

You Think your Life is Bad!

You're in a place that confuses you. You have no idea how to get out of it. You feel like dying, as you lie frozen under the park bench with a big, fat, white dog coming over to sniff you every now and then. You want help, but you don't get any offered to you, you scream for help, but you don't get any.

My name is Amy, I used to have a loving family, but that's all changed. I feel so lonely now, and I feel as though I have betrayed my family and let everyone down. At the moment I live in a small run-down squat in Harlesden. The squat has two bedrooms, so Laura and I share a room. The rest share the front room. It would be quite nice if it were done up a bit. It is very cold and there isn't any running water. It was cut off months ago when we wouldn't pay the bill. We can't have a shower any more. The squat has a nasty smell of damp and cat wee. A couple of months ago we had a house party and the 'guest' broke a window and floorboards. The outside of the squat has bits of old rubbish like an old tyre from a car. The grass is very long and the tree covers the entrance, so we have to get in from the back.

Although I live with four of my friends, my life seems so pitiful and distasteful. Of my four friends, Laura is my closest and she only just came out of care. She knows everything about me, and I've known her since nursery. However, lately even she seems too busy to pay any attention to me. My other friends, Hannah, Chloe and Danielle are nice, but I'm not very close to them, I've only known them for a couple of years. They're working girls and are in bed most of the day.

A couple of years ago, when we all attended Ashford High, we had our whole lives set out. We were all planning to go to the same college, and then university, everything seemed so perfect. But that's all changed, and I don't even know how it happened. It was all so sudden and unexpected, and our whole lives have changed now.

I loved my family, I couldn't ask for better parents, and my little sister, I loved her, and I told her everything. I often see her outside the '24 hour corner shop', but we've never really spoken since I left home. She looks so happy without me, her and her friends laughing and giggling away. When I see her, I try to smile, or at least make eye contact with her, but she does the opposite, and just turns her head in dismay and ignores me when she glances over at me I can feel hatred in her eyes. I never meant to hurt her, or my parents.

I don't really have a job, I used to deal drugs, but I almost got caught, so now I'm sitting here selling myself. That's what all my mates do. I refused to do it at first, but they blackmailed me, threatened me and in the end forced me by saying this was the only way you can survive, which was not exactly true, but I fell for it.

One of my 'clients' gives me heroin for free instead of money. I feel so calm afterwards. Having heroin is like I'm in another world, I feel ecstatic, I feel free and I can do what I want to do. All I want to do is have loads and loads of fun with no one to stop me. I started taking drugs when I was sixteen. Some one gave me some weed to try. Since the day I tried weed, my whole life has changed, and I really wish I hadn't taken that one puff. It has now come to the stage where my addiction has become uncontrollable; it has become a necessity to my life, to take drugs. I have no money now and I struggle day by day, each day wishing I had enough money to manage on. Asking my parents for money wasn't even an option, they didn't care about me, and even if they did, I know for sure they wouldn't give me any, because I had lost their trust. My addiction resulted in me becoming desperate. There was no way I could afford the drugs, so I started to deal some. I started off selling it to a couple of people, but then I realized how easy it was to make money, and I began selling it to more people, regular customers. That's when I nearly got caught, so I stopped. I didn't want to risk my life for money.

I still take drugs, but I feel it is starting to make me look ugly. My eyes look dead and sunken and my skin has gone bad. I really wish I could do something about it, but I can't because I love the buzz.

With my new job I usually get paid twenty pounds and I have around three clients a week, if I'm lucky I have five. They disgust me. Most of my money goes on alcohol and the drugs. I get paid well but I don't think I can keep up much longer. I wish I was loved. My mates don't give me love, they just want my drugs. It was becoming clearer to me how much my friends were using me, if I had money on me that would be the only time they associated with me.

It was a cold, Tuesday afternoon in winter. All five of us were gathered around outside the '24-hour corner shop' as usual, wearing our mini-skirts to get some attention from potential punters and a fat jacket to keep as warm. That day we had a lot of make-up on. The mascara and eyeliner was running down my cheeks because of my eyes watering in the cold. We used to meet there regularly, to buy alcohol. Laura said to me, "Go and buy us some booze, any will do".

They always expected me to buy the stuff, but I couldn't take it anymore.

"Go and get it your bloody self!" I shrieked.

They all looked at me completely shocked.

"What the fuck is your problem Amy? Stop being such a bitch!"

I could feel myself growing with anger and sadness and I could feel tears welling up in my eyes. They were the only people left in my life. I shouted at them but now they were all against me.

"I can't take this anymore, I'm leaving you all" I said. "I'm moving out of the squat. Find your own way of getting alcohol and drugs!"

I walked away in the opposite direction, not even looking back at them, but I could feel them looking at me, yet they still didn't bother to call me, or follow me.

So there I was, alone, in the park, with the tall trees surrounding me, isolating me. I could feel tears pouring down my red and black-streaked cheeks. There was nothing for me to do so. I sat on the park bench. It was six o'clock in the evening and it was getting darker and colder as the minutes went by. All I had was a little bit of money and nothing to keep me warm. As the minutes passed, I began to get colder. I was rolled up in a ball on top of the bench, hugging the Bacardi and the heroin close to my heart, wishing I were at home with my family, where my life made sense.

The next thing I knew, it was morning, and I was lying on the bench, with an empty bottle of Bacardi and a half empty bag of heroin next to me. Across the park I saw little children playing with their parents, and it reminded me of my sister and me and that stupid, fat dog. We always used to go to the park when we were younger with our mum and dad. I still remember the first time she was able to do the monkey bars, and how proud I was of her. I would give anything to go back to those days. I feel as though my life is no longer of any value.

I had my empty Bacardi bottle in my hand and got up from the bench. I turned around and smashed the glass bottle on the corner of the wooden bench that I was sitting on. The glass bottle left sharp with pointy, jagged edges. I quickly sniffed the remaining heroin in the packet that was left from last night. I got the broken Bacardi bottle and cut a long line across the palm of my left hand to see if it was sharp enough. The blood was seeping down my leg. It was flowing like a river that couldn't be stopped. There wasn't any pain, after I had the heroin. I got the broken bottle and held it at the neck of the bottle and pointed the sharp, lethal edges towards my stomach.