

Exhibit 1

CHAPTER TEN

LOST HIGHWAY

My penultimate odyssey through full-blown addiction became a shabbier, gloomier, more solitary version of the chromatic tear I went on through Southern California.

I came back east. The trees soon were bare and the low slate sky seemed to hover inches above my head. In my mind's eye, I can't picture a single day during my months back there that wasn't gray and overcast, a fitting, ominous backdrop.

I had returned that fall of 2018, after my most recent relapse in California, with the hope of getting clean through a new therapy and reconciling with Hallie.

Neither happened.

For all the obvious reasons—my extended disappearances, my inability to stay sober, her need to stabilize and reorder her own life and family—Hallie and I called it quits.