

Every Day Away From You Is A Gift

by Stacie Adams

I almost died a bunch of times. The most recent near death occurrence was due to way too much coke and booze consumed concurrently. The downside to both of these substances is that they work well when consumed together. The upside, at least for those harboring a death wish, is that they may kill you.

I was lying on the floor, feeling myself slipping away. People were hovering over me, looking pretty unconcerned considering I was dying. I reached out to someone and said, "I'm going to die like this." All I could think of was my mother. That she'd get the call the next morning and think, "My daughter didn't do drugs." She'd be devastated.

I didn't die. I fought back against the awful hand trying to pull me down. Somehow I succeeded and swore off coke. But it isn't that easy. Those same people who watched me so unmoved are still in my life and I hate them now. No one even asked how I was doing after. No one even cared. These people only care about you when you're having a good time. I can't have a good time like they are anymore.

I learned something from this. People suck. They suck you down, and if you're not careful, they'll ruin you. Now I'm sitting here alone, and the rest of them are having fun.

