



How Marijuana Saved My Life

By Dylan Rollins

IN a way I like to believe marijuana saved my life. I was once a naive little boy who was just trying to fit in with the crowd. A little boy who would give into any kind of peer pressure just to feel accepted by his peers. But I never thought about the consequences peer pressure can bring. The consequences I faced were dreadful, and seemed everlasting, but like they say time heals all wounds. The consequences helped me see the light of what marijuana can bring. I also figured out everything happens for a reason, and this incident that took place in my young life was a blessing in disguise. I was saved by getting caught with possession of marijuana.

Having possession of marijuana can be just as bad as inhaling it. Which a lot of people ignorantly ignore. For example when I was in 6th grade I moved from Portland, OR to Spokane, WA. I had a very tough time making new friends. I was the new kid everyone didn't know, and didn't want to know. Soon after I got situated with my new life I developed some courage to talk to some of my neighbors I lived by. I tried fitting in so hard with my neighbors that

I would've done anything they asked of me. One day they asked me to be the middle man in a drug deal at school, and get some marijuana from their drug dealer. I managed to get the package, but soon after I was caught red handed with the marijuana in my backpack. The consequences I received that day was not worth the quick second hand high I would have received from my friends that night.

The consequences I faced after that faithless event seemed to pile on. For instance, not only was I an outcast at school again, but I was an outcast around my own family because they were so flabbergasted about the events that unfolded in the principal's office that dreadful day. The mistake I made was always on my mind, and I was in constant worry of what was being said behind my back around me. Every time I thought I could put my guard down something else was brought up about that day. For example, my mother and I were watching television silently together. I could tell me getting handcuffed, and put into the back of a cop car was replaying in her head just by her facial

expression she unveiled. Then something on the television was displayed, and it both made us laugh until we were crying, and I believed that was going to be a very impactful milestone for us. Then suddenly the phone rang, and my mother answered it. The facial expression she displayed was utter disgust towards me when she realized who it was. It was someone with upper authority who called and said I had to be at a class next week to discuss, and correct my incident. I went back to being the outcast, and instead of taking a step forward I was forced to take a step back.

Most teenagers believe smoking a common joint on a Saturday night isn't as bad as it is advertised, as opposed to taking the school outcast's lunch money. Marijuana definitely has its share of consequences if it is possessed, or inhaled. I experienced this first hand when I had to spend a night in jail. Although the consequences were resilient, and the legal issues seemed impossible to overcome I truly believe everything happens for a reason. If I wouldn't have gotten caught that day I believe I would have participated in smoking with my so called "friends" later that night. I learned a lot about marijuana from the classes I attended, and its impact it could of had on my in my young naive life. Marijuana could have been the gateway drug for me to trying different drugs while I was still young and foolish. But the consequences I faced showed me the right road to follow, and stick to.

I was so focused on fitting in with the crowd that I would have done anything to feel accepted. I didn't care what consequences I would have as long as I was accepted. But once I got in trouble for taking it too far reality struck, and I realized the road I was taking was not the right road. After the incident I realized where the right road was, and I ran down that road, and now I am focusing on achieving greatness rather than focusing on getting my next blunt. 🚫

ALERT SCHOLARSHIP

Dylan Rollins is a recent high school graduate from Washington. *Alert Magazine* congratulates him for winning the Alert Scholarship and we encourage him in the pursuit of his academic goals. We would also like to encourage future seniors to participate in our scholarship program.