

Disclaimer: This is a recollection of events that are all 100% true. No embellishment has been added to the story. This is crucial information as a lot of the events seem unreal and outrageous, but I assure you they are all real. All names and locations have been changed for the protection of individuals associated with this work.

I've always liked drugs. There hasn't been a day in my life after age thirteen that I wasn't thinking about them. When I was 12 years old I smoked marijuana for the first time. A friend of mine had stolen a joint from his older brother, and we smoked it together under a highway overpass. It was my first time ever being intoxicated, and I loved it. I had only taken two hits, but I was higher than I have ever been, even to this day. I remember giving the joint to my friend, and then immediately forgetting that I had smoked. A weird dream state had encumbered my mind, everything seemed foreign, unique, and new. I was scared at first, I remember telling my friend "I feel high, but I don't even remember smoking." Unaware of the contradictory nature of my statement. I quickly relaxed though, and let the winds cover my body like a cool blanket on a winter's evening. It was safe to say that I loved the feeling, and I was desperate to feel it as often as possible.

It started out innocent enough, my friend and I would smoke whenever he could get his hands on some of his brothers stash. But on the eve of our Junior year of high school, his brother had went away from college. We were desperate to find a reliable dealer, and so we asked around the school. We approached some of the seniors and asked if they could help us out, and after assuring them that we were not narcs, that's when they told us of a man named Eko.

Eko was not his real name, but it was the name he had given himself in order to retain his anonymity. Apparently Eko had graduated from our High School a few years ago. He was now 21, and was paying his way through life by selling drugs.

We were told that if we wanted to get some weed that Mac, one of the Seniors, was going over to Eko's house after school, and that one of us could tag along. My friend made up an excuse as to why he couldn't go, and It fell upon me to score us some bud for the coming weekend.

The rest of my classes for that day went by incredibly slowly, I was thinking of all of the negative things that could happen to me at a drug dealer's house. That he might shoot me, or stab me, or lace my weed with heroin. It was no lie that I was incredibly afraid of going to his house, but I knew that my friend and I's weekend depended on us scoring some herb. So I shook my fears and prepared for anything.

The final bell rang, and I left my school and awaited the Senior that was taking me to Eko's home. He finally arrived, we both got into his truck and left the school parking lot.

Our school was kind of lower lower middle class, we had a very high minority population, and I was one of maybe 100 white kids in our class of 500. There was no racial tension in our school, but I still had to keep my head up when I went into the shadier parts of the

city. Seeing a white teenager in some parts our city was a rare sight, I often got looks of befuddlement, as if they were trying to say to me “Boy, what the fuck are you doing here. You are gonna get killed.” But I was never really afraid, I grew up in this city, I liked this city, and I especially liked the people in this city. Everyone was friendly, and they made some damn good food.

We had been driving for around twenty minutes, and we finally pulled up to Eko’s house. I was quite surprised. Because of my human prejudices, I had expected him to live in the “not to nice” part of town, which is the way us white people say the ghetto. But instead, he lived in a pretty nice neighborhood, a lot better than where I lived. His house was on par with most upper middle class suburban homes. It had a nice green lawn, a large garage, and a gold Mercedes Benz parked in the driveway.

Mac threw his truck in park and hopped out onto the ground. He began walking towards Eko’s house but turned around to see that I was still in the car. He looked at me and said “You coming?” I shook off my awe, exited the car, and followed Mac to the door.

Mac knocked on the door and I heard footsteps coming down the stairs from within the house. I then saw the door protrude the slightest bit as Eko looked through his peephole. The door moved to its original position and the sound of locks came out of it. The door opened and Eko stepped out.

He was an interesting looking man. He was a little over six feet tall, had red Michael Jordan basketball shoes, and wore a red Chicago White Sox’s cap. His skin was a lighter shade of black, but he was still obviously african american.

“Wassup, thinking you can be showin up without any notice. Why you think I own a pager mother fucker, to be paged!” He said to Mac.

“Sorry man, I thought you were used to me showing up on fridays by now. Been doing it for three months now.” Mac Replied

“Shit changes man. What’s the point of me buying a mother fucking pager, if mother fuckers aint gonna page me?”

“Sorry Eko. Won’t happen again.”

“Damn right, got me thinking this mother fucker’s a waste.” He said, tapping his pager. Eko’s glance shifted to me, and a very serious look grew on his face. “Now who the fuck are you?” He asked in a incredibly intimidating tone.

“Uhh, Daniel. Nice to meet you Eko.” I replied, stuttering over my words. I extended my hand out to him, but he ignored it and looked back at Mac.

“Mother fucker what you thinking?” He said to Mac in a stern tone. “Bringing strangers and shit over to my home and place of business without even fuckin’ pagin a motha fucker first. I oughta cap a mother fucka for this amount of disrespect.”

“I’m sorry Eko.” Mac replied, looking at his feet. “I didn’t think you would mind.”

“Wouldn’t mind!?!?” Eko yelled. “You thought I wouldn’t mind you bringing a strange ass white boy to my home, my home where volatile business operations are undergone in. You thought I wouldn’t mind?”

Mac continued to look at his feet, his face drenched in shame. An eerie silence grew over our conversation, and Eko’s face remained in a dreadfully serious demeanor. He walked closer to me, his eyes glared through the back of my skull. I felt his look penetrating my psyche. He put his face only inches away from mine, so close that I could feel his warm breath on my nose. He stood there for a second, and spontaneously a carefree smile erupted on his face. He started to chuckle and backed away from me, making his way to the door.

“Of course I don’t fucking mind, never say no to a new customer. Get yo mother fucking assess in here.” He laughed, as he held the door open for us to enter. Mac and I were both laughing nervously at the situation. But I still felt that Mr. Eko was not happy that I was there.

We entered his house and Mac led me to Eko’s living room. We both took a seat on his long couch. I saw Mr. Eko begin to close the door, but then reopen and peak his head through.

“Yo Bernard, what the fuck you say?” He yelled, at what I would assume is his next door neighbor. I heard something being said next door, but I couldn’t make it out. “Yeah, Yeah dawg I hear you. Come by in a bit, it’ll be ready.” Eko closed the door and made his way to the living room, he sat down in the chair across from us.

“I didn’t get yo name mother fucker.” Eko said to me. “What you say it was? Donald? Dante?”

“Daniel” I interrupted. “I go to the same school as Mac.”

“Aight Daniel” Replied Eko. “What you looking for on this fine, titty fuck worthy of a day?” I was quite confused at his metaphor, but I found it a rather interesting way to describe the type of day it was.

“I’m just looking to buy some weed.” I said, trying to be as casual as possible, like I had done this a thousand times. “Like five grams.”

“Aight I get it.” He replied. “And Mac im assuming your here for the usual?” Mac nodded his head. “Aight, hold up a second, let me do some mathematics and shit” Eko said as he stood up from his chair and made his way into his kitchen. He began talking to us from the Kitchen as he opened up a myriad of cabinets and shuffled things around.

“Yo, Mac and his white friend, y’all want anything to sip on?” He said, yelling around the corner. “Pipes been spitting out rust, and plumber ain’t gotten here yet, so I can’t offer any water. But I got a couple forties in the fridge and some coke… Like the cola kind, not the nose kind.” He paused for a second. “Well I mean I got the nose kind, but I don’t think you gon be wanting to drink it.”

“Nah man, I’m fine. Thanks for the hospitality though” Said Mac.

“What about yo white Friend… Daniel, he want anything.”

“No I’m okay. I appreciate the offer though.” I said as genuinely as possible.

"Shit man, I can sense yo whiteness without even seeing you. Good thing though, ain't nothin worse than a white man tryna' to pass off as a brotha." Eko replied, still shuffling through his cabinets.

He eventually came back into the living room with two bags. Inside one was the best looking nug I had ever seen. It looked as though it was nearly the size of my palm, the flowers were tight and incredibly green, with a tiny purple crystals all around. In the other was a small white rock. It didn't look like crack, so I assumed it was cocaine that had just been cut off of a brick.

Eko sat back down in his chair and dropped the white rock onto the scale that was placed on his coffee table. He rotated the scale and pointed the digital display towards Mac.

"Eight, bag weighs in at .3 g's" Eko said. "So that's why its reading at 1.3 grams, don't be thinking I tossed in any extra, cuz with yo reputation of payment. Shit you lucky I weigh it to a G at all. That'll be \$60 my friend, but don't forget to tip... Nah just kidding, but hell I wouldn't refuse it either." Eko laughed as Mac pulled out three folded twenties and handed them to him.

"Pleasure doin' business with you" He said, smiling. "But that's it for the week mother fucker, you know the deal. 1g a week, no more. And If I hear the slightest hint of you copping more from some other bitch, I'll throw the motha fuckin hammer down on yo ass."

"Alright man, chill." Replied Mac.

"Nah bitch you chill. I ain't tryna build addicts here, I'm just tryna' provide you with a night of fun, not a lifetime of misery. So no Mac. I won't fucking chill." Replied Eko. "That is some primo shit, Escobar himself would be jealous of that snow right there. Take it easy on that shit the first few times, ain't like that baking powder you usually snorting."

"Eight man. Understood."

Eko glared at Mac, as if he didn't believe that Mac's sentiment was genuine. Nonetheless he threw the bag of coke into his lap. Mac picked it up and examined it while smiling a devilish grin.

Eko placed my bag on the scale, but it apparently did not meet his satisfaction, as he begun picking more herb from a larger back and placing it inside of mine.

"What year you in?" He asked me in a very serious tone.

"Uh, I'm a junior. In high school." I replied nervously.

Eko stopped placing herb into the bag and looked up at me. "You a junior? Mother fucka the SAT is scheduled for next week. You tryna go to college aren't you?"

"Yeah... I guess so."

"You guess so? Mother fucker you best be goin to college. Best not end up like this goddamn loser," He pointed to Mac. "whose only plans involve gettin' high and gettin' pussy. I regret not starting college sooner, just enrolled last semester. Gonna be an economist."

"Wow, that's great. Good for you" I said.

"Goddamn right it's great. Now here's the mother fucking deal as it lies. Imma give you two grams for \$20. But you best only be smoking it, after you study for the exam.' He said. "And then, once you finish taken the SAT. I'll cop you the other three for nothing."

"You mean free" I replied.

"Yes I mean free mother fucker. But only if you a man of your word. Only smoke after studying, and don't even fucking think about puffin the dragon on the night before, or day of the test. Believe me, I'll fucking know."

"Yeah." I said. "Yeah totally, you have my word."

"You best not be a lying mother fucker." He said under his breath.

Eko removed a decent portion of the flower until it weighed in at two point three grams. He tossed me the bag and I handed him twenty dollars. Me and Mac began to leave, but before we did Eko grabbed me by the shoulder and turned me around. He reminded me once again the rules of our deal, only after studying, and not the night before or the day of the test. I nodded, and Mac and I left.

I honored his deal completely. I didn't smoke before studying, or on the night before or day of the test. And just as I had honored my promise, he had honored his. He gave me the extra three grams at no cost right after I finished taking the SAT. He told me to smoke up, that the SAT is stressful, and I deserve to relax. My friend and I smoked all three grams that night, and I had a feeling that this dealer was quite different than the others.