

Binge drinking

“I woke with unexplained bruises and damaged clothing”

I loved my uni days but did not realise until they were over, that parts of them were not great. I had a set of blinkers called denial.

I grew up in a large and loving family. It was a warm home with laughter and always lots going on. I was a fairly regular teenager, popular with my peers, good at sport and always involved in extra-curricular activities.

When I started uni I lived in a residential college on campus. We had a great time and I could not believe that you could drink on a ‘school night’ – we really had fun and it was a good way to

meet new people. I was a classic ‘poor’ student with little money but I always seemed to manage to pull something together for our nights out about once a week. I was a binge drinker.

Trouble seemed to follow me when I drank – even prior to university. I would have blackouts and often woke the following morning after a binge with unexplained bruises and damaged clothing and sometimes could not remember how I got home. This kind of thing was often laughed away and joked about the next day.

During the week I was back to being a normal student and undertaking my sporting activities and other interests. Life went on as normal.

During one of my binges I sexually abused by a fellow student. I felt powerless to do anything about it at the time so I chose to ‘pretend’ it did not happen. About six months following this I was out with uni friends drinking and was hit by a car in an alcohol

infused blackout. Following my recovery from this I was asked at the age of 20 if I had a drinking problem. My answer was no. It seemed inconceivable to me that someone so young could have a drinking problem – wasn’t that for old men in parks with brown paper bags?

The way I process alcohol once I put it into my system is different to a normal drinker. Once I had a drink I would get the taste for it. At the end of my 20s I was finding it easy to stop drinking (usually after an embarrassing ‘incident’) but what I found hard was to stay stopped. Somehow a few weeks or days would pass and I would magically forget about the latest incident and convince myself that this time it will be okay.

I could see alcohol was no longer a friend and started down the path of recovery and attending meetings. I have been in recovery for seven years. My life is the best it has ever been. 



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