

Student's Name

Professor's Name

Course

Date

Before My New Life Started

Although men have more privileges than women in Kuwait, growing up in a society where boys have little regard for education and most abuse drugs was difficult. For those boys in the latter category, the initiation starts at an early age. What seems to be fun and enticing at the beginning grows into an addiction. They start with tobacco since it is legal, but as they continue smoking, they graduate to alcohol and illicit drugs. While the Muslim religion prohibits the use of drugs, the prevalence of substance abuse among young people is high. Although my life is less dramatic, my gender predisposed me to the use of drugs at an early age; a journey I have worked hard to recover from.

From childhood, I was very close to my mother, which made me less talkative than the rest of my siblings. It was hard to make new friends, and I always liked being in the company of people I knew. However, my quiet nature did not shield me from drug abuse. Taking drugs was like a part of the initiation process as a boy. I craved acceptance and, as a result, I joined a peer group, the Boys Club, queer behavior. I could not face rejection and spite, so I started using. What started as a way of seeking approval from my fellow boys turned out to be a huge problem later in life, as I became an addict.

Unknowingly, I was distancing myself from my mother, and every step I took led me further away. My mother couldn't fail to notice that something was off. "What's wrong,

Mohammad?” she often asked sadly. But she had to save her only son from drugs. Even though I was young and in primary school, I was stealing money to buy drugs. Eventually, when I could not find ready cash, I sold anything available. I had become a criminal in our house, and no one could trust me anymore. I had taken a turn for the worse, and my parents were now aware that I was using drugs. “Why do you make trouble, my child? Why do you make me have sleepless nights?” my mother always asked helplessly. I could hear none of her advice.

My father had given up on me because despite being punished me severally, I had become worse. However, my mother had hope that one day, I would change if she involved the police. One day, I had stolen some money from home, and she was fed up with me; so, she called the police. “I will take you to jail. I never raised a thief and a drug addict, and I have had enough of you,” she seethed. I spent a week in prison, and the police took turns to discipline me. Life in juvenile prison was difficult because the conditions were uncondusive to recovery. However, in the last three days of juvenile detention, I was in a solitary cell, and that was the most prolonged period of my life. Luckily, I had time to reflect on my choices. “What am I doing with my life? Is this the kind of life I want to live?” So many questions lingered in my mind, and I had to make a decision. By the end of those days, I had resolved to change and requested a rehabilitation program.

My journey to recovery was long, but it was a blessing in my life and my parents. I was determined to change my life and make my parents happy. As a bright child, I had even resolved to join my cousin and uncle at the University of Dayton. It took me six months to regain control of my life and reform. When I went back to school, nothing could deter me from achieving my new resolutions. Once again, I was performing well in class, and I became an admirable student

in school. I entered high school and continued with my excellent performance. Finally, I graduated with an honors degree and was eligible to apply to my university of choice in the United States. I could not believe that I had turned my life around, and now was waiting for an invitation letter.

A few weeks later, I received my admission letter, and it was time to bid my friends and family goodbye. I felt terrible that I was leaving my country, but at the same time, I was happy that I would be flying to fulfill my dreams. I checked my bags, gave my passport, and took my boarding pass. I hugged my parents and siblings. My sister and mother were crying uncontrollably, and I began to shed tears.

I had never believed that being a privileged man in society would predispose me to situations that almost ruined my life. Many young men in Kuwait are dropping out of school because they become drug addicts and do not see the need for education. Men are losing themselves to drugs in a male-dominated country, and their education levels have declined over the years. I am happy that I recovered and now I am working to fulfill my dreams in one of the best universities in the world.