

I woke up sweating.

Opening my eyes, I swung my feet over the edge of my bed, and reached for my bedside drawer. As I took the bottle out, I popped in a few pills feeling energized and ready for a new day. Shuffling towards my vanity, I stared at myself, admiring my high cheek bones and dark brown hair that fell in waves framing my face. I heard my mother call and wasted no more time in getting ready.

I woke up sweating.

I opened my eyes, smiling as I took in some more pills feeling ready for what awaits. As I moved towards my mirror once more, I dabbed some foundation onto my porcelain skin, and mascara on the thin brown eyelashes that surrounded my sea-green eyes. I heard my mother call and bounded down the stairs to meet her smiling face.

I woke up sweating.

With my eyes open, my smile dimmed as I stared at my bed-side table. Consuming some pills I groggily made my way towards my vanity. I was surprised to see my usual vibrant eyes, dull and lazy and my naturally pink lips paling, in dire need of chapstick. I almost missed my mother's calls, and when I glanced at the clock I noticed that I was almost late.

I woke up sweating.

I lay in bed with my eyes shut for a few blissful moments before I opened them. I didn't even look over as I grabbed my pills and put them in my mouth. Slowly getting off my bed, I carelessly tied my waist-length hair into a pony tail and made my way down the stairs only to find my mother's worried face.

I woke up sweating.

I opened my eyes with a feeling of disgust deeply burrowed in my stomach. Without a second thought, I opened my drawer to find I was low on pills. I popped in the few I had left, grabbed some money and a hoodie and left without a single sound.

I woke up sweating.

Almost as if on instinct, I kept my eyes closed as I blindly reached for my pills. Stuffing them in my mouth I walked towards my vanity to get ready for a day I'd rather not face. Picking up my mascara brush, I attempted to apply it to my eyelashes but found it impossible with my constantly shaking hands. Giving up, I left my face the way it is and made my way down the stairs, ignoring my mother's calls.

I woke up sweating.

I kept my eyes closed, not wanting to wake up from my blissful state. My cravings and urges were too strong to ignore, and I gave in, almost instantly reaching for the pills that now shaped my existence. As I put some in my mouth, I decided that I had no energy to face the day and I closed my eyes once again, hoping to block out my surroundings.

I woke up sweating.

Frantically reaching over to my bed-side drawer, I opened my eyes only when I found what I was looking for, firmly grasped in my hand. Gently shaking it, I could still hear some of its contents dancing about, almost as-if they were asking me to put them to a better use. Making my decision, I pulled it towards me, only to drop it due to my frail, shaking hands. Hesitating for only a moment, I mentally swore as I leaped out of my bed scrambling to pick up all the scattered pills.

I woke up sweating.

My mother found the pills, found me unconscious as I lay on the bed, chest moving with shallow breaths. She sent me here, to "get better". But, was I ever really sick?

I woke up sweating.

I felt disgusting, as bugs crawled up my skin in little never ending circles. The consistent buzzing in my head and clammy hands that pushed me down, strangling me, all while keeping me from my freedom. I reached for the pills but they were not there.

I woke up sweating.

Numbness had taken over me, filling my insides till I no longer could breathe. My eyes refused to open so instead, I faced the nightmares my mind was able to conjure up and display to me. I cried, but no one could hear me and no one could see.

I woke up sweating.

I finally opened my eyes, and discovered I wasn't in my room. I searched, first calmly, and then with aggression as I found no trace of my pills. I fell screaming as people rushed in and pushed my back to my bed, stabbing me with needles from different directions.

I woke up sweating.

I didn't open my eyes. I didn't look for the pills. I didn't dream. I didn't think. I just lay there willing for someone to take me away before I internally killed myself.

I woke up sweating.

I acted perfect today. Made it look like everything was all right. If I wanted my pills I needed to get out. Sat through group therapy and acted like the perfect angel.

I woke up sweating.

It took weeks, but I'm finally out. I reached over to my table and took out the pills I was so used to seeing. Popping in more than a few into my mouth I satisfied the itching cravings I've had for the past few weeks. Getting ready, I skipped down the stairs never having felt better.

I woke up sweating.

They are the only thing that consumes my mind. I can't seem to function without them, so instead of wasting my time with petty thoughts, I reached over and dropped a few into my mouth. Swallowing, I dragged myself to my vanity, to stare at the face that was once alive. With cheeks sunken in and grimy hair only reaching my shoulders I can't help but think what if I never took them?

I woke up sweating.

I wasn't in my room and I wasn't at the hospital. Where-ever I was, it was hot and suffocating. Standing up, I wobbled as my head throbbed and I began my search for pills. Something panged within me as I never heard my mother's call. Exiting the house, I carelessly wandered the streets in need of a bath, wearing clothing that was far too big for my boney figure. As I crossed the road, not bothering to even glance at the on-coming traffic, I slowly made my way back to my house, up the stairs and into my room to sleep away my worries.

I woke up sweating.

I followed the same routine every day. Wake up. Will myself to go back to sleep. Take my pills. Get up. Get out.

I woke up sweating.

I stared ahead with glassy eyes not able to make a sound. I thought about what my life has become, how it has become and where I have brought myself. I thought of my mother, my friends and my life. I thought about how all I did was pop a few in my mouth to throw everything else in the garbage. I thought about how different it could have been, how different *life* could have been. And as I thought, I let a single tear slide down my cheek as I closed my eyes, hoping to never open them again.

I woke up.

Opening my eyes, I happily swung my feet over the edge of my bed and rushed to vanity mirror. A sighed in relief as I saw my face intact and beautiful with luscious hair

framing my face and eyes that matched the ocean. As I skipped over to my bed-side drawer I reached in to take out my bottle of pills. Un-capping the lid, I dropped a few into my hand pulling them towards my mouth. Staring at the pills, I paused.