

# Cocaine

Krystn Fox

“Just try a bump, baby.”

The summer sunset soaked through Frank’s car window, warming my body. It felt good not to be in the day’s scorching heat. We sat behind the Marathon station. He broke up the cocaine on the back part of a mix CD that he stole from someone. He poured the coke out of the clear plastic bag, and used his license to crush it into pieces and make perfect lines. The anticipation of taking cocaine up my virgin nose was nerve-racking. It felt like a pizza chef was tossing my stomach up and down.

My head was racing with questions, thoughts and worries that were too fast for me to comprehend or dissect. I was so tired of trying to stop him from doing drugs. I was so tired of hearing how wonderful coke was. Would it just be easier to do the drug with him and understand what the hell it was that made it so goddamn great? I gave into everything that I believed in; I gave into cocaine’s deceptive façade. Everything that I had ever fought him for, every tear I shed, it was all about to go up my nose.

It is partly my fault. By trying coke I made him believe that it was okay for him to continue. I played a major role in his love for drugs.

“I don’t know if I should. What if something goes wrong or I freak out or something?” The shakiness in my voice bounced off the doors to his car. There were several cars around the corner, filling up their tanks. What if someone caught us? What if a cop rolled up next to us? We would be screwed.

“Nothing is going to go wrong. I promise you’ll be fine. Just try a bump. Nothing is going to happen if you just do a bump.” His stony blue eyes reassured me. I second-guessed what could happen—instant death, getting caught by my parents, a nosebleed. It scared me. But what fun would it be to sit back and watch him get fucked up without me?

Frank made a perfect pile of coke on top of his car key for me.

“Breathe out before you snort this. If you breathe out too close to the key, you’ll blow it everywhere.” His voice was content and excited. I took a

deep breath in then out, bringing my nose to the silver, jagged key. I sniffed the bump up my right nostril like I had been the snorting cokehead from down the street. I took another hard breath, and it hit me like a splash of frozen water. I watched Frank snort a line. He placed little piles of coke into the tops of our cigarettes. He was full of energy, hyped-up and bug-eyed. I looked outside the car window, wondering if anyone saw us, but not a single person paid attention to us. We were in our own world. After doing a few more lines he packed everything up carefully and we left.

Zip!

Whiz!

Ba-Boom!

My mind was speeding fast. All I could think about was how good it felt when everything dripped down my throat. Like an inchworm trailing down the back of my throat making a disgusting, hell-raised path.

“Is this how it always feels?” I asked, rubbing my palms onto my legs and tapping my feet onto the car floor quicker and quicker letting each moment melt into the next. I could ace a test, read a thick-ass book, have sex for hours, run a marathon, jump out of an airplane, anything I wanted.

“Can we smoke these cigarettes now?” I snapped my head towards him and twirled my ponytail through my fingers over and over. If I had gum in my mouth I would be chewing it viciously.

“Wait awhile. I want to wait until we get to an empty road because it sorta smells. I like to let the high sink in.”

“Okay, whatever you say.” He concentrated on the road ahead. I flipped the passenger seat mirror down. My eyes were large, black, and my skin was more pale than usual. No wonder he is addicted to such a good fucking thing. My heart pounded faster and faster. Each thought got speedier. I wanted more.