



# The Wrong Road

By  
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At this time, we were so worried we walked outside of my house to get in my car to go and find her, when we saw someone lying under the tree in my front yard. At first, we were scared, but we walked up to her and asked her how she got there. She told us that some guy dropped her off and left her. My mother then saw that she was in the yard and helped us bring her inside my house. We put her into the spare bedroom so she could get sleep and be safe. We went in and talked to her for a while and she told us everything she could remember, and she apologized and said she didn't know what to do. We told her to just go to bed and we could talk in the morning, and so we left her in the room. Later on in the night, we went in to check on her and the window screen was broken out, and she was gone. I got a text from her that said, "Sorry about the window, I love you and I really am sorry." Her phone then died and I was unable to reach her again. She ended up making it home somehow, but the following week at school, I got the news that will haunt me for the rest of my life.

On Thursday morning, the 13th of November, I was told that we had had a crisis, and my friend had died by suicide. As of now, I know the actual dangers of the overconsumption of alcohol, and have experienced how it can change a person. This terrible involvement left me without one of my friends, and a reason to stay away from this dangerous substance. I will always help people when they are in need or going down the same bad path. As far as myself, I never want to put this burden on any other person I love or put myself in danger, and I never will. 🚫

## ALERT SCHOLARSHIP

Zayne Cleveland is a recent high school graduate from Idaho. *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.

**T**HE over consumption of alcohol can send a very successful and happy person down the wrong road. I have been a part of some very tough situations involving a friend of mine, and it didn't end well. I would do anything to change what ended up happening.

I once had a friend that never made the best decisions for herself. I got a call one night while with two of my other friends, from a girl who was babbling, slurring and confused. When I asked where she was, she excitedly told me. "I'm in a park!" The three of us were then furious and worried about her safety. We got in the car and set out to find her. With the little information we had on her whereabouts, we somehow made our way to the park. Her phone was dead and her head was not in the right coherent state. I spotted her, ran out to her, grabbed her and said, "What do you think you're doing?" She was excessively happy, but couldn't walk or think. We got her in the car and

I drove her car back to our house. After she fell down in the front yard a few times, we got her into the house. We got her a glass of water and she wouldn't drink it. She spoke nonsense about Mr. Miyagi, having super powers, and doing what she wants. Eventually we got her to sleep, except at this point in time, the cycle had only just begun. Numerous times after this first event, I got other calls from her while she was very intoxicated and in trouble.

More recently, I was with one of the friends mentioned above at my house, and it was about 1 A.M. I got a call, and thought to myself, "Oh no, not again," and answered. She once again seemed very happy and told me she was on her way to a party. I told her it wasn't a good idea, and all she did was apologize over and over again, then she hung up. She called me again, crying, and said, "Zayne, just hang up," and so I did. I got one last call where she said, "I'm just going to sleep under this tree."