

Drugs

For the last few years of my teenage years my belief was drugs were the only escape from hardship. However, that proved very detrimental to my physical and mental health, as well as to my legal situation. I have found that drugs are the worst way to make it through hardship.

First, when I started taking drugs, my mind was at ease. However, my body was taking a beating. Rapidly the scale started showing I was wasting away to nothing. Hunger was not a concern in my life just taking enough opiates to not feel bad was what I did. This punishment on my body soon became serious. I realized I had a major problem with my appearance and overall health.

Second, my thoughts about myself rapidly declined as I realized I was nothing more than a junkie. Motivation was nonexistent in my life.

Suicidal thoughts danced through my mind many times during the day. Depression had completely taken over.

In addition to what was happening to my body and mind, my legal troubles began to mount. Police officers put my house under surveillance because of the company I kept, even though I was not dealing drugs. My house was raided and valuables taken away as evidence—all because the police wanted me out of town. Eventually, I was caught with paraphernalia and charged. It took large amounts of money to keep me out of jail.

In conclusion, drugs had turned out to be the worst way to deal with hardship. As a result of all I went through, my opinion on drugs is totally changed. I realize they only made my life worse than I would have ever imagined.

Ricky Pence
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