

Drugs Ruin Families

Before the problems started with my dad, our family was fun. We were always doing things together like playing board games, going outside, and playing golf. When I was in 3rd grade, I noticed whenever mom and dad would get in an argument, dad would throw mom's papers on the ground and throw furniture around. It made me feel sad. I would take my little brothers in our room and keep them in there to keep them away from it. My dad would be happy, and then all of the sudden he would be stressed and grumpy. Like on Christmas morning, he would wake us up but then say he didn't feel good.

Once my parents were divorced, we had to go stay with my dad every other weekend. Sometimes he was good and it was like old times. Then sometimes it was bad, and he would hurt my brothers. There were more bad times than good times. If we went to the zoo, he walked around like he didn't even care and when we went to Disney he was mad all of the time. We started not going as often and that was good because we didn't have to see him as much.

The day mom told me dad was arrested for doing drugs and would be going to jail is a day that will haunt me for the rest of my life. He knows better; he knew it was wrong. He's a better person than that. Now he's in jail, and we can't see him. There was just so much in my head trying to understand why all of this happened. I've not seen my dad for three years. I write him letters a lot and ask him why he did drugs and made bad decisions. Sometimes I want to see him and sometimes I'm too angry. We had to sell our house, and I had to switch schools. Sometime I hope he never gets out of jail so I won't have to see him again. Sometimes I really miss him. I'm mad that he risked everything for stupid drugs. I will always love him, though.

As a young teenage girl told to Kelly Sickafoose