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From: [REDACTED] <wordpress@wp.greens.org.au>
Sent: Thursday, 16 February 2017 8:24 PM
To: LRRCS
Subject: Drug tests save seshes

RE: INQUIRY INTO DRUG LAW REFORM

Drug tests save seshes

Having known and knowing people who irregularly but heavily take party drugs in the great Aussie tradition of binging not necessarily often - but HARD - I can tell you that drug testing is a damn fine idea. Drug testing saves lives, that's just barely a simple exercise in logic but it also saves everyone from some harsh and ill realities of the sesh.

If free or even cheap drug test kits were available widely then many boys (and girls) of the sesh would be able to enjoy their illegal recreational activities in a much safer environment that eliminates the dangers that make these activities justifiably illegal in the first place.

We put nutritional information on food, why not grant the people more autonomy by allowing them to know what they are putting in their bodies all the time - legal or not.

Widely available drug testing kits would have prevented what is infamously known as the great new years debacle in a few circles, a debacle so debacherous and confusing that the story hasn't truly surfaced until now.

December 31st, 2016, myself and a few of my close friends found ourselves in a fair amount of good fortune, surrounded by friends, dealers, and drinks a plenty. One friend had stocked up on what he thought to be MDMA capsules, about .10 of a gram in each. Due to this, most of the crew we were travelling and drinking with ended up buying his capsules, especially since as a friend he was willing to sell them to us on a good faith "tick" wherein we would pay him at a later date.

It wasn't until we found ourselves on St Kilda beach come the countdown, which we quickly started to celebrate with excited gusto, that everyone began to realise the drugs we had taken were of a much stronger quality than expected.

A few blackouts and hours later, we had found ourselves somewhere under the west gate, at a free party event that had just been set up and started. We had made it to the doof.

Same spot as last year's new years too, which still somehow didn't make it any easier to find.

We danced, talked and gurned away the night, gradually approaching our last legs, and the bottoms of our baggies. It wasn't until the sun had risen, and we all had a clear look at everything going on that we realised nobody that night had taken MDMA, but rather some chemically similar hallucinagen.

"Are you seeing that?"

"Bro are you tripping too?"

"Dude is it just me or is the grass looking at me weird?"

These were just a few of the questions that littered the scared and confused conversation that followed, walking aimlessly around the party and streets, unable to face either world, real or doof.

Eventually someone on a lot less drugs than the rest of us sorted an uber for myself, and two friends.

We thought at the time that the solution to our ailments was to travel straight to our dear friends share house, where some of us had actually started the night.

We were met with a locked door, to which we responded by switching glances between each other and the door for about ten minutes.

We ended up knocking on the door, awaking Dylan, our friend and straight edge room mate of the share house.

Dylan was less than pleased to be woken up new years morning to three of the gurndest boys ever, tripping their nuts off and pleading for somewhere, anywhere that was free to smoke away our pain with cannabis.

What happened next I would not wish upon my greatest enemy.

In a genuinely harmless attempt to maybe start putting the breaks on the end of this adventure, we chopped the fattest mix I've seen to this date, surely big enough to knock out even a small islands worth of people. With a grin, my friend to the left of me turned to me and said "this is either going to knock me the fuck out, or bring literally all the drugs back" and with that, he sunk his cone, passing the glass article of paraphernalia to me. Inhaling a large amount of tobacco and cannabis smoke, my vision began to play up again, the TV in front of me playing day time TV was now an even larger and brighter source of confusion and fear. The next few hours could be considered an intricate form of torture. Unable to leave for home due to our state, and unable to sleep due to our location, we decided to ride out the end of the harder drugs until there were nothing but bongos left in our system, really the only thing we could do. Jaws were everywhere, Bodies were tired, brains rotted, lungs we're slowly turned black, and the conversation moved incoherently, but remained vaguely angry at the fact we had found ourselves in this position. Looking at the same four walls, TV blaring day time nothing's, assuming the TV was even on. To this day nobody knows, some swear by it but there remains no coherent idea about what played, and it was found unplugged. The lounge room of a once innocent share house in Thornbury had become a grave yard of people with literally no grasp on reality, or their jaws.

Eventually we all made it home, drank and smoked away the blurry, hazy pain that filled our heads and souls and slept. Some of the boys haven't been the same since, and some swear they had a good time, which I personally think is a mental coping mechanism.

The whole debacle from start to finish, could've been avoided with drug testing kits at any level. Our friend was selling to us what we all thought was MDMA. Had any of the crystalline power we snorted and ate been tested, our innocent and naive sesh would have been just a night out with the boys, instead of a PTSD inducing nightmare of a day.

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[REDACTED]

I'm happy for my submission and details to be made public.