

Obsession by Paul Scholl 8-3-09

Life was good when I turned twenty-three. I was fresh out of a 5-year tour in the Navy. I had a good job and was sober for the first time in my drinking career. I also had the love and devotion of a wonderful woman.

I met her through a mutual friend. She was 6 months pregnant and I could tell that she would be a special person in my life. We both fell deeply in love and would do anything for each other. With her love and support, I had no desire to drink at all.

Outside of my job, we spent every moment together. It was like I had found my soulmate.

One night, I had trouble sleeping. I got up and tried playing a video game to help pass the time until I could get back to sleep. After an hour or two, I was able to go back to sleep.

That was when the obsessive-compulsive side of my addictive disease reared its ugly head. I became so obsessed with that particular game that I would find reasons to be apart from her so I could play it. I would get up and play while she slept.

When she found out what I was doing, she confronted me about it. I told her that I would stop. I really tried. I was only able to stop for a day or two, then I would be right back at it. I would play until it was time to get up for work.

Eventually, she left me when she found out that I was still playing the game when she was around.

I took it hard.

The first week, I got drunk. I used candles and lighters to burn my skin because I had become numb to feeling anything.

I missed her so much that I would drop flowers off for her. I would place post-it notes on her windshield. I placed signs on telephone poles along the roads I knew she traveled. I promised to see the game and did sell it.

All to no avail.

We finally agreed to be "friends".