

A., Samantha
February 2015

The Regrets in Life

Do my parents love me? Do they even know I exist? Did I really grow up without having any childhood memories?

One week ago.

“Shut up.”

“Leave me alone.”

“It’s all your fault.”

This is all that Devin hears when coming back from school. He’s so tired of being depressed. He tired of always coming home from school and having to hear his parents fight all the time. He doesn't even get a, “Hi,” or, “Hello,” or, “How was school today?” He never ever gets a compliment. Every day he has to make his own breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

All this has been going on since he was 7 years old. Now he’s 17. He can’t even sleep at night. He’s either thinking that it’s his fault for his parents always fighting or asking himself questions. *Do my parents love me? Do they even know I exist? Did I really grow up with having no childhood memories that involve my parents? At least not the good kind of memories.* He just always felt so lonely.

One Saturday morning he woke up to screaming. He tried to listen to what his parents were fighting about this time. So he stood up quietly. And all he heard was, “I swear, one of these days I’m gonna leave you.”

“Oh, well when you do, you can keep Devin,” said his dad.

“He’s just like you, what makes you think I want him?” said his mom.

At that point he just stood in silence. Two tears came out of each eye. His face was as red as a cherry. He felt so hopeless. He decided the only thing he could do was to just run away. To save himself from this

place that's tearing him apart. They don't even want him. They said it themselves. He felt desperate. Like he had no choice.

He didn't even pack anything. He just walked out of that door. But before he left, he said one word: "Bye."

Devin wondered if there was even someone who was listening to hear him. As if there was someone who actually cared, someone to convince him to stay. But then he remembered that there wasn't anybody to do that. So he just left.

He walked about 12 miles to the north, but then it started getting dark. That was when he realized that he ran away without even thinking it through. He had no money, clothes, food, water, and certainly no roof over his head. He was too sleepy to even think about that, so he just walked up to the closest bus stop and lay down on the benches.

The next morning, he woke up looking at a strange man. He smelled like rotting cheese. The man had a stained muscle shirt on and some blue jeans covered in holes. Devin just walked away so that the man could sit down on the bench. Then he noticed that the man started following him. He was really suspicious, so he told the man, "Hey, if you're trying to rob me then you're just wasting your time. I don't have anything on me," said Devin.

"I wasn't planning on robbing you," said the man. "I just assumed you ran away from home, so I wanted to offer you a job."

"First I want to know your name. Then I want to know about the job. Wait, how do you know I ran away from home?" said Devin.

"My name is Bill. I want to know if you want to be in a business where you go out in the streets and sell some drugs to make some cash. I knew you ran away from home because I saw you sleeping at the bus stop."

Devin hated the idea. He knew that it was very risky. But then again, he had no choice. He told Bill, "Ok. I'm in. When do I start?"

Bill told him, "It's barely 11:00 AM. I'll give you some of the drugs right now to sell in the park today," said Bill.

"Ok," said Devin. Bill gave him a backpack with drugs, a tape roll, and a pocketknife in it, just in case.

Ever since that day, Bill and Devin have been going from place to place selling drugs. Some of the places were full of children and parents. That made him think of his miserable childhood he had. The

childhood he keeps on trying to forget, but for some reason he can't. So he just thinks in his head over and over: *Why should I feel the guilt? They are the ones who made me leave. They didn't even want me. It was for my own good.*

Six years later.

Devin decided that he's been working this job too long, and he wants to retire for good. But Bill wasn't ready to leave this job or lose his partner. He really loved the money. Sometimes he didn't even pay Devin the right amount. He was really stingy.

Before Devin retired, Bill wanted him to go to the park and sell a few more packages. Devin just wanted to get it over with, so he went. Right when he was handing a customer some drug the cops showed up.

“STOP! Put your hands in the air where I can see them!”

Devin did what the cops asked him to do, but Bill just walked away like he wasn't even a part of this crime.

Devin ended up in jail. He had served five years, and had seven more to go when he realized something. He was satisfied with being in jail. He knew that he deserved to be in there. But he had never been able to forget what got him in there in the first place. Yes, he made the wrong choice to follow Bill, but his parents had pushed him in to it. They had given him a childhood he would never forget. Now he would always have to live with two things: guilt and regret. He was just not sure of whether or not he was regretting selling drugs or regretting his whole life.