

*In this piece, Tabitha diligently worked to portray a vivid picture of what it is like to fall in love. She analyzed sentences and carefully chose the right words to enhance the ability of the reader to completely understand every emotion that the character in the story is feeling.*

*~ Jess Struve, Tutor*

## **Love is Like a Drug**

By Tabitha Lederer

Love is like a drug, with all its highs and lows. This is what I am thinking as I sit in front of him. I can tell because I can feel the effects of this drug making my heart race. He sits in front of me talking to me about Shakespeare. I do not understand much of what he is talking about and yet I am enthralled by his every word. I find myself picked up by his sentences, floating amongst his words. They carry me to his eyes big, brown, and beautiful, which I cannot help but stare at. I feel like I could fall into them, and I do. They absorb me and I see what he sees. I look at myself, sitting there with a goofy smile and glazed eyes as if I were high. I look like a fool. Ignoring the self that is sitting across from him, I decide that as long as I am in here I may as well explore. I hop into the red elevator and go up. The first room I walk into is a library of shelves and filing cabinets. Row after row of knowledge. Holding everything he has learned throughout his life, from school studies to life experiences. I roam around looking at what he knows, expanding my own knowledge. I find a room to the left and wander in. It is filled with videos and pictures. I sit watching memories, crying when he cries and laughing when he laughs. I could spend a lifetime in here getting to experience everything he went through, though I do not have that kind of time so I return to the library. I wander to the back and find another room. This one has a sign that says "Adults Only." Curiosity gets the best of me and I poke my

head in. It is dirty and disgusting and I leave immediately. He is a guy, so can I blame him? I walk back through the library and into the elevator. I press a button and it takes me down, down, way down. I can feel the pulsing before the doors even slide open. When they do, I am hit by a wave of heat. In it I can feel passion, honesty, playfulness. It is a large room, with walls of crimson, and cherished items on display. This museum is buzzing with people and yet I find it welcoming, daring me to set foot inside. I am embraced immediately, feeling a love so strong and so new I never want to leave. I hear something in the background. Someone is calling my name. I feel myself being pulled away. I fight and struggle against it, desperate to stay amongst the warm, loving feeling and the buzz of the people, but my efforts are futile. I'm being picked up by the words again. I float with them out of his body and into my own. He noticed that I drifted off and brought me to reality. I look at him angry that he brought me back to my own body and away from that euphoric place. Then I notice he is smiling, and I cannot help but smile too. I wrap my arms around him and he wraps his around me, and I am back. I can once again feel that warmth, the passion, the honesty, and the playfulness. It envelopes me and I feel at home.

\* \* \* \* \*