a couple of hours, I'm drunk.



Whatever time I got home, way too late, broke curfew. My mom was probably worried sick. Eight o'clock in the morning I had to work, and came home and went to bed, and there was no way I was getting up.



So when I wake up at, like, eleven o'clock, three hours after my shift, I hadn't called in, nothing. I'm freaking out. I'm the one who's supposed to open and answer the phones and everything. Customers are there. There's no one there to greet them. So when I finally drag my ass in there, like, I was crying 'cause I was, like, oh my God, I'm going to get my ass fired, and that's what actually ended up happening.

That was kind of, like, an eye opening experience for me I guess you could say, because I was, like, whoa, when you're sober, it's a lot easier to see how much of a retard someone's acting like. I swore at her and I called her, like, mean names. She remembers it way better than I do. My mom was a wreck. It took quite a while for her to trust me as easily as she did before. It was really, really hurtful. And the thing is, I can't take it back.

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Being drunk does not mean that you deserve to be violated.

Claire's Story



I was seventeen years old. My best friend was dating a guy who lived in a boys' residence. So we had gone there one night and I had been introduced to alcohol. I ended up hooking up with one of the guys at the residences. I really thought this guy was fabulous. I thought that he was, you know, into me, all this stuff.



So I got myself to the point of being drunk. So he escorted me down the hallway, down the stairs into a basement. He took me to a room that was right in between the computer lab and the library, so I knew that there was going to be nobody on either side.



So at this point I'm starting to feel, a bit like, okay, this guy wants to do something here. He closes the door behind him. At this point the alcohol is really reacting with me, because it's had a bit of time to set in and I start feeling drowsy, so, I also start to feel a bit uncomfortable because he sat me on a table and then proceeded to spread my legs out and get in between my legs, and he kissed me. So at this point I'm thinking okay 'I'm not into you' and I didn't really want to be kissed. I'm thinking okay I've had enough. So I said 'listen, I want to go back upstairs'. But instead of taking me upstairs, he takes me and he lies me down on the floor. I'm drunk and I don't remember exactly what I said but I know it was something to the effect of, you know, 'I'm really tired, I don't feel well'. And then he said "uh, have you ever given a blow job before"? I said 'no, no, no, I'm too drunk'. I don't want to do that tonight. The next thing I remember is that I started to pass out, and I started to feel him go for my pants.



So at this point I suddenly had a kick of energy, got up and started to dart for the door and he came right behind me and tried to prevent me from leaving. I ran to the other end of the basement and up the stairs and started sobbing. I was not making any sense. I was inconsolable, you know, I was really feeling quite stupid and quite violated. I just could not believe that this had happened to me. I knew the signs. The warning bells didn't go off in my head, probably a big factor in him not hearing me say no. Alcohol played a huge role for both of us. Being drunk does not mean that you deserve to be violated.

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I'd fight my friends and my family became scared of me.

Eric's Story



Well I started drinking when I was thirteen. I didn't drink a lot. By the age of 15, I was drinking pretty much every weekend. By the time I turned 18, I was drinking by myself and last year I was drinking all day. I'd wake up in the morning and start drinking.



At first, I was drinking, it was just fun and games, you know, I was happy and in a good mood all the time. It was always sort of like an adventure for us, but then it started being, like, a routine. We'd drink all the time for no particular reason, it became a habit.



Everything started going wrong. I started feeling angry after a while, feeling rage and being paranoid mostly all the time. I felt it was, like, me against the world, you know, everybody was against me. I was always right, everybody else was wrong. I'd fight my friends and my family became scared of me.



When I drank I'd fight some guy that was twice my size. I'd hit people on the head with bottles, just waiting for a fight. This one time I was sitting inside a house, and these two guys walk in and they acted like they owned the place. I had my smokes on the table, and one of them took one of my smokes and didn't ask or anything, just took it. I knew I was going to do something, like I was gonna feel violent. I left, and half an hour later I came back, and I had brought a knife with me. I hit him over the head a couple of times with the wrong end, you know, I didn't want to kill him, and I bent my knife. I felt good at the time that I did it, but after that when I woke up the next day and I wasn't feeling the alcohol no more, I said, "Oh, my god what did I do?", you know, and that's when it hits you.

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I haven't drank in two months and three weeks and two days from now, and I feel much better about myself. When I threw alcohol in the mix everything spun out of control.

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