



# Meth, It's Not Worth It

By Tene Bonser

**A**CCORDING TO a recent study there are 43,107 known drug and alcohol abusers in the state of Colorado. Of those, 1,511 are abusers of methamphetamine (meth), and one of those directly affects my family.<sup>1</sup> Everyday campaigns are revealed, commercials are aired, and billboards are displayed against meth abuse, but still nobody can truly understand the unforgettable, life altering affects that meth has on not just the people who consume it, but everybody around them. It can only be wished that the story of others suffering is enough to make one realize meth is not worth its produced pain, not even once.

Every time my stepbrother came home from his mom's house he was acting out, it took almost a week to get him back on track after each visit, only to return again, and we were getting concerned. When he was six years old he came home from his mom's house after a week long visit, misbehaving as normal, and at a dinner discussion about drugs from my sister's criminology class, he informed us about the step by step process of how to turn crystallized drugs into liquid, which he had learned from his mom. We called social services; they provided no assistance. A few months later he returned home again from a weekly visit, only this time it was worse. He had a perfectly round, slightly larger than an eraser size burn on his inno-

cent little face. In a daze, and reluctant to tell us what happened, he finally broke down articulating that his mom came home in a hurry and put a cigarette out on his face after beating him. Complementing the burn were bruises and hand prints all over his back. We immediately called the police only to be told he was coaxed into telling a story that was not true. Over the course of seven years my stepbrother experienced more than any kid should have to in their whole life, and with social services and the police working against us, we were hopelessly witnessing every second of his abuse. He was exposed to his mom's drunken sex scenes in elementary school. He would run the neighborhood past midnight because he was locked out of his house with his mom nowhere near. He was abused, not just physically, but mentally. He went for weeks at a time with no electricity, no food, no parenting. He continued to act out and every report we filed seemed ignored.

In fourth grade my brother's situation took a turn for the worse. His mom was now involved in the abuse of multiple drugs—mostly meth—and he was experiencing it firsthand. She would take him to meth lab houses where he would have to hide in underground tunnels every time the police came. He would arrive home high from being in the same car his mom was in while she smoked meth. He

lived at a truck stop, out of a sedan car for four days because she was evicted; she was spending every dime she could on meth. He did not eat for those four days, had to drink from the water fountain in the truck stop, and when it was time to come home she made him steal items from the surrounding area to pawn off so she could fill up the gas tank to get him home as well as fulfill her addiction. The night he got home he ate fourteen full-sized burritos, slept for seventeen hours straight, and did not want to tell us what happened. As things got worse, he reflected it. He was doing horrible in school, misbehaving at home, and cutting things when he got angry. After a few occurrences of him shredding my mom's belongings with a razor blade she went to his school counselor for advice. The counselor called him into the office and he broke out in tears, confessing his exploitation, his mother's meth addiction, and his apprehension for her life. The counselor helped us get full custody of my stepbrother, his mom is not allowed to talk to him, and he, along with my whole family, still suffer from the damage of her drug abuse.

My stepbrother is fourteen now, and the last time he saw his mom was in a mug shot a few weeks ago. As of today, she has lost her house and all three of her children, has been arrested on numerous accounts, and has lost unhealthy amounts of weight along with most of her teeth. She has lost her whole life, for what? What could possibly be worth losing everything one owns and most importantly their children? The answer is nothing; there is not a single thing on this planet that could be worth losing your whole life and family, not even meth. ☹️

1 "Colorado: Substance Abuse Statistics." Substance Abuse Treatment Statistics. 2006. 10 Feb 2010. Web.

## ALERT SCHOLARSHIP

*Tene Bonser recently graduated from Branson School Online in Branson, Colorado. 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.*