

The day i will never forget

[Family](#), [Mother](#)



The day I will never forget Everyone has something that reminds them of something or someone. For some the smell breadfruit reminds them of the meals their mom made in every fashion since it was the only thing she could afford. For others, it's a father playing with a child, an event they either experienced or long to experience. Then there are some who remembers a love one through a special song. For me it's a little bit of all. When I smell hot barber green marinating with the sound of rain, couple with the sight of steam rising from it, memories of the sounds of cries, sirens, and the image of a lifeless body spewing blood uncontrollably against the darkness of the ground flashes to my mind. As the rain dripping over my eyes cloud my vision of a man, who I'm sure, never would have thought his life would have ended the way it did. I stop and ponder what was his last thoughts. Was it his daughters, his mother, this girl he loosed his life over, me, or was it what his mom told him that this life of weed would be the end of him. I'm sure he never thought his first puff would have snow balled to him using " Blackies", and to him hitting one before barging into a man's home after a woman who was playing them both. I was told his last words to the guy who stabbed him numerous times were, " After what we (our family) did for you, this is how you repaid us. What have you done." This guy who took his life, went to school with me, and our family fed him when his mom couldn't. As my brother's youngest daughter, 5 years old, with eyes welled up with tears said to me, " I want my daddy, I want my daddy. Is he going to wake up?" I had no clue what to say. The funny thing is that I felt no pain, only anger. Not towards the weed and who introduced it to my brother, but towards an individual who as long as you showed him something once he not only

remember what was done but was able to understand how it works. Why would he, after seeing what weed did to so many individuals before, still take that chance knowing full well what the outcome was majority of the time. I knew he understood what he was getting into, since that famous line came to mind, " Damian, if I ever catch you fucking around with this thing" He would usually take a pull from the blunt he was smoking and let it out blowing about two rings. " I would fuck you up!"