

*Everything I Never Wanted to Be* by Dina Kucera  
Excerpt from Chapter 7: "High on Life"

Carly and Andy moved into their own apartment. I had a feeling something was wrong because we hadn't heard from them in a while, and when we went to the apartment, they didn't answer the door.

Then on Mother's Day, I got a phone call from Carly.

*Carly: "Hurry and come pick me up. Hurry." Then she hangs up. I get to the apartment, walk around the corner to their building, and I see Andy sitting in the dirt, covered with blood and crying. There are people from other apartments standing on their balconies looking down at him.*

*I run to him and say, "My God! What happened?"*

*He stands up, still crying, and says, "Happy Mother's Day." And walks away.*

*I think, Holy shit, and run up to the apartment. Carly is standing there, intact, no blood, but the entire apartment is destroyed. Every single thing is broken. There is glass everywhere. All the furniture tipped over, broken, like nothing I've ever seen before.*

*I put Carly and her dog in the car and take them to my house. On the way, she explains that she and Andy have been using meth to get off heroin. Andy thinks that Carly is a police officer and she is setting him up, so he destroyed the apartment. He actually thought the dog had a recording device planted under its skin somewhere.*

*We get home and no more than four hours later, Andy calls. Carly talks to him and then hangs up the phone and says she has to go back with Andy.*

*I know enough to know this means that she's beginning to withdraw, therefore she has to get back to the apartment. Carly says Andy is really sorry and she loves him and they*

*are going to get clean together.*

*Andy comes to pick her up, and because Carly is now legally an adult, there's nothing John or I can do. Of course, we scream at her the entire time it takes Andy to come to pick her up, and then we scream at him. Then we watch them drive away.*

*Over the next week, I convince both of them to go into separate rehabs. I make arrangements for Carly, and Andy's family makes arrangements for him. We move them out of the apartment, and they both go into treatment.*

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The decision-making part of the brain of an individual who has been using crystal meth is very interesting. When Carly and Andy were in their apartment, they ran out of drugs. They sold every single thing they had except two things: a couch and a blow torch.

They had to make a decision because something had to be sold to buy more drugs. A normal person would automatically think, Sell the blow torch. But Andy and Carly sat on the couch, looking at the couch and looking at the blow torch, and the choice brought intense confusion. The couch? The blow torch? I mean, we may not need the blow torch today, but what about tomorrow? If we sell the couch, we can still sit wherever we want. If we move some of this glass, we could sit on the floor, or on the kitchen counter, or on the window ledge. But the blow torch? A blow torch is a very specific item. If you're doing a project and you need a blow torch, you can't substitute something else for it. You would have to have a blow torch, right?

In the end, they sold the couch. So when we moved them out, that was it: a blow torch. Although moving someone when all they have is a blow torch makes for an easy move.