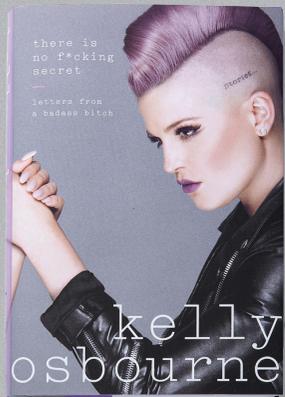


KELLY OSBOURNE

‘Only I Could Save Myself’

In her honest memoir, **Osbourne** reveals how she found the confidence to change her life after a decades-long drug addiction



kelly osbourne

"I'm baring my soul to the world because I want to tell everyone who I really am," Kelly (in 2016) tells *Us*.

Kelly Osbourne was in pain. Catapulted into the spotlight from birth, Ozzy and Sharon's middle child was constantly taunted by friends, fans and the media. "People would call and tell me to stop eating doughnuts because I was fat," the TV personality recalls to *Us*. "I would cry my eyes out. I hated myself." To numb her misery, she turned to prescription drugs. By 2002, when MTV began capturing *The Osbournes*, a 17-year-old Kelly was self-medicating daily "to make myself feel better." But the high only made her sink lower. After four rehab stints, she finally got clean: "I realized only I could save myself." Now, in her memoir, *There Is No F*cking Secret: Letters From a Badass Bitch* (out April 25), an eight-years-sober Kelly details her journey in the hope that "people will know they're not alone." The single L.A. resident, 32, shares excerpts with *Us*.

▶ SLIPPERY SLOPE

While on a Hawaiian vacation with her family, Kelly, then 12, and her brother, Jack, then 11, secretly took shots of vodka. Though she says it gave her the "spinnies," she would soon come to chase the buzz.

When I was 13, I had my tonsils taken out and the doctors gave me a prescription for liquid Vicodin to help with the excruciating pain as I recovered. That started my first true love affair. After that, I would have had my tonsils out once a week if it would have gotten me more Vicodin. When I took it, the relentless screams of my normal insecure chattering were silenced. Instead of feeling different and out of place, like I normally did, I felt like part of the crowd, like everyone liked me.

I wasn't going to let these feelings go just because my prescription had run out, so I got more. I was an anxious kid, so doctors were always writing me scripts. I would say that they handed them out as freely as candy, but they probably would have been stricter with Fruit Gums and Maltesers than they were with Klonopin, Vicodin or Valium.

Everything got worse as I got older. *The Osbournes* had thrust Jack and me into the spotlight. We were suddenly treated like celebrities everywhere we went.

We could tell Mum we were going for ice cream and then pop into the Whisky or the Rainbow Room. Soon we were regular club kids.

With that came party drugs, which were a whole new world for me. Even though we got them from the same person, I can't recall us ever using together. We never even talked about it, and the understanding was unspoken: The most important thing was that no one tell Mum and Dad.

I already had a fucking five-star education on how to use drugs and how to hide them, because I'd seen it my whole life from being on tour. As a user, I was a "trash can," someone who'd do any and everything.

I never liked party drugs. Coke isn't glamorous — it's gross. I can't stand Ecstasy. I don't want to touch people, and I don't want people touching me. I tried meth once because someone told me it was coke. It was the most disgusting feeling. I ended up cleaning my entire apartment with a toothbrush because I'd sneezed and thought a tiny speck could have fallen out of my nose, and if my dog found it, she would lick it up and then die.

▶ FAMILY DRAMA

At 17, Kelly scored a role in the Lindsay Lohan film *Freaky*

Friday. But hours after flying to NYC in 2002, she turned back: Her mom had been diagnosed with stage III colon cancer — and given a 40 percent chance of survival. Sharon's primary caretaker during chemotherapy, Kelly watched as her mom began to lose her hair and her spirit.

Pills became my way of coping. I'd wake up every day in a new kind of hell, one that wouldn't let me crawl back under the covers and hide. I had to make phone calls, sign papers, talk to doctors, console family members and, at 19, make adult decisions that would have been hard for someone three times my age. The only way I could face my life was by opening that pill bottle, shaking out a few pills — or a handful — and throwing them down my throat.

Dad went insane. At the thought of losing Mum, he spiraled into heavy, heavy addiction, worse than anything we'd seen in years. (Unbeknownst to the rest of the family,

Dad was paying an exorbitant amount of money for a "doctor" to come to the house and shoot him up whenever he wanted, while the man's son sat in our dining room and played video games on a handheld Nintendo.) I knew I had to take care of Mum because no one else could. I essentially moved in with Mum, slept on a foldout bed next to her every night, and even had my own parking space at the hospital. It was my mission to show my mother unconditional love and make her laugh. She had always called me her little Snow White because of my pale skin and red lips. One day, I dyed my bright pink hair black, put on a bright red ribbon and red lipstick and waltzed into her room singing "Someday My Prince Will Come." She laughed so hard she almost wet the hospital bed.

[One day] Mum had a seizure. I called for an ambulance, and together with her idiot nurse, we got

Mum stabilized. I ran downstairs to get Dad from his room. Dad was there in his boxers, and I watched him scoop his hand into a bowl of pills, swallow a handful of something and wash it down with vodka, like it was water and he was dying of thirst. I didn't know what to do.

Dad and I rode to the hospital in the ambulance. He leaned over to put his hand out to see if Mum was breathing. Then he passed out with his hand over her mouth, and it looked like he was trying to kill her. The EMTs tried to pull him off, and Dad, not knowing where he was or what he was doing, started to resist out of habit. I begged the EMTs not to call the police. "Please don't do this," I said. "What do I have left if you do this?" I was sobbing and shaking, scared out of my mind, and the EMTs took pity on me and decided not to call the police, but they

said that they were rushing Dad into detox. They then handed me two zip-ties and I had to tie those gargantuan hands to a bar along the back of the bench so they could check his vitals and give him oxygen.

Once we were at the hospital, I ran back and forth from the room where my mother was recovering from a seizure to the room where my father was being treated for a drug overdose and alcohol poisoning.

▶ **ROCK BOTTOM**

The following year, a 600-pound ATV landed on Ozzy, breaking his collarbone, a vertebra and his ribs. Beside his London hospital bed in December, Kelly watched him flatline. After 14 days in a coma, he recovered. To face each day, Kelly turned to pills. "I thought I was worthless," she says. By 2004, she was unable to hide her addiction.

My first trip to rehab at 19 was a literal trip, after I was so fucked up

"I SAW BOTH PARENTS FLATLINE. MY MOM WAS BECAUSE SHE WAS GIVEN THE WRONG MEDICATION."
KELLY TELLS US

that I fell down on the living room floor and all my drugs came spilling out of my bag. My parents decided I was going to rehab, something we knew all about since Dad had checked into the Betty Ford Center the day after I was born. Still, I didn't know what to expect for myself. As soon as it dawned on me that this was really happening, I grabbed handfuls of pills, whatever I could find, and swallowed them. I figured I might as well go out with a bang. My

parents then threw me into the back of an MTV production van, where the crew covered me with a blanket so they could sneak me past the crowd of paparazzi outside our house and take me to Promises Treatment Center in Malibu. I completely blacked out and didn't come to until after I'd pissed myself in a chair in the waiting room at check-in.

As I woke up and looked around, I thought I was tripping because I could hear my parents' voices. Little did I know they were coming from the TV, because they were on *Larry King Live* at that very moment. They'd gone on the show to promote the third season of *The Osbournes*, but instead were talking about how I'd gone to rehab when I hadn't even made it past the front desk. I was covered in piss and angrier than sin.

▶ **COMING CLEAN**

Kelly moved to London and stayed temporarily sober. But back L.A. in



JUNE 1985

Kelly credits Ozzy for her "mischievous" personality. After his accident, "he yelled at the doctors not to mess up his tattoos."

ROCK'S FIRST FAMILY

Growing up Osbourne, "you're a walking billboard for sin," jokes Kelly



JUNE 1997

Sharon and Ozzy set strict rules. "If I wanted a beeper, I had to get a job. I applied at Mrs. Field's Cookies."



MAY 2002

After *The Osbournes* premiered, "there were dolls and calendars of us. I didn't like that level of fame."

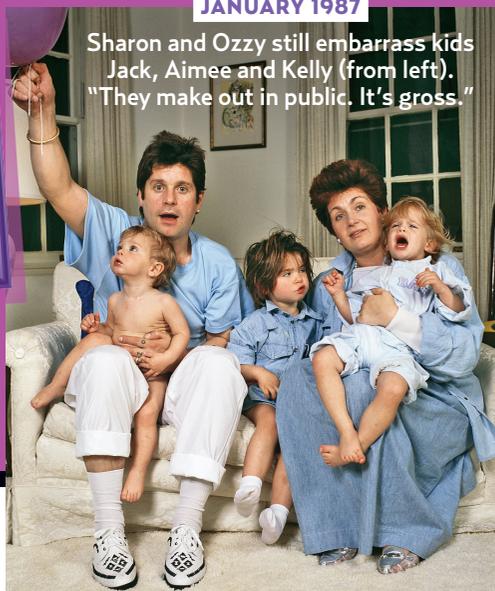


MARCH 1986

Jack, Kelly and older sister Aimee (from left) loved being on the road: "Having a TV on the bus was the coolest thing that ever happened."

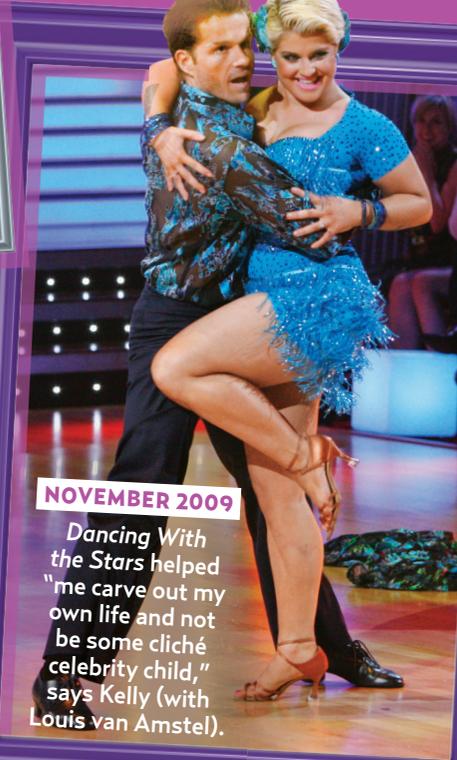
JANUARY 1987

Sharon and Ozzy still embarrass kids Jack, Aimee and Kelly (from left). "They make out in public. It's gross."



FEBRUARY 2000

At a Christian private school, Kelly (center with Sharon, Ozzy, Aimee and Jack) was "told to pray because my dad was a Satanist!"



NOVEMBER 2009

Dancing With the Stars helped "me carve out my own life and not be some cliché celebrity child," says Kelly (with Louis van Amstel).



MARCH 2017

"My biggest fear is losing my family," says Kelly. "We've been through so much. It's made us stronger."

4 CRAZY THINGS I SAW AT OZZFEST

For her first 20 years, Kelly spent summers at heavy metal festivals

Groupies. Fire eaters. Strippers. "I saw things I was too young to see," says Kelly, who jotted down a few.

→ "I must have seen at least 100 dicks being sucked before I ever saw a penis that was meant for my eyes only."

→ "I once saw a girl stick a pen up her ass and use it to write people's names."

→ "There was the girl who was convinced to take off all her clothes and do naked jumping jacks while chanting, 'I love Ozzy! I love Ozzy!' just so that she could get a free glow stick."

→ "There was the one who had 'Brown-Eyed Girl' tattooed around her asshole — though, to her credit, she had a very cute anus."



Kelly (left, with Sharon in June 2001) calls Ozzfest her "summer camp."

2008 *filming* Osbournes Reloaded, her insecurities returned. Pills helped. "The only people I talked to were my pizza delivery guy and the guy I texted to deliver drugs," she says. "I didn't want to live anymore." Then her second chance knocked.

When a guy showed up at my house and said he was there for my intervention, I knew what was in store, and I hated him. Now at this point, I was ready to quit, but I was also so, so angry. I knew I had a problem, and again I found myself in a selfish train of thought, wondering why it had taken everyone around me so long to help. I went ballistic and made the intervention guy stand outside while I screamed.

Mum called the cops, and when they showed up, they felt sorry for me. Instead of arresting me, they gave me their business card and said to call if I ever needed anything. After that, I made everyone leave the house, then fell to the floor and sobbed. I managed to have one second of clarity that spiraled into shame. Why was I blaming everyone else for what I was doing to myself? I packed my suitcase and let the guy with the clipboard take me to rehab.

On this trip, I went to Hazelden Betty Ford's Springbrook center, outside of Portland, Oregon. It saved and changed my life. It was finally where I learned how to differentiate myself from my family. There, I learned that structure, schedule and rules really do work for me, and when I left I felt equipped to live life on life's terms, even though I was terrified.



FRESH START

Kelly turned to food for comfort. Three weeks after leaving rehab, the 5-foot-2 star reached her heaviest weight, 160 pounds. "It was humiliating," she recalls. To shed pounds, she signed on for ABC's *Dancing With the Stars* in 2009: "I was convinced I'd be voted off the first week."

My chubby ass pulled the leotard out of the closet and went for it. It was the best thing I've ever done.

I can honestly say that [*DWTS* pro] Louis van Amstel changed my life. He was one of the first people in my entire life, outside of my family, who was 100 percent there for me. I showed up to my first day of rehearsal on an empty stomach. Halfway through, I puked. Louis took one look at me bent over a trash can and sighed. "This is going to be a tougher job than I thought," he said. He taught me how to eat mostly lean protein and vegetables — as opposed to fat and carbs, which were what I usually ate — and to adjust how many calories I ate according to how much I practiced.

The sheer physical exercise of *Dancing With the Stars* wasn't the hardest part of it, though. The hardest part was being forced to look at myself in the mirror all day long. Finally, a friend had enough of me. "I'm sick and tired of hearing you talk about yourself this way," she said. She made me promise that I would stop; then she made me stand in front of the mirror and say "I am beautiful" 10 times in a row while looking.

Every morning, before I went to rehearsal, I would stand in front

of the mirror and tell myself I was fucking beautiful. Sure, it felt silly, but it also worked. I started to find things that I actually liked.

When Louis and I came in third that season, I was so fucking proud — this was not a victory that people could write off by attributing it to the fact that I was Sharon and Ozzy Osbourne's daughter. I lost almost 50 pounds, which is a lot for someone my size. When I first saw the beginnings of a six-pack, I threw my Spanx in the garbage. Good riddance.

The reactions that I got after I was on *Dancing With the Stars* were some of my main prompts for wanting to write this book. Everyone kept asking, "What's your secret?!" as if I fucking had one! I was a fucked-up ugly duckling who somehow emerged a lavender swan. I went from being the girl mums told their kids to stay away from to the girl mums follow on social media and stop in the street to ask for advice about their own daughters' struggles. So after fielding the same question what seemed about 50 million times, I decided to write this book because: THERE IS NO FUCKING SECRET!

HEALTH STRUGGLE

For Ozzy's 56th birthday in 2004, Sharon surprised him with a reindeer sanctuary in the backyard of their England home. Kelly was bitten by a tick, which Ozzy burned off with a match. Still, the bug left its mark. For a decade, Kelly suffered from "traveling pain," she writes, from a sore throat to stomachaches, until she had a seizure while filming *E!'s Fashion Police March 7, 2013*. Doctors diagnosed her with epilepsy.

The doctors kept changing my prescription, trying to get the dosage right, and it turned me into a zombie. You know in movies where a mental patient sits in a rocking chair in a cardigan and nightgown and stares at a wall all day? That was me.

My prescriptions kept piling up. I couldn't sleep, so they gave me

Ambien. When Ambien made me nauseated, they switched me to Trazodone, but that gave me acid reflux, so then I had to take an antacid every day. I took cranberry extract and antibiotics because one medication made me prone to getting urinary tract infections. Painkillers — for an ex-painkiller addict — to help with the head and body aches. Not kidding — I had pills to deal with the anxiety that I was having from taking so many pills.

When I got yet another prescription that left me barely able to speak, I was reduced to a lump on the couch, and that was my breaking point. I took my bag of pills, and my fiancé [Matthew Mosshart; the two split in 2014] drove me to my mum's house. I sat them all out, one by one, until they lined up the length of the counter. "I can't live like this anymore," I said. "I'm a vegetable."

As a last resort, she called Philip Battiade at Infusio, an alternative medicine practitioner. I'd first met him when he treated my brother for MS. When I met with Philip, I assured him that I hadn't used

unprescribed drugs in years and that I thought I had Lyme disease. I had started entering my symptoms into online quizzes, and the results kept coming back Lyme disease. For the first time, someone listened to me, and I got tested. The results were positive: I had stage III neurological Lyme disease. I was relieved to finally know what was going on, but I was also scared shitless.

I got on a plane and flew to Philip's treatment center in Germany. I started stem cell therapy. Rather than trying to kill off the disease with antibiotics, this treatment worked to strengthen my immune system so my body could fight off and get rid of the disease on its own, which is a much more complete and lasting cure. I stayed for two weeks. I was experiencing emotions and feelings again. I'd been in a diseased and doctor-approved drug-induced haze for so long that I didn't know what it was like to be happy or sad or in pain.

I've kept quiet about my Lyme disease, not only for fear of pharmaceutical companies coming after me because of the cure I found in Germany but also because it seems like the trendy disease to have right now, and I'm tired of seeing sad celebrities play the victim on the cover of weekly mags. Since I know firsthand how awfully debilitating it is, I know who really has it and who is just trying to prolong their 15 minutes. I don't understand how anyone could think that the life you have to live with Lyme disease is glamorous.

I've learned to advocate for myself when it comes to my health, and I trust my intuition. If I think something is wrong, I refuse to let anyone dismiss it. And sadly, I stay the fuck away from reindeer. **US**

Inside Her Alternative Treatment

➔ With the stem cell therapy Kelly received in Germany, "my body cured itself," she tells *Us*. "When I left Frankfurt, for the first time in my life, I was like, I feel alive." Still, the procedure — estimated to cost \$40,000 — is not FDA-approved, warns Phillip J. Baker, executive director of the American Lyme Disease Foundation in Kensington, Maryland. "There's no clear evidence it's beneficial," he says, noting that it is not available in the U.S. Instead, Baker recommends oral antibiotics: "Most cases can be resolved within three weeks."

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