

Chapter 12



Getting off of Coke

**You are my best friend
You walk with me through my fields of woe
And give me a place when there's no where to go
You're always there to give me a hand
Even during those times when you don't understand
There's nothing like someone who knows you the best
Who won't let you down like all of the rest
The one who carries you through one more day
And gives you the words when there's nothing to say
It's the person who gives to you
when there is no money to lend
You are this person, You're my best friend**

I went to a bar on the beach and had way too much to drink. I remembered how I got to the beach, but I couldn't figure out how to get back to the apartment. I walked outside to call Nick for directions, and there was a girl standing by the payphones leaning up against a wall.

Jane: That one is the only one that seems to be working.

She pointed at the phone farthest from us.

Me: Thank you.

I tried calling Nick for directions, but there was no answer. So I asked Jane, since she was the closest person to me.

Me: Could you please tell me how to get to 163rd Street from here?

Jane: Sure. Where on 163rd Street where are you going? I'll tell you how to get there.

Me: Have you heard of the Hamlet Estate Apartments?

Jane: Yes, that's where I live.

Me: What a coincidence. I live in building K.

Jane: Wow, we're neighbors. I live in building L. I was planning on leaving anyway. Would you like to follow me to the complex?

Me: Sure, thanks. By the way, my name is Christine.

Jane: I'm Jane. It's nice to meet you. Listen, if you're not too busy

tomorrow, I'll be at the pool if you'd like to hang out.

Me: That sounds like a plan. How about 12 noon?

Jane: I'll be there.

I followed her to the complex and waved goodbye, anxiously awaiting the next day. We not only hung out the next day, but all the days following. I eventually told her about my situation and that I needed help. She decided to help me after one intense conversation

We were sitting at my dining room table.

Me: What is it today?

Jane: Wednesday.

Me: No, the month.

Jane: August.

Me: Oh my God. What happened to June and July?

I was smoking coke and drinking my life away. I needed help, but where could I go?

Jane: Why don't you move in with me and my roommate, Richard?

Me: What? You know I don't like men.

Jane: He's gay.

Me: Okay, but what if he doesn't want me to live there?

Jane: First off, Richard doesn't have much of a choice. The lease is in my name. If he doesn't like it, he can move.

Me: Okay. I want so much just to dry out. I want to get off the dope. There has to be more to life than this.

She and I didn't waste any time. I moved in with her that afternoon, while Nick was at work. She and I took my clothes and nothing else. I didn't want anything; I just wanted out. Within days, I was going through withdrawals. It lasted a little over a week -- shaking, hot and cold sweats, and the constant pacing from the anxiety brewing within me. I was seeing things like bugs crawling on me, but when I went to brush them off, they weren't there. I lost a few pounds, but all in all, I was happy to be where I was -- clean. I still drank, but was no longer on drugs; half of my battle was won. Jane and I instantly grew attached to each other, molding into each other's lives. We would talk for hours at a time about everything and nothing. We did whatever we wanted, whenever we wanted, as long as we wanted. There were no limits or boundaries. We got so close so fast. We slept together, ate together, laughed together and cried together, sharing each other's secrets and dreams, getting closer and still closer. She and I went everywhere together. I wasn't afraid to try anything, and I did whatever felt good to me at the time. Jane followed me, watching me, copying me. The pace was fast, but she kept up as my shadow. I loved the attention, her eyes on me, her thoughts all consisting of me. I thrilled Jane with everything that I did. She loved me to no end, and I took that for granted, by giving her empty promises, and not thinking twice when I disappointed her, yet still she held onto me, wanting to be with me in every way. Jane and I together were learning what it was to be adults, surely not by choice. Neither of us wanted to grow up. We had no clue where we were going, aimless and in trouble at every turn. We couldn't help each other get out. If we weren't having a car accident, we were getting the car towed, or late with the rent and even getting evicted. It was time to move on. But we couldn't and wouldn't separate. Fate turned the tide.

I loved her, but as a sister. Jane and I had sex once or twice, but my emotions didn't grow for her. I needed love to share love, to be with someone who was more than just a friend. I needed intimacy.

I kept searching for love through sex. I had sex with whoever felt good to me. I didn't know what to do. I was looking for love, but I thought love and sex were synonymous. So I had sex with whoever I loved at the time. If I loved more than one person, I had sex with more than one person. Sometimes the love wasn't sexual, but I gave my body as a sacrifice to prove my love, in an effort to keep the person in my life. I thought that if I gave all I had, my body and myself, that they would stay. But over time, I learned that just because I loved them, it didn't mean they were going to love me in return or that they would be there for my tomorrows.

I was always finding ways to make myself look better, prettier, and more appetizing. I wanted people to want to be with me. I would go to the best salons, I did my nails every day. I tanned on the beach every chance I got. I just wanted everyone to adore me. I loved the attention. I loved to be wanted in any capacity.