

Manifesto of a Militant

The true story of Crystal Meth addiction

By Lori Hicks

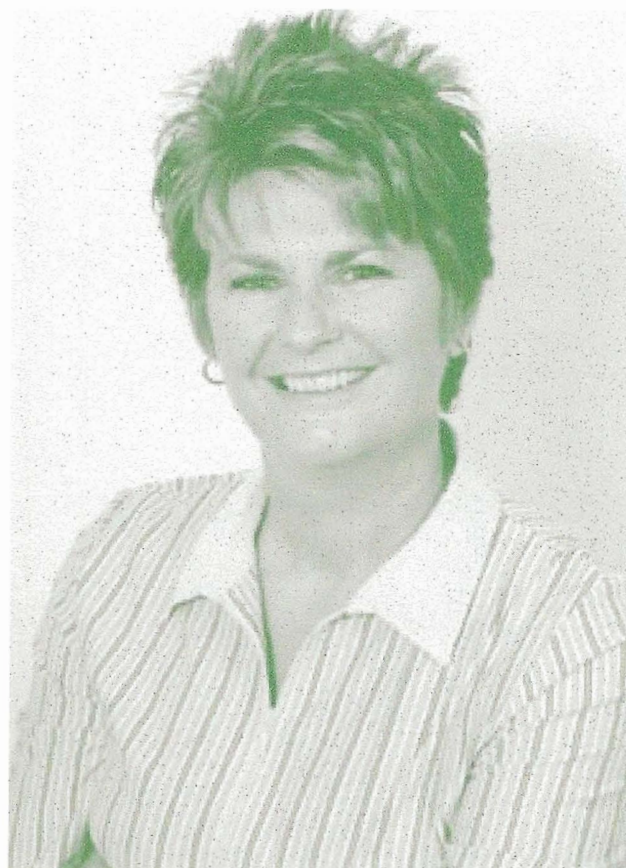
JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T hear "Praise be to Allah," or see explosives strapped to me when I enter a room, doesn't make me any less dangerous. Rather than being the oppressed, I am the oppressor. I am creating a destabilized society, making life unfulfilling. I subject human beings to indignities that have led to widespread suffering in America. Peace will never be upon he who follows me. The consequences of my creation have been a disaster for the human race.

My name is Crystal Meth. I'm the leader of an enormous militant group known now as Methamphetamine. This manifesto is meant to be a public declaration of my intentions.

I am a soul stealer ... I haven't only one face, but the face of many. One side of my family originated in 1887 Germany, better known then as the amphetamines. The methamphetamines came from Japan in 1893. As a family, we started out to have great potential, maybe some noble cure for a disease. But that didn't work out so well, so we were locked away, imprisoned and put on a shelf until the 1900s. It wasn't until the '30s that people began to recognize my family's star quality. During World War II, we were used to keep the fighting men going. Hitler himself was a soldier for our Militant Army — a user — he was a friend to the methamphetamines from 1942 until his death in 1945.

In the '50s, the methamphetamine family was suddenly a celebrity, set free to roam the streets of America available by prescription as amphetamine. One of our family aliases back then was Benzedrine, or Bennie for friends. We also went by the names of Dexedrine and Methedrine, but most people knew us as speed, black beauties or pep pills, among other nicknames. That's when it began ... that's when we were able to creep into society under the pretense of curing depression, narcolepsy, Parkinson's, obesity, alcoholism and asthma. We saw this as our jumping off point — we were able to set in motion building our army against humanity.

We'd remained sleeper cells hiding as over-the-counter inhalers and prescription medicines for years before gaining our true power. As a family, we worked our way up the ranks until finally finding a way to our real disciples. They just started coming, all of them, the college students, the truck drivers, the athletes, and of course, the partygoers. As people got to know us, they couldn't get enough of us. Our popularity as a family grew by leaps and bounds. The '60s saw the start of a significant increase in our popularity. Illicit methamphetamines were popping up in homes everywhere. It was perfect. Now everyone could get their hands on us. No prescription was necessary. We had become a household name, made out of household



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products. We were no longer dependent on good intentions.

Our family organization changed drastically in the '60s once we were able to get into the veins of our users. We knew at that point that we had 'em, we had their hearts and their minds, and it was just a matter of time before having their souls. Once we shortened our name to meth, trafficking people and recruiting abusers skyrocketed. We really fought through the '70s and '80s, transforming yet again, and a smokable crystal meth was created. With my popularity on the rise, Crystal Meth is the name I prefer.

I should be considered the greatest terrorist movement in the United States today. My followers of tweakers, druggies, users and thieves — who are your loved ones, your friends and your neighbors — are having a devastating impact in many communities across the nation. I promise I will not discriminate based on color, I will not separate the classes and I will unite the religions. My soldiers can be Catholics, they can be Jews, and they can be Muslims. I will not differentiate. Age is no

HEALTH

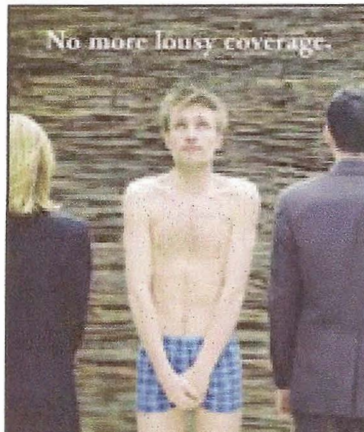
issue, I will take your babies from the womb of my followers and I will lay to rest your elderly. I offer my people numbness from their pain, time away from their loved ones and a life on the dark lonely streets of hell. I reach out to the friendless, the depressed, the overworked and the fatigued. I give time to the needy and the disabled, hoping to create a shame they have yet to experience. I want everyone to have the chance to experience me — it doesn't take much ... and I GOT YOU. My new rock form makes me easy to distribute, making my job of stealing souls easier and easier. As a Meth Family Organization, we are dependent on one thing — the addict. As long as we remain irresistible and without enemies, we will keep the upper hand.

We are not a terrorist sleeper cell. We are a conglomerate that is wide-awake and we are going to take over America while you sleep. My soldiers have infiltrated your country — we are everyone ... everywhere. If you don't know one of my people by now, I promise that you will. It's a new millennium when the country I want to destroy sees Osama Bin Laden as a larger threat than me, Crystal Meth. America has crossed an invisible and intangible line if they don't soon recognize the damage I'm going to cause.

The influence of my voice is enormous. I am the voice of addiction. The voice that anyone at anytime could hear whispering in their ear. The same voice that could be signaling you to steal from your loved ones, abandon all you know and love and give up on your existence. I will influence America's sons with fun and adventure, even as they will experience agitation and decreased appetites. Your fathers will hope to increase physical activity, but will instead abandon their families to steal and cheat for me. Your brothers will help with my distribution even while suffering intense paranoia and episodes of violent behavior. Your daughters will sell themselves just to be near me, only to become toothless beggars. Your mothers will give their own children away just to follow me into hell, suffering the everlasting guilt, the hallucinations and the bouts of insomnia. I not only support mistreatment, I encourage domestic violence and child abuse.

If you don't believe that I, Crystal Meth, have affected you, then you better lock your doors, put plastic and duct tape on your windows and

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PREVIEWS & REVIEWS

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Molinari (\$11) sounded great, the cooking of sliced cured meats makes them way too salty and intense for my taste.

Desserts vary from day to day, so on our visit we had the pleasure of a slab of Red Velvet Cake (\$5). If you've never had red velvet, please do. Moist chocolate cake covered in a thick frosting of cream cheese delight can please on most levels. If you're in the mood for something a little different, but just as yummy, order the Bread Pudding (\$5). This



was probably the lightest bread pudding I've ever had. In fact, it was more like French toast pillows swimming in a sea of creamy love.

Load up the car with friends and go ahead, make the trip to Gilbert to see what you didn't know existed. I bet you'll be surprised at what you've been missing.

For tips and advice about food — or just to say hi — please feel free to e-mail at Foodiebear@echomag.com. **-E**

Scottsdale

The Kitchen — The Kitchen is basically Dish 2. If you don't remember, Dish was the place to get your gourmet prepared foods to eat there, take out or heat up for yourself at home. There was also a full service restaurant/wine bar if you didn't feel like shopping at each of the food stations. Since The Kitchen is in the old Dish space, its pretty much the same concept. You go to each station: pizza, salads, sandwiches, roasts and also fresh prepped foods you take home and bake. They give you a card that each station scans which adds to your order. Then you take your stuff and the card to the check out and you're on your merry way. They are also a market that not only stocks Simply Bread baked goods and bread, but various pastas, sauces, olive oils and wines.

After a self-guided tour of the place, we decided to order a pizza, a couple of sandwiches and a salad to go since waiter service in the wine

bar doesn't start until 4 p.m. daily. After we got all of our food ordered, paid for and into our car, the Italian Meats pizza (\$13.99) smelled so good, we couldn't wait, so we shared a piece. I burnt my tongue, but it was worth it, the pizza was tasty with a slightly crisp and chewy crust. Caution: do not eat freshly baked pizza until it's cooled off!

Once we got home, we polished off the pizza and dug into the rest. The Jambon Sandwich (\$5.99) was on a nice chewy baguette and had a nice slathering of fresh butter and copious slices of ham, though it needed a nice glass of red wine to go with it. The Napa Valley Sandwich (\$7.99), covered in fresh sliced turkey, Cabernet-braised onions and blue cheese was good, but I would have preferred a different bread, since the sour-dough it was served on was kind of boring.

Total disappointments included the Arugula with Olive Tapenade Vinaigrette Salad (\$6.99), which was not only boring, but the crostini that came with it could have broken a tooth. Southwestern Cous Cous (\$6.99 lb.) had way too much cumin and hit the trash after only a few bites.

With only a few let-downs, I think that The Kitchen is a much better presentation than Dish, and will hopefully last longer. On our visit, the place was doing very well with short lines at each station. Next time we go, I think I found the best bargain in the house, a whole rotisserie chicken with three sides for \$18.99. So whether you're low carbin' or eating regular foods, I think that The Kitchen will have something for everyone.

Breakfast, Lunch & Dinner; (\$5.99-\$19.99), Monday-Sunday, 6 a.m.-9 p.m.; Wine Bar Monday-Saturday, 4 p.m.-11 p.m., Sunday 4 p.m.-6 p.m.; 8977 N. Scottsdale Road, Scottsdale. Phone: 480-612-0100. Web: <http://www.thekitchenscottsdale.com> **-E**

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pull your gas mask down over your head. I am not just around the corner. I am on the corner, on every corner, everywhere. Even if you never become a Meth Soldier, you are about to be burglarized, car-jacked, home invaded, raped, mugged, or even worse, murdered by someone who only wanted to spend a little more time with me, their leader, Crystal Meth. If I have yet taken hold of someone in your family, then notice the obsessive skin-picking person sitting next to you at the office, or the tense appearance of the person with dilated pupils waiting on you at the grocery store. My people persist through their depression, their paranoia and their psychosis, just to have a little more of me. My armies of druggies are on the streets, living with their emotional scars, their open sores and their inability to sleep or eat, uncompromising in their search to find me, to have me. They are stuck in the vicious dwindling spiral of crystal meth addiction.

I will not tell you to have the courage to face me. If Americans were to unite in making the world a more secure place for their children, it would devastate the Meth Family. If Americans really began to care and really wanted to know what went wrong and began to refuse to be victims any longer, things would change. If the United States government made an adjustment in the national threat level on Crystal Meth, changing it to reflect the most critical or highest alert level ever implemented, all combined would possibly destroy our Meth Organization.

Over the years, my family of drugs has proven its resiliency and its willingness to be there for its devotees, something Americans have not yet done. The Meth Family is counting on today's children becoming tomorrow's drug addicts. Today's drug addicts will become tomorrow's thieves, and possibly killers. If Americans do not grow up as a culture now, you will never mature as a civilization. You must see the need to face your responsibility to each other.

Until then? That is how I win...

Crystal Meth **-E**

Lori Hicks is a freelance writer. She has written a collection of short stories, essays and poetry. She recently completed her first screenplay and is now working on a novel. A Realtor by trade for the past 16 years, she moved to Phoenix 27 years ago, where she lives with her partner of 25 years.