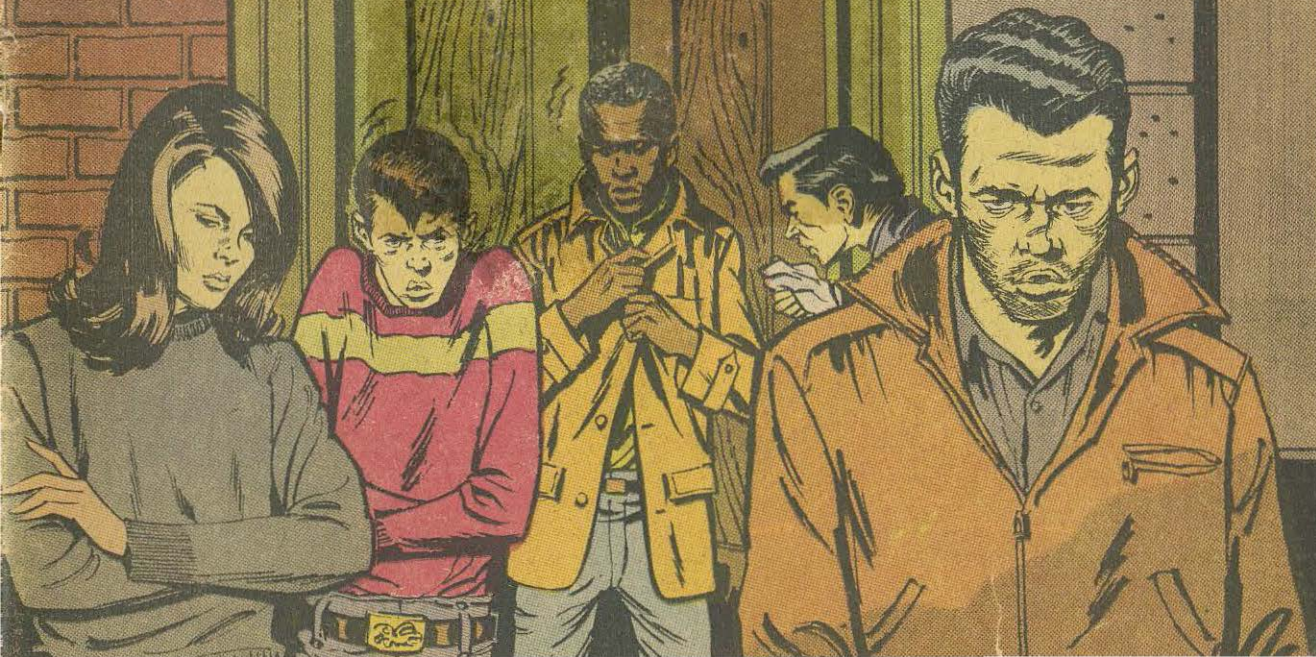
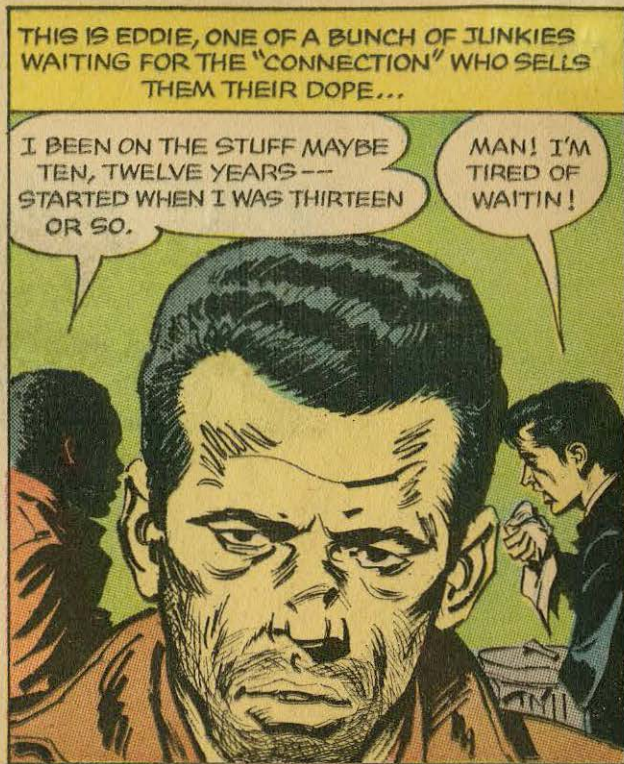


# HOOKED!!







NO MATTER HOW BLAZING HOT OR BITTER  
COLD IT MAY BE, AN ADDICT SPENDS  
MOST OF HIS WAKING HOURS TRYING TO  
OBTAIN DRUGS AND THE MONEY TO BUY  
THEM...

ONCE I STOOD LIKE SEVEN  
HOURS WAITIN' FOR THE MAN  
WHEN THE TEMPERATURE  
WAS DOWN TO ZERO.

THAT'S  
NOTHIN'...



"ONE TIME I WALKED  
FIFTY BLOCKS WHEN THE  
THERMOMETER SAID A HUNDRED,  
EVEN THOUGH I WAS SO SICK I  
COULD HARDLY STAND, 'CAUSE I  
HAD JUST ENOUGH DOUGH FOR THE  
JUNK AND NONE FOR CARFARE!"





YEAH--WHAT HAVEN'T I  
DONE? I'VE LIED AND  
CHEATED, STOLEN FROM  
MY FAMILY, EVEN TRIED TO  
SELL MY BLOOD--**ANYTHING**  
TO GET A "FIX"!



"I GUESS IT ALL STARTED WHEN I WAS  
HANGING AROUND WITH MY OLDER BROTHER  
BOB'S GANG..."

TAKE A DRAG OF POT, KID.  
YOU AIN'T CHICKEN  
ARE YOU?

NOT ME!  
LEMME  
HAVE IT!







"ALL OF US USED POT FOR AWHILE,  
TILL ONE OF THE GUYS GOT CAUGHT  
BY THE COPS..."

THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME...I'M  
NOT TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES  
WITH THAT STUFF! YOU'D BETTER  
QUIT TOO, ED.

NOT ME! I'M  
HAVIN' A BALL!



"WELL, I KEPT USING POT FOR A  
COUPLE OF YEARS, TILL FINALLY..."

MAN, THIS  
SCHOOL BIT IS  
FOR THE BIRDS!



YEAH, AN' I MADE UP  
MY MIND—I'M QUITTIN'  
SCHOOL. A SHARP  
GUY CAN ALWAYS  
GET A GOOD JOB  
OR FIND AN  
ANGLE!











WE ALL HAVE TO  
FACE PROBLEMS...  
ME TOO, BUT I'M  
WORKING, AND  
GOING TO SCHOOL.  
AND...

GREAT!  
...**YOU**  
BE THE  
SUCKER!

"A WHILE LATER SOME GUY SHOWED US  
HOW TO USE 'H'... HEROIN. WE ALL STARTED  
SNIFFING AN' SKIN POPPING. IT SEEMED  
LIKE A REAL GREAT KICK FOR AWHILE..."



"MY BROTHER HAD A GIRLFRIEND, AND ABOUT THAT TIME I MET HER YOUNGER SISTER, JEANIE. MAN, SHE WAS THE CUTEST LITTLE DOLL I EVER SAW!"



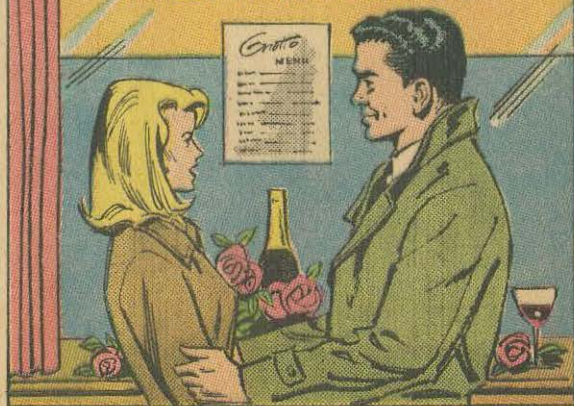
"I REALLY WENT FOR JEANIE, AND SHE WENT FOR ME."

SHOULD YOU SPEND  
SO MUCH MONEY,  
EDDIE?

DON'T WORRY,  
BABY--I'M  
DOING ALL RIGHT!

# RESTAURANT

FINEST ITALIAN CUISINE





"BUT I WAS WRONG, I COULDN'T GET ENOUGH HEROIN ON MY SALARY, SO I STARTED BORROWING FROM MY MOTHER AND BROTHER. BUT WHEN BOB CAUGHT ON..."

NO, EDDIE! I'LL GIVE YOU MONEY TO CURE YOURSELF, BUT I'M SURE NOT GOING TO HELP YOU RUIN YOUR LIFE!



"BUT I HAD TO HAVE THE STUFF, SO WHAT COULD I DO? I STARTED LIFTING THINGS FROM THE APARTMENT AND HOCKING THEM!"



"THEN ONE DAY BOB CAUGHT ME SNEAKING OUT WITH HIS GOOD SUIT, AND..."

EDDIE, LISTEN TO ME! YOU'RE **SICK**... BUT IF YOU HAVE ANY GLUTS, YOU COULD BE CURED...



I'LL TAKE YOU TO A DOCTOR,  
OR TO THE HOSPITAL. WE'LL  
SUPPORT YOU TILL YOU'VE  
KICKED THE HABIT, AND...

I'M MOVING  
OUT! IT'S THE  
ONLY WAY I  
CAN GET YOU  
OFF MY BACK!



"THEN JEANIE FOUND OUT I WAS  
ON 'H'. FIRST SHE TRIED BEGGING  
AND CRYING..."

PLEASE, EDDIE! WHAT'S  
GOING TO  
HAPPEN  
TO US?!





"THEN SHE TRIED THREATENING,  
BUT NOTHING SHE DID GOT  
THROUGH TO ME..."

IF YOU DON'T  
QUIT, WE'RE  
THROUGH,  
EDDIE!

THAT'S FINE  
BY ME! I'M  
SICK OF YOU  
TELLING ME  
WHAT TO DO!



"IT WAS AFTER ONE OF OUR FIGHTS THAT I  
FIRST TRIED 'MAINLINING'. THE GUY I'D  
MOVED IN WITH DARED  
ME TO, AND BESIDES..."

I'LL SHOW  
HER SHE  
CAN'T PUSH  
ME AROUND!



"A FEW WEEKS LATER I WOKE UP ONE MORNING WITH THE SHAKES AND DYING FOR A SHOT, AND..."



"HE WAS RIGHT. I COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT MY JUNK. I BEGAN TAKING MONEY FROM JEANIE..."





"POOR JEANIE. I SOLD HER  
RADIO, A GOLD RING HER  
MOTHER HAD GIVEN HER.  
...SOMETIMES I TOOK HER  
LAST CENT... BUT IT STILL  
WASN'T ENOUGH!"



"SO I STARTED BREAKING INTO CARS AND  
STEALING THINGS. WELL, I WASN'T VERY  
GOOD AT IT, SO PRETTY SOON I GOT  
CAUGHT..."





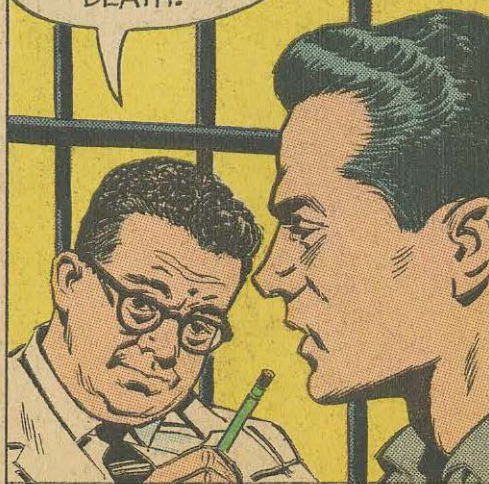
"BUT IT WAS MY FIRST ARREST, SO I GOT OFF WITH A LIGHT STRETCH THAT TIME..."

...BUT IF YOU DON'T CURE YOURSELF OF THE DRUG HABIT, YOU'RE IN FOR REAL TROUBLE NEXT TIME.



"THE DOCTOR IN THE PRISON HOSPITAL WAS A GOOD JOE. HE TOLD ME A LOT I DIDN'T KNOW..."

...ALSO, BECAUSE YOU GET CARELESS ABOUT YOURSELF, DRUGS CAN LEAD TO MALNUTRITION, SICKNESS AND DEATH.





REMEMBER...ONCE YOU'VE KICKED THE HABIT, YOU WON'T BE PHYSICALLY ADDICTED ANYMORE. THE DANGER IS IN GOING BACK TO OLD HABITS AND OLD FRIENDS. ABOVE ALL, AVOID YOUR FORMER FRIENDS WHO ARE STILL ADDICTS!



"WHAT THE DOC SAID MADE SENSE. I WAS CURED, AND I DECIDED TO STAY THAT WAY..."

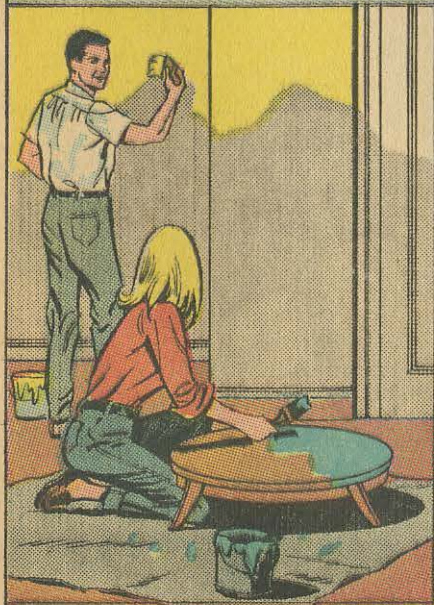
THERE'S A JOB WAITING FOR YOU, EDDIE—AND SO IS JEANIE!







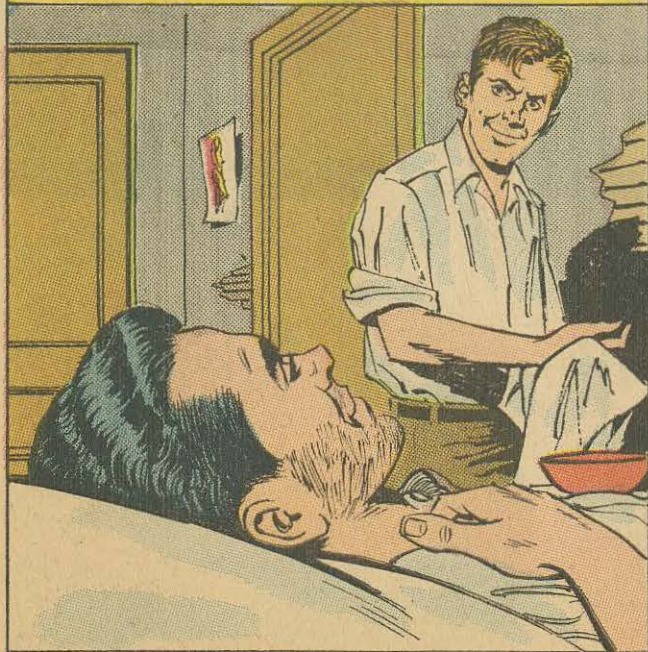
"WE HAD A BALL FIXING UP OUR  
LITTLE APARTMENT, AND  
EVERY TIME I SAW HOW HAPPY  
JEANIE WAS, I FELT LIKE A  
KING!"



"BUT SIX MONTHS LATER I WAS FEELING REAL  
LOW ONE DAY. JEANIE WANTED TO HAVE A BABY,  
BUT I COULDN'T FIND A BETTER JOB... WITH MY  
EDUCATION. AND THAT WAS THE DAY I HAD TO  
RUN INTO AN OLD FRIEND WHO'D TURNED PUSHER..."



"WELL, I FIGURED I COULD PICK MYSELF UP  
WITH A SHOT. WHAT HARM COULD IT DO? JUST  
ONE LITTLE SHOT..."



"BUT, BELIEVE ME, THERE'S NO  
SUCH THING AS ONE SHOT OF  
THAT STUFF! PRETTY SOON I  
WAS STEALING MONEY FROM  
JEANIE AGAIN."





"AND NEXT THING YOU KNOW I WAS  
HOCKING THE FURNITURE. IT ALMOST  
BROKE POOR JEANIE'S HEART..."

EDDIE, NO!  
OH, NO!

I'M SORRY, BABY--  
I CAN'T HELP IT!



"BUT SHE STUCK WITH ME, EVEN  
WHEN WE HAD TO MOVE TO A  
CRUMMY FURNISHED ROOM. THEN  
ONE DAY..."

PLEASE, BABY... GIMME THE MONEY!  
LOOK, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A  
SHOT, TOO, SO YOU'LL  
UNDERSTAND...?

ALL  
RIGHT,  
EDDIE...



I GUESS IT'S THE ONLY  
WAY I EVER WILL  
UNDERSTAND!

SURE YOU WILL,  
BABY...NOW  
GIMME THE  
DOUGH!



"YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT...I HAD TO HAVE MY SHOT,  
EVEN IF IT TOOK MAKING AN ADDICT OF MY  
OWN WIFE!





"THE STUFF GOT TO JEANIE FAST. IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS SHE WAS REALLY HOOKED...SO BAD THAT SHE COULDN'T KEEP A JOB..."



"THEN BOB FOUND OUT WHAT WAS HAPPENING. THE POOR GUY TRIED TO HELP ONE MORE TIME, BUT..."

EDDIE, FOR GOD'S SAKE, TURN YOURSELF AND JEANIE IN FOR A CURE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF...

YOU WANNA HELP?  
OKAY, GIMME ENOUGH DOUGH FOR A BAG!



"I HAD A NIGHT JOB IN A CHEAP HOTEL, BUT TO SUPPORT BOTH OUR HABITS I HAD TO STEAL. I'D COME HOME AT SEVEN IN THE MORNING, GRAB THREE OR FOUR HOURS SLEEP, THEN GET UP AND STAGGER OUT AGAIN..."



"IT TOOK ME ALL DAY TO STEAL AND SELL ENOUGH STUFF TO BUY THE AMOUNT OF JUNK WE NEEDED. I LIFTED THINGS FROM STORES AND SUPERMARKETS..."

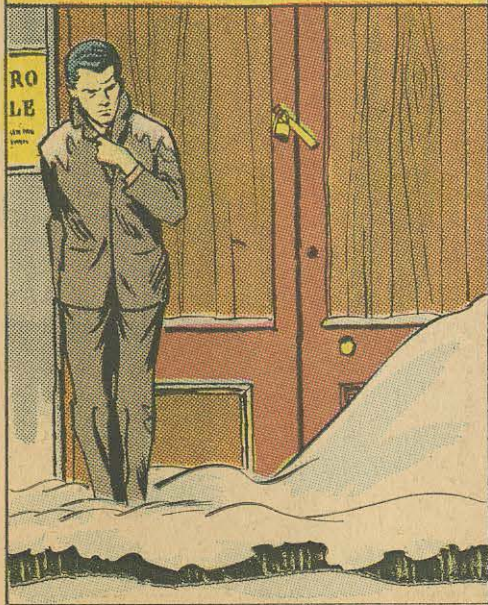


"AND I BROKE INTO PLACES, SCARED TO DEATH ALL THE TIME..."





"AND THEN I HAD TO WAIT AND WAIT FOR THE PUSHER. I WAS PUTTING IN LIKE TWENTY HOURS A DAY TO RAISE THE \$50 WE NEEDED JUST FOR JUNK..."



"BUT NOBODY CAN GO ON LIKE THAT FOREVER. ONE DAY I JUST COULDN'T GET OUT OF BED, AND I WAS SICK AS A DOG FOR A WEEK. BUT SICK OR NOT, A JUNKIE'S GOTTA HAVE HIS JUNK..."

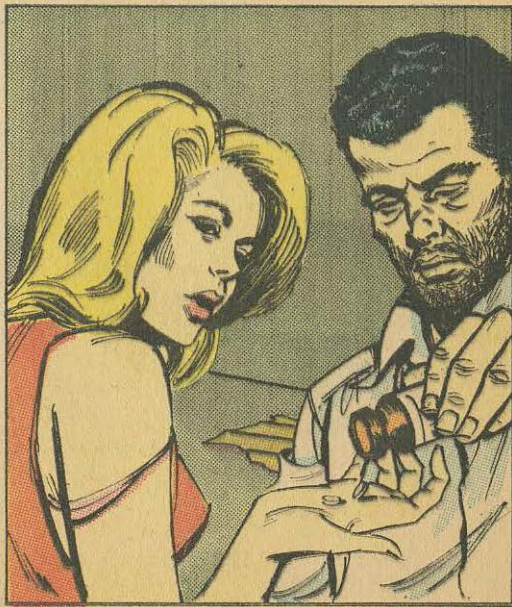




"SO IT WAS UP TO JEANIE TO GET IT. HOW?  
YOU GUESSED IT."



"YOU WOULDN'T THINK THINGS COULD  
GET WORSE THAN THAT, BUT THEY DID.  
ALL OF A SUDDEN THE JUNK GOT SCARCE,  
AND WE HAD TO FILL IN WITH GOOF BALLS  
AND PEP PILLS..."







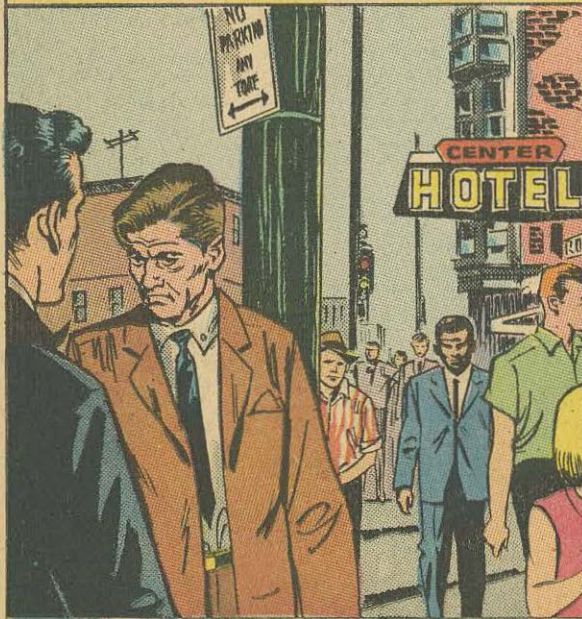
"I WAS SO FAR GONE THAT I HAD TO TAKE DOZENS OF PILLS TO GET ANY EFFECT AND ONE DAY I TOOK TOO MANY AND PASSED OUT IN THE STREET..."

"THE DOC AT THE HOSPITAL TOLD ME HOW BAD THE PILLS CAN BE..."

THEY CAN DO YOU EVEN MORE HARM THAN HEROIN. THEY CAN CAUSE SEVERE VOMITING, WEIGHT LOSS, DELIRIUM, AND CONVULSIONS SO BAD THEY CAN KILL YOU.



"BUT I WAS PAST CARING ABOUT ANYTHING  
BY THEN. I WASN'T OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AN  
HOUR BEFORE I WAS BACK HERE LOOKIN'  
FOR THE PUSHER..."

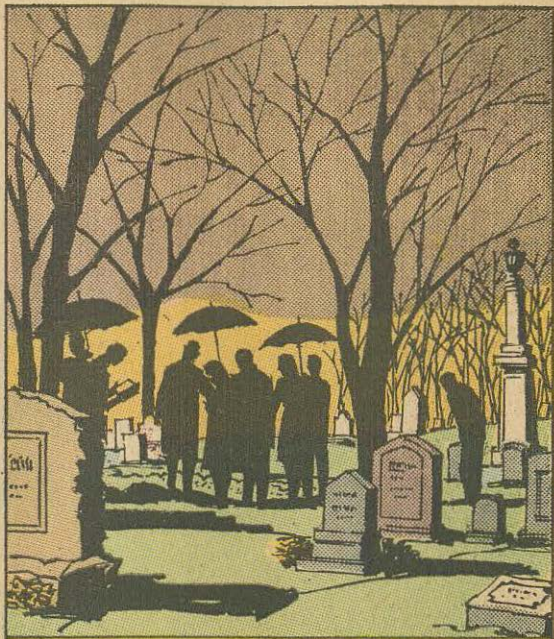


JEANIE? I GUESS SHE WAS  
LUCKIER THAN ME, IN A WAY.  
AT LEAST SHE'S OUT  
OF IT NOW...





"ONE NIGHT I CAME HOME AND FOUND HER ON THE FLOOR. I CALLED AN AMBULANCE, BUT IT WAS TOO LATE. SHE WAS DEAD, OF AN OVERDOSE OF HEROIN! MAYBE I'LL GO THAT WAY, TOO..."



"AT THE FUNERAL, JEANIE'S SISTER CALLED ME A MURDERER, AND MY BROTHER TOLD ME TO STAY AWAY FROM THE WHOLE FAMILY..."

BUT I NEVER GOT CURED.  
OH, SURE, A FEW GUYS  
MAKE IT, BUT MOST OF  
THEM DON'T... LIKE ME.  
I WENT RIGHT BACK TO  
IT EVERY TIME, EVEN  
THE TIME I KICKED THE  
HARD WAY—"COLD TURKEY".



"EVER SEE A JUNKIE  
KICKIN' IT COLD TURKEY?  
MAN, IT'S MURDER! YOU  
TURN HOT AND COLD, ALL  
YOUR MUSCLES ACHE, YOU  
GET THE MOST GODAWFUL  
STOMACH CRAMPS, YOU  
THROW UP..."



"AND YOU SCREAM AND  
SCREAM AND SCREAM--  
FOR A SHOT YOU WON'T  
GET. IT'S TORTURE,  
BELIEVE ME!"

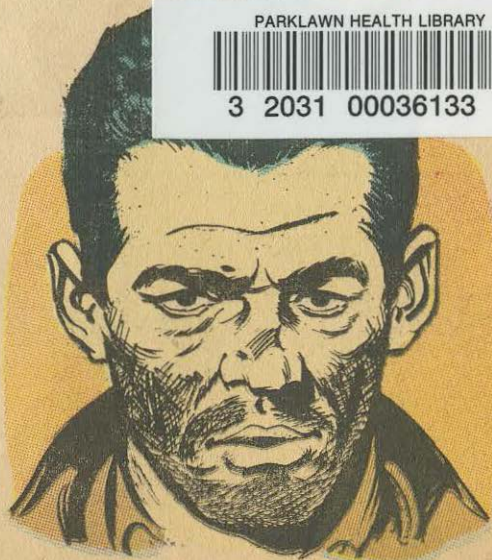




AND EVEN AFTER THAT, MOST JUNKIES  
GO RIGHT BACK ON THE HABIT. WELL,  
THAT'S HOW IT'LL BE—I MAY DROP  
DEAD RIGHT HERE, OR IN A JAIL CELL  
OR SOME CHEAP ROOM. BUT TILL I  
DO, I'LL BE RIGHT HERE,...  
WAITIN' FOR "THE MAN".



YOU KNOW, SOME PEOPLE CALL US  
JUNKIES "THE LIVING DEAD"... AN'  
I GUESS THEY'RE RIGHT. ANYWAY,  
THAT'S WHAT IT'S LIKE  
TO BE **HOOKED!**



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