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Not Smoking Cannabis Ruined My Life

- [Guest Writer 1](#)

For those that haven't yet guessed it, I'm something of a single issue writer. I've written two articles so far, one questioning why the [UK Government denies those in need](#) and one highlighting [how poor the UK Governments reasoning is](#) in this matter.

Although I've given a few details of the benefits Cannabis has brought to my life, I don't feel I've accurately described the difference it has made.

In this article, I'll be explaining what my life was like *before* I became a criminal.

As I've mentioned before, it's very difficult to describe a life of pain without sounding like you're begging for pity. So I'll lead with the following disclaimer: *I don't want pity, I simply want the Government to develop an understanding of the benefits that this drug brings.*

Sadly, I'm not in a position to reveal my true identity - so you'll have to forgive me if I seem vague.

Before I broke the law

I injured my leg in a motorcycle accident when I was 17 . The fault for the accident lies quite squarely on my shoulders, no there shouldn't have been diesel on the roundabout, but yes I should have known that there might be.

Some 8 weeks later, I was still unable to work and so lost my job. I could not (and can not) afford to lose my only source of income, so had to try and find a less active

job (I'd only been working in a shop!).

I was unable to spend my evenings the way I had before the accident (skateboarding with a leg that won't bear weight just doesn't work!) and haven't been able to attend a proper gig since my accident (the closest I've got was to be in the seated area, hardly the *proper* way to enjoy a rock concert).

Over the years I've had to pull out of various events, functions, parties and courses as a result of my knee.

I've had various slips, trips and falls as a result of my knee's weakness. If this wasn't bad enough, my knee just doesn't seem to heal any more, so I'm now suffering from every injury sustained since my original accident. So bad has my situation become that I now walk with a stick (if it only relieved the pain, it might be worth it!).

Worse (in my mind), I had to give up motorcycling. My knee just won't bear weight well enough to support the bike should it tip to that side. Given my knee's inability to heal, I also **couldn't risk potential further injury**. So I've had to get a car!

Many wouldn't see the problem with having to get a car, so I'll quickly list the drawbacks from my perspective;

- I **love** bikes
- Cars aren't as much fun
- Road Tax is more
- You spend more on fuel
- You get stuck in traffic
- MOT's cost more
- Bikes are easier to work on

So in my mind, I'm worse off - I'm spending far more on transport, and not enjoying my vehicle as much as I used to!

Back to the Point

I've been unable to drink alcohol for years as a result of being on strong prescription medication. Any attempts at '*just the one*' have been rewarded with **side effects including vomiting, constipation, chemical hangovers and liver damage**.

I've spent the last few years with a clouded mind as a result of my meds, barely functioning with effectively no short term memory, a mind that had become horrendously slow and very photosensitive eyes.

I'm lucky enough to have got married, but because of my injury I couldn't even give my new spouse a "first dance". We've also not had quite as much 'fun' in bed as one might hope, 90% of the time I had to stop because of the pain. Another 5% of the

time, I couldn't get aroused in the first place because my blood was far too busy helping my knee swell to divert anywhere else.

Bit by bit, the constant pain dragged my mood down until I reached the point I was hurting others around me. I *regularly* flirted with the idea of suicide (I don't think I'd ever have followed through, but who knows?) and allowed myself to get bogged down by issues that I'd normally shrug off.

This only got worse following the day that the NHS told me they could do nothing further to help, I'd be spending the rest of my life in pain.

I've spent countless nights wide awake and crying because of the pain. Some of the prescription painkillers dulled the pain a little, but caused insomnia so I still couldn't get any sleep! The worst thing is, [this crappy situation felt like a relief simply because I was in less pain.](#)

I've lost count of the number of times I've had to ask my spouse to help me in and out of the bath, or to carry the shopping, or to help me up/down a set of stairs. At Christmas, family (some more than) twice my age get out of their seats so that I can sit down.

Quite apart from anything else, for one so proud as me, it's very hard to find yourself in the position where you are constantly asking others for help. A while ago, I had to take our pet to the vets but had to ask the receptionist if she could help me carry the box from the car (and back again when I left!)

The bit that truly scares me is that these are only the things I can remember. The NHS encouraged me to keep a 'pain diary' to help with their investigation, and it's a habit I still have. Occasionally I type a diary up, and am reminded of events that I'd more or less forgotten about. I find it truly frightening that I could ever forget some of the events that I had, **how bad has life got to be to be able to forget collapsing in the middle of a supermarket???**

Fast Forward

So what's my life like now that I'm smoking Cannabis? I'd love to say that it's perfect but it isn't.

For a start, I'm still dealing with the baggage of the past;

I'm still weaning off my Tramadol and have suffered withdrawal effects ranging from hot/cold sweats to auditory and visual hallucinations. I can't drink until I've withdrawn from all my prescription meds, but that day grows closer and closer (in the past it has been '*someday, maybe*')

Thanks to the Tramadol, and other drugs like it, I have liver damage and will have to live with the reality of that for the rest of my life.

But how's my knee you ask? Almost completely pain free for a good proportion of the day: I was on the absolute maximum dose of Tramadol and was still in pain, yet smoking one joint in the evening provides me with nearly 18 hours of relief.

I still feel my knee crunching and grinding when I move, and I still get sharp pangs of pain, but the real killer – the strong constant pain – is notable only by its absence. I've not tried dancing yet, and won't for quite some time but believe that I **may** be able to do it in the future.

As a result, **I'm far, far happier** and will be coming off my anti-depressants once I'm fully free from the Tramadol.

My ability to focus at work has already improved massively in part because I have a clear head and mind all day, every day (although not after smoking obviously).

I'm still walk with a stick, but am gradually reducing my reliance on it. It does, after all, take time to rebuild muscle strength and my knee is *very very* weak.

I'm still trying to repair relationships that I took to the brink during my depression, but we're getting there slowly. I've been very fortunate in that I've not destroyed any relationships.

Generally, it seems like most aspects of my life will be almost normal once I've finished dealing with the legacy of years without Cannabis

Not All Peachy

Unfortunately, **despite the fantastic improvement in my quality of living**, it'll never be as good as it could be. Because of the entrenched position the UK Government holds I have to break the law in order to attain a reasonable standard of living.

Worse, so seriously do the Government view this 'crime', I had to make the following choice;

- Lie to my spouse to protect them should I get caught

OR

- Be open and honest with my spouse, but live with the knowledge that we could both be prosecuted if I am caught.

Despite my various misgivings about the Governments stance, it is the above that I resent most. So stubborn and ill informed are the UK Government that I have had to consider whether to be honest with my spouse or not. **Lie to my spouse and they might not be prosecuted if I'm caught, be honest and we could both get 5 years!**

It is absolutely unforgivable that I should have to behave in this way simply to lead a 'normal' life (a luxury which, I'd wager, those in the Home Office take for

granted). **Things have to change.**

Numerous states worldwide have recognised the medicinal benefits of Cannabis (it was used successfully for 4000 years after all). The UK Government not only shows no interest, but steadfastly refuses to even investigate the possible benefits.

Indeed, as pointed out in [this open letter](#), it would appear that even the Government aren't quite sure what their message is: Cannabis is a Schedule 1 Drug ("*Of no medical benefit*") yet the Government recommend the Cannabis derived medicine Sativex! As the original author asks, how can Cannabis be of no medical benefit whilst a medicine made almost entirely from Cannabis is believed beneficial.

The answer is simple: the Home Office have made their mind up and the taxpayer will just have to lump it. As the letter reveals, the juxtaposition between the legality of Alcohol and the illegality of Cannabis has *been maintained for Historical and Cultural reasons*. To translate; **there is no scientific basis** for the current position.

Political Correctness

So next time you hear "*It's political correctness gone mad*", remind yourself that PC only applies when it's convenient. The Government won't allow you to offend, or deny access to the disabled, but they're buggered if they're going to let us live a pain free life!

I can cope with people who think it's humorous to call me a pensioner, a cripple or "hop-along". The discrimination that hurts me most is that perpetrated by the very Government that in January pledged £1 million to help reduce discrimination against the disabled. Clearly, the old adage "*Give with one hand and take with the other*" is still a fitting description of the UK Government.

Take Action

Freedom4All exists to help reduce the suffering of others, it is an attempt to call those who care to take action. I implore you, for the sake of myself and all others in my position, [contact your MP today](#) and ask them why it is that the Government maintains a position that cannot logically be defended?

The Home Office states that it is 'not in the public interest' to legalise the medicinal use of Cannabis. Myself and the many others in my position need your voice to help convince the government that a significant proportion of the population consider the current position unjust.

More Information

For those who haven't been following the comments on my other articles, you'll have missed a few fantastic resources. For your convenience, you can find more information (and the perspective of others) at the links below;

- [HomeGrownOutlaw](#)
- [Peter Reynolds](#)
- [Medical Cannabis in Britain](#)
- [Behind Closed Doors: The Acceptance of Cannabis](#)

I could wax lyrical about each of these blogs, but it's far easier to simply say the following: **These guys have been fighting this battle for *far* longer than me, and have done *far* more than I could ever do to further the cause for people like me.**

NB

Although my life has been very unpleasant, I still consider myself fortunate. There are those, such as patients undergoing chemotherapy, suffering from MS or AIDS/HIV who need this treatment far more than I do. Although my life is a constant battle, it is a mess of my own making.

Perhaps this is why I feel no shame or guilt over my decision to smoke Cannabis. I caused the pain, and I've taken a calculated step to regain a painfree life. **Can you honestly say you wouldn't do the same?** If not, please [contact your MP today](#).

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