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Creative Writing

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Addicted

Dear Molly,

I always thought you were a true friend to me. Through my ups and downs, you've been there. Before you, I was a walking hazard. I kept to myself a lot because no one wanted to be friends with a klutz. Now looking back, I see how toxic our friendship really became. You ruined my life and everything I stood for, all of my morals became unimportant. You are the reason I don't have a life worth living for anymore, and I want you to know that. There has always been a time where you have impacted my life for the worse and ultimately this has led to my death. I remember the day you first moved in down the street, August 3rd. If it weren't for my mom urging me to come with her and introduce ourselves we probably would never have met.

When you answered the door I judged you like any other person would. You seemed so sweet and calming at first. I wanted to be around you, get to know you, and be your friend.

“Hi, can I help you?”

“Hello dear, my name is Cathy, and this is my daughter Samantha, I noticed you moved into the neighborhood and we just wanted to introduce ourselves and properly welcome you. Is your mother home by chance?”

“Well, thank you. My name is Molly and my mother is upstairs. I'll go grab her.”

After a few moments your mother came down the stairs and walked up to meet my mom and myself.

“Hello, I’m Teresa, nice to meet you.”

“Hello, my name is Cathy and this is my daughter Samantha. We wanted to welcome you to the neighborhood.”

“Well thank you, would you like to come in?”

“Okay, thank you,” said my mom.

“Sorry, the house is a bit messy. We’re still getting settled in. Molly, why don’t you take Samantha upstairs out on the patio and you two can get to know one another?”

“Alright mom.”

That’s when you turned to me and asked to follow you outside. I sat down across from you, unaware of how manipulative you could be. That first day, you had me fooled into thinking you were more quiet and innocent than myself. For once I thought I could take the initiative and I could have a friend that understood me and looked up to me because I was the first person you met.

“So how do you like the neighborhood so far?” I asked.

“It’s alright. I’m still getting used to the transition and new scenery,” you said.

“Where are you originally from?”

“Florida. I grew up close to the beach. I loved it there, but we had to move because of my mom’s job.”

“Wow, well I guess Pennsylvania is a lot different than Florida. I’ve never been there but I heard it’s beautiful.”

“Oh my God, it’s gorgeous. There are palm trees everywhere and the weather is always hot and beautiful. I used to ride my bike to the beach almost everyday. Some days I went jet

skiing, other days snorkeling. My friends and I always found a way to have fun. There was always something to do, I really miss it.”

“Sounds like you had a great time there. I’d miss it too. There’s not much to do around here. This weekend there’s the community fair. A lot of people go there to socialize and catch up. They have carnival games and rides, food tents, music and dancing.”

“Well that sounds like a little fun. Are you going?” you asked.

“I haven’t really decided yet. My mom always goes and tries getting me to go so I don’t know, maybe.”

“Well since you and your mother are the first people to stop by and welcome us and I don’t know anyone else, why don’t we go together? I mean I don’t want to impose if you have other plans you were thinking about or if you just wanted to go with your mom.”

“Oh, no that’s fine. You’re not imposing at all. I would love to take you and show you around,” I said.

“Great, what time should I be ready?”

“We can leave around five.”

“Okay that sounds good to me,” you said.

At that moment my mom came outside and said it was time to leave. I said goodbye and left with my mother. The day of the fair I came by your house and waited patiently for you to answer the door. I recall you asking me to come in because you had to finish getting ready. We went up to your room and I sat on your bed. A candle was burning on the desk filling the room with a floral scent mixed with a faint musty smell.

“What’s that smell?” I asked.

“Shit, you can smell the pot?”

“Huh? Oh I was talking about the candle. It’s very flowery.” I said.

“Yea, it’s a cherry blossom candle. But can you tell I smoked at all?”

“Well I don’t know, I’ve never smoked before. I don’t know what pot smells like.”

“Really? I’m shocked. How old are you again?”

“I’m eighteen,” I said.

“And you’ve never smoked before? You don’t know what you’re missing out on. You have to try it.”

“I don’t know, it’s illegal. What if we get caught? Or if my parents find out? They’ll kill me. I really shouldn’t.”

“Oh stop. Don’t worry, we won’t get caught. I smoke in my room all of the time and my mom has never found out. It’ll be fine. You have to at least once in your lifetime. I’ll tell you right now, I bet your parents smoked back in the day.”

I knew I should not have smoked but I didn’t want to lose a friend over it. I knew that I had to trust you in order to be real friends, so I did. I never thought about the consequences of my actions and I didn’t care. You took advantage of me and turned me into someone I told myself I’d never become. Trusting you became my downfall and I hate myself for letting you do this to me.

I replay this moment over and over again in my head. Making up different scenarios just to imagine how my life would have been. You took out rolling papers and broke up the pot into small pieces. After evenly distributing the pot, you rolled the paper, licked it shut, and hovered the blunt over an open flame for a few seconds. I didn’t understand why there was such a controversy about smoking pot, until I tried it.

I lit the end of the blunt and took a slow drag for about five seconds. My throat started burning and I couldn't contain the smoke in my lungs. I began coughing uncontrollably and watched the smoke spill out of me. I saw you laughing hysterically at me gasping for air. You made me feel so shitty about myself.

Suddenly the effects of smoking finally caught up to me. I was hit with this overwhelming sense of serenity. That moment I understood what it meant to feel high. It was something like a dream; I was in some kind of trance and I couldn't help but feel invincible. I was on cloud nine, and the world seemed to be at ease. Nothing mattered to me except this euphoric out of body experience.

You suggested we get going to the fair so we left your house and began walking. I started panicking the closer we got to the fair. I thought everyone was staring at me. Their eyes seemed to monitor my actions. I was convinced these people knew what I had done and that was why they were watching me. My high began to turn into an unsettling feeling in the pit of my stomach along with paranoia. I glanced over at you walking beside me and couldn't help but feel envious of how calm you were. I wished I could be carefree like you and not worry about who stared or judged me.

“Are you hungry yet?” you asked.

“A little actually. I could really go for a hotdog right now,” I said.

“That sounds good, I might get one too,” you said.

As we got in line for a hotdog, I could tell my high was coming back down. My body felt heavy and lethargic, even though my mind was still racing. Despite my unnerving thoughts, I got this sudden urge to lie down and sleep. I couldn't understand how I crashed so quickly but I was

upset about it because I enjoyed being high. That one experience opened my eyes to the drug world and I was addicted to this feeling.

At the time, I didn't understand what the effects of my actions were going to be, but at the same time I didn't care. After that summer, I began smoking more during the school year. You and I began smoking once a week, and then once every day. Our habit turned us into best friends and I couldn't have been any more grateful for it. Soon I began feeling immune to the pot we smoked and I knew you felt the same because I saw the pills you were taking. You wanted a stronger high so you found something that worked. I always trusted your opinion so when the day came that you gave me Percocet and told me to crush and snort it, I did. I didn't think of the consequences that came with pills until I got addicted.

Since I got addicted, my grades suffered immensely because I regularly went to school high. I stopped caring about schoolwork and tests, and sometimes I let you talk me into skipping school altogether because you didn't feel like going. I went from an average student on honor roll, to a druggie failing English class in a matter of months. Teachers were concerned for me and had meetings with my parents quite often. The sad part of it all was how much in denial my parents were about my addiction. They couldn't comprehend I was a different person now and how this happened.

My parents took me to rehab and tried everything to get me to stop. No matter what they did, I still craved that high and I did everything in my power to get it. I was always trying to be on my best behavior during rehab so I could get the hell out of there. I will never forget the one time you actually visited me. I remember the conversation word for word.

"It's good that you're here," you said.

"Are you kidding me? It's torture being here. I just can't wait to get out," I said.

“What are you going to do once you get out?”

“I don’t know yet, I heard ecstasy is pretty great.”

“More drugs? You’re going to ruin your life, you know that?” you said.

“This coming from the one who does more drugs than me.”

“Actually, I stopped once I saw you go to rehab. I didn’t want to visit you until I was clean. I thought it would help you get better.”

“Well I don’t want to get clean. Rehab hasn’t done anything for me except make me want to try more drugs,” I said.

“You’re crazy. I’m sorry but if you keep doing these drugs I can’t be friends with you. I didn’t want it to come to this point, but you really are out of control.”

“You don’t want to be my friend anymore? Fine, leave. You act like I care. I don’t need you in my life,” I said.

“If you don’t stop, these drugs are going to kill you.”

“You don’t know what you’re talking about. I’m fine and I don’t need any of your shitty concern.”

“Fine,” you said. “I’ll leave. Can’t say it was nice being friends with you.”

After rehab I tried many different drugs. At the time I didn’t care and all I needed were my drugs. I ended up doing things I never would have imagined because I needed drugs. I started stealing money from my mom’s purse so I could get my fix. I stole small electronics from stores and sold them in school to make enough money to get my pills. I tried getting prescribed adderall but my parents caught on too quickly and warned my doctor not to prescribe me any medication without them knowing.

I only saw you in class and we never spoke to each other. I tried to talk to you once but you ignored me and kept walking. I texted you but you must have changed your number because you never answered. You went on with your life and left me behind without stopping to see if I was ever alright. I didn't have anyone in my life anymore because I pushed the ones I cared most about away. You were my only friend and you dropped me. My parents gave up on me not because they wanted to, but because they had to. I didn't want to help myself get better; I just wanted to medicate myself to a whole other level.

This is your entire fault and I want you to know that. I am addicted because of you. If it weren't for that damn day you moved in down the street none of this would have ever happened. When I reached my absolute lowest point and no one wanted to associate with me, I told myself I need to stop. I saw where I went wrong and I tried fixing it. Addiction really is a terrible thing because I couldn't kick the habit. There were many nights I went to sleep shivering with beads of sweat along the sides of my forehead. Withdraw was a bitch for me and I couldn't take it. I thought I still had my willpower and could stop whenever I wanted but that wasn't the case. My body was too dependent on the drugs I couldn't function without them.

There are nights where I cry myself to sleep because I can't find comfort for anything. The drugs used to numb the pain and blind me so I never saw the problem, but now they aren't as potent. I can't bear to look at myself in a mirror because the person staring back disgusts me. I am ashamed of who I have become. These pills just don't phase me anymore and now I'm just depressed. I can't get better because nothing can help me anymore. I feel so alone and miserable. I want to stop the drugs, I really do but I just physically can't.

I hate you, Molly. I hate that you got me addicted because now I can't stop. I hate myself for letting you talk me into drugs in the first place. I was so foolish to believe you can base a friendship off pot and let it grow through pills. You are a horrible person who feeds off shy individuals seeking a friendship. You manipulated me into thinking drugs were okay and I trusted you. From the moment I met you, I thought there was something addictive about you and your personality. You made me feel special and lucky to be your friend, and I fell for it.

I can't take this anymore though. You completely fucked up my life. I have no friends, my family can't look at me, and everything I once believed in is gone out the window. I reached rock bottom and I can't come back from here. I have nothing to live for anymore. You told me drugs would be the death of me, and you're right. But your friendship was the most addictive, toxic, and fucked up drug I know.

With Regrets,

Mary