I Get By - A Persuasive Essay Towards Medical Cannabis

 $By: \underline{JuanWeisel}$

My views on cannabis.





booksie.com/JuanWeisel

Copyright © JuanWeisel, 2014 **Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

I Get By - A Persuasive Essay Towards Medical Cannabis

Everyday waking up, seems like a more deadly challenge, even worse than the one 24 hours before without medication. I feel as if I barely get by in life. Doing the minimum amount of work, or any type of shit, is what sums it up for me. I don't mean to do this, it just comes naturally. I have no job, no legitmate future plans, nobody to trust, a lists of medical problems, and no cash to get anywhere. I have applied at many places, with no replies. I need a job mostly to go to college to make my mother proud of me, because I feel that will be the only way. Cannabis seems to get me by in life, and I stay happy with it.

My non-legitimate future plans is to open up a Medical Cannabis Dispensary in Colorado to help people that do need to recieve medicine. Most of the people that will read this, are judgemental about the benefits of cannabis. I have no idea of how to notify my mother of what I pursue to do later in life. Anyways, I would like to go to college, and recieve education in Business Management. If my dispensary does fail, I have no other means of making a living because that is a dream I do believe in. In my opinion, being a pharmacist, and owning a dispensary, is no different, is it? They both hand out prescriptions of medicine, from legal doctors, to legal patients that need medication to get by. Especially when in most cases I have read, cannabis proves to be the healthier alternative, with no way of overdosing, no records of deaths, and is actually able to remove cancer cells. Over the course of one month, I will hear about many cases where people have overdosed, or have died of a dangerous pill combination they were prescribed. It makes no sense to me why the government would ban a beautiful plant that can help people's health, and possibly, the economy get by.

I come from a small town in northeast Kansas. I have many important people, some no so much, that motivate my life. This town has shaped me ever since I have moved here. I came here before I started the 3rd grade. It was different coming here, with my mom marrying someone I barely seemed to know. We migrated from Phoenix, Arizona, to the cool climate of the midwest. This probably was for the best, thinking that coming from a household with a single-mother making low income, living in a dangerous city, I could have ended up somewhere wrong. I never asked my older sister how this change was for her, and never really wondered about it until now. I feel as if she seemed to like it later on. The population of my town is roughly 4500 or so. Mostly old people. I was 14 when I first smoked a joint. I never imagined myself doing that, but I liked it. I feel as if I did it for the wrong reasons back then. For the recreational use rather than medical benfits. My grades slipped so far down, it was almost impossible to pass my grades. I smoked like there was seriously no tomorrow. Every single day, starting before the casual 4:20, I was high. I guess I seemed to tap on the brakes when a group of my friends were arrested near the middle of my sophmore year. I focused on school and, yes, the grades did come up and I started to do better in school. I didn't feel no symptoms of addiction to marijuana. What I mean to say is, in my opinion, it is not addictive like most people believe to assume.

At the start of my junior year of high school, I started to smoke again. It was, for lack of a better word, nostalgic for me. I quit as soon as the winter rolled around, joined my schools new powerlifting team, and pretty much forgot about getting fucked up. Around the same time, I guess I semi-seriously dated some girl. And I say girl, because she doesn't understand shit. That, along with the powerlifting team, went on until march or so. I hurt my shoulder pretty bad, but kept that to myself somewhat. I left it alone for the longest time, and still do. Then it ended. I kept lifting until the fall until my senior year came up and I decided to try football. I developed a love for that girl, and it was on and off dating after march until, June of 2011. I felt like I could trust nobody after that, and I still am skeptical of who I trust. Football camp was certainly tough for me. I played on the offensive line, and loved it. During one of our later games, I think it was, I fucked up

I Get By - A Persuasive Essay Towards Medical Cannabis

something in my knee. I had no other way of putting that. I was nervous for the powerlifting coming up after that. I felt as if I would not do as great as I wanted to. I went to a total of two weeks of practice for that, and just put it off. Around this time is when my head felt as if it was being ran over by a train. The doctor said I had migraines, as my grandmother did. He put me pills for these. I really do hate taking pills, half the time they do not work for me. Watching many documentaries on cannabis, I started to research medical marijuana as an alternative for the pills that treated my migraines, knee, shoulder, and slight depression problems. This is when I knew what I wanted to do in life. There is people in this world with worse problems than I do, that have the potention of dying, because of the prescribed medicine they are on. If one plant, that is practically harmless to the body, can replace all those pills/medication, it's unbelieably helpful. It is helping many people get by.

I am now near the end of my Senior year with one month to go. I have been happy with most choices I've made in life and hope to keep making good ones. I wrote this essay, I would call it, to remind myself everyday, why I want to do, what I want. I believe this plant is a natural cure-all just like people believe in religion. This plant is some people's hope. It is their reminder why to wake up, with the best intent of making the best day they can. Just like me.

I Get By - A Persuasive Essay Towards Medical Cannabis

I Get By - A Persuasive Essay Towards Medical Cannabis

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2014-07-28 01:19:41