



[r/troubledteens](#) • 2 yr. ago  
[bigroundofapplause](#)



## Going back to where it all happened. How to move on?

### Question

I was sent to Montana Academy in the 2010s for depression and drug abuse. I was hopeful that being away from home would help and I would be able to go a day without getting high and stop wanting to kill myself. While at Montana Academy my depression only got worse, up until I had a failed suicide attempt. Afterward, they put me on social isolation for a few days, and medication and it helped a bit but the pain was still there, just numbed.

I still remember being there as if it was yesterday. Every moment of my life is being monitored, every action is scrutinized. Every day I am in group therapy revisiting the most traumatic experiences of my life and listening to others recount their pain. Every night I can't sleep, I stay up because my cravings are so bad. Every day I clean, go to class, binge eat their shit food, throw up, get reprimanded for a speck of dust on my dresser, and unwillingly divulge every terrible and embarrassing thing that has ever happened to me so it could be held over my head later on. I still remember not being able to advance because I wouldn't "go deeper" in group therapy. The only way I could advance to the next level and receive letters from my friends was to retell being sexually assaulted to a room full of teenage boys. I still remember Todd Cardin's smug fucking face as every boy in the room stared at me blankly after I had to describe in detail what happened. I remember having to clean cum from a urinal. I remember sitting in the bathroom after lunch under the hand dryer because the lunch hall was so cold and it was one of the few places I wasn't monitored. Every day I missed my friends and little cousins who were growing up without me. I walked past girls having panic attacks and breakdowns, boys having to stand up at lunch and apologize to the whole school for doing something stupid and gross. Being told that I had to change my entire being to be loved by my parents and return home. Losing every sense of my identity and dignity. Being given weird long hugs by an older male staff member. Having to write a ten-page essay after being caught holding hands with a boy I liked. Being put on ten-foot from anyone I got too close to. Lying to my parents on our phone calls because I didn't want them to know how bad it was, and being at home frankly wasn't any better.

There were some good times and we made the best of shoveling shit and cleaning the grease trap. Honestly, the manual labor didn't bother me much, but the "therapy", the guilt, believing that I was an addict and I would never change instead of actually acknowledging and understanding childhood trauma. Being blamed for my abuse. That was what broke me.

I'm now a woman. I work a high paying cushy corporate job, have a loving partner, a stable living situation, have been off medication for over 5 years, and clean off the hard stuff for over ten years. I haven't had a craving in years, and I truly love my life. I have good friends and am working on my relationship with my parents. Every day has been a blessing. I still deal with anxiety and depression, but I no longer need medication and am more stable than I ever have been.

This weekend I am going to Kalispell on a trip with a new friend and I am terrified. My friend is really nice and I don't want to talk about these things during the trip and bring the energy down. The problem is that the feelings keep coming back and I don't want to feel them but I know I need to. I can still feel the pain, the abandonment, the separation from self like it was yesterday. I still remember walking down the hill in -17 degrees hoping I would freeze to death like it was this morning. I'm having trouble separating the woman I am now from the girl I was then and I'm not sure how to do so. I just want to enjoy Montana as if it was any other state, look at its natural beauty as if it was any other national park, and not feel like I'm trapped in a maze in the forest that I'll never escape.

Throughout the years, I've suffered from panic attacks and dreams where I am left in the woods to rot with no escape. Although I've gotten better at calming myself down, it's still hard to understand that I am no longer there.

I guess I'm looking for advice or some good vibes. Has anyone returned to the state or city where they were trapped? How did it go and how did you deal with it? Were you able to enjoy it or get closure?

Thanks in advance to anyone who responds. I'm not sure how to heal this wound.



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**jacksonstillspitts** • 2y ago •

I saw heritage in 2012 from the hills I used to awol on. I have to tell you I was not ok with seeing it 4 times the size it was. And seeing specifically parts of it where I have horrible trauma of abuse. However I then got driven out to the Forrest and ate a quarter of cubensie stratosfera and felt a lot better after. But it's a real shock to the system.

 5 



**bigroundofapplause** **OP** • 2y ago •

Gotta find some mushies before the weekend then lol

4 



**Eliscu2** • 2y ago •

Personally I would not go back to visit my old school without explosives and a few bulldozer's. Im surprised it has not been torched already!

5 



**jbaby\_666** • 2y ago •

Hey, I went to MA too. Was there in 2016. Here if you ever want to talk or connect, I relate a lot to what you're saying

 2 



**bigroundofapplause** **OP** • 2y ago •

Hey! I'll dm you

1 



**Sea\_Manufacturer\_595** • 8mo ago •

I built the bunk beds in the boys and girls dorms. Dug the pond singlehandedly, built the volleyball court and had not only the longest time at the school on record but by far, the most early wake ups. Remember it like it was yesterday.



+ Create



How long were you there if you don't mind me asking?

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