

Dear Mom & Dad

As you probably already know I am writing a Letter of Accountability to you. In this letter I will talk about my past actions and what was going on for me. I know my using has affected you. A situation when this occurred was a normal day of school, I am close to the end of the day and I'm getting occasional urges to use. I think to myself what I'm going to do after school, I can either go hang out with friends, or ask for a ride home to get my paraphernalia and then hang out with them. After school is over I call you and you say to meet at Piper Park, I get anxious because I have the feeling something is up. I arrive and see both of you staring me down and I get really antsy. You tell me what you found in my room and hand me a piece of paper. I throw my backpack and storm off in anger as I see that you went to the police and handed everything over instead of dealing with it yourselves. I felt infuriated and powerless, I run angrily, jump on top of a car at the police station, and dash off with alarms blaring in the background. I meet up with

a friend and go to his house to cool down. This event lost our trust going both ways. Looking back I feel ashamed that it ended up that way. In the future I think that I can meet my needs in a healthier way by being sober while hanging out with friends. My using made me lose motivation for school also. I would sometimes ditch class and get high with friends. This led to falling even further behind in school. I still wanted to succeed academically, but when I showed up to class I often wouldn't know what's going on and I'd leave. This made me feel inadequate and embarrassed. When I got in trouble for using and getting caught I denied it so I could do it more. In these moments I felt mad that I was punished for it and only made me want to use more. After situations like this I often became angry. I ~~was~~ felt like you were trying to stop me and punish me for my actions which made me feel ashamed and violated. I had a tunnel vision towards getting high as it's all I could think of. I tried gaining attention by self-destructive behaviours such as stealing your car, hitting myself and your property, saying ~~de~~ depressing remarks and mean things towards you as well

as more things. These events were in an act of rebellion and to gain attention to me as I felt inferior in most situations at home. I also recognize that I have problems with the law and I've gotten in trouble with the police on more than one occasion. An example of this is the incident that ended me up in jury and eventually going to Evoke. I was already frustrated with the situation where I got the doors closed to me and befriended. I already felt frustrated, powerless, and inferior. I then started arguing and my anger boiled over. I got up in your faces and yelled, threw my backpack at a wall, which made you call the police on me. I felt abandoned and broke the house phone and walked up the hill where the police were. I got up in their faces and ended up at Marin General where they released me to jury. I felt like I was an outsider and I felt ashamed and abandoned. At this point I knew I needed help and agreed to get it. This is something I had a hard time with in the past. I was in denial of lots of things including my ^{usage} ~~usage~~ and ^{aspects of} my at home life. I denied I had a problem with drugs and denied that they had an effect on the way I act. I also denied when I got in trouble.

An example is when you'd find my drugs or smell it and I would say that I'm holding it for a friend, ~~or that I wasn't doing anything~~ or that I wasn't doing anything. I tried to lie and deny to make you not as disappointed in me and also so I could keep doing what I was doing. This damaged our relationship and I always felt disappointed in myself. When I used there was always a lack of honesty and communication because I felt like you would always fear the truth. This made me feel sad that I couldn't openly talk about everything. Often I'd hang out with friends and lie about my whereabouts. This made you guys scared, especially when I'd disappear for a couple days and you'd have no idea where I was. Not only did my actions affect you, but it also affected Parker. I've seen a decline in his motivation and recently getting caught by the police. I am ashamed that I couldn't be ^{there} for him in the past, and that my actions likely hurt him and may have influenced his using ~~too~~. When I couldn't provide for my using I started selling to gain extra money. I would

Sell to my friends so I could have a little extra pocket change to provide for my using. I got a natural high from ~~the~~ selling and this fueled my ~~desire~~ self-esteem, and my self-image; making me feel better about myself. I loved the rush that drugs, and selling gave me and I chased that high which led me to stealing. I didn't do this too often but when I would I would steal from other kids to get the high, get what I wanted, and to boost my self-esteem. My morals and beliefs did not match up with my actions. I often felt bad about what I did/was doing. I felt haunted by the damage I caused to the family and your property. I recognize why you took such actions in the past and lost my trust. In this letter I hope you can see the truth in me for taking accountability for my actions. In the future I'd like to be able to communicate openly and assertively. Love you, Trevor