



# Nowhere in the Long Run

By Bianca Sperry

**“WHAT’S THE POINT?** Why would you do it?” she asks me. “It’s the only thing that makes me feel subtle and relax I guess,” I respond. “It’s my only way out of this place I call home.” Many people are unaware of the effects of drugs and alcohol today. Many people seem to think you can start when you want and quit when you want, however, this is not the way drugs and alcohol work.

Thirteen years old... I was only thirteen years old when I first tried marijuana. The peer pressure really wasn't there; it was mainly curiosity. My throat burned, my eyes watered, and I felt as if every tree and plant that supplied oxygen to my lungs was burned down and never was to be returned. The “sensation” as they say, was not the greatest; but it did what I was told. My memories, my past, my present; all disappeared into an empty space in the back of my head. They were not to return until the high broke. As I got older, better and harder drugs were introduced to my friends and I. Acting fearless as always, I tried these drugs no matter what the consequences were. My friends always had their “hook ups” with people to get drugs and alcohol, it was no problem to me if I needed anything. Two pill bottles were stuffed in a shoe box in my closet. I was taking pills whenever it seemed necessary. Oxycodone and Ambien were my best friends at the time; that is until they didn't seem to work as well as I needed them to. The sensation kept getting

smaller, the high kept getting shorter, but my dosage kept getting bigger.

Drinking alcohol became a normal thing for me while taking pills. At the age of 15 I knew what drugs not to take with alcohol, which drugs I could take in public, and which drugs would last the longest in my body. What I didn't know is these pills and drugs dug me into a deeper hole. My grades started declining rapidly as I started to skip school to get high. My friends didn't know who I was anymore. My hair was thin; my bags under my eyes seemed to consume every look of energy I possibly had. I didn't care though; I moved onto taking “X” or ecstasy, because the pills weren't doing much for me anymore. Half of the time I had no idea where I was. The world to me was so cold, deep, and filled with nothing that I could distinguish. I kept running from my problems and solving them with drugs. After I had started “X” I had lost all of my real friends. The only friends I had were addicted to the same or harder drugs. This was perfect for me though because I didn't have to worry about anyone except myself and my drugs. That was all that mattered; that was all I needed. On so many days I would wake up not even knowing I had fallen asleep. When I woke up one morning sober I felt as if I could fall to the ground breaking into pieces. I had no one, I only had drugs. How could I let myself get like this? Tears rolled off my cheeks crashing like waves on my knees as I sat on my bed. This was the

first time I ever tried to quit drugs. I would try to eat or sleep but all I could think about was the high.

I moved to my dad's house on April 2nd, 2010. I hadn't been high for at least 2 weeks. I had a fresh start with new friends, a new school, and a new personality. That was until I made one of the worst decisions I've ever made and went to a party on a Saturday night. The stench of beer filled the halls and rooms. Kids were dancing and falling over. They were kids that were just like me. I failed; I failed to stay away from that nightmare that became reality. I didn't remember much on Sunday. I was only worried about how I was going to get my hands on some pills. I had a way with words and I got my way. Forging my dad's signature on a check I paid my way into fourteen pills of Oxycodone. It all started again. Eventually I had to leave my father's for getting into trouble with pills. I then moved into a small town in North Dakota and met people that for once didn't want to do drugs. Without a dealer or a way of getting drugs, I had to stop. While in North Dakota, I met one person that understood me. She helped me quit. She always knew what to say at the hardest times. With a little confidence, motivation, and self-assurance you can start or stop anything. “What's the point? Why would you do it?” is what I'm asking you.

Drugs and alcohol may be your short-term help, but it will get you nowhere in the long run. There is no point; there is no rhyme or reason. I am now a senior with a 3.80 GPA, graduating and hoping to become a psychologist. Through it all, one single quote has always stuck with me, “Everything is going to be okay in the end, if it's not okay, then it's not the end”. 🍀

## ALERT SCHOLARSHIP

*Bianca Sperry is a recent high school graduate from Richardton, ND. 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.*