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## Addiction

by Sue Hitchcock

Why is it that young women want so desperately to be beautiful? Is it just the need to reproduce? Surely young men depend more on their strength, their aggressiveness and they are competitive, if not in sport then in some aspect of their lives, though I do remember one early boyfriend, known locally by the name 'little Boy Blue' who had the vanity to have his teddy boy suit made in royal blue, with which he wore fluorescent socks and could usually be seen combing his greasy D.A. (short for duck's arse) hairdo into sleek perfection. This detail is only by the way, the subject being my addiction.

When I was about eighteen I found a book in a second hand shop called 'Live longer, look younger' by Gaylord Hauser, whose clinic was famous in California. It became my bible. In it the author sets out how to be healthy and beautiful by eating the right food. His favourite recommendations were wheat germ, molasses, yeast and skimmed milk. It was not long after that I saw an advertisement in a newspaper for Veterinary yeast. It said it guaranteed a glossy coat, and so, what was good for dogs was good enough for me. It was only after finishing the first pack that I discovered yeast tablets were available in Boots. Glossy hair was definitely good, so I started taking yeast and recommending it to everyone I knew. I even got my father taking it for a while! He was already bald though. Nevertheless, he said he felt more energetic.

Hypochondria may be my real problem and I took a variety of vitamins, and then minerals. I no longer go to the GP for the drugs Big Pharma invents.

I don't mind having vaccinations, but all the ills life brings are to be suffered and in the past year or two I have even stopped taking vitamins. Tiger Balm has replaced paracetamol and I accept what comes. My only rule now is to eat well, I don't worry about looking younger. As far as living longer is concerned, I have to wait and see. The future may not hold anything I want to experience, whether it be the world around me or the deterioration within, but while I can still dream imagined stories, at least I have an escape.