

rowan



Okay, I will start this off since it was my idea. I know it seems kind

of conceited and self absorbed to record yourself like any of us really matters in the grand scheme of things. But we mean something to each other, and as the years fly by, I want to make sure the new generation knows where The Pharos came from, and the meaning behind it all. Okay, so my name is Rowan... my real name is Sam, but Rowan since I wanted to leave Sam behind me. I grew up in a great family with two brothers and a younger sister, like way younger. My life was going great, I had good grades and amazing friends. Then High School hit, and the parties started. My cousin got me to try coke, then weed, then pills, and alcohol. It was a very fun couple years. Time got away from me, my friends moved on, my family wouldn't talk to me. I didn't blame them. I wasn't a nice person. I was stealing and lying and just trying to chase the good times. I didn't want them to ever end. I didn't want to face reality because when I was high, I was happy. That's a lie. I thought I was happy. I was over my boyfriend's girlfriend's house when the bombs hit The Pharos. I was so high I didn't know what was happening. Everyone was freaking out, stealing and hoarding supplies. I was in the back of the pharmacy taking the pills off the shelves. The same pills that could have probably saved some people. I boarded myself up in an RV chasing the tail end of a stupor when they found me. They weren't humans; no human would treat another human like they treated me and the other kids. They were the Jesus-worshipping freaks. Honestly, I don't even know which deity they worshipped, but it wasn't normal. Def a cultic town. The head hanzo looked like Santa, which is why I connected Jesus to them, come to think of it. Anyways, they locked me in this suburban house, there were six other girls. We were all under lock and key and watched like 24/7. I was detoxing at the time, so everything was the devil, but the other girls they were normal. Well, one of them peed standing up. But the others were normal. Still, we were all in the same situation. When I started coming to grasp with reality, Sasha came into my room. Apparently, she did every night. But that night, she was hiding. Each night, the leader of this cult would visit the newcomers in their rooms. Yes, exactly what you think that means. I was sick to my stomach but very much alert. Sasha listened to her door open and the shuffling across the floor. She darted from the back of the door and hid inside the closet. In seconds, my door flung open. I said something, but whatever it was, it wasn't the right thing. That night, I could never get back. But all the nights after that, I nursed myself back to better and planned a way out.... Ahem... I didn't get to do anything before Sasha got too excited and lit the church on fire... Taking her own life in the process. But the rest of us girls got out, we made our way to PRP. Where I stopped, but they kept going. I don't know where they ended up, I hope somewhere nice. But you don't get as nice as The Pharos. I would be lying if I said I didn't stop by the 'nurses office' on my way out the door. Colvin and Dwight found me in an abandoned car off the highway and brought me back to The Pharos. We had a lot of nights together talking and crying; I cried. A lot. But in the end, they helped me accept myself and process the BS that happened to me. With a promise, the only thing I'd touch is the Mary Jane. Hence, my oasis under the library. So The Pharos, Col, Brodie, all of them, they saved my life and countless others, this is to show the future kids that it isn't about the BS you came from but the family you meet along