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ENG1101

Unit 1: Education Narrative Essay

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A Battle With Addiction

Have you ever seen someone so unrecognizable even to himself? Have you ever seen someone so close to you change for the worst? This is the face of addiction. A painful, agonizing and horrid thing to happen to someone. Unfortunately, I know it all too well.

I remember when I was eight my brother Dylan was the coolest person I knew. He made friends easily and everyone liked him. He had a personality that was so charming. I aspired to be like him. There was no one like him in my mind. He was unique, he was strong, athletic, and kind. He put his friends and family first and would do anything for them. There was no other word to define him as other than my cool big brother. I was so glad to have him as my brother. He was my role model, someone I looked up to dearly.

All of this changed when my brother started to experiment with drugs. This experiment would eventually lead my brother, the pinocchio of the word cool, to waste away in front of my eyes. I remember at the beginning I noticed slight changes in his behavior and mood. His face was changing from a healthy happy smile to an emotionless and sickly grin. I noticed that he started to distance himself from the family. He no longer wanted to participate in family functions and he withdrew progressively each day. At the time, I knew nothing of drugs, I was too young to fully understand the changes that were taking place right in front of me.

My mother started to take notice of this and knew something was wrong. My brother would avoid eye contact with her. He was staying out later and later. He often was angry and would explode at the drop of a hat. This was so opposite of his normal disposition that she knew that something was not right. When she was able to pin down the problem that my brother was experimenting with drugs, the whole household started to dilute into constant screaming and yelling. My mother thought it was an easy fix by just punishing him. This just made him more explosive. His anger made me feel even more confused because I didn't understand the change that was happening to him.. As the days went on, the deeper my brother fell into his addiction. Hence, my brother became more distraught. He started looking paler and his eyes were constantly red. He also had constant mood swings. Now looking back, I believe these were the highs and lows of the drugs my brother was abusing. He was a train wreck. . I was watching the downfall of my brother and I didn't know what to do or how to act in response. I distanced myself from him and withdrew. He was becoming a stranger to me. He was

someone completely different from the one I used to know. As days passed, he just got worse.

This addiction would lead him to use stronger drugs. He started missing school and drifting away from the family even more. Constant untrust and denial began to build up in our house. This only heightened the screaming and yelling. Everything out of his mouth was a lie. We didn't know what the truth was anymore. He started to not care and left tell tale evidence around the house. I am not sure if he did this unconsciously or not. At this point his addiction was too powerful for him to hide. He was being overpowered and drugs now ruled his every waking thought. Nothing else mattered but chasing the next high. Everything else just took a back seat.

Days went on and I could see my brother slowly withering away. He became thin and started to shake. One day he actually had a seizure. My mother was so frightened and called an ambulance. They admitted him to the hospital but he would not stay. He pulled out his iv and walked home. At this point, he was totally out of control. All my parents could do at this point was to pray and not give up hope. .

When I was twelve, I finally understood what was happening to him. I did not know how to feel about the whole situation. It felt like there was nothing I could do to help him, I was powerless as I watched my brother fall more and more into his addiction. He wasn't my brother anymore he was something else, a stranger almost. His use of drugs transformed him into a completely different person. During this time he was in horrible

shape. There were times when my family felt he was knocking on death's door. He started to steal from the family to fuel his addiction. He had no conscience and even stole from me.. Once this happened, I felt completely betrayed. From that day and going forward, I never trusted him again. I would make it my business to stay away from him. The whole family distanced themselves away from him, as he was not trustworthy anymore. My parents would sleep with their wallets and car keys every night. This led him to start stealing from people outside of our home.

His luck finally ran out and he was caught stealing and was put in jail. During his arraignment he was to appear in drug court. Here minors are given the choice to either stay in jail or go to a court appointed drug rehab. He chose to go to drug rehab and at this point I thought that it was finally over. The whole family thought we can now all breathe a sigh of relief.

After my brother got back from rehab, he looked healthy but I could still sense something was wrong. At first everything seemed like it would be fine. However, addiction is something that you need to fight one day at a time. My brother was not strong enough for this fight. . A week later my brother would relapse again and all of our hopes were crushed in an instant. This cycle would repeat itself several times. My mother put her hands up and said that was enough. My brother had to have wanted this for himself. He couldn't do it for anyone but for his own peace. He was tired and worn down. He was ready and signed himself up for a new drug rehab. As he has sung this song before, we did not have much hope. Fortunately, when he returned days

turned weeks and weeks ran into months. As we sit here now, it will be two years that my brother is drug free . He now chairs meetings himself to help others. He was determined to make a change and his desire and will guided him back to life he once knew.

This ordeal with my brother has taught me to keep fighting even when it seems impossible to win. It has taught me to never give up on yourself. With determination, desire and faith anything is possible. I apply this knowledge and experience to my education. When things get tough, I will not quit but . Persevere. This was the most important lesson in my life i taught me that to really make a change you can't always rely on others. Sometimes it's up to you to make that change.