

Substance Abuse Stressors

Principal Confronts Student about Drug Use

I was 15 years old when I started experimenting with drugs and alcohol. Beer was easy to get since a lot of parents store it in the garage or the refrigerator. Pot was even easier to get since I could get it at school or from my friends' older siblings. I really enjoyed the way they made me feel, especially those days when I felt really stressed out. Sometimes it's hard to handle everything at once. Not only did I have pressure from my parents to do well, but also pressure from sports, school, friends and my girlfriend.

My dad and I never really got along all that well. I never measured up to him and it always seemed like I could never get his approval. One time he grounded me for four weeks after I got a "C" in geometry. I tried my best in that class, but I just couldn't get it. I hated not being able to hang out with my friends and couldn't wait to see them at school. I was miserable on the weekends.

As soon as I got ungrounded, I started drinking more and stayed away on the weekends so my dad wouldn't notice how messed up I was. During the week, I would hide alcohol under my bed and drink it before I went to sleep each night. Every day after school I would go to a friend's house and smoke before going home. I even started smoking on the way to school, and sometimes during lunch.

After a while, I stopped caring about things. I no longer cared about my grades or even sports. I started missing practice and even skipped classes sometimes. I would just stay at a friend's house during those times and get high. I knew my grades were dropping, but I just didn't care anymore. My dad wouldn't know until midterm grades were out.

One morning, as I was walking into school, the principal stopped me and took me into his office. I was so scared because I had some pot in my pocket. He told me he smelled marijuana on me and wanted to know what was going on. I lied and acted like I didn't know what he was talking about. He told me I had one last chance to tell him the truth before he searched me, my locker and my car. He said I wouldn't get into any trouble as long as I told my parents and got some help. He said that my teachers had been complaining about my performance lately and how drastically my grades had dropped. I knew it was finally time to admit that I had a problem; not only to him, but to myself. I couldn't believe I had sunk so low.

Since I was willing to get help, there was no disciplinary action taken at school. The nurse called my mom and talked to her about getting me treatment right away. My mom took me to see a doctor that afternoon. I am now getting help for my depression and drug / alcohol problems. I know things could have turned out a lot worse if I refused to get help. I'm glad someone cared enough about me to get me the help I needed.