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Jane's Addiction

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Jane's Addiction

Danielle Craig

It's hard to look at myself in the mirror sometimes. The image I see seems so specious. My whole life is a lie. Everything I do and say is done for the wrong reasons. I live not to think for myself but for others. Drugs grasped my soul and it slowly deteriorated until all hope was gone. I started out like most users, thinking I would never do anything besides an occasional bowl or two; after all, a little pot couldn't hurt anybody. But then again, I could never have just a little. After a while, I got bored being stoned and the next thing I knew, I couldn't get enough acid or Ecstasy. They made everything seem beautiful. Colors now illuminated my life—all I saw were distorted figures and melting objects. But this wasn't reality. It was too extreme for me to do on a regular basis. I needed something new, something that made me feel great all the time but would allow me to keep a grasp on reality.

Then it happened. I remember being at a party filled with strange people and feelings never known to me. It seemed so alive and most of the people were so happy. That was new to me, too, since most parties I went to were stoner parties with chill music and all life was relaxed. Being here gave me a new sense of diversity and I liked it a lot. I remember sitting on a couch getting ready to drop another tab when some guy approached me and offered to do a line together. "A line," I thought. Never had I craved cocaine until that very moment. It felt as if a new spirit had entered my body and lived life for me. It felt so great to be alive—too great! There was no way I could ever let that unforeseen glow leave my body. The rush kept me going. At first I only did a couple of lines a week, but my addiction grew and grew. Now I find myself devoting my life to cocaine, selling my body for a gram and my soul to Satan himself.