



The Noble Architect Foundation

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Conversations with My Daughter “I didn’t know Heroin can kill you...”

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T: Dad, remember the Oxy Clean Guy?

Dad: The Oxy Clean guy?

T: The guy you said “likes to scream from the top of his lungs.”

Dad: Yeah, yeah.

T: He died.

Dad: I know, he died a while ago, though.

T: No he died last week when we were on the plane.

Dad: I guess you heard it on the plane while we were flying in.

T: Yes I heard that he died of heart attack.

Dad: He died of heroin overdose; drugs caused his heart to stop working.

T: But, I heard it on the news last week!

Dad: It was a while ago! What they show on the airplane is not news. They put together bits and pieces of entertainment news to keep people interested. What you watched was clips from a while back. There’s been more updated news about him; he died of drug use.

T: But you said heroin.

Dad: Heroin is a form of drug.

T: I didn’t know heroin can kill you!

Dad: What – do you know - about heroin?

T: It’s a drug!

Dad: Funny! Witty! Heroin is a narcotic; it’s a drug. Once you use it your mind and body gets dependent on it and as you use it your brain cells die. People who use it often are called heroin addicts and sooner than later, they die; their life is shortened because they use heroin.

T: Can cigarettes kill you too? Because you told your aunt that she is addicted to cigarettes.

Dad: Yes, cigarettes can kill too.

T: So your sister...

I interrupt...

Dad: I hope not! I hope she stops.

T: Dad, have I seen an addict?

Dad: Yes in Los Angeles – remember I showed you the homeless people under that bridge?

T: When you got lost?

Dad: We got lost! I was showing you around - we got lost.

T: All homeless people are addicted?

Dad: No. Actually, the face of heroin is not always destitute.

T: I don’t know what you’re saying.

Dad: Let me give you an example... let me tell you a story...

T: Awesome! I love your stories.

Dad: When I was in college, I went to a night club one night.

She interrupts...

T: How old were you?

Dad: Old enough to get into the club.

T: 18?

Dad: In my twenties. So I was by the bar waiting for my friend to return from the bathroom and a very beautiful, well dressed girl approached me and asked me if I want to try some drugs with her.

T: Oh!

Dad: Yeah...I gave her a dirty look and said get away from me... move...move! And she quickly disappeared. I think I scared her off!



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Laughs uncontrollably!

T: Did she know you're a black belt?

Dad: No! I wasn't going to fight with her... I just wanted her out of my sight. So drug addicts are not always homeless people living on the street. Now, listen carefully, that pretty girl was one of two things; she could have been an undercover police officer or a an addict and drug pusher.

T: Police officers sell drugs?

Dad: No! No! Undercover police officers pose as drug pushers to arrest drug users.

T: Oh!

Dad: That's not important right now. The moral of the story is that drug pushers have many tricks up their sleeves and try to deceive you and trick you into using the drug. They send attractive women to lure men and they send well dressed, well spoken, attractive men to lure girls and women. They, also, hang out around schools and give free samples to school kids. Once you use it that's it! You lose control of your life and in many cases it's impossible to get back to normal. Let me tell you the funny part.

T: There's a funny part?

Dad: Oh yeah...I guess my friend saw me when I was talking to that druggie-girl when she was leaving the bathroom and asked me why I was talking to another woman.

T: Why is that funny?

Dad: She was jealous.

T: Her feelings were hurt!

Dad: For the wrong reason!

T: Oh!

Dad: I guess I did not make the point of the story clear...

She interrupts...

T: I understood perfectly, dad. I perfectly understood the moral of the story.

Dad: Good! Drug addicts could look very nice...

T: Got it! You don't have to explain any more...

Dad: Okay...
