



A Lover's Descent

I love Stacy. Whatever I think, whatever I do, whatever I say, she is always in my head. I see her in my dreams, even with my eyes closed, every day and she just won't get out of my head. I've tried to love other people, I've tried new relationships, new things, but in the end, I love her. She is my drug.

Every single day, we see each other after school at our community park, we lay on the grass or the benches and stare at the sky and sometimes stay until we see the stars. We talk and talk and talk until there's nothing left to see and all we can admire is our very eyes, ideas and each other but there was one thing that I found more entertaining than her, I loved drugs, and I mean anything and anywhere. Today marked our 6-month anniversary and what better way to celebrate then?

"Do you seriously want to smoke right now?" I said.

"Of course, It's my first time and this is perfect," said Stacy.

The only thing holding me back was the worry of what could go wrong, as sweat slid down the side of my face and the sound of these voices repeating my thoughts got louder and louder.

"She could get hurt and I'd go to jail."

"A park is not a safe environment to smoke for the first time."

"What if someone sees us here?"

So many thoughts were running through my head like a shockwave and for once, it was for my sake, my future and not the thought of her. Everything could rely on the pressure of this very moment, I could lose my scholarship, my family could disown me, and I could go to prison or lose everything If this goes wrong. My ears heard a screeching noise like a car slamming on the brakes very fast.

"Screw it."

I pulled out a lighter and passed the joint to her, the voices now screaming in my ears, telling me to stop, but I still went through with it as I took a puff, and the voices got quieter and quieter and went silent. The only way I could describe how quiet it was, was how when you close your eyes and it goes to pitch black, it was like a snap, and I could hear nothing.

“What have I done?”

Stacy was lying on the bench with one of her red heels falling off as I lay on the ground and started to lose consciousness as I watched her eyes roll back. A voice yelled at me to wake up, and my ears started to ring.

It was sort of like I was a ghost or a spirit, I was floating above my body and watching myself knocked out cold facing the pure perfection and beauty of Stacy. I was in shock; I could see Stacy begging me to wake up.

The voices came back,
“Should we wake him up”

“He doesn’t understand yet”

I heard this as a whisper, it sounded like a yin and yang kind of thing, sort of like a devil and angel in my ear.

This must be the worst high I’ve ever had in my life and what kind of understanding is this? I started to question if my whole life had even been real if those conspiracy theories that our life is artificial intelligence were true, was I dead? Was this all a dream? Was I even awake now? I started to question everything, every single detail that has happened in my life and I questioned reality.

I couldn’t wake up, I tried so hard to snap out of it, but I watched as Stacy started to cry and drop tears as she attempted CPR on me, I was yelling that I was right there, but Stacy couldn’t hear me. I was just an unheard voice to her, a ghost, nothing. She couldn’t do anything to save me, and I was crying.

“I’m never going to smoke again”

I kept hearing in my head, and I promised myself I would never touch a single drug ever again. I exhaled loudly and woke up in my body on the ground this time,

Stacy was in shock, and I vowed to never do drugs again.

In the end, this story of two lovers was not just a reflection of their voices but a final testament to making a powerful stand against drug use.

If you need drug help or know anyone abusing substances, contact 1800 250 015 for more information.