



No Control

By Jeana Sanchez

LET ME OUT! I yelled to my dad as he didn't let me go outside in the middle of the night. "Go to bed Jeana, it's not time for you to be outside..." This might be a common scene for parents of 2-year-old toddlers, but not for parents of a 15-year-old teenage girl. Having cancer, doctors gave me a lot of pain medicines to calm my aches—and I was dumb enough to abuse the privilege of having pain meds. Throughout the cancer process I took many pain meds. It got to the point where I was addicted to them and could not be trusted to take the pills myself.

Cancer was not the only challenge I had at the time I was in my early teens. So of course I thought everyone was out to get me—especially my mom. Every time I did get into a tough situation I would just want to be asleep and forget everything that was happening. I learned that being asleep or high wasn't going to help.

There was one incident with my mom when we got into a huge fight so I decided to mix drugs. I took some medicine that was for my mom's headache, some oxycodone, and Benadryl. Three days later I woke up to my mom

watching me. I didn't or don't remember one single thing that happened in the three days. I did, however, have flashes of what happened. They told me that my mom came in my room the day after I took the drugs only to see that I was sleeping. I had slept for one day (my mom had thought I was mad so she didn't check up on me before). She then realized I was high or zoned out, so my mother called my sister so they could go to the hospital with me.

When they got to the doctors, they were very concerned and told my family that I was extremely high and they kept asking what I had taken the night before and why I did it. All I would do is stare at them with a blank stare until they actually made me respond. I told them the only pill I took was Benadryl. They had to take me to the hospital three different times in the span of three days. They told me that I would act crazy. I would go outside and scare little kids off and that I would cuss my parents out and that I would hit the walls and just act obnoxious. Then one of those nights when my mom went in the shower I decided I was going to run away, but my stepdad caught me before

I could and stood by the door not letting me out.

"Let me out!" I yelled to my stepdad as he didn't let me go through the door.

"Go to bed Jeana, it's not time to be outside. Your mom doesn't want you outside. Come on you need to go to bed, just calm down and let's go."

The next day I woke up not knowing what went on the last few days. My mom looked extremely sad and disappointed; my little brothers looked scared to even speak to me. For me, that was one of the worst days to live through, having to ask my mom what had happened and feeling so disappointed because that's not how I would usually act. I was so disappointed in myself. The day I mixed drugs and this terrible accident happened was the last day I used drugs. It doesn't matter how much pain I went through, never again did I want to see the disappointed face of my mother who does and sacrifices so much for her kids to succeed.

When you decide to do drugs you don't just harm yourself, you harm your whole family emotionally and sometimes physically. When I went through all that my body was working, but I had absolutely no control over it. That's what happens when you use drugs. You can't control who you hurt. You can't control your intentions. I was lucky enough to have a family that cares for me and that would forgive me but other people are not so lucky. I will never do drugs again because of that experience. I will always have control of my body and mind. 🚫

ALERT SCHOLARSHIP

Jeana Sanchez is a recent graduate of A.C. Davis High School in Yakima, WA. Alert Magazine congratulates her for winning the Alert Scholarship and we encourage her in the pursuit of her academic goals. We would also like to encourage future seniors to participate in our scholarship program.