



# My Altered Friend

By Abby Moore

**I WAS BORN** on January 23, 1993. My best friend Mariel was born exactly a month later. Our mothers were best friends, so we instantly connected. When we were younger, we did everything together. We grew up only a few houses away from each other. When we were ten, Mariel's mother was diagnosed with cancer. She went to chemotherapy for a year but nothing helped, and in 2001 she passed away. This was a very hard time for everyone but most of all for Mariel. She was very close to her mother and did not get along well with her dad. Her mother was such an amazing person and her death left a huge gap in Mariel's life. She tried to stay strong, but I knew after her mother died, she would never be the same.

Mariel was good at everything she did and everyone loved her. She was a very outgoing person and was friends to everyone. People were attracted to her and wanted to be around her all the time. Growing up, I can't remember one thing she was not good at. She was an amazing person and friend, full of life and energy. Whatever happened, she put herself into it with everything she had. She was so beautiful—and that's an understatement. She had many opportunities to model, but she was not interested in that. She was pretty on the inside as well as the outside.

The year after her mother's death she started to change and was very depressed and upset all the time. She started smoking marijuana to help with her depression and calm herself down. She started this when she was only in seventh grade. Then she began dating a senior in high school and started drinking and partying. She was

only going into her eighth grade year. That year is when I can remember it all starting. She did not seem any different at first, still playing sports and getting good grades in school. I remember one day she told me she tried acid. I started yelling at her and she promised that she would never do it again. Everything seemed to go back to normal for the rest of the year.

The start of her freshman year, she told me she was going to change. We both were in cheerleading and everything seemed good. But as soon as the football season was over, she started taking drugs again. She started coming to school high on drugs. I did not know what to do. I was young and felt like talking to her didn't help, so I went to my mom who then went to her dad. When he found out, he said it was a lie and she was fine. This made me so mad. She was not the girl I knew and anyone around her could see this. Somehow her dad didn't. She told me time and time again that she had it all under control, that everything was fine, even though we both knew it was not.

The start of her sophomore year, she tried to kill herself. Finally her dad started to see the problem she was having. He took her to counseling, but even this did not change things. After school, when we were on our way home, she told me she tried cocaine. I started to cry. I knew this was when I lost the friend that I had loved so much. This was when things really started to change. She dropped out of school her sophomore year and her dad could not handle her anymore. He took her to rehabilitation. This helped things for the end of that year, but only a few

months after being out of rehabilitation, the anger and hurt that had been building up since her mom's death came back. She started taking drugs again. This time it was worse; she did everything she could to forget. She would be strung out for days at a time. She did cocaine, meth, and heroin; anything and everything that would give her a rush. She would call me all the time not knowing what was going on or where she was at.

Her dad took her to rehab for longer periods of time. He tried everything he could think of to help her. This was how it went the rest of the summer and what would have been her junior year. At the start of 2009, she was in the hospital three times for overdosing. She soon had no way to get these drugs. She would have relations with guys so they would give drugs to her because she needed the drugs so bad. This was nowhere close to the girl I knew. She started dealing to have enough money to buy more drugs.

The summer of 2010, she was at a party all strung out. She did two drugs—one was an upper and one was a depressant. The date was June 3. She passed out and never woke up again. What a life she could have had! How many people's lives she could have changed! She had nine real brothers and sisters and three stepsiblings. Now, only a few years after their mother's death, the family would have to deal with their sister's death too.

Every time I think about her, I start to cry. So much talent is now lost. I have learned most that no matter what happens, you can't give up on life. It's never easy. When you feel like everything and everyone is against you, that's just life right then. It will not always be that way. There will be good days and bad days, highs and lows. It's not worth just giving up and quitting. You can't live your life around someone else's mistakes. Your parents may have made mistakes or things that have happened to them may not have been the best, but you can only live your life for you. I think everyone who cares about her did everything in their power to help her. But in the end, it was ultimately her decision. ☹️

## ALERT SCHOLARSHIP

*Abby Moore recently graduated from high school in Wyoming. Alert Magazine congratulates her for winning the Alert Scholarship and we encourage her in the pursuit of her academic goals. We also encourage future seniors to participate in our scholarship program.*