I think later in life as time passes by and experiences add up, I realize that the friends I make by my definition of friendship and not that great friends. I had fear of being alone ( or I’d get sad when spent long periods of time without human company), so I surrounded myself with people who were equally free and refitted my schedule with their unhealthy habits to pass the time and not confront my feelings.

This cycle started almost 3 years ago, when I was still not a smoker, just an average kid with too many thoughts and dreams and an unpeaceful mind while I was just starting my college. Dreams of becoming a better programmer and making a well paying career out of it. What went wrong?

Well somewhere along the way, I lost interest in my own dream because it was not making me happier in the present and 2nd because I had nothing else to do initially except from going to college, coding, coming home, and repeating this cycle over and over again. No new meaningful friendships, too lazy to go anywhere or engage in anything productive, but it all changed when I found weed, I had friends, and things to do with friends, and we got to know each other on deeper levels and I picked up every single bad habit I could from my friends to become like them and my side quest of finding balance and peace was also going hand in hand although I never did find balance or peace.

And so everybody who smoked weed was my friend, and with this my friend circle kept increasing in size with everyone being a stoner and I thought this was what I had earned, friends, company and a way out of my loneliness.