



Jerome's Story, Part I: What went wrong?

It was the evening of Thursday 29 December 2011 and I was at the Falls Festival in Lorne, Victoria, with a group of school friends. We had arrived a few hours earlier, set up our campsite, had our pre-drinks, and were gearing up for the first night of what promised to be a raucous, hair-raising week of New Year partying. It was a trip that I had been looking forward to for a number of months. I was so glad that it had finally arrived.

However, once I finally arrived at the festival, I found myself struggling to get into the swing of things; I just wasn't feeling as excited as my friends clearly were, nor was I projecting an outward sense of enthusiasm. I couldn't quite put my finger on it, so I deduced that I was still stressed and frazzled from the past year and hadn't had a chance to properly let my hair down. Unfortunately, in a few short hours, I realised in brutal