

Roque, Brianna

February 11, 2020

Period 3

That smell... that smell that you breathe in when you walk past someone in the hallway. That smell of peppermint or lemon that you take in when someone greets you. It is the smell that you recognize from your own friend. I stop to think to myself, "Can it be true? Does she really do what I always expected her not to do?" I try to cope with the fact that she might be doing something harmful, but it can't be. It must be a new perfume that is trending.

But why would everyone get the same variety of perfume? So many different smells: Cherry, lemon, peppermint, watermelon, cotton candy. It is a stronger scent than perfume, though. It has more of a tingle to it. It must be something else. Many kids around the world from middle and high schools smoke. My friend is one of them and this is a way I helped her to stop.

She had family members that were diagnosed with cancer. Her father being one of them. I remember her coming to me crying after a doctor appointment that she went to for her father. She had said that his lungs were pitch black, like if he had cooked them up in the barbecue before the appointment. Shouldn't that make her afraid? The tears that were in her eyes, they have me traumatized. She seemed as if she had seen the scariest thing in her life. All I want to tell her is, "You're my best friend. Do you want to see me with the same traumatizing

tears in my eyes when I have to start going to your doctor appointments?” If our bond is strong enough, maybe my words will touch her heart. Is she doing all this to numb the pain she feels for her father?

Doctors have diagnosed kids of our age that vape to have lung disease. These kids regret what they have done. They try to stop their addiction before their lungs get worse but it's always too late. They won't be able to have the future that they should've had because of trying to be cool and be relevant to low lives in school who will get nowhere in the future either. I try to scare her by telling her that if she continues to do this, she won't be able to graduate with me, or she won't be able to grow up with me. I ask her, “Isn't your goal in life to have a beautiful family with a loving husband and children who consume your love? To grow old and be a grandma surrounded by grandchildren running around your front yard while you bake cookies for them?”

Not many people survive from cancer. I want to help my friend. I want her to know that hurting herself isn't the best way to deal with distress. My way of helping my friend might help someone struggling with addiction too.