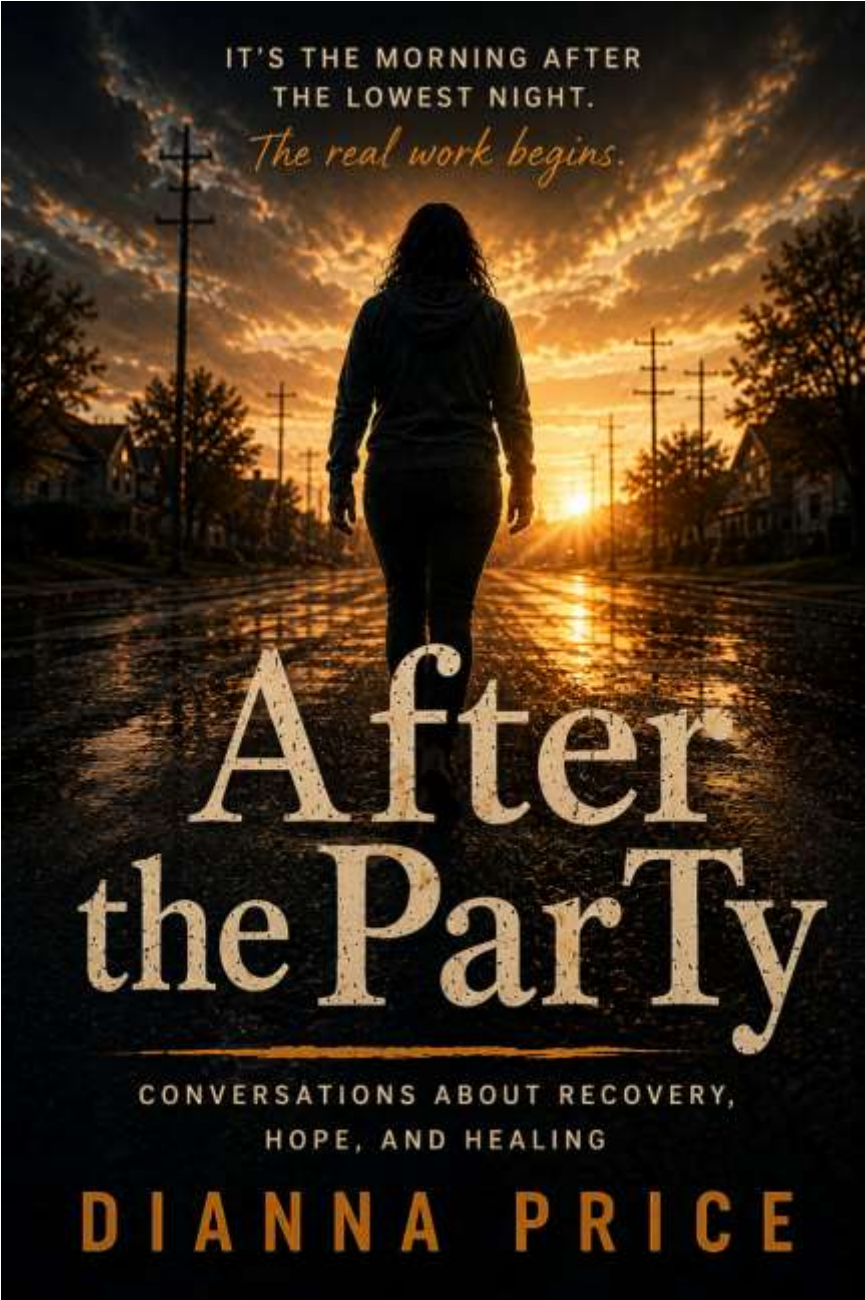


A person is walking away from the viewer down a wet, reflective street. The sun is low on the horizon, creating a bright, hazy glow and reflecting off the wet pavement. The sky is filled with dramatic, dark clouds. In the background, there are silhouettes of houses and utility poles. The overall mood is contemplative and hopeful.

IT'S THE MORNING AFTER
THE LOWEST NIGHT.

The real work begins.

After the ParTy

CONVERSATIONS ABOUT RECOVERY,
HOPE, AND HEALING

DIANNA PRICE

After the Party

Dianna Price, CPRS

Free Recovery Edition

This book is provided free of charge through **Dianna's Books & Recovery** because I believe hope, education, and recovery resources should be available to everyone, regardless of their ability to pay.

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My only request is this: if this book gives you hope, pass that hope on to someone else.

Thank you for helping make recovery resources available to everyone.

Dianna Price, CPRS

Dianna's Books & Recovery

Email: DiannaPrice796@gmail.com

Before You Read This Book

This book contains discussions of drug addiction, relapse, overdose, suicidal thoughts, trauma, sex, and recovery. Some material may be difficult to read, particularly if you are in early recovery, actively using substances, or experiencing emotional distress. This book does not sensationalize these experiences, but it also does not soften them. Some chapters may bring up painful memories or difficult emotions.

Please read at your own pace. If you begin to feel overwhelmed, set the book aside and reach out to someone you trust. Your well-being is more important than finishing a chapter.

If You Need Immediate Help

If you are thinking about harming yourself, believe you may act on those thoughts, or are in immediate danger, stop reading and seek help now.

United States and Canada

- Call or text **988** to reach the Suicide & Crisis Lifeline.
- Text **HOME** to **741741** to connect with the Crisis Text Line.
- If you are in immediate danger, call **911** or your local emergency services.

If you live outside the United States or Canada, contact your local emergency services or crisis hotline.

Recovery Resources

If you're ready to ask for help, these organizations can connect you with treatment and support.

- **SAMHSA National Helpline** – 1-800-662-HELP (4357)
- **FindTreatment.gov**
- **Narcotics Anonymous (NA)** – na.org
- **SMART Recovery** – smartrecovery.org

LGBTQ+ Support

You deserve recovery exactly as you are.

If you would like support from organizations serving the LGBTQ+ community:

The Trevor Project (24/7 LGBTQ+ youth crisis support): 1-866-488-7386

Trans Lifeline (U.S.): 1-877-565-8860

LGBT National Help Center (National Hotline): 1-888-843-4564

Contact information for these organizations was accurate when this book was published. If a number or website changes, search for the organization's current contact information.

I see you.

Hello.

If you're willing, stay with me for a little while.

Let's take a breath together.

I don't know where you're reading this.

Maybe you're sitting in a treatment center wondering if you should stay.

Maybe you're alone in a hotel room, sitting in your car, or lying in bed wondering how your life got here.

Maybe you've just used.

Maybe you're celebrating six months clean.

Or maybe someone handed you this book and simply said, "Read."

However it found its way into your hands, I'm glad it did.

If you're hurting right now, this book is for you.

This isn't a recovery manual, and I'm not a doctor.

I'm not here to tell you how to live your life.

I'm simply someone who has lived through addiction, relapse, shame, forgiveness, and recovery—and who is still recovering every day.

I don't have all the answers.

What I do have is the truth.

The whole truth.

Not because my story is unique, but because I hope you'll recognize pieces of your own story in mine.

For a long time, I believed nobody understood why I kept making the same terrible decisions over and over again.

I thought I was alone.

I wasn't.

Neither are you.

This isn't a list of steps, and it isn't a place for judgment.

Think of this as a conversation between two people: one who has been where you are, and one who wants you to know this doesn't have to be the end of your story.

I'm not here to tell you what you should do.

I'm here because I remember what it felt like to believe there wasn't another way—the shame, the loneliness, and the fear that I'd gone too far to come back.

I was wrong.

If there's one thing I hope you take from these pages, it's this:

You don't have to hold all of this by yourself anymore.

Sometimes asking for help is the bravest thing we'll ever do.

If you're willing, keep turning the page.

We'll go slowly.

How I Ended Up Here

I never thought I'd relapse.

If you'd asked me before it happened, I would've told you I knew better.

For a while, I kept two lives separate.

And I did.

That's what made it so hard to accept.

People like to think relapse happens because someone stops caring.

That wasn't true for me.

I still cared. I knew what meth had cost me. I knew where that road led.

None of that mattered once I started believing the lies.

It didn't start with a pipe.

It started with a thought.

"I can just do a little."

"Nobody will know."

"It won't change anything."

"I can control it."

"Just this once."

At the time, those thoughts didn't sound dangerous.

They sounded reasonable.

That's the thing about relapse: it rarely announces itself for what it is. It shows up sounding logical, telling you you're different this time and that you've learned enough to stay in control. It whispers instead of screams.

Looking back, that's what scares me the most.

I wasn't trying to destroy my life.

I was trying to live both versions at once.

Recovery on the outside.

Meth in secret.

I believed I could get away with it.

I couldn't.

The hardest part wasn't admitting I'd used.

The hardest part was facing the shame afterward.

I wasn't asking myself how to get sober again.

I was asking myself if I was even worth saving.

That's a dark place to be.

If that's where you are today, I want you to know something.

I know that place.

I've sat in it.

I've believed the same lies you're probably believing right now.

That everyone would be better off without me.

That I'd thrown away everything I'd worked for.

That I'd disappointed everyone who believed in me.

That there was no coming back from this.

I was wrong.

Not because the relapse didn't matter.

It did.

Not because there weren't consequences.

There were.

I was wrong because I believed relapse was the end of my story.

It wasn't.

And I don't believe it has to be the end of yours either.

That's why I'm telling you this so early in the book.

Not because I'm proud of my relapse.

I'm not.

I'm telling you because I don't want shame to convince you that you're beyond hope before we even begin.

If you've relapsed...

If you're hurting...

If you're wondering whether anyone could possibly understand...

I do.

And now let me tell you how I got here.

This Isn't the End

If you're reading this, there's a chance you're carrying something you've never told anyone.

Maybe it's addiction.

Maybe it's depression.

Maybe it's grief.

Maybe it's trauma.

Maybe you're simply exhausted from pretending everything is okay.

Whatever brought you here, I'm glad you're still here.

I don't know what you're facing today.

I don't know if you're sitting in a treatment center wondering if you should stay.

I don't know if you're alone in a hotel room wondering how your life ended up here.

I don't know if you're holding a bottle of pills wondering if anyone would miss you.

I don't know if you're a mother trying to hold everything together while quietly falling apart.

I don't know if you're grieving someone you loved.

I only know this:

I've learned that rock bottom doesn't always look the same.

For me, it was methamphetamine.

For someone else, it may be something completely different.

The pain may have a different name, but pain is still pain.

One of the biggest lies we tell ourselves is that no one could possibly understand what we're going through.

I believed that lie too.

It kept me silent.

It kept me ashamed.

It kept me sick.

This book isn't about convincing you that my story is the same as yours.

It isn't.

This is my story.

But maybe somewhere in these pages you'll recognize a piece of your own.

And if you do, maybe you'll realize you're not nearly as alone as you thought you were.

Before we go any further, I want you to know something.

You don't have to be strong today.

It's okay to be tired.

It's okay to cry.

It's okay to admit you're scared.

It's okay to ask for help.

That isn't weakness.

Sometimes asking for help is the bravest thing we'll ever do.

Take a breath.

This isn't the end.

We're just getting started.

I Never Thought It Could Be Me

If you had met me before meth, I would not have been the person you expected to become addicted to drugs.

I didn't think addiction happened to people like me.

I thought addiction happened to lazy people.

I believed people who stood in line at shelters and treatment centers had simply made bad choices and didn't want to work.

Looking back now, those thoughts are hard for me to admit.

But they're true.

I judged people without knowing their stories.

I had a good career.

I drove a truck for nine years.

I traveled to all fifty states.

I made good money.

I had retirement savings.

I had plans for my future.

If someone had told me then that I would lose nearly everything because of methamphetamine, I would have laughed.

Not because I thought I was stronger than everyone else, but because I honestly believed it could never happen to me.

I was wrong.

One decision changed the direction of my life.

Not all at once.

But enough that I slowly became someone I didn't recognize anymore.

That's one of the hardest things about addiction.

It doesn't usually arrive looking like destruction.

It often arrives looking like curiosity.

Or excitement.

Or one harmless decision.

I knew trying meth was wrong.

I knew it before I ever touched it.

But I had no idea what that one decision would cost me.

If I could go back to that day...

I wouldn't give myself a long speech.

I wouldn't try to scare myself.

I'd simply say...

Don't do this.

Because I had no idea that, within minutes, I would begin losing myself.

The crash was hard.

I lost almost everything I had worked my whole life to build.

My career.

My home.

My self-respect.

The person I saw in the mirror became someone I didn't recognize anymore.

The shame was unbearable.

There were days I honestly didn't care if I lived or died.

If your life feels like it's falling apart right now...

I understand.

Mine did too.

Enough

There came a point where I couldn't lie to myself anymore.

For a long time, I believed I still had control.

I didn't.

I believed I could stop whenever I wanted.

I couldn't.

I believed one more time wouldn't matter.

It always mattered.

The lies that addiction told me slowly became the lies I told myself.

Until one day, I couldn't tell the difference anymore.

My life had become something I never imagined it could become.

I wasn't living anymore.

I was surviving from one bad decision to the next.

I remember sitting in a hotel room thinking I had nothing left.

Nothing left to lose.

Nothing left to give.

Nothing left to hope for.

That was my rock bottom.

Not because I had lost everything, but because I had lost myself.

There comes a moment when you have to stop negotiating with the thing that's destroying your life.

For me, that moment finally came.

I remember saying the words out loud.

I'm done.

Not tomorrow.

Not next week.

Now.

It wasn't a promise that everything would suddenly get better.

It was the first honest thing I had said to myself in a very long time.

If you're reading this and you're exhausted, tired of pretending, and tired of carrying secrets, maybe this is your moment too.

Maybe you don't need another reason to keep going the way you've been going.

Maybe this is the moment you say:

Enough is enough.

Relapse Isn't the End

If you're reading this because you've relapsed, don't turn the page.

This chapter is for you.

Especially if you're ashamed.

Especially if you've convinced yourself you've ruined everything.

Especially if you've found yourself thinking that everyone would be better off without you.

Stay with me for a few minutes.

I know those thoughts.

Not because someone told me about them.

Because I've had them.

One of the biggest lies we believe in recovery is that relapse means we've failed.

Not that we made a mistake.

That **we are** the mistake.

That's exactly what happened to me.

When I relapsed, I didn't think, "*I need to get back into recovery.*"

I thought:

"I've destroyed everything."

I had worked so hard to get sober.

I had told my story.

I had been honest about my addiction.

People trusted me.

How could I possibly admit that I had relapsed?

The shame hit almost instantly.

Not hours later.

Not the next day.

Within minutes.

And with that shame came something much darker.

I didn't just feel guilty.

I honestly believed the people I loved would be better off without me.

I remember driving through Kentucky, having a conversation with myself that lasted only a few minutes.

It felt like forever.

I looked at a small town and thought about leaving my car there.

Leaving my phone.

Walking away from my life.

Disappearing.

I convinced myself that my husband deserved someone better.

Someone who hadn't relapsed.

Someone who wasn't carrying the weight of addiction.

Someone who wasn't me.

I wasn't making a plan for a new life.

I was trying to escape the one I thought I had destroyed.

That is what shame sounds like.

It doesn't whisper:

"You made a bad decision."

It screams:

"You are a bad person."

Those are not the same thing.

If you're reading this after a relapse, maybe your thoughts aren't exactly like mine.

But maybe they're close.

Maybe you've been asking yourself how you could let this happen.

Maybe you've convinced yourself you've lost everyone's trust.

Maybe you're afraid to make the phone call because admitting the truth feels worse than carrying it alone.

Or maybe you're sitting where I was, wondering if there's any point in trying again.

If that's you...

I need you to hear this:

You are not alone.

You are not the first person in recovery to believe that one mistake erased every good thing you've ever done.

And you won't be the last.

Shame wants you isolated.

It wants you silent.

It wants you to believe there is no way back.

Don't believe it.

Looking back now, I can see something I couldn't see then.

My relapse didn't begin the day I used.

It began with a series of small decisions.

Little compromises.

Little moments where I convinced myself things were okay when they weren't.

Nobody plans a relapse.

I certainly didn't.

I don't know anyone who wakes up one morning and says,

"Today I'm going to throw away everything I've worked for."

That's not how it happens.

We stop paying attention to the little things.

We stop being completely honest.

We convince ourselves we can handle it alone.

Then one day we're standing somewhere we never intended to be.

That's why I believe recovery isn't about perfection.

It's about honesty.

Perfection says you'll never struggle again.

Honesty says:

"I'm struggling right now."

Perfection says:

"Don't tell anyone."

Honesty says:

"I need help."

Perfection says:

"Everyone will judge you."

Honesty says:

"The people who love me need to know the truth."

Recovery has never asked us to be perfect.

It has always asked us to be honest.

Eventually, I told my husband everything.

Not because I wanted to.

Because I couldn't carry it anymore.

I expected disappointment.

I expected anger.

I expected him to see me the way I saw myself.

Instead, he saw someone worth fighting for.

He reminded me that one relapse didn't erase the work I'd already done.

He reminded me that my life still mattered, even when I couldn't see it.

Most importantly, he reminded me that I still had a choice.

I could let shame write the rest of my story.

Or I could tell the truth and begin again.

I chose honesty.

Not because it was easy.

Because it was the only thing stronger than shame.

If you're reading this while carrying thoughts like the ones I carried that day, I want to ask one thing of you.

Don't make a permanent decision based on temporary shame.

Shame is loud, and it tells convincing lies.

It tells you that you're beyond help.

That everyone would be better off without you.

That you've destroyed your future.

I believed every one of those lies.

Every single one.

They were still lies.

If you've relapsed, make the phone call.

Tell someone the truth.

Walk back through the doors you think you no longer deserve to enter.

The hardest step after relapse isn't getting sober again.

It's believing you're still worth saving.

You are.

I know that because I had to learn to believe it about myself.

Recovery isn't about pretending we never fall.

It's about refusing to let the fall become the end of our story.

If today is your Day One again, then let it be Day One.

Not because you've lost everything, but because you've decided that shame doesn't get the final word.

Okay... Now What?

Okay.

This shit happened.

Maybe it happened last night.

Maybe it happened last week.

Maybe you're reading this after you've been awake for three days and you're wondering how the hell you got here again.

I understand.

It happened to me, too.

And before we go any further, I need you to hear one thing.

You still have a next right step.

You do not have to solve your whole life today. You do not need a perfect plan. You do not need all the answers. You just need one honest step.

I know that's hard to believe right now.

After my relapse, I didn't think I deserved another chance.

I thought I had thrown everything away.

I thought the people I loved deserved better than me.

I thought it was too late.

That belief nearly kept me stuck.

After a relapse, the hardest part can be separating what happened from who you are.

One mistake can feel like a verdict, even when it isn't.

Shame has a way of convincing us that we've crossed a line we can't come back from.

It whispers that we should hide.

That nobody will understand.

That everyone will be disappointed.

That we're better off disappearing than admitting what happened.

Those lies nearly destroyed me.

If you're hearing them right now, I need you to know they're lying to you, too.

The first lie addiction ever told me after I relapsed wasn't that I should keep using.

It was that I could control it.

That nobody would know.

That it would only happen once.

That I could get away with it.

I believed every word.

Until I couldn't.

If you've relapsed, I don't want you to spend the next hour trying to figure out why you're a terrible person.

You're not going to hate yourself into recovery.

You're not going to shame yourself into healing.

You're going to need something much more difficult.

Honesty.

If you've made it this far in the book, I'm going to ask you to do one thing.

Tell someone.

Not tomorrow.

Not after you've cleaned yourself up.

Not after you've figured everything out.

Tell someone.

You don't have to solve everything before you tell the truth.

You only have to let someone stand beside you in it.

You may feel like the loneliest person on earth right now.

You're not.

Isolation is where shame grows.

Connection is where recovery begins.

So if your eyes are filling with tears while you're reading this...

If your chest feels heavy...

If you're finally admitting to yourself that you're not okay...

Close the book for a little while.

Call someone.

Text someone.

Walk into a meeting.

Go to treatment if that's what you need.

Ask for help.

If you are in danger, afraid you may hurt yourself, or unable to stay safe, walk into an emergency room or call emergency services. Let someone help you stay alive long enough for the pain to change.

This book will still be here when you get back.

I'd much rather you stop reading these pages because you're reaching for help than finish another chapter while believing you're beyond saving.

Because you're not.

You're still here.

And as long as you're still here...

There is still hope. The next right step does not have to be a giant leap. It only has to move you toward life.

Now What?

So...

You've admitted it.

Maybe only to yourself.

Maybe to someone you trust.

Maybe this book is the first time you've ever allowed yourself to think the words:

"I need help."

Okay...

Now what?

First, I want you to know something.

You don't have to have your whole life figured out today.

You don't need to know where you'll live.

You don't need to know how you'll pay your bills.

You don't need to know what tomorrow looks like.

You only have to make one decision.

Ask for help.

That's it.

Recovery isn't one giant leap.

It's thousands of small decisions made one day at a time.

Don't Let Fear Make the Decision

A lot of people don't go to treatment because they're scared.

They're scared of detox.

They're scared of withdrawal.

They're scared of failing.

They're scared of what people will think.

Some are scared because they have warrants, probation violations, missed court dates, or pending criminal charges.

Those are real problems.

I'm not minimizing them.

But don't let fear of tomorrow stop you from saving your life today.

Many people enter treatment while they're dealing with legal problems. Be honest with the treatment staff about your situation. They may be able to help you coordinate with an attorney, probation officer, family member, or the court, depending on your circumstances.

If your addiction has led you into the criminal justice system, you may also want to ask about Drug Court.

Drug Court isn't a free pass.

It's hard work.

There are rules.

Drug testing.

Counseling.

Court appearances.

Accountability.

But for many people, it becomes the first real opportunity they've ever had to rebuild their lives. Eligibility varies depending on where you live and the facts of your case, but it's worth asking about if it's available in your community.

You're Not Just Treating the Addiction

One of the biggest surprises for me was realizing they weren't just interested in what drugs I used.

They wanted to know about me.

They asked about depression.

They asked about anxiety.

They asked about trauma.

They asked about the things that had happened in my life long before meth ever entered it.

I know what it's like to carry trauma.

Years before addiction ever took over my life, I lost my one-month-old daughter.

There are no words that truly describe that kind of pain.

I don't tell you that because I'm asking for sympathy.

I tell you because I want you to know that I understand what it feels like to carry grief that never completely goes away.

Many people struggling with addiction have experienced trauma of some kind.

Not everyone.

But many.

That's why many treatment programs include trauma-informed counseling or can connect you with therapists who understand that addiction isn't always just about drugs.

Sometimes it's about pain.

The drugs weren't always the disease.

Sometimes they were the bandage.

Healing takes time.

You don't have to tell your whole story on the first day.

You just have to be willing to start.

Do You Really Want to Die?

This is a question I wish someone had asked me.

Do you really want to die...or do you just want the pain to stop?

There's a difference.

When I relapsed, I wasn't chasing death.

I was trying to outrun pain.

The shame.

The guilt.

The grief.

The loneliness.

The disappointment.

If you're reading this while wondering whether life is worth living, stop for just a moment and ask yourself that same question.

Do I really want to die...

...or do I just want this pain to stop?

Because those are not the same thing.

Pain can be treated.

Trauma can be worked through.

Depression can improve.

Addiction can be treated.

If you keep using, nothing gets the chance to get better.

If you ask for help, there is at least a chance.

Sometimes one chance is all we need.

Recovery Isn't Perfect

There's something else I want you to know.

I still have cravings.

Not every day.

Not every week.

Sometimes months go by without one.

Then, out of nowhere, something reminds me of my past, life gets stressful, or my brain whispers,

"Remember how easy it used to be?"

That whisper still happens.

The difference today is that I don't listen.

I used to believe there would come a day when I'd never think about meth again.

I thought there would be a finish line.

There isn't.

Recovery isn't about never having another craving.

Recovery is about learning what to do when one shows up.

For me, that means I don't keep secrets anymore.

If I'm struggling, I tell someone.

I remove myself from dangerous situations.

I remind myself what one bad decision cost me.

A craving is temporary.

You don't have to obey it.

You only have to outlast it.

If you relapse, it doesn't erase every sober day that came before it.

It means something in your recovery needs attention.

Learn from it.

Be honest about it.

Get back up.

Recovery isn't perfect.

Neither am I.

I'm still healing.

I'm still learning.

I'm still choosing recovery.

And tomorrow...

I'll choose it again.

You Are Not Weak

If you've made it this far, let me tell you something that nobody ever told me.

You are not weak.

You may feel ashamed.

You may feel defeated.

You may feel like you've made too many mistakes to count.

But weak?

No.

Addiction has probably taken you places that most people will never understand.

You've survived situations that should have terrified you.

You've walked into places you never imagined you'd go.

You've trusted people you shouldn't have trusted.

You've taken risks that could have cost you your life.

You did those things because addiction convinced you they were necessary to survive another day.

I'm not proud of the things I did while I was using.

I wish I could erase many of them.

But I also can't ignore one important truth.

I survived them.

That tells me something about every person fighting addiction.

We're not cowards.

We're survivors.

We've spent years using our courage to chase the next high.

Imagine what could happen if we used that same courage to chase recovery instead.

Walking into a treatment center isn't a sign of weakness.

It's one of the bravest decisions you'll ever make.

Not because you're suddenly becoming courageous...

but because you're finally pointing your courage in the right direction.

You've already proven you can survive.

Now prove to yourself that you can live.

Okay... Let's Go

If you've made it this far, I want you to know something: thank you. Not because you finished this book, but because you're still here.

Before you close these pages, let me ask you one question.

Are you done yet?

Not, "Do you wish things were different?"

Not, "Do you feel guilty?"

Those questions don't change anything.

This one does.

Are you done waking up ashamed?

Are you done lying to yourself?

Are you done giving addiction one more chance while giving yourself none?

Are you done surviving instead of living?

But if something inside you is saying,

"I can't keep doing this."

Then listen to it.

That's not weakness.

That's the part of you that still believes life can be different.

Don't silence that voice.

Follow it.

Follow it now.

You don't have to know how you're going to rebuild your life.

You don't have to know how you'll repair every relationship.

You don't have to know what next year looks like.

You only have to take the next honest step.

Maybe that step is calling someone you trust.

Maybe it's walking into a detox center.

Maybe it's going back into treatment.

Maybe it's going to the emergency room.

Maybe it's calling your sponsor.

Maybe it's telling someone three words you've been afraid to say:

"I need help."

Don't let fear, shame, or addiction make another decision for you.

Don't let fear steal another year.

Don't let addiction convince you that you're the exception.

You're not.

You are worth fighting for.

You are worth saving.

I shared my story because I wanted you to know change is possible.

Now it's your turn.

Close this book.

Pick up the phone.

Walk through the doors.

Tell someone the truth.

Stay alive. Let someone sit with you in this moment until the next one comes.

You are not finished. You are not beyond help. You are still here.

Give yourself the same chance you've spent so long giving your addiction.

Make the call.

Ask for help.

Choose to live.

Contact the Author

Thank you for reading *After the Party*.

If this book encouraged you, gave you hope, or reminded you that you're not alone, I'd be honored to hear from you. Your story matters.

Whether you're in recovery, supporting someone you love, or sharing how these pages met you, you're welcome to reach out.

Email:

info@diannaprice.com

Please know that I can't provide crisis counseling or emergency support by email. If you're in immediate danger or afraid you may hurt yourself, contact emergency services or a crisis line right away.

If *After the Party* spoke to you, please consider leaving an honest review on Amazon. Your review helps other people who may be struggling discover this book.

Thank you for allowing me to share my story with you.

I wish you hope, healing, and strength—one day at a time.

— Dianna Price, CPRS

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