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Love hurts

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Love hurts

I just got over a love affair. Not with someone new; actually, she was an old friend. I used to visit her frequently and even lived with her for a while. At first it was infatuation. I couldn't help but notice her sleek design and her flashy way of dressing. It simply drove me wild. Then I realized that the infatuation was dying and the love was growing. I'd see her in the strangest places, too. She'd hang out in bars, shopping malls, restaurants, and other places. Everywhere I went she was there, and it drove me wild.

Then it happened. I went to a bar the other night and some other guy was with her. I don't

know why. I'd always try my best when I was with her, but I guess that wasn't good enough. I couldn't believe it. She was standing there acting like a prostitute, charging him money to be with her. I was outraged. How dare she do this to me! I was so upset, I just had to talk to her and tell her how I felt. When I got to her I realized she had changed. She was no longer the decent girl I once knew. She was now a girl with no morals. She was lost to the lust for money. She resorted to flashing her lights at every thing that walked by. She even turned into a kinky sex pot, one who engraved the names of everyone who had done the best with

her upon her chest. She made me sick. I didn't say a word to her, I just turned around and walked away. She tried to get me back by flashing her lights, but I wouldn't turn around. I was free once more. I escaped her deadly clutches.

There are thousands of others like me, thousands who become addicted to this woman. They spend hundreds of dollars on her each year. Luckily, I saw the light. I've broken the chains. I've given up video games.

Dan O'Brien is a freshman, planning to major in journalism, from Hanson, Mass.