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The Addiction of Ryan Howard Beckett

The clock in my room showed 6:43 PM. I sprinted out the door to see many other people running towards the store on a windless, sunny day. I even forgot to say goodbye to my parents, who were on the couch, texting on their phones. I should have left home thirteen minutes earlier, but I must have thought I was fast at running and would get there in two minutes. I hoped that I wouldn't be the last one to get there.

While I was running, I even heard my friend, Edward, tell me that I should hurry up when I was halfway there to the store. I lost all hope in getting one of their new products when I saw the line in front of the store. I had brought all of my money to buy this, but it seemed to me like I wouldn't have any luck to get one. After getting to the front of the line, the cashier proclaimed to the people, "This is the final one, folks! The lucky kid has gotten the last one. We will have more in six months."

I couldn't believe how lucky I was to get the last one. I just wanted to scream in excitement, but I just gave him my money and snatched the item from him. I sprinted back home and couldn't wait to open it in excitement. When I opened the door, I saw my parents sitting on the couch asleep. I closed the door carefully and slowly. My parents usually were tired because they always had a lot of work. I tiptoed to my room without waking them up. I tore open the package of my new video game, and stared at it with awe. The game I had bought was called Dota 2. I had been dying to get the game for so long. From the first time I heard of video games, I had been collecting them. I currently had 360 of them in my room. Out of all of these games, I had the most expectations out of Dota 2. I had heard critics and gamers gossiped about Dota 2 everywhere when it was first announced. Delightedly, I turned on my computer and put the game into the system. I waited and waited, but it kept on telling me to wait because it was downloading. Unwillingly, I forced myself to sleep at 11 PM because it had been downloading for so long.

A loud noise from the living room woke me up. I looked at the clock. It was Monday, 7:30 AM, a nightmarishly school day. I got dressed and went to the bathroom to brush my teeth. After that, I walked to the dining table where my Mom had made me French toast. I greedily finished it, and ran out the door with my backpack to get to my high school.

Seven hours later, the school was finally over for the day and I was finally at home in front my desk waiting for the game to load. There was only six more minutes until the game was ready to be played. I had invited my friend Edward Chen over, so both of us could experience the game without my parents in the house. He was the same friend who had told me to hurry up and get to the game store the previous day. I was one of Edward's closest friends. He had dark blue eyes, brown curly hair, and always wore a clean and stylish outfit to school. Our friendship began when we were in preschool and from then on, we were always friends. He was always the hard working and smart kid, and I was the playful and goofy kid. It was common for anyone to call Edward a nerd. Nobody wanted to be friends with a nerd, but I was the one that wanted to be his friend because he had the same hobbies as me, especially playing video games.

When the game finally finished loading, I heard a loud knock, and ran to the door to open it. Edward was standing in the doorway to my house with a huge bag of Doritos and two bottles of Mountain Dew. I

welcomed him in and led him to my room where the theme song of Dota 2 was playing in the background. Edward seemed to have great timing because the game had just finished loading and was ready for us to play when we entered my room.

We didn't know what time it was, but I guessed we had been playing for around three to four hours. It was the best game we had ever played, but Edward told me it was getting late and that he should start getting back home and have some dinner before going to bed. We saved and turned off the game. My parents came home an hour later, and forced me to go to bed. It was around midnight when I needed to wake up. I needed to finish the game and needed to beat all the players to become the champion. Quietly and carefully, I got out of my bed and ran to my desk and turned on the game, so I didn't wake my parents up. From the master bedroom, I could hear Dad snoring loudly. The snore from Dad sounded like a bear in hibernation. When the game popped up, I logged in and continued my adventure in the game.

For the next few weeks, I couldn't sleep and I needed to play the game. I played to the point that in my adventure, I needed to use real money to buy premium items to beat more players. I eventually found a way to buy my premium items by sneaking into Mom's wallet and used her credit card to buy the items. I actually didn't know how much money I used, but I bet it wasn't a lot. My Mom would never notice that I used her credit card.

When I was in school three weeks after getting the game, it was difficult for me to concentrate during class and understand what the teacher was talking about. All I was thinking about was Dota 2. When Edward saw me having this "strange" attitude, he immediately told me that I was playing too much Dota 2. I had no idea how he knew I was playing during the night, but I told him he was wrong. I continued to tell him he was wrong, but he only ignored me. He told me I should get help before I got fully addicted to Dota 2. All I told him was I wasn't addicted to playing Dota 2 and he was crazy. At this moment of self denial, I became frustrated.

Upon arriving at the front door of my home, I saw my parents holding my Dota 2 package and disk. I asked what they were doing. My Mom told me that they had known about my addiction. Dad stared at me solemnly and said nothing. I continued to ask why they were holding my Dota 2 game. They said nothing and cracked the disk in half and threw it in the trash can with the package. There was a moment of silence, anger and disappointment. I saw a glare of disappointment Dad's face and mixed anger on Mom's face. Eventually, Mom broke the silence, when she screamed, "Ryan Howard Beckett, how dare you play video games and use my credit card! You think I'm stupid, but I'm not. The games you have in your room will all be thrown and destroyed as one of the punishments. We thought you could handle playing Dota 2 as a 16 year old boy, but it looks like you have a game addiction!"

I was dazed, saying nothing. I couldn't believe I had lost all my progress and the game itself. Then, a question arose in my head. Who was the tattler that told my parents about me playing Dota 2? Suddenly, an idea came to my head. Edward! The only person who thought I had an addiction. I couldn't believe what I had just experienced and heard in the house. Anger boiled up, and I had to get away. I abruptly ran out of the house to the train station which was next to the game store. I saw Edward walking up to the platform of the train station, where I stood. "Sorry man, I didn't know the game was worth so much to you," Edward told me.

"You ruined everything, Edward Chen! I hate you! My parents are furiously going to throw all my games away and give me punishments! My game collection of 360 games are gone and so is my life, Edward!"

I didn't even know what I was doing. I jumped onto the train tracks and watched the coming train about to hit me. At the last second I had a moment of clarity, and then I somehow got out of the way. I never forgot this moment because the train that should have killed me, killed Edward instead as he pushed me out of the way. The train that killed Edward also ended my game addiction of Dota 2.