I couldn’t tell you where it all originally stemmed from or started. If I did I’d probably have to go back at least a year, if not longer. I’ve been trying to quit smoking weed for so long now it honestly just became a normal routine to relapse. I’ve become so frustrated and fed up with myself that I’ve given up many times.

I think weed has made me feel like I’ve lost control over my own will power. I used to have the best will power when it came to so many things, and weed ruined my rewards system. Even today, after everything I have been through this week, I find myself craving it. All I want is that simple, quick, extended release of a high..

The feeling of sweet comfort and warmth surrounding my body and mind as my tensions and fears of the world drift away for seemingly forever…

But it’s not forever. Those feelings, tensions, fears, emotions, and everything that I am suppressing with this drug... they are still there. They are not only still there, but they are getting buried deep deep down and piling on top of one another.

Weed is **NOT** a way to cope with sadness, loneliness, discomfort, vulnerability, stress, or depression. Weed does **NOT** overcome these feelings for me. Weed allows me to *ignore* these feelings until they come up later, and if I continually ignore them, I will never face the problem head on. I will never allow my body to fully feel and work through and learn from these emotions.

I am my own worst enemy.

The tipping point for me was two days ago, on February 5th.

That day was my rock bottom. I can’t recall a day where I’ve felt more lost and out of control and confused and low.

I’m not sure why, but I started the day hoping to get rid of all of the weed in my apartment. I think it might have been because the week before, I had accidentally left all my weed at Yeng’s and the two days off from smoking made me feel so clear headed. It was going really well until I ended up getting a few packs of pre-rolled joints for free and with a deal since I was buying them for Claudia. Then, I binged on smoking. I started smoking every night again. I smoked during the day again. Eventually, I was smoking from the moment I woke up until the moment I fell asleep, for days and days on end. With this binge smoking came binge eating. I would eat continuously even when my body was in physical pain from overeating, and would continue until I either ran out of food or energy to make it. I would feel so terrible about being so out of control with my eating, that I would smoke more to numb how much I hated myself.

I would go to bed so high that the next morning, I would still be high. If I woke up and wasn’t still high, I would be coming down from a high. Either way, when I woke up I would feel so shitty about myself and my decisions and my lack of willpower that I would start off my day hating myself again. I would feel so sad and vulnerable and worthless. So I would smoke again.

And the cycle continued.

This cycle was my life for the past year.

There have been weeks, even months where I saw a glimmer of hope as I either overcame binge-smoking and controlled my smoking to only be at night, or as I overcame binge eating and took up healthy habits (like veganism or paleo eating). But either way, even while being vegan, both binge eating and binge smoking have found their way back, time and time again.

I should mention that when I’m going through one of these cycles, I never tell **anyone.** I kept this a secret from everyone. I would be high in class every day, high during yoga every day, high at social events, high at professional meetings, secretly smoking in a different room of the houses my friends and I were hanging out in, and putting on a smile and doing everything I could to cover it up. I would gain weight rapidly from binging episodes, and then either force myself to puke it up or workout and starve my body endlessly until I lost it all… just to quickly gain it all back again. I would see my eyes looking sunken, I would see my skin looking rough and old, I would wake up to a smokers cough every morning… and it only made me hate myself more. I would get secretly angry when people complained about small problems in their lives because I thought about these problems and worries I was dealing with every single day, and how they were so much worse. But I could never tell anyone about what I’ve been going through, because it was my secret. I’ve told my closest friends on a few occasions when I’ve attempted to stop smoking, but I always down played it because when I inevitably failed, I wouldn’t have them to hold me accountable. If I started smoking again, I wouldn’t be letting them down, I would be letting myself down instead… and I was used to that.

I was in the middle of one of these terrible, depressing, life-inhibiting cycles on Monday. I was again sick of what I was doing and sick with myself. I tried to get Yeng to take my weed from me. I put everything in an orange bag and placed it in the trunk of my car. I spent the morning doing homework, and the world and school and stress and self-hatred and financial fears and family drama all came crashing down on me that morning. It was a perfect situation to hide from my emotions. I was alone, I had weed in the back of my trunk, and I was more out of control than I’ve ever been. I drove to Terrace Hill and got belligerently high on top of it.

I cried. I sobbed. I talked out loud to myself trying to figure out what the fuck was wrong with me. I felt skitzophrenic. Like there was one half of me that was everything I’ve ever wanted to be: kind, happy, secure, healthy, and in control. Then there was another side of me that enjoys pain, unhappiness, clouded thoughts, suppressing emotions, and lying to my best friends and to myself. These two sides of me were fighting, and the wrong side was winning. I drove to the beach and tried to do homework. When the sun set, I got even more high than before. I got in my car, and on the freeway, I realized I was far too high to be driving.

I was crying in my car, swerving on the road, indescribably high, and so fearful and out of control. I was not driving that car, I would never do something like that. I was no longer in control of the actions I was taking or the thoughts I was having. I hated myself more than ever and I felt myself in a true depression. I pulled over on the side of the road, and cried.

My mom was an alcoholic. My dad and my brothers and I all exhibit signs of OCD, my brothers and my dad all take adderall, my aunt has been addicted to drugs her entire life, my brothers have had periods of their lives where they abused weed. I have been molded by my environment. There are certain aspects of my personality and my mind that I might not have inherent control over.

**But I do control my life.**

**I have control of my body.**

**I have control of my emotions.**

**I control my physical health and well being.**

**I AM DONE WITH THIS CYCLE.**

I am so done with this cycle. I’ve never felt more ready to be done with this cycle than now. I’m so skeptical of my abilities because of my inability to follow through any times I’ve tried in the past. But this time is different than all of the other times. I’m no longer lying. I’m getting help…

I’m not alone.

I’m so incredibly thankful for Yeng and for Claudia. Especially for Yeng right now. He is the perfect person to help me through this, and I know he is here for me and cares about me. If I don’t care about myself enough right now to piece my life back together, then hopefully I can do it for them. I need to do it for them.

I know this is going to be the hardest next few weeks of probably my entire life, and I hopefully won’t have to deal with relapsing, but I’m ready for this challenge. I’m ready to resurface all of those emotions that I’ve been shoving down for years. I’m ready to *feel* again. I’m ready to be in touch with my own thoughts and to feel in tune with my body. I want to become the person that I know I can be.

I’m ready to stop holding myself back.