Ingrid’s Top Ten Recreational Drugs

Ingrid’s number one favourite recreational drug was sugar (it was not her true number one.) Sugar gave her a solid high and she considered it a great drug (except for the cavities and false teeth.)

Ingrid’s second favourite was caffeine. It certainly delivered powerful energy and kept her solid in the morning and early afternoon. Fruit juices had no caffeine but plenty of sugar, so she drank some when the coffee ran out (which was fine except for the ups and downs.)

Her third favourite recreational drug was food. Food gave her a warm, full feeling, delivered energy and even had flavour. (She had IBS so digesting some of her favourite foods was problematic.)

Her fourth favourite recreational drug? Spices. She splashed hot sauce on her main course, pepper and wasabi on the side dishes. Her mouth burned (but it was an amazing high, your tongue scorched.)

Ingrid’s fifth favourite recreational drug was entertainment, specifically movies. It was a delirious high, losing herself while watching, two hours later almost waking up. Many were violent (it bothered her she enjoyed watching people being beaten.)

Her sixth favourite was religion. It left her feeling good, reassured her about current life and the afterlife–and did not cost nearly as much as her other recreational drugs. (Plus, children used religion, which was reassuring.)

Her seventh favourite recreational drug? The news. Every day there was something new, like scrolling on Facebook, every day videos of buildings being blown up. She got high watching, knowing bombs were not being dropped on her. (It was a guilty high.)

Eighth was exercise. She would have ranked it higher but for the effort. She loved the moment she pushed past boundaries, felt the burn (but it left her sweaty and aching and then she needed sugar.) Ninth was an enema, which also left her relieved (but also unpleasant.)

Ingrid’s tenth favourite recreational drug? Herself. She believed in herself, reassured herself, got high on herself. She actually she believed she herself was number one–but did not wish to appear immodest.

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(Ingrid understood she was a narcissist–but of course she did not care.)

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