

GRADUATION ESSAY

When my parents got divorced I felt lost, only 10 years old with a broken family. My sister is 6 years older than me and she handled it a little different she suppressed her feelings and moved on and slowly let it out in different ways never through drugs though. I also never had a good relationship with my mother, we were never able to talk about anything because she said I was "too young" to understand anything and that put a wedge between us, for years she would use that excuse that "I just don't understand" we always fought and argued about the smallest of things, and we could never come to an agreement on anything. But me on the other hand I suppressed it and thought I was okay until I got into middle school. By then I was 12, my sister 18 and she had the freedom of not having to be thrown around from parent to parent. I didn't. When I got into middle school and started learning what the real world was like that's when my suppressed feelings of feeling lost and not having anyone began to surface. So I turned to drug use, the first time I ever used I smoked weed. I thought it was the greatest feeling ever, all my thoughts and worries seemed to just disappear, until I came down of course. That was the first and only time I had used for, of course only for the moment I thought. I knew I had done wrong and decided I'd be better off suppressing everything once again and just moving on, like my sister right? Well it didn't last for long, I had graduated middle school and realized that none of the friends I had were going to the same high school as me. Again the same feelings of being lost and feeling alone began to emerge, so I decided to try and give weed one more chance, only this time I stuck with it and I let it consume me. I had no idea that, that feeling of weightlessness and freedom would soon turn into the exact feelings I was trying to get away from. That feeling of weightlessness became the biggest weight I could ever imagine. So I had to find another way out and then I tried Xanax, and it brought that feeling back it brought back the feeling of weightlessness and being carefree, and on top of that it came with confidence and an unbreakable hustle. But again little did I realize the toll it would take on me, emotionally, physically, and financially. Of course since I was high all the time the emotional or physical aspect of it never bothered me I just cared about getting high and suppressing everything.

Unfortunately in October of my sophomore year I wrecked a car and totaled it, ironically it was coming back from picking up weed and I thankfully didn't injure myself or the passenger. I was charged for failure to avoid collision with the curb and driving without a license. I luckily did not get charged with grand theft auto. With that happening in my life I thought my mom would make me pay for everything so in a desperate attempt to get money to pay off the bills of the car and support my habit I took it upon myself to start selling. After a couple weeks I had stacked up enough money to pay my bills and support my habits, and then I had found out that my dad had paid for the car and my mom had paid for the court fees I realized that I didn't have to worry about that anymore and my usage increased ten fold. But then my mom said I had to get a job or else I would go live with my dad in Goodyear, and I couldn't let that happen I had everything I had wanted at my mom's I had what seemed to be an endless supply of drugs and money, so I got a job. Which happened to turn out to be my biggest down fall, my use increased even more and I became sloppy with what I was doing. On May 8th of 2015 my mom found me out back slumped over in the chair with a couple ounces of weed and a stack of money, I had been so wasted off of Xanax that I don't even remember falling asleep outside. I woke up thirty minutes before my shift and instantly knew something had gone wrong, so I checked everything and nothing was there. Not my money, my weed, or my Xanax, I immediately went to my mom and started freaking out and she explained what had happened but I didn't believe her, I didn't want to believe her. I was so enraged with her that I left the house and went to work and I have no idea what happened after I left that house. All I know is I got to work, left early and then I was running away from home, I stayed at my friend's house and didn't go home, soon finding out that my mother had called the police and filed me as a run away. There was only one way out that I knew of and that was to go to my dad's. So I went to my dad's and successfully avoided the police. But the worst was about to set in, I soon found out that I had lost my job and my mom was not allowing me to come home. I was in horrible shape, and it never clicked in my head that the drug abuse was the reason for all of this. I spent a

few months at my dad's readjusting myself and getting healthy. After a few months My mom decided to let me back into her house and live with her again. At The time it seemed that i thought could handle myself and I was better and could handle myself better. But it wasn't long before I started using and selling again. I quickly fell back into the same pit I was in before, I immediately fell back into Xanax but my regular usage was a lot more than what it was before. I started taking 8 bars just to feel something but that started to not be enough, but I realized that, that was a big problem and to try and get my mind off of it I picked up a different habit I started using coke. But after about a month of using it the anxiety became so overwhelming that I turned back to the only thing I was used to, Xanax. Once again it became worse than the time before, and then again it wasn't enough so I started drinking on top of the Xanax. About a year later after getting kicked out I found myself getting into trouble again on May 7th 2016, I got myself back into trouble but with the law and I got arrested while staying at a friend's house I racked up 3 charges for myself, 2 class 6 felonies, and 1 misdemeanor. It didn't stop there though my use did decrease a lot after that But I was still getting worse and worse with handling everything thing. And then on July 3rd I got arrested again I don't remember what happened all I know is that I ended up with another class 6 felony and another misdemeanor. Five different charges in two months all because of drug use. But it didn't stop there, although I did finally realize that I needed help and i needed to change my ways it still didn't stop, I did decide to seek help however i got signed up for ASAP and at first I didn't want to be there but at the same time I did and I knew it would be good for me. I tried to stop using but it didn't work, not on my own at least, being in the household I was in with a mother who said she cared to help but didn't want to actually put it into action and help me although she did sign me up for ASAP and pay for it she didn't want to use the tools they were giving us. I would get about a week clean from using either weed or alcohol but i was clean from xanax for about 30 days. Then on August 26th I hit the lowest point in my life, i don't know what was going through my head but I decided to use again, and I decided to use Xanax, that night one of my old friends had hit me up saying they

wanted to hangout and I knew she was addicted to Xanax so i went and picked her up. It had been a long time since I had seen her and she caught me up on her life, she had still been addicted to Xanax but had also started using heroin I didn't think anything of it because I was so focused on getting Xanax. Of course her heroin dealer ended up selling Xanax as well so I decided to buy the bars while she bought the heroin. After a few hours of being high I decided I wanted to try heroin. And so I did, I tried it and instantly loved it, the night went on and I dont remember anything of it I woke up a couple days later on Monday morning to paramedics evaluating me to see if I needed to be taken to the hospital. The paramedics cleared me and all of a sudden police showed up saying that my mom had trespassed me from the house and I had only 5 minutes to get what i could and get out. I filled a grocery bag with clothes and my neighbor took me to my friends house and I stayed with him at his house for a couple days until he got into a fight with his mom and she kicked both of us out. Thankfully his girlfriend let us stay at her house for a few days. It wasn't until August 31st that I came back into reality and wasn't completely wasted anymore. I was messed up for about 5 days straight with no recollection of what had happened, all I knew was I couldn't go home, I wasn't allowed to go home, and that I absolutely needed to change my life. By the grace of God three days later on September 3rd my father reached out to me and asked if I'd like to stay at his house for the weekend, and I knew if I left my friends it would be the best decision i could make for myself to get clean and get my life on track. But I had to prove to my father that I wanted to change. Fortunately he believed that I wanted to change and he could see that I wanted to change my life and he took me back into his home. We made a plan for me to get clean and get my life back on track. I am now graduating from the ASAP program, going back to work, and also finishing high school with the hopes of going to college to become a drug counselor. I still have a lot of work to do to get through this chapter of my life but I know it is for the best. Not only for me but for the people I surround myself with and for my family. Don't get me wrong it will be the hardest thing you will ever have to do but I'm the end you will look back on it and be happy that you made that decision in

your life to get clean. One thing they teach you in school is that drugs will ruin your life and you will lose everything but what they dont tell you is that it doesn't hit you all at once it takes a long time for you to hit rock bottom and my advice for everyone who reads this is DO NOT wait for you to hit rock bottom and to realize you have nothing left, no where to run, and no one to turn to. Because you will regret it even more than you already do, I spent way too many years of my life destroying it to get high. So please recognize your mistakes now and take responsibility and grow up life is way to short to not live it and be alive without drugs. They will only shorten your life and make it worse. You will get through it and you will be okay, and you will come out of it a better person.