

This Is Me Now

By wombat

Published on Stories Space on 09 Mar 2012



Suicidal Thoughts

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/musings/this-is-me-now.aspx>

There it was, my thoughts, spelt out plainly for me to see. It was all there. I couldn't deny what I had written, but it was painfully obvious how bad I was feeling – for two years at least. I had carried a book in my bag to record my feelings when I felt so low – which sadly, was most of the time. I talked over and over about wishing I was dead. More than anything else, I wanted to die. I shouldn't have felt like that – I had a loving husband, and six healthy, beautiful children. But still I wanted to die. I had been prescribed anti-depressants over the years, but I refused to take them. I didn't want anything messing with my mind. As if that wasn't already messed up enough, judging by what I had written! I would fix myself – by lots of positive self-talk, and a healthy diet. These thoughts weren't new. I remember when I was 5 I had a mole on my arm. I asked my Mum what would happen if I picked it. She told me that I would bleed and probably die. So I picked it, and lay in my bed, and waited to die. Mum wasn't concerned. I wished I could put my arms around that little girl who was calling out for help. My next attempt was when I was 16. My boyfriend had just walked out on me, so I took all of the pills that I had – 6 Panadol, from memory – and washed them down with all of the alcohol that I had – half a bottle of Brandavino. Not deadly, stuff fortunately for me! The next time I can remember wanting me dead was when I was driving along a freeway, and realized how easy it would be to crash into a light pole. I had just found out that I had failed Tax, and would have to go back for another semester. I hated tax, and this meant my business degree was a little further away. I survived, obtained my degree, and went on to marry a wonderful man. We had six children together, but before my family was complete, I had two miscarriages after my second child. At this time not only had I lost my baby but my Mum turned her back on me, for whatever reason. I was very depressed at this time, and I remember thinking about putting my head in the oven. We had a gas oven, and to light it you needed to turn the gas on and press the ignition switch. I remember thinking that I couldn't do this as I needed two hands. I didn't realise I could've gassed myself by just turn the gas on. What I was thinking would've cooked my head! We moved house, and I still had these suicidal thoughts, on and off. I told my husband about them, and told them that I was going to run off the road. We had mountains and a windy road nearby, so it would've been easy to make it look like an accident. I didn't want my children to know that I had meant to. I grabbed my keys and set off one night with the

intention of doing it. I parked in a car park at the bottom of the hill, thinking and crying. Police came and knocked on my window, and asked what I was doing. I told them I was thinking – I didn't like to tell them that they may have to come to a fatal crash. I remember feeling happy thinking that my husband had sent the police looking for me, telling them what I was planning on doing. No, that wasn't the case at all. They were just curious to know what a girl would be doing sitting by herself, in a lonely car park. Suicidal thoughts plagued me. I was living with six children who always criticised me, as kids tend to. Not all of them at the same time, fortunately, but whenever someone was upset they took it out on me. I felt like such a failure – this was my job now, and I thought that I wasn't doing it properly. Every time something was not going well, I just wanted to die – maybe suicide was the answer, and I wouldn't have to deal with it any more., I was diagnosed with multiple sclerosis soon after that which threw me a bit – no a lot actually. Now I was thinking that I am damaged and had no reason to exist. I just wanted to die, and my suicidal thoughts increased. It got to the point where I was crying every day. I was so frustrated, and not planning on being here for Christmas, . I wanted to kill myself before then. I thought that the way that I was feeling was not normal, so I took myself off to the doctor, and she prescribed some anti-depressants for me. I was only taking ½ a tablet at first, and it could be related to the MS so I felt okay about taking them in that case. Wow! What a difference it made. Even the kids noticed a change in me. I was able to enjoy Christmas that year – it was the best Christmas I ever had. I guess I am like “normal” people now – some good days, some bad. Fortunately for me now every day is usually a good day. My MS is worse, but I am dealing with it the best way I can, with the loving support of my husband. Not only I am I dealing with MS, but my depression is being dealt with too. This is a new beginning