

Concept of significant event

[Health & Medicine](#), [Disease](#)



It was a cool summer evening going into senior year with a slight breeze sliding over our scalps. The branches were swaying ever so calmly at the park on the Texas Track. I was with my cousin James who I always looked up too growing up, but now resented. He was the kid who always knew what to say and had a demeanor that was cool to the touch. With the long hair, gauges, and cool skate clothes. I wanted to be just like that. I was raised in private school so I had no sense of style, seeing what he wore and what he did really had an impression on me.

He said there was going to be a party and wanted me to go with him. I was really bored and decided to give it a shot. We hung out together all through childhood, middle school, and a lot of high school. But as junior year came around for me and James just dropping out of high school of senior year, cane was ravaging through teenagers like a disease. As I continued to hangout with James I noticed him being a lot more slow as if he has just awoken from a long slumber or angry for no reason. He told me he was taking cane or "bars". At first I was okay with it, popping them recreational as well believing there was no real harm in them.

We'd go to parties and take them throughout the night loving feeling of knowing you had a goodnight even though you could hardly remember it. Sometimes doing them gave us an over sense of confidence to talk to women, meet new people, and do things we'd never think of doing sober. But as the months went by I began to hear things from my mom and other family members that James has been stealing prescription pills from our grandparents and getting busted by police for stealing from people's cars. I

could not believe what I heard. Sounded like people spewing gibberish I couldn't understand.

Someone you looked up to for advice, guidance making dreadful life changing decisions. I never tried to let it affect our bond as long as he TLD steal from me or get me involved. Prescription pills began to deteriorate his brain killing every last functioning brain cell that could ever produce logical reasoning. His urge to steal to provide himself with a copious amount of cash would increase. Stealing jewelry from our aunt and selling other pills to also supply his habit got him banned from my house and assessment of him to the family. Till showed sympathy and wanted to help him out and hangout with him knowing he has never done me wrong. The crowd he was being involved with though made it especially uncomfortable to hangout more. Threads, arrogant, ignorant, scandalous scum of human beings were the ones he enjoyed hanging out with. I attempted to have him associate with my crowd of friends, but with pills coursing through his veins he acted irate and no one would want to hang out with him again. Spending time together turned into doing favors like driving him place to place to discuss situation to put myself through time and time again.

If I ever got pulled over with him I was practically guaranteed I'd go to jail just because he's so known in town now. We walked to the park from his grandmas waiting to get picked up from one of lame's friends. As minutes go by we spot a black sedan with no rims and paint scratched as if a tiger has slashed it. As I unwarily get into the car I see James pull out foil and a little black ball. I knew it was heroin. He began smoking it, I have never seen

someone smoke heroin before. It felt like I was watching
ascienceexperiment. I was more intrigued then disgusted at the moment.

He offered me some and I rightfully refused knowing I had to draw the line
somewhere on the impression someone could give to me. " I promise Eve
only done it like once", James said. I knew he was never going to get clean
after that without hitting rock bottom. We approached the party it was
somewhere out in Catchword, you can hear the poor quality sound of
rapmusicand disarray of peoples conversations. Walking in I had an over
sensational feeling that something bad was going to happen tonight. I notice
people herding to a side of backyard like celebrity waltzed by or something.

I could hear girls shouting " Stop! " and guys shouting obscenities as I
approached. I peeked with curiosity to see what could be happening. It was
Shame being pummel to a pulp by 3 guys with a much bigger stature. All
looked like the kind of people that have been to Jail or definitely should be in
Jail. I couldn't let my cousin get Jumped by these brutes. I Jumped in
swinging with all my might hitting one with a gray double extra large shirt in
the face. I knew once this happened I was going to get my ass kicked. As
soon as my punch landed another punch from someone else crossed my jaw.

Feeling like a brick Just flew at my face I dropped immediately being kicked
viciously in the head and the rest of my body. Every time I attempted to rise
and fight, my body would Just take blows like I am being pummel by rocks. It
boggled my mind why people Just sit there and watch for that moment in
time and never take action to help others. After the Jumping we endured for
those few minutes that felt like an eternity, we left the party. Shame ran to a

corner in the front awn, I was puzzled until he returned with \$500 dollars and 40 cane pills he stole from those guys that he stashed.

I couldn't believe that I took that beating for him to get that. I was so furious, my face boiling to bright red I shoved him as hard as I could demanding to know why he would steal from people. " This is what happens to you James, when you steal! " I said vigorously. He's lucky we didn't die or get arrested. I looked at his face and I knew now he would never get it. James would never understand what he is doing is wrong and is affecting his life. He's bringing me down ND sucking everything out of me like a leach or a parasite. Driving him place to place, hanging out, and the favors all need to stop. " I said to myself. Giving me that moment of clarity made me realize I was an enabler making all the things going on his life continue the way they are going. " Whatever sorry man. " James said with hardly any remorse. I got dropped off later that night fading in and out of consciousness fighting to stay up. Turning back I notice James passed out next to me. I knew looking into his sunken lifeless eyes he wasn't going to learn his lesson until he learns the hard way. I