

Drug addict...

A short story by Rylie C. A strike writers contest entry

Day 740

Hi my name is Lewis Clark. I am a drug addict. I got kicked out of my family at age 14 and have been living on the streets for two years. Today is my birthday, the day I got kicked out of the house. My parents on my 14th birthday, found my secret stash of drugs. (This is why I never told them where I spent my allowance money.) I was devastated, the only thing that kept me whole was my family. I have a local business where I sell Mexican art. I'm ashamed, because once I took that first bit of cocaine I was hooked. So instead of spending my money on mostly food, 75% of my money goes to drugs. If there was a way to give up drugs and get back to my family... I would do it.

Day 760

I'm back and guess what!?! I found a free rehabilitation center for teens! I'm going back home!

Day 800

My business is still successful but I can't go there as much as I used to since I'm in rehabilitation. Rehabilitation is hard... It really is and i always feel a bit like I'm longing for something and i get dizzy sometimes but it will all be worth it in the end.

Day 830

I feel better then ever! And I feel so good and refreshed and i am not longing for drugs anymore. The people said I rehabilitate better then the others partly because I chose this path, to be rehabilitated!

Day 900

The doctors said i only had 30 more days till rehabilitation. I am so happy! But near nervous... What will my family think of me?

Day 929

We had a graduation party today for all the people that completed the course of rehabilitation. I am going home tomorrow and checking on my business..

Day 930

You will never guess.. apparently my family regretted kicking me out and have been searching for me! They opened the door and started crying and took me into their arms! I was so happy and I had the first good home cooked meal in a month! I told them about my adventures and that I own my own business! My family was so proud and once I Told them that it was that Mexican painting business downtown they said that they bought many paintings from there before I just must have not been there. And they were so proud of me when Itold them that I went to rehabilitation just to be back with them and i regretted drugs. That night we had a welcome home party and I was so relieved! I am afraid this is where my story ends young readers but until we meet again remember that drugs are very bad and by doing them you can lose everything lever loved! But I am happy to say that this is where my story ends until we meet again!

-Lewis Clark