

2019

# Privacy or Life?

Elorm Augustt

*Xavier University of Louisiana*, [pathways@xula.edu](mailto:pathways@xula.edu)

Follow this and additional works at: [https://digitalcommons.xula.edu/pathways\\_journal](https://digitalcommons.xula.edu/pathways_journal)

---

## Recommended Citation

Augustt, Elorm (2019) "Privacy or Life?," *Pathways*: Vol. 2014 : Iss. 1 , Article 1.  
Available at: [https://digitalcommons.xula.edu/pathways\\_journal/vol2014/iss1/1](https://digitalcommons.xula.edu/pathways_journal/vol2014/iss1/1)

This Essay is brought to you for free and open access by XULA Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Pathways by an authorized editor of XULA Digital Commons. For more information, please contact [ksiddell@xula.edu](mailto:ksiddell@xula.edu).

Elorm Augustt

*Privacy or Life?*

No! Don't do it! It doesn't have to be this way! My voice trembles as I convince my best friend not to pull the trigger to end her life. I don't know where she got the gun, but I am determined to stop her from using it. At first, I was not sure what to do or what to feel. Should I be upset that she feels this way, upset at myself for not approaching the situation earlier, not saying anything. How am I supposed to stop a situation like this? How could I not see this? How could I not see that things were this serious? As I open my mouth to convince her not to do it she pulls the trigger.....but thank God that gun was not loaded. This experience was by far the most life-changing experience of my life. My mindset on not only friendship, but on boundaries and privacy went through three completely different stages before, during, and after the incident.

What led up to this situation were her ongoing problems with her older boyfriend. He was verbally and occasionally physically abusive. Afraid to leave him, my friends stuck it out for two years hoping it would get better, only to find things getting worse and worse. I was always her cover story to her parents. Whenever she would meet up with him or stay at his house, I was the friend she used. She made me promise not to say anything to anyone, especially to her strict parents. I thought I was just being a loyal friend, telling harmless lies to help my best friend be with the person she loved and cherished. At first that is what it was, until the abuse started. At that point, we were all a year in and too deep to find our way out. She promised that she would break up with him and momentarily she did, until they got back together again hoping things would change. She would come to school depressed, tired, in pain. Her straight A's were even starting to slip. I figured the only way I could help her was to keep her from getting in trouble and keep my mouth shut. I thought of it as her business. Who was I to tell anyone about it, and as

a matter of fact who would I tell? Things just seemed to get worse and worse over time. I considered telling her parents, but she reminded me of the promise I made and had to keep.

One week before that day, on our walk home from school, she was saying things like “I can’t take this anymore” and “there’s no point to living”. At the time, I didn’t know what to do about her feeling that way. I tried to comfort her and let her know that everything is okay and convince her to get help or tell her parents, but she didn’t listen. Instead, she said she would handle it and threatened that if I said anything she would tell my parents that I was covering. In my head, I thought that I was doing the right thing for everyone, not knowing what was coming up a week later. That day on our way home she made us go a different route because she wanted to meet her boyfriend. I didn’t understand why at first until she stopped and explained how sad and tired she was. She was oddly nice and gave me things that she cherished, telling me to hold on to them. As I left, something told me to go back, and that is when I found her with the gun in her hand. At the time, I didn’t know what to think. I knew I did the wrong thing by not telling anybody, and I told myself that I wouldn’t make the same mistake again.

After I helped her to calm down, I convinced her to tell her parents, who were shocked and angry but grateful that she was okay. When I eventually got home, I had time to ponder the situation and asked myself why I didn’t tell anybody. I went back to that excuse of privacy and it not being my situation to tell. I knew I made the mistake by allowing myself to be used as a cover story and keeping this to myself when she was going through so much and clearly needed help. My mindset on secrets and privacy changed after that situation. I try not to get involved with secrets or people’s private business because secrets always have a way of coming out and “private situations” are usually never private and always have an effect on someone else. In this situation, her parents would have been the ones to suffer had that gun been loaded.