Sofia Behr, also known as “Blondie”; sober again. Blondie, a nickname referring to her lengthy, amber coated locks that drip from root to end like honey. Blondie has been successfully practicing sobriety throughout a six-month period. A consecutive four-year meth addict bound to relapse when times get tough.

Her immediate family consists of three other members. Her mother Lynn Behr, her father Alfred Behr and her younger brother Jacob Behr. Although Sofia does not live with her family anymore, they are still quite a loving and supporting bunch. They want to see Sofia go down the right path, this family has yet to realize what they will soon uncloak.

“A joint wouldn’t hurt” Blondie pondered to herself as she pined for an external, unnatural force of pleasure. This desire thrived within her bones; the marrow had been sucked out from beneath her skin. She gave in. She had rolled a small one, half of a regular sized joint. After smoking it, all she felt was her guilt building up faster than the next joint she started to roll. The second attempt was still not a success. The joint had been too fat and she couldn’t finish it, thus a new endeavor had been set out to roll the perfect joint, and precisely that, she did. This joint that had been “just right”, although it was enjoyable, did not suffice her overall need of a trip.

 She dabbled in some MDMA and was enjoying a night out with her friends, only to conclude that half a pill had also not been adequate for her needs. Blondie then took three pills and wolfed them down her throat. Thankfully, it had been too much for Blondie to swallow and she immediately spit them back out. She then took one whole pill, nailed the dosage and had herself a terrific night. This drug still did not serve her needs of escape.

Ultimately, Blondie drifted towards the syringe. She was scanning her arm for her most prominent vein located on her upper forearm. She stuck the needle where she thought it had been, later to realize it was too puny. She went out on the lookout once more and found a vein that was brimming and juicy. It had also been to pliable therefore the tip of the needle could not grasp onto it. After minutes of searching, Blondie found a sizeable, ripe vein, where she then proceeded to inject it with magical milk. “Just right” she muttered with glistening eyes that rolled back like two ruby-coloured cue balls. Who knew one can feel every singular electrical milligram enter their body, as if they were gracefully flowing through what felt like intertwined veins all throughout my anatomy, Blondie apprehended. Blondie, unaware of the evil drugs cunning, was obliviously waiting for her doom.

 Subsequently, that evening had not resulted in just a loss of morality, but a close loss of Sofia. Sofia awoke with her family, the three Behr’s overlooking her almost-dead-body on the frigid tiles of her kitchen floor. Sofia, frightened of what her family would think of her, ran into her bathroom and erupted in sorrow and self-hatred.

 This near-death-experience was a calling for a greater, substantially purifying existence.

 Blondie moved to Thailand to work on her spirituality and becoming one with herself and the universe while her family continued on with their average, well-meaning day-to-day life.