

*My job couldn't kill me; it could only tear me down to place me on a path of healing, a path to helping others through their struggles as I was able to work through mine. The pain is not an easy companion but it's a constant reminder to look after myself and to look after others. This world is a dark, isolating place but I serve as a reminder that we can make it through our darkest times, that a flickering flame may well be the spark that lights industry aflame. We are not weak - only prisoners of the illusion of weakness. If we refuse to crumble under the immense pressures of this world we may cast light into the shadows, bearing witness to transformation and casting aside despair.*

Warzone Distro  
WARZONEDISTRO.NOBLOGS.ORG  
2023

**I AM NOT BROKEN**



**Anarcho-Nihilist Disability  
& Survival Against  
Industrial Society**

Vega

In January 2022, I had a life changing injury. I was working doing site audits for a solar company when I took a step onto a flat tile roof and fell over 20 feet onto concrete. I remember my eyes closing, I remember the feeling of landing on my legs, shattering my ankles, falling to my butt, fracturing my spine, and finally smacking my head against the concrete. I was able to come to quickly; I pulled myself up and propped up on the ladder to call my boss. They didn't call an ambulance – rather, they drove 45 minutes to pick me up and put me in the car. I blacked out when they picked me up and only remember a few hazy bits until they let me out of the hospital. This was during the height of COVID, so they rushed me out, without having given me surgery on my bad leg - the leg that needed over two dozen screws and three plates. They sent me home with a wheelchair, three days worth of pain meds, and no appointment for the surgery I needed.

Fast forward to almost two years later and I'm in pain every day. The fractures in my back have healed but it's still very weak, my ankle hurts every single day and I'm still on pain meds. I've been told I will need a second surgery to replace my ankle. I've also been told that many people who have similar injuries lose their legs, and I'm lucky to still have mine. I don't feel lucky. Given that this happened at work, I was given workers comp which cut my pay almost in half. It's a privatized industry and the company I have has hundreds of absolutely scathing reviews. I struggled to get needed care approved, even with a doctor's recommendation. When I asked to take a break from physical therapy and took two weeks off, I came back and my appointments were revoked. When I was in a wheelchair for three months, bed-ridden and stuck in a ten-by-ten room living in a house with my hostile landlords, the stay-home nurses would wait in their cars until they would reluctantly respond to a text asking for help. I called a lawyer and decided to sue, an attempt to reclaim some dignity lost with my ability to walk. It's been almost 18 months since I called and I'm still in a court case. They follow me around with cameras, which for a schizophrenic is another struggle in itself. They got video of me when I had a panic attack and punched a stud in the wall, broke two bones in my hand, and went to the hospital. I didn't bring my cane and didn't have money for a ride share app so I walked 15 minutes home with no assistance. They got it on video and were able to shrink my pay even more to a quarter of what I made before the injury. When they denied me pain management, I was forced to the street. I was almost eight years off hard drugs and I was quickly back to shooting meth and smoking fentanyl. I suffered a couple overdoses, the second one stopping my heart when I was alone in an air b&b - after getting kicked out of my rented room for bringing up the black mold that was growing in my bathroom and was making me sick. My partner at the time happened to come over to visit and found me on the ground. She called 911 and they had to restart my heart with a defibrillator. All I remember in either overdose was darkness. Peaceful, black, serene. It was the feeling we go to sleep for. It was the most comforting silence I've ever

experienced.

Fast forward ten months later and I'm here today, ten months sober, and in school to find a new career as a therapist. I know the issues inherent in the industry and am committed to being a therapist who will actually listen and give advice. I've been in therapy and seeing psychiatrists for over a decade and have made little progress through the medical industry. But I've been in seven rehabs and have been able to support my friends and sometimes their parents through life's traumas. I've seen plenty of death by overdose or other drug related issues. I know the problems inherent in the recovery industry and will never guide folks to the hopelessness and despair found in programs like AA, or the abstract solutions found in disease model psychology. As an anarchist, I reject these models and institute the model of friendship as a companion in the struggle for abstinence, whatever that looks like on a person to person basis.

I'm lucky that I've been able to keep a positive attitude and grow from these situations I've been thrust into. My psychotic mind has never been enough to stop me smiling; my pain has never drowned out the laughter. I'm fortunate to be able to grow stronger from these circumstances and learn to care for myself - for my body, mind, and spirit. I met a healer who told me my injury was a spiritual one, but I'm on the right path and am growing from it. This only confirmed what I already knew. My job couldn't kill me; it could only tear me down to place me on a path of healing, a path to helping others through their struggles as I was able to work through mine. The pain is not an easy companion but it's a constant reminder to look after myself and to look after others. This world is a dark, isolating place but I serve as a reminder that we can make it through our darkest times; that a flickering flame may well be the spark that lights industry aflame. We are not weak - only prisoners of the illusion of weakness. If we refuse to crumble under the immense pressures of this world, we may cast light into the shadows, bearing witness to transformation and casting aside despair. Humans have a tendency toward laughter even in the darkest of times in the company of another person. Don't let your neighbor struggle alone. Being there for a friend is a beautiful act of rebellion. March on into the darkness and be the flame that ignites the path for others to travel.