

August 12, 2012 I woke up on the scratchy carpet in my buddy's apartment with a dude's hand ruffling in my pants...

"Did that just happen? That just happened... I need a cigarette."

That was my internal monologue for about twenty minutes before I could finally get up. Walking out the front door, there was the most beautiful girl in the world - the one who, the night before, said she thought it would be cool to grab a bite to eat sometime - laying in her panties next to my buddy who bought me my first beer the night before.

I couldn't do it anymore. I knew I had to stop. Five months later, however, I was still depressed. I spent more time fantasizing about offing myself than anything else. That was until my buddy gave me this one piece of advice:

"Why don't you ask your higher power if you're alcoholic? I'm

