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I believe in Addiction

I believe in the addiction that took my mother. I remember growing up everyone including my mother warned me not to go near an alcohol because I will get addicted and it could kill me. As a grown up you would believe that kids will not remember incidents that happened while they were still young but that is a lie. I remembered. I believe in the addiction that took my mother away from me and my brothers every time it has the chance. I remember I would go to sleep in my mother’s arms but wake up in another woman’s arms. I remember that night addiction took my mother out and brought her back the next week as another person. During that whole week my brothers and I were motherless and alone. I remember the whole week when my mother was locked up behind bars because she chose addiction over coming home to her children. The whole week that she spent with addiction she forgot about us and who she was.

I believe in the addiction that wins my mother over and over again, there was no battle between me and addiction. I remember trying to fight my mother’s addiction but lost sadly. I believe the addiction that my mother has is strong.

I believe in the addiction that lead a strange unknown man into my mother’s bedroom, who then soon became my brothers father. I remember that one night my mother and step-father fought because of work and my father beat my mom and I couldn’t do anything because I was afraid. I believe in the addiction that brought domestic violence, sexual harassment, battery and fear into our home.

I believe in addiction that my mother drowned herself in because she did not have the love she deserved. I believe in the addiction that blinded my mother to see that she was loved dearly by her family and friends, instead she turned to addiction for love. I remember she love addiction so much she would do anything for it including leaving her kids and family broken. My step-father left which left my mother in the hands of addiction, again addiction took my mother away from my Step-father.

I believe in the addiction that took my mother away again, but this time the whole summer. This time I remember going to sleep without my mother and waking up without my mother, but I thought, “it’s okay she will come back eventually.”

I remember the end of summer I heard my mother was coming back home, I was so excited. My brothers and I dolled up and waited for my mom at home. The sun set and starts shun and she still is not home. The next morning we woke up to the news that my mother was finally back, but she in the ER. I remember rushing to the hospital finding my mom on the bed lifeless.

I believe in the addiction that took my mother away, that I believe.