

Francisco L
16

Overdose

by Francisco Lopez

Waking up to typical police sirens and active gunshots, I get up from bed in a grumpy mood. I head to the bathroom where I brush my teeth and also take care of business as I like to say. Being a weekend and having rain piling down at the world it's a pretty depressing and boring day, perfect to go grocery shopping. Thinking of what I am going to buy to satisfy hunger, I look into the refrigerator repeatedly to see what I need and where its available to buy it. The first thing that comes to mind is Andronico's, one of my favorite places to go because it is very close to my house and I can practically walk there in a minute. After I make my decision to go there I finally see what I need in my refrigerator and rush to my old rusty car because I start to feel my stomach fighting to tell me he's hungry and head to Andronico's.

Finally at the parking lot after debating with myself whether to take the car or walk I see that it was packed as if there were a new Jordan shoe release there but with no parking available at all so I head down the block to park. Once I found a little parking space behind a torn up Harley bike I quickly hopped out the car by swinging the door open and slamming it right away then looked side to side to see if any cars were coming then crossed the street. As soon as I cross the street random guy with a hood covering his face goes up to me and asks if I need anything but I ignore him and keep walking to the store while the heavy rain hits my body having no time to stop and talk to anybody.

Once I reach Andronico's the two sliding door open and I walk down the warm mini hill with my shoes squeaking because of the water on the floor heading down to the cashiers and passing the deli with the great smell of fresh meat hitting my nose increasing

my hunger. I look up and try to remember what I needed when I see the cold beverages through the visible glass doors of the refrigerator they're in and open it to get a refreshing cold Dr,Pepper. Opening the top of the plastic soda bottle, I hear the gas coming out and put my wet lips on the bottle, tilt the bottle up and let the pop go into my mouth flavoring my taste buds. After tasting each one of the twenty three flavors in my mouth, I head to the deli and made a choice to make a sandwich to calm my stomach down from growling.

“ Hi, would you like something sir,” the tender voice of a woman asked me.

“ Yes, can I have a turkey sandwich with everything on wheat bread please,” I said looking at the meat with saliva running down my mouth.

While the woman was making my meal I headed to the “bad” section I call it because its full of potato chips with other greasy snacks and picked up a ninety nine cent bag of plain Doritos chips to go with my lunch for the day. Knowing that my lunch is being made at the deli I hurry over there to check on my sandwich but sadly to see the woman is still making it and me thinking she's just teasing me by taking her sweet time I get anxious and hungrier. With my hunger taking over, me I hardly remember that I have other necessities of being in Andronico's besides my lunch so I head to the far back were the fruits and vegetables are located to pick some apples and oranges when I feel something hit my foot and almost tripping me. Looking around laughing due to embarrassment, I walk backwards and trip fully landing on my ass knocking over about fifty two liter's of Coca-Cola . After looking up and cursing to my self I go and check the aisle I dropped the sodas on when I see a leg sticking out of the destroyed Coca-Cola bottles.

“ Oh shit, are you ok, hello?,” I said with a scared voice.

Thinking I pushed the bottles on the person , I started to remove the Coke's out of the way to dig him out of what could have been his death hole but got up with a jump when he or she didn't reply to me and started to worry asking my self what I was going to do.

People passing by the aisle from left to right made me worry that someone was going to see what I have done and called the cops or something and knowing the police is always out looking for something I would be in trouble. Thinking of a plan on what to do before someone saw what I have done I was going to leave the sight pretending not seeing single thing but it just made me curious who was on the floor so I leaned over and turned the person around and opened my eyes widely seeing a familiar face.

“Watahell, Tommy?!” I yelled with a scared impression.

Knowing who it was now made me feel even more worse than I had already felt because I just didn't hurt a random guy but I hurt one of my best friends that I met in high school years ago. Trying to wake him up from what I thought I had done by calling his name many times and shaking his body repeatedly till it seemed his head was going to come off but he still didn't budge to wake up. Feeling all anxious and nervous I looked around me to see if anybody was looking or going through the aisle because if someone saw this I would have been accused of this and would have been my third strike for me so I grabbed him from his waist and threw him on my shoulder. Hearing something fall to the floor hitting by hand before I headed to the nearest open door which was the door leading up to the refrigerator of the deli. I looked both ways before rushing the open door but as soon as I started to run with Tommy on my shoulders passed out I saw the lady still making my sandwich from almost thirty minutes ago and stopped. The deli lady was too busy to perfect my sandwich that she wouldn't have noticed me so I run my ass off to the

door and almost an inch away from the door to make a quick turn to the lady I see her spit running down her mouth and into what was my lunch and while not concentrating Tommy falls out of my shoulders..

“ Aw shit, fuck, fuck, fuck,” I said when I saw Tommy’s head bash against a pile of frozen ham.

Picking him up from the cold frozen floor was almost as hard as getting myself up, tripping and falling on my ass continuously because of all the ice and crap in the floor. Thinking what a bitch the deli lady was for doing what she did, I slapped Tommy so hard beside the face that it left my hand hurting to wake him up but he still didn’t move a muscle. Worried, the moment brought up memories of my dog dying a year ago and with the same emotions and ideas running through my mind I looked at my friend’s chest with careful vision and noticing it didn’t move up nor down.

“He can’t be?, Shit what if he is?,” I asked myself in my little head

Nodding my head side to side with hard and fast breathing I look down at a guy that can potentially be dead or alive. Being so scared to check if he is breathing or not I slap my face across the face and make myself do it with no bitching out. I put my hand on his neck and put my ear on his chest to check if his heart or lungs are fully working but nothing, I hear or feel nothing. The friend I once knew was dead I believed I killed him and had much guilt upon myself with tears running down my red watery eyes. It couldn’t be my fault, I didn’t hit him or hear nothing in the moment of tripping over him, he was already on the floor. With idea striking my brain like a lightning on earth my mouth opened and eyes cleared up, it wasn’t me, it really wasn’t me.

Now knowing I didn’t kill one of my best friends I felt a big weight come off my

chest and felt I needed to figure this out, who killed my friend or what killed my friend. After having my ideas together of what I was going to do, I picked my dead friend up and set him deep inside the deli freezer with a big plastic bag over his body then started to pray. Once done with all the emotional images I headed out the chilling freezer and went to solve this mystery with many customers and co-workers as suspects.

I ran to the aisle where I had found my friend lying and started looking everywhere for evidence of his death. Still traumatized of my friend being out of this world, I was still feeling a little bit guilty because if I had been in the store at an earlier time I probably could have saved him from his death or something but I had to accept that he was dead and could not bring him back. While walking around the aisle thinking of ideas of how to figure out the death of Tommy I felt something hit the bottom of my Nike Air Jordan Original Maroon VI's toe box and fell to my knees with my hands stopping me from falling to my face. Angry again because this was the send time I fell to the floor I looked down at my shoes to see if something had happened to them but what I saw was no shoe scuff but a couple of pills bundled together in a bag. With the bag looking like a bag full of skittles, I already knew what it was, "Extacy" and what side effects it had on the human body so I immediately knew Tommy was not murdered or was it suicide but it was an overdose of drugs that killed my friend sadly.

Remembering the memories I had of one of my best buddies sadly had something to do with drugs, whether it was doing weed or prescription painkillers, drugs always followed my friend where ever he went. I would tell him to stop all the time but he would never listen, his body was telling him he needed it and he did what the body asked him to do and died eventually. He was an addict of illegal drugs and his happiness of being

"high" all the time ended his life, I saw this coming but no one would believe me, not even Tommy.

THE END