

I tried it five years ago. I was at a neighbor's house and fired a gun at my head. Nothing happened; it seemed empty. I fired it at a wall and put a bullet in it. So a minute later I found some Seconals in a medicine cabinet. I remember watching cartoons and taking the pills one by one. A neighbor lady found me and couldn't wake me up. I couldn't open my eyes or move, but I heard everything. I remember the lady shaking me and saying, "Oh, my God." I remember the ambulance people taking off my clothes and making me throw up. There wasn't any pain. I don't remember having my stomach pumped.

When I woke up it was five days later. A big black lady kept tickling me. "'Bout time you woke up," she said. "I've been tickling you for three days." I thought I was in heaven -- it looked like some place in heaven for the misfits. Turned out I was in the basement of a free clinic, a long room with rows of beds with all kinds of teenagers, pregnant girls, suicides, drug addicts. We walked around in gowns, smoking cigarettes and watching TV. The reason I tried was I was angry at my mother, but when she came in she just said, "Why'd you do this -- to try to get attention?"

Am I glad I was rescued? Oh yeah. I was so glad I didn't die. It made me realize how much I appreciate myself, because I had a glimpse of what I might have lost. I had some friends and I would've missed them. I didn't have to go home after that. They put me in a foster home. The State made me go to a psychiatrist. I never liked the man. I thought he had more problems than I did. I felt drugged and slow for a couple of years. Every now and then I'd take speed to feel normal. Downers still make me feel speedy. If I had a suicidal friend now I'd ask them, "Why don't you have any alternatives? Could it really be so awful?" That's what I say to myself now.