

Escaping Rehab.

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Categoría: Intriga / suspense

Publicado el: 08/02/2013

Charlie was heading for the near by grocery store when a sudden haste in his pace was clearly notable from a far distance. There was something troubling him, I could see it. As he reaches the channel he comes to a halt and kneels. I could see that he was going down inside the gape. His head turned to watch out for observers, but apparently he could not see that I scoped him with my gaze.

I ran to the sewer to try to catch him on the move. When I reached the slope he was not visible around. He must've gone deeper in. I climbed down and reached the entrance of the conduit, but the queasiness in me for the different types of insects kept me from wanting to head forward any more. The other side of this sewage segment reaches a pond filled up with murky water and a whole lot of bushes, harboring rodents and nests of uncertain species. With edginess in my stomach I decided to peek inside a bit. I walked about twelve steps meekly and wary, then I picked up the pace until I got to the other side. This also stream, but to the left another hole appeared. I walked swiftly to the access and as I got near took a precautionary measure to avoid been spotted by him. I fairly peeped inside of there, when without been caught I spotted Carlos kneeling and poking in search of something. His hasting was unnerving and frightening. He was moist in sweat. I saw him pull out what it looked like a plastic box from inside one of the brick holes. He then took out from his right pocket a shinny red lighter and set it on the ground as he prepared a can of coke, using a needle to poke in holes.

The metallic clank was like an omen. In every crack head's life it was like the gateway to their grace; a sound that defined the start of a trip to the never world or to their own private amusement park. He had a chunk on the can. He lit up, and when he inhaled he seemed as if his own time had bee seized. He winced and with sudden glare as if a rush of panic went through his veins. His face reddened by the heat in him that made him sinister and strange. For a while his head was searching the ground as if he'd lost a piece of crack and was determined to find it.

Of all the things that make an addict a repulsive being is that their actions driven by an unquenching thirst for whatever drug they use can be very offensive and obnoxious. For the most part their will becomes a slave of it and their soul is beseeched[U1] like a place in a drizzle rain.

Carlos, a boy that life hasn't treated very delicately, is having a difficult time coping with the rules of the center. He often speaks back to the service dudes. His diligence around is not a very cooperative one. When he is told about a chore he often discusses about the way to perform it. He then does it half right, but mostly finishes his activities. Last night he'd been telling me about his family. That they were all scattered inside of the republic[U2] and how sometimes he wished to be visited; although the last time he'd been paid a visit was eight months ago.

He utilized the needle to poke in the rock, breaking it in smaller portions. He then put a slice on the exhaust[U3] and lit up fire on it. His paranoia grew ominous as he started trancing into a daze as his body began to shudder and his stiffen fingers gave him the quintessence[U4] of a wicked person.

[U1]Como un asuplicar.

[U2]Mention the republic when speaking of mex.

[U3]The holes in the can.

[U4]La esencia de.

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