

I met Lacy Johnson when she was 14, and starting not long after that, she began calling me her best friend. Though she rarely confided in me on a deep level, I trusted her completely. I always believed that whatever she was hiding from me was because she was closed-off to everyone. A few years back, she told me in confidence, that she had a tumor in her brain, and that doctors couldn't get to it, but they could use a laser to get a lot of it, and hopefully keep it small, with maintenance. She asked me not to tell anyone. Over time, she added bits of information to her progress or lack there-of. She later said she developed breast cancer as well. She'd sometimes stop returning calls or answering her door for days or weeks, and then say she had just had a hard-spell. I always told her I wanted to be a part of her hard-spells, too. Then she came to me in tears, saying that she was told she only had 3 months to live, and that her best chance of survival was ozone therapy, which she described in detail. The problem was that while it's available in other countries, it's only experimental here, and would be \$150,000 total. I wanted my best friend to live, so I loaned her what I felt I could- a total of \$7,400. Her response was to insist she'd pay me back double when she got her first big paycheck from selling shows (she claimed to have a contract that guaranteed tens of thousands of dollars as soon as she could get out of negotiations with Film Garden, a company that she said stole one of her ideas). I insisted that she could pay me back my money if and when she got it, but that I wasn't worried about it because I'd rather have her live.

I came to realize it was all a lie. I don't know what she used my money for, but she didn't use it for cancer treatment. I think back to so many things, and realize she has lied for years about many things- making false claims about myself and others to keep us away from each other. She's good at lying. She can smile for weeks, maintaining an endearing personality, and cry almost as easily. She cried to me so many times as she confided in me about her cancer, about how certain friends or boyfriends treated her, and so-on.