

26th October 2009

**DON'T COMMIT SUICIDE TODAY; YOU MIGHT CHANGE YOUR MIND TOMORROW!**



DEAR DIARY, I sometimes toy with the idea of saying goodbye cruel world. I say this quite nonchalantly because I'm talking about imagining the process and not actually doing anything drastic about it.

I'm definitely not talking about the desperate feeling of being clinically depressed and buying a huge bottle of Paracetamol and some Gin. As for hanging, chances are I'd find a flimsy rope, not hefty enough to carry my weight and the last thing I'd want to do is try to hang myself and then come crashing down on the floor like a sack of potatoes, having made a complete disaster of it with insubstantial rope and ceiling cement all over my dress of death! So no, I have no intention of killing myself – I just think of the notion every now and then when things get rough.

Some of the reasons why I wouldn't kill myself are these: my FAMILY. Also, I'd like to at least fall in love one more time in my lifetime and maybe even get married one day. I want to celebrate my children's 18th and 21st birthdays. I'd love to buy a beach house in the Caribbean. I have a feeling that I'm going to win the lottery one day. Death would just get in the way of that. I'd also love to meet Jay Z and Oprah in my lifetime. For some reason, Oprah and Jay Z fascinate me so I have to wait around to just see if I meet them in the flesh. I also want to know what I'd look like in my sixties – as good as my mum I hope and if I'd really still feel young like a sexy Diva at 70.

So you see, I have many, many reasons why my premature death would just get in the way of my life.

But there are days, say for instance on a Thursday, I might think I ought to end it all, but I know by Saturday, I'd be pretty miffed that I killed myself and I'd want to be alive again.

Like everyone, there are times when God heaps up too much sh\*t on my plate and I can't take it. You know the days we all have. The days when I think to myself; how the hell am I supposed to cope when I've got a chest infection, I need to take the dog for a walk and it's raining, my son's got a football tournament that I can't miss, my manager's harping on about statistics, someone broke the fence and the foxes think this is an open invitation to play hide-and-seek, the satellite dish isn't working and my cooker's playing the fool? I become awash with the feeling of "this is all too much". But it's not really too much – too much relative to what? I know in my heart that none of this is real hardship.



# The AUGUST MAYFIELD Diaries



Were Recruiting Now..  
so come on and follow  
Mr Reaper.. He'll take  
good care of you

I personally and inconsiderately think that committing suicide is one of the most selfish acts anyone can do, but to be honest with you, by the time you reach the stage where you're standing on a chair with a noose around your neck, or you're barefoot climbing on the balcony railings on the 31st floor ready to jump, you're past caring about how your untimely death's going to affect anyone. Other people are the last thing on your mind. You

just want to end it and the quickest way possible is all you're after.

You're obviously deep in the middle of depression when you put a gun in your mouth and blow your brains out. I certainly couldn't do it. First of all, my hands would be shaking so much that it's quite likely that I'd miss my mouth and end up shooting off my ear and then I'd spend the remainder of my life deaf and bitter, wishing that I thought of a different plan.

And jumping in front of a train. Well that's just mean. Mean, mean, mean. The poor train driver would never get over it. Some damn fool jumping, him screaming and slamming on the breaks. The whole train and passengers slamming to a halt and for what? The need to speedily meet the Grim Reaper?

So yes, I think about suicide, but not because it's something I need to do, it's just something I think about and I pray that I never hit that kind of rock bottom.

## August Mayfield