

**YOU CAN'T SELL BANANAS  
WITH A MONKEY  
ON YOUR BACK**

*or*

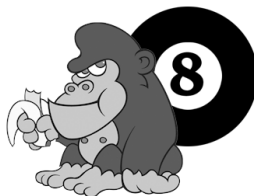
**HOW TO  
STRAIGHTEN UP YOUR ACT  
IN ONE WEEK**

*or*

**KEEP THE MONEY  
IN THE COUNTRY**

*or*

*How to get out  
from behind the 8-ball*



**THE END**

**jerk n. (jurk) (14c): anyone who consciously, on purpose, ruins their health, relationships, job, sanity and outlook on life while they're supposed to be having fun but aren't — *and pays for and defends the right to do so!***

INTRODUCTION  
(*It takes one to know one*)

**YOU ARE A JERK!**

**T**hat's right. Read it again! ***You are a jerk!*** You're not a jerk because you're not a nice person, you are a jerk because you've got a problem you want to do something about and you're not doing it.

You snort too much! You drink too much! You smoke too much! You take pills too much – or any of the other wonderful things you are doing to your head, your body and life.

You *think* you're having a good time. *You're not!* Keep this up much longer and you're going to die. That's right, party animal. You're dead meat. This is why you're a jerk. Pretty soon you'll be a *dead* jerk.

You don't have to be a jerk. You probably don't even want to be. You're just a little confused as to how to go about changing your status.

All you need is some decent support and a push in the right direction – your compass being on the blink. An outline that isn't too difficult that will help you have fun while you're having a good time again – a ***weekly workout*** as it were.

This is a small, easy to read book about how to stop being a jerk and stay alive as long as you are supposed to — and enjoy doing

it! The print is real big so the words don't cross, even if you're zonked out of your gourd, so being too high is no excuse for not being able to read it.

Depending on the intensity and reasons for your particular jones this book will show you how to repair the damage done or, at the very least, straighten up your act long enough to get some outside help if that's what you need because doing it at home is beyond your scope at the present time.

### ***It All Starts With You.***

You screwed up your life. Now *you've* got to unscrew it. **You. Yourself.** Period. You never paid anyone to get high for you, did you? It works the same the other way around. You can't pay anyone to get straight for you either. That's why this is an undo-it-**yourself** book. That's the *only* way it works.

The reason I know it can be done yourself is because I did it myself. If a marginally psychopathic rock n' roll singer who didn't know out that baggies were for sandwiches until 1982 and used to put acid on his Quaaludes and wash them down with Green Russians (half a shot of Vodka and a half a shot of NyQuil) straightened up his life, so can you. It may seem difficult or even impossible at the moment, but it's not. It's simple once you know how to do it.

This little book is aimed primarily at cocaine abuse but may be applied equally as well to any other nasty habits that are self-defeating and not fun anymore. They never *were* fun. Unfortunately it takes a long time to find this out. Some people never find this out until the beeps on their life-support system in the ICU change to a steady tone.

I was a class A jerk. *It takes one to know one.* I totally trashed my life 24/7 by living in a maintenance level drug stupor. I considered it a "passing thing" – *for over twenty years!* It was like walking around with a fishbowl full of rubber cement over my head.

The straw that broke *my* camel's back was opening my desk drawer one day. ***It rattled and clinked!*** Apparently I'd been

dropping my empty one-gram vials in there – like a piggy bank full of wishful thinking. I knew I *couldn't* have been putting them in there *that* long and I wasn't into cocaine *that* heavily, there shouldn't have been *too* many of them.

There were *forty-five!* My first reaction was to check and see if there were any leftovers. What do you think? I began arranging them on my desktop like little toy soldiers. There were enough of the little rascals to recreate the Battle of Bunker Hill.

It was getting to be late in the afternoon so my hangover had abated enough for me to try thinking a little. I counted the bottles again. Then, I multiplied the number of bottles (45) by the cost per bottle (\$100.00). Next, I multiplied the number of bottles by \$50.00, the average minimum amount I figured I spent on drinks and pills I needed to “relax” after overamping on a gram or so of bad cocaine cut with Arm & Hammer, Comet or worse. Then I added the two figures together. They came to a staggering \$6,750.00!! – *SIX THOUSAND, SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY DOLLARS!!!* I hadn't even earned that much during the time I had the desk, but there they were! Two miniature armies of sparking clean glass bottles with black helmets winking at me from the top of my desk.

This made me stop and think — or at least as close as I could come to having a coherent thought at the time. *Yo! I could have bought a whole lot of coke for that much money!* Then I realized I *had* bought a whole lot of coke for that much money. I also hadn't bought too much of anything else. I could've bought a car for that kind of money. I needed a car. I sold mine and bought coke. I was caught up in the cocaine/alcohol/anything else I can cram into my nose/mouth/whatever syndrome. I'd just been too high to notice.

One thing I did know. I didn't like it. I wasn't having fun having fun anymore and that was the whole idea in the first place.

**IF YOU'RE NOT HAVING FUN  
WHEN YOU'RE HAVING A GOOD TIME,  
YOU ARE A JERK!**

I can't stand being a jerk. Then I'd be just like all the other jerks I was always putting down while I was sitting at the bar getting loaded being a jerk.

There was only one thing to do — ***change my direction. So I did. It was that simple – once I made up my mind to do it.***

I was a world class derelict. If I fixed it, so can you. You just don't *know* you can. You can fix it. You've got to fix it. If you don't you're going to die. Over and out good buddy. *Forever.*

Here are a few pointers you can use to help you straighten up your act long enough to see your “problem” and how to fix it from a somewhat sane point of view. They'll give you fighting chance to clean up your act by yourself or, at the least, show you the kind of outside help you feel might work for you – emotional, physical, mental, spiritual or otherwise so you can start waking up in the morning feeling good again.

It's going to take some discipline – something you are totally lacking at the moment. You can't be a wimp about this. It's only a week. If you *think* you won't finish you won't. If you don't go all the way with this one you are history. A.M.F.

If you feel that bad about what you've done to yourself and the people around you and you can't take one lousy week to try and turn your life around, you aren't worth the price of the condom your daddy didn't buy to conceive you. In fact, I know the names of several good gun shops where you get a relatively inexpensive piece to put yourself out of your misery and do everyone a favor.

So let's get started.