

Addiction: family and cousin donna essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Addiction “ Adulation Is the continued repetition of a behavior despite adverse consequences, or neurological behaviors. ” Since I was young, my cousin has had a drug problem. As the years have past, she has taken a turn for the worse.

I can’t even remember the last time she was clean and sober. In the last twenty something years my family and I have been verbally, mentally, and physically abused by someone I once called my sister. When I was eleven years old, my cousin Donna moved In with my family. I was so excited I was gaining another sister.

Someone else I could lean on when I was having a bad day.

My mother took her in because her mother couldn’t handle her actions anymore. She started heading in the wrong direction: abusing drugs, missing school, and drinking all the time. My mother and her started really bumping heads. Some nights while my cousin was out, my mother would stay up all night waiting for her to come home.

Most nights started turning into weekend trips. We were always petrified to receive a phone call that she was in trouble or most of all, hurt. One night my cousin was supposed to watch my sister and I while my mom had to work.

After my mom left, a lot of people started coming to our house.

I started to get scared; I didn’t recognize any of the strangers in my home. The music started to get really loud and I couldn’t hear myself think. My house was filled with different types of people; it was so crowded no one

could move. I remember walking in to my kitchen seeing my cousin using a straw to put something up her nose with a group of her friends.

One of her friends noticed me standing there and whispered something in my cousin's ear. She started screaming at me to go to my room. I ran to my room, as my eyes started to fill with tears.

I was really missing my mom.

My sister came running into my room shouting, "the cops are here, we have to hide". I started to shake, tears started running down my face. My heart was pounding so fast. We were now shoved under my bed hoping no one would find us in our hiding spot. My sister whispered, "Everything will be k". My sister always knew how to comfort me.

We stayed under the bed for what felt like forever. It became really quiet, I was sure the cops had left. At that moment we felt relief, but I realized my cousin didn't even check on us, to see if we were k.

I will never forget that night when my sister and I were stuck hiding under the bed until our mother came home. Sometime had gone by, and my cousin was now living in her own apartment.

She had given birth to a baby boy named Colon. Colic's father ran off when she told him she was pregnant. We knew he wouldn't stick around, because he was married to another woman, which he cheated on with my cousin. Well things started getting worse. She started going out every weekend.

When Friday came around she would always make plans to hangout with friends. She would always ask me if I could babysat Colon, which I really enjoyed.

The only problem was, she would never come mom. Sometimes I would have Colon for almost four days. I was only sixteen raising an Infant.

I had no choice but to grow up fast. My friends had to come to my cousin's would she have a baby and then never want to be around? How could taking drugs and drinking be more important? One day, after one of her four-day adventures, she showed up to my house to get her son. She smelled like booze, and she had white residue under her nose. I knew exactly what she was up all night doing. She couldn't even stand up, or even speak a full sentence.

I was so mad steam was shooting out of y ears. I couldn't believe she came to pick her son up in that condition. She didn't understand why I was upset. We started yelling back and forth at one another. There was so much tension in the room.

There was no way was I letting her take her son. She finally gave up, and passed out on my couch. The next day when she finally woke up we didn't speak to one another. I couldn't even look her in the face. That was the last time I would ever watch Colon. I felt like it was time for her to grow up and be a responsible parent.

Some people will never change until they face the truth. It has been over two years since I have talked to my cousin. I couldn't take all the lies and hurtful

actions anymore. The last straw for me was an incident at my baby shower. I had flown in from Florida for my baby shower.

I was so excited to see everyone and celebrate with my loved ones. Well that was just another crazy day with my family. Of course my cousin Donna was hung over and high. She couldn't even wait until everyone left. The bathroom had cocaine all over the sink.

My mother was mortified. She didn't say anything to her at the time.

All the guests started leaving as the shower came to an end. With everyone gone my mother confronted my cousin about her behavior.

They started screaming at each other. I jumped in the middle of the fight. As I looked up my cousin punched me right in the stomach. It happened so fast I couldn't even react.

Then my mother went after my cousin to protect me. I tried pulling them apart from one another. I was so upset I couldn't believe my cousin put her hands on me; I was pregnant. That was supposed to be a special day for me and instead it was a nightmare, I will always remember.

Still to this day, she has yet to apologize.

On August 3, 2014 around eight o'clock there was a knock on my door. I looked out my window, and there was a cop car, ambulance, and a fire truck. As I got closer to the window I noticed a woman lying on my front lawn. When I went out my front door I realized the woman was my cousin Donna. I haven't talked to her in a long time.

I had no idea why she was on the front lawn. She was sleeping; they couldn't wake her for about five minutes. Neighbors were standing outside their houses watching. My cousin was so high she had no idea where she was at that very moment.

Blood was dripping from her knee.

The E. M. T was asking her a lot of questions, which she didn't know the answers to. I had to call her husband to come pick her up. She was pacing back and forth across my living room. She kept going in and out of the bathroom.

Finally her husband picked her up and took her back to the hotel. That weekend she continued to get worse. She fell asleep outside the hotel room and also in the bathtub. Everyone in the family tried to talk her into getting herself help. They wanted her to check herself into a rehab facility. In her own mind she didn't feel anything was wrong with her.

She thought everyone was against her and we didn't care about her at all. " According to Henley It is hard to understand addiction unless you have and it is really hard to see someone you are close to suffering with addiction. I have come to the realization that my cousin is really not a bad person. Her addiction has taken hold of her, and she has lost all control.

She has no concept of reality. Although we do not speak anymore, I only wish her the best. She must find strength to pick herself back up, and seek help for the demons she is struggling with. Only then can she get her life and family back together again.