

# RORY

Written by a resident at Grampians TC for  
International Overdose Awareness Day

There once was a special person I knew called Rory,  
I am sharing this to tell you his story.

He was a child, boy, teenager, man, friend and lover,  
To everyone he met he would treat you like a brother,

This substance use began at the age of fourteen,  
He had no idea how this would affect his self-esteem,

It sometimes feels like a blink of an eye, as the use escalated,  
And he became more and more terribly isolated,

As the years passed by he continued to mask over all the pain,  
But I swear we never imagined we would never see him again,

He was a good man who felt the guilt of his lie  
To the point where he couldn't even look me in the eye,

To cover the pain he used more beer, pills and gear,  
It was all because he couldn't show the world his fear,

Exactly what was going through his mind, I will never know  
It's sad that he's not here to continue to grow,

I remember the night I found out he had died,  
I wish he had won this battle, I know he tried,

I'm sharing this story so we don't end up the same  
And I want the whole world to remember his name.

# Not the solution

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I remember the first time I had  
the devil's potion

I remember thinking it's the answer to my  
prayers, a solution

I remember the misery in the days and  
weeks that followed

I remember it wasn't enough until I found the  
effect after Zanax was swallowed

I remember going from shop to shop filling  
my back pack and walking out

I remember thinking I was unstoppable, then a tap  
on the shoulder. What's this about

I remember the fifth time being held over  
night. Sick as a dog in the Sunshine cells

I remember running straight to my dealer and him  
saying sorry buddy no credit only cash sales

I remember thinking on the way to steal more  
to feed my hungry vein

I remember the thoughts do yourself a favour  
step in front of that train

I remember struggling through to dole day  
and making a plan, buy all the smack  
and Zanax you can

I remember downing the pills and mixing up my  
last shot, putting it into my veins thinking  
this will hit the spot

I remember waking up hazy covered in  
spew then thinking thank God I'm  
alive death was just not for you!



# Untitled

Written by a resident at Grampians TC for  
International Overdose Awareness Day

My memories of a war I  
fought are littered with faces of  
those I love.

This is not a story of  
Saving Private Ryan.

No these are  
people I have loved & loved to be  
with. Haunted by their peace &  
freedom, taken & consumed  
by the light.

I don't want to save  
any of them. I don't. Their fight  
has been fought.

Saved by the  
warmth & love of that light, dance  
& fly high. No more will you walk  
amongst the dead. Broken hearted,  
never heard, always willing. Faces  
of peace & freedom haunt me.  
I never tried to save you &  
bring you back to hell.



**WINDANA**

Life. Changing.

# The time crystal turned on me

Written by a resident at Grampians TC for  
International Overdose Awareness Day

Once upon a time when escaping my reality was easy, all I'd have to do was inhale some crystal and off I went, this euphoric feeling came on, the heart would race, the hairs on my body were raised, the courage and confidence would come on.

I decided to turn my life around as these effects were only coming by in little moments and my reality had turned into self-hatred and depression.

I start a new life and go on a journey of self-discovery and learnings. I have made it and I find myself in a relationship full of love I think is real.

Then I suffer heartache and go insane full of achy breaky heart.

I turn to crystal again and off I am and a couple of years pass. My life is in turmoil I'm going madder than a cut snake I've lost so much I can barely live.

I seek a new start again and it's amazing, I meet new friends that love me unconditionally and love me back to life.

But not so long after that I turn to crystal again, but this time it turns on me and the voices in my head, demons I have to face are killing my soul. It is like the life is sucked away from me and suicide becomes an option. The voices in my head are telling me all sorts of things telling me I'm a bad junky. I turn into this psychotic lunatic, the voices want me dead, hours go on, I can't take it no more, the voices telling me if you don't kill yourself we will, so come nighttime I decide enough is enough and it's time to end it all.

I take a whole heap of prescribing meds and I am unconscious when my parents find me with the ambo guys trying to keep me alive. I don't remember much but the docs keeping me on suicide watch, and the doctor begging me to stop all this abuse to myself but I don't listen.

I am off again. I am constantly intoxicating myself with meth to the point of overdose. Until I finally get help. I am wanting to leave behind my family friends and a tiny son all because I can't deal with life anymore I am completely lost and broken and self-destroying. But I'm one of the lucky ones that has survived to tell the tale. I didn't know I could survive this but I did.

I'm like a cat with 9 lives this is 3rd time lucky I'm back on track with a fork in the road either use or die or be reborn and create a holy life that I am capable of doing and deserve.

In the present moment I'm here and I feel alive. I'm winning at this and I feel reborn with all this tender love and care, I'm like wrapped in cotton wool and being loved.



**WINDANA**

Life. Changing.



# Rip Curl

Written by a resident at Grampians TC for  
International Overdose Awareness Day

Winter, Trawella, Vic.

Op shops, I'm always at op shops. There's a real stink to them, all different but the same. Old ladies wandering pointlessly around. Mum's back again, "come and try this on lovey". Blah. Blah. Blah.

I'm excited - she'll probably want her 2 Big Macs. Large chips and a thick shake again, afterwards. Bonus.

It's the weekend and I'm at Southland shopping centre with my primary school mates. All the lads are wearing their surf gear. A few punks break up the mix and some really nerdy creatures make me feel better about myself.

Riding past the surf shop at Mordialloc I hear the music coming out of the shop - loud. All the cool kids are in there. I can't go in. They'll see me in my mundane clothes. I'm not one of them. I fear those people and that shop.

I don't go in.

I don't want to see the guys from my high school on the weekend. I'm not cool enough and they'll know that. They will point and laugh amongst themselves.

On the way to the hospital. Feeling pretty silly. I know I'm ok now after last night. I wish mum hadn't called the police and ambo. They'll check my body over and let me go. It didn't work and I'm not sure I wanted it to.

I'm in the op shop. Suddenly those old ladies don't seem so old anymore. "Ooo purple shirt!", "Holy shit an orange belt" Fuck yeah I'll take that.

(Thanks mum you are unique not crazy)

# Rainbow

Written by a resident at Grampians TC for  
International Overdose Awareness Day

Outside a nightclub in my home town getting fresh air from the hot smoky club sitting on the steps of the old town hall listening to the sound pumping through the wall with an old school mate.

Name of Rainbow for in affection, he was as bright as a rainbow. Half tanked / Half stoned. Talkin shit about this and that, when it turns serious about what happened to him with the monks at school, for where he had grown up was in Melbourne before coming to this dirty old town we both now lived in.

Not knowing what to say, for I really did not. No going back inside to the noise and smoke, getting fully tanked. Wanting to go home and not wanting to leave him.

So finding out years later he had O/D himself, not knowing if I coulda, shoulda, woulda done more. Tears later on after thinking the dust had settled, old faces appearing and chatting in my dreams, dirt falling his and others' grave, frightened faces, being buried alive with silent screams.

No mongrels paid for what they did to him and wondering again what the hell did I see and hear, and knowing sometimes rainbows will never be quite the same again for me.

(thank you for reading this and take care if it brings up memories - Ta)



# Pain has uncovered my primary purpose

Written by a former resident at Grampians TC for  
International Overdose Awareness Day

I write this piece with a heavy heart, as I firmly believe I was the cause of my best friends overdose and death. The guilt and shame I still feel started with a choice, and it changed me forever. Trauma, addiction and greed - fuelled my life; I was moving so fast I was blinded; everyone in my path was a bio-product, an afterthought, a causality of my war.

I thought it was just another day.

I would wake from a 2hr power nap to the sound of my phone buzzing, reach for my premixed breakfast while talking, then take a moment to enjoy it, have a quick shower, then head out for my first pick up and delivery. The phone rings; it's my mate Rod, he is begging me to visit him in the country. I head up. When I get there, he's not in great shape; he needs a fix. I help him out then ask what he needs. I need a 1.7. Wait; let me tell you a few things about Rods addiction. Like most addicts, He always wants more, but Rod's tolerance is relatively low; he's been using heroin for years and remains lightweight. We call him the golden boy. He Nods off at the drop of a hat; ok, you get my point. As I make the 1.7 into deals, I ask how much is for your personal use; he replies .5. We agree to make four pre mixes for him. He asks me to stay for the night and hang out; I need to get back to Melbourne, so I say no. He asks again, stating he does not want to be alone. I can't. I have things to do. I head back to Melbourne, finish up for the day and head home.

## 25. Everything Changes

I wake from a 2hr power nap to the sound of my phone buzzing, reach for my premixed breakfast while talking, then take a moment to enjoy it, have a quick shower, then head out for my first pick up and delivery. The phone rings. Did you hear what happened? Rod is dead; they found him in his room alone. He overdosed on heroin. Suddenly everything goes numb. I can't hear or feel anything; I listen to a voice talking, but I can't understand what there are saying anymore. All I can say is thanks for letting me know, and I hang up; the only thing going through my mind is I killed my best friend. I drive to a checkpoint and administer a massive dose of my ('medicine'). I continue administering ('medication') to myself in large quantities for the next few days. These amounts should have killed me. THEN.

I wake from a 2hr power nap to the sound of my phone buzzing, reach for my premixed breakfast while talking, then take a moment to enjoy it, have a quick shower, then head out for my first pick up and delivery.

The drugs and the lifestyle I lived helped me block all pain, suffering and reality until it didn't anymore.

## 45. Possibilities

I still carry guilt, shame, and regret about my choices in my 30 years of addiction, but I faced my Traumas, took responsibility for my action, and owned my part. I am now two years eight months clean with complete abstinence. I rely on no substance to get me through the day, and slowly I build my mental health and wellbeing, and I continually work at helping others to build theirs.

Rod, you will always be in my thoughts. Peace, Love and Light.