



One Hit

By Britta Anable

All I've ever known her to be is a meth addict. I've watched her body deteriorate. I've watched her teeth rot and her hair fall out. What used to be a beautiful and healthy mom is now a pathetic mess because of her addiction.

I was born in Arizona, where my parents had a home and I had a sister who was four years older. A year after I was born, my mom left. She left behind two young daughters and my dad. I don't know where she went to, but she was gone, leaving my dad to take care of my sister and me. While my dad tried to take care of us to the best of his ability, he made poor choices along the way. After him and my mom divorced, he remarried twice within ten years, both wives having addiction problems; one wife was addicted to meth and the other to alcohol and opiates. Needless to say, my dad divorced both wives. My childhood was a little rough around the edges, to say the least, and much of it I choose not to remember. Most of what I do remember involves watching drug use and watching how drugs destroy lives. My whole life I've watched how a nasty drug has taken over my mother's life.

As a young girl, I remember my mom trying to visit just once, but I wasn't al-

lowed to see her. My dad believed it to be a bad idea. At that time I was only six, and I hadn't a clue why. I just thought she was a bad person. Little did I know, I couldn't see her because she was using meth heavily. Other than that, I received no phone calls or visits on my birthdays or on Christmas. I even forgot about her for a few years because I didn't want to have to think about her. As I got older, I saw her more. By the time I was 14, I was living in Washington with just my dad. That year for Christmas, I went back to Arizona to visit my sister. I hadn't known how deep into drugs my mother was when I went down, and my sister told me not to get my hopes up. I knew I shouldn't have, but I did anyway; she is my mom. We planned to meet up with her at her place, which happened to be a dirty little motel in the dumpy part of town. She looked much different than I remembered. All but four of her teeth were missing, her eyes were sunk in, and she was awfully skinny. I was shocked and hurt. I couldn't believe she was doing this to herself and to my sister and me. I hadn't expected her to look like that. It's hard to explain all the emotions I felt at that time, during our visit. I wanted to cry, and yell at her. I wanted to punch the walls and roll up into a ball and never come out. Why was she doing this to us?

How could she? The visit was short and simple and not ever talked about.

Another two years passed without any word from her. I was 17 when I went back to Arizona for Thanksgiving. I saw her just once; we went to breakfast at IHOP. Again, she looked horrible. She had no teeth this time and close to no hair; her body was just deteriorating. The meth was taking over and there was nothing I could do about it. Breakfast was fun however. We had small talk and we joked and laughed. Before that, I had never realized how much alike we were. We had the same laugh, same sense of humor, and we made the same faces. It was a good visit, a fairly good memory of my mother. Sadly, it was just a short time with her, and we had to get back to reality.

I think she would've made a really great mom, but she made that one decision that changed her whole life and many lives around her. She tried meth, and got hooked. Meth took over her life; it controls her. Because of meth, nothing else matters. I've come to find that drug addicts are very selfish and they only think of themselves. Drugs affect more people than just the user. Many families are destroyed and hearts are broken because of drugs. My family sure was, along with my heart. It's hard to think that my own mother didn't have any desire to take care of her daughters. But I have to remind myself that it's the drugs, not her. My mom isn't a bad person, but her addiction makes her out to be. Everyday I pray that some day she'll ask for help, before it's too late. Seeing my own mother like that time after time is very difficult, and it's painful. Because of what I've seen, I have absolutely no desire to experiment with drugs. They scare me, for the chance that my life could be destroyed after one stupid mistake. Anyone's life could be wasted from the use of drugs, even after one hit. ☹

The editors and staff of Alert Magazine wish to congratulate Britta Anable 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.

Sincerely, Alert Magazine, LLC