Call it freeze. Call it rime. Call it glacier.

Call it frost.

Call it death.

That's all it is.

It's the drug of the 21st century.

It's the drug I can't escape.

One thing everyone knows about frostbiters.

Never trust a word they say.

#

I'm in a government-funded oven called Hope's Place.

Been here for three weeks.

When I got in, the intake coordinator told me, "Axel, the average stay is a year and a half, but given your history, you're looking at more like three."

"I don't give a shit," I'd said. "I just want off."

I did then.

I'm not so sure now.

It's like two parallel trains of thought in my fucked up head.

In one, all I want is to get sober.

In another, all I want is to get fucked up.

I'm 38.

I have no idea how much longer I can keep this shit up.

I have no idea if I'm gonna be able to stay in this fucker.

It takes a year to get off freeze.

It's got a detox that makes heroin look like nothin.

They fill you full of Librium for the first six months to make sure your GABA receptors don't send you into seizures.

First week here, a guy missed his doses on purpose.

Seizure was so bad he went braindead.

'Nother chick's permafried from three seizures in a row.

I take my Librium.

Somethin about that Librium though.

Don't *quite* feel like a benzo's supposed to.