It all started with grade 6, I was a normal kid just like everyone ells, I had a lot of friends and the teachers liked me. But there was just something that bothered me a lot, the thing is school was just to stress full for me, and every now and then I felt very depressive. I just went on with my life and ignored the depression completely as if it wasn’t there at all. So everything was ok and I lived my life normal just like a teenager should, my grades wasn’t too bad but I could have done better if I really wanted to. I did know that God was in my heart and so I lived like a Christain but the thing is a did commit a lot of sins day by day, with no worries of hell in my life I was still a very happy kid just like most of the kids. I did have problems like a teenager should have but I totally ignored them for I thought that God was in my heart and that nothing could ever hurt me. Things changed when I started to be friends with a new guy in my class, he was everything a teenager want to have to become famous between the high school kids. So I started to hang out with him although he didn’t have God in his heart because he didn’t Jesus, he was just a guy that didn’t care about anything in life he just wanted to have fun and do sins where ever he could because that made him happy.

I soon joined him with all of this sins and surly forgot to read the bible every night and to pray for the weak and the poor. Although I did go to the temple of God every Sunday morning and there I singed songs and praised Jesus Christ for two hours, I always listen to the priest and told people about Him. Soon I started to open my eyes and told my new friend about Him, they didn’t really listen for they didn’t want to listen to me because they didn’t know the power of God for their whole life long. After a while he invited me to his high school friends and to hang with them the night with my computer, he knew that I was crazy about computers because we learned to know each other. So my parents agreed with that, that I can and go “lan” with my new friends, friends. He also told me that I must go and practice a game called “dota”, so I went home on the Friday after school and searched for the game on warcraft, I found a couple of versions and I didn’t know which one to choose. So I played one version and I didn’t understand the game for it is a stragety game, ok so there was the first thing I stressed about for that night in front of new people. I went out that night to go to the one guys home where we are going to lan, all the guys greeted me and they seemed like really nice people although they were a bit poor so I knew that I must actually pray for them. The night continued and I had a lot of fun during the night, we all got really tired when the night passed and it started to light up outside. After a while we packed up and went home and got some sleep. The weekend have passed and we went back to school again on Monday morning where we had to go to assemble, after that we went to class and did work as normal, but as soon as I got a chance to talk to Sam the one in my class, I could only have talked about that Friday night and how wonderful it was. We became even better friends and hunged out even more during brakes, soon I started to smoke with him and became addicted to it. I knew my parents couldn’t find out because they would kill me, but that didn’t stop me from smoking and swearing all day long.

About in the middle of the year I was very close to Sam and I the other friends, there was a lot I learned from them.

* Sam my friend in my class
* Peter the guy we went to if we wanted to lan
* Andre the very irritating guy
* Eugene the computer wiss
* Alex the party animal/skater guy

These were the five new best friends in my life and probably the worst mistake in my entire life! The year passed on and I was in grade 7. O boy was I happy because it was my last year from the primary school before I went to high school and hopefully living my high school dream! Well the new friends was o so very nice to me and made me very happy, but the bad thing was that they influenced me in a really bad way, but sadly I didn’t see it. Well this was the new start of grade 7 for me, we lanned every weekend and I really did enjoy that and I still will but with other friends, I even got more and more addicted to smoking over the months they influenced me. I was to blind to see exactly what they are doing in my life and I think I just didn’t want to see what I am actually doing because it was fun for me on the moment. More and more they started to take me away from Jesus and I wanted to learn more about other religions, but on that moment I didn’t just yet, the year passed more with my grades slowly started to become lower, it didn’t bother me to much because I knew that I am in a higher grade now and I thought that it will be normal for my grades to go down and not up because the work was even more difficult. Sam also started to talk about drinking alcohol and getting totally drunk that night, it didn’t bother me to much in the beginning but when he started to tell me more and more about it every week I wanted to try it but the problem, was I didn’t have the chance to do it. I did went to parties before but I never actually drinked , after a few weeks I wanted to try the drinking part thing but I didn’t know how to tell him this because I was afraid he is going to laugh at me or tell me that I am not welcome to drink at my new friends parties. It was a difficult decision to make on that moment for I was still a grasshopper in this field of the devil, after everything I went through with Jesus and everything I decided to do it because I never really saw the work of Jesus Christ Himself. After a few weeks I told him that I want to try alcohol but not just a few drinks a lot of drinks because I never actually know what alcohol can do to someone that never drinked before, so I told him and he actually excepted it as a normal thing. This wasn’t weird for me at all because I knew that I really drinks a lot in the weekends, I didn’t tell anyone of my friends that it is wrong and that they should stop because I didn’t want to get rejected by this time because I was too deep in already. A week or so after I told him we tried to arrange a party for me to drink, when I was in grade 7 by this time my other friends was in grade 9 and all of them smoked except for Eugene the computer whiz, and every one excepted him because they knew him from a really long time and they only knew me for about a year now. Well we wanted to drink on the schools field behind a sign but they said it’s too risky so we ended up drinking at the dam at an abandoned toilet. So the days passed on and I was getting really excited but in that time I had to lie to my parents where I am going to be that night, I told them that I am going to sleep at Sam that night, well that part wasn’t a lie actually because I did sleep at he’s house that night, the part that was a lie is that I didn’t tell my parents what we exactly are going to do that night. The time of that time passed on and I got really excited, so the time as here for me to leave our house, I packed in my sleeping bag and a few clothes for the night. I told my parents that Sam’s parents are going to pick me up at the bottom of our house and from there we are going to he’s house which was a lie as well, I walked from my house, into a short cut and met them half way from my house to the dam. From there we went to liquor store to buy alcohol for me, I bought I tango sour apple and the rest I could remember. The time passed on that night while we were waiting at the dam and started the fire, I told my friend Sam that I really want to start and drink now because I was really excited and I could wait for it was my first time ever. Finally the people pitched up and we could start my exciting night of first time off drunkenness, the night started and soon I got drunk, they all started singing at the fire and I just stood there and didn’t know what to say or sing, the one guy took me around the corner and asked me if I ever raped before and so I told him the truth and said no, so he told me that I must say whatever I want to and whatever pops up in my head I must just say out loud. a few minutes later we went back and I enjoyed myself further with everyone singing including me, all I had was had fun with my new best friend, I also did meet a lot of new people but sadly I couldn’t remember either one of them. So the time passed on that night the people went home and my alcohol got even less, everyone started to became more quite and I became more drunk, for me it was amazing for it was my first time ever.

On that same night I got a bit too drunk and passed at the back of the toilet, I was very cold and I couldn’t understand it but it’s just normal for some one that dranked to much that night. Some of my friends saw I was missing and started to look for me, it wasn’t soon when they have found me and told me to go and sit at the fire close to them, it’s funny because they cared for me because they have told me that they don’t want me to get ill. I told them that I don’t want to go sit at the fire and they begged me on further that night, eventually I gave up and I went to go sit with them at the fire where it was a lot warmer. Soon the night passed on and every one left and Peter’s mom came and picked us up, Peter told me to look at the one light we passed and it was unbelievably bright. That night was over then and the next morning I woke up with no hang over which was pretty awesome for me on that stage. Later on the year I did it even more and enjoyed myself even more, I got more addicted to smoking and swearing and lied to my parents even more. Finally we got too cozy with smoking after school behind the library and started with judo and smoked in the halls toilet, we obviously got caught after a while and they had to call in my parents, for that to happen I had to get them to sign a letter for me saying that I did smoke in the toilets. There he influenced me a lot and I didn’t realized it, for I was young and stupid although the Bible say that you are not allowed to call someone stupid and I except it that you aren’t allowed to say that to yourself either and at that stage I wasn’t a child of Jesus Christ and I admit it that I have sinned a lot more since I started to be friends with all of that people.

So the year came to an end and we were all very happy for that except for the big exams we had to write on the end of the year, but at that time so many teachers rejected me for being such a failure in my life at such a early stage. Finally the exams were finished and I passed my year, and I drinked like a sailor at that time and I wanted to drink even more than Sam and all of my friends did. I couldn’t wait for the big new year’s party on the mountain but sadly I couldn’t go because my dad didn’t trust me enough with that one, at the end of the night it was actually better for me not to go because it rained like crazy that night.

The next thing my life was holding for me was high school and I wanted to go so badly to a high school near an ice rink, me and my dad went to go look for schools with an ice rink near them and we just couldn’t find one. Then next big thing for me was that my dad wanted to send me to a private school away from all my friends which made me even more depressive by the day. At first I didn’t want to tell my parents about it because I felt ashamed about it on that stage, on the end of all the depression I ended up in the English private school my dad wanted me to go to. It was really hard for me in the beginning, time went on until the third month of the year where I told my dad I just can do it anymore at that school for its just too hard for me and I doubt myself for being a success in that school.

Later on me, my dad and my mom talked about everything and my parents decided to take me out of that school and to put me in the school where all of my friends are, it was fantastic and the start but time went on and I felt depressive again and I didn’t know what to do for I was too shy to go to my parents about this.

That same year I still enjoyed myself as I got more part of the school and got used to the peoples characters as well as the teachers, school was just a normal thing for me again which every teenager hates with a huge rage within them. So the next months passed and my moms business started to lose customers and we started to get financial problems, this here did put even more stress on me and there wasn’t much I could do about it. The school passed on and my relationship with my friends grew even bigger and bigger since I was in high school, it was all good with me for me and a new chapter in my life started

Peter’s mom and I began to get a big relationship as friends and we shared even more and more information to each other every time we saw each other, she told me all kinds of weird wicked stuff like the peoples aura and how you can see it and what each color mean. Soon I started to like this very much and I decided to practice everything she told me and I actually got it right on the end, the first time I saw the aura was very weird for me and I thought that I am not really seeing it and that its just all in my mind. I soon went back to Peter and he’s mom and asked her about this even more, she told me that it’s not my imagination and that it really is the aura that I’m seeing, this was all very unfamiliar with me since it was the first time ever I saw something like this.

Later on that year Peter invited me to a drumming circle with Andre which is my one friend that moved to Margate last year, I asked my parents if I can go because it was very fun to play African drums, and I couldn’t imagine how it would be like to play drums for 5whole hours. The bad thing was that they have gave me weed before and I smoked it a couple of time before this time, I remember the first time was when I smoked with my friends at the dam and it was called “parkiegras” which is low grade jad weed mixed with cigarette tabbaco. Well my mom and dad agreed that I can go with them to the drumming circle and to spend the night at Peter’s house, I also asked for money so that I can go and buy myself my own drum and to play with that. So the time passed and the drumming circle came, I was very excited and very happy, I knew that we are going to smoke weed and get stoned out of our minds! The night started and we arrived at the drumming circle, to start the night I wanted to go and buy a drum but just when I got there I lost my money, I went back and looked for it and Peter picked it up and gave it back to me. Just after that I went and bought the drum and was even happier then! Later even more people showed up and the night started, I Peter and Peter’s uncle (John) and Andre went to the car and smoked weed but lucky I didn’t want to smoke weed and took only a few hits out of a homemade nut bong. So the night passed on and we all had to leave and go home, we were all very tired and couldn’t wait to get to bed, as soon as I hit the bed I was asleep. So the next morning came on and I went home to my parents, it was all good because they didn’t realize what I did that previous night.

So the year have passed and I became too much depressed and I had to tell my parents, and they did take action for this and send me to vista hospital where a psychiatrist talked to me and tried to help me, they also send me to our house doctor and he gave me pills for this. Day after day I took the pills and hoped it is helping, but my life didn’t stop just yet, I went back to school and continued my year with all my friends, drinking and parting and using drugs but not to often. The pills did help and I felt better very fast after a month or so, the middle of the year was here and I had to right exams, I didn’t like this at all but then again who does? I studied hard for every subject and tried my best on that moment to do good at the end of the quarter.

The vacation was here and we were all very happy for that and I knew that I am going to drink a lot that vacation, nothing stopped me not even church because I didn’t go to church anymore. All was great and me and my friend enjoyed it so much, unfortunately Andre slept at Peter that whole vacation and I couldn’t sleep there even once. We did lan and went to parties that time but not too much because Andre didn’t want to go and then Peter doesn’t want to go as well. Soon the vacation came to an end and school are going to start again, it didn’t do me good for my depression because we were going to get our report cards and my stress levels were very high.

Now the school has started and I was in very deep depression but I didn’t show it to much, I got my report card and my mark wasn’t too bad so my depression went down again. At this point I spended a lot of time in my room in the afternoons and evenings, my parents didn’t like it but I didn’t mind. My depression wasn’t too bad so I was a bit more happy, my life went good at this point with me drinking as much as possible at every party I could go to, we lanned as much as possible. There was another friend that came into school at this point named Dj the strong guy, he is a very nice person and very kind, I enjoyed talking to him and telling him about my life and so did every one ells. Soon he became one of our friends and hanged with us at school the whole time!

There was one thing that bothered me on this stage and that was magic, me as a kid always liked magic and always practiced magic card tricks or coin trick or whatever I could lay my hands on. The problem was I didn’t want to do just normal fake magic, I wanted to do real magic and so I searched the web and founded a whole lot of information or magic. The type of magic was white I looked for and soon went onto witchcraft sites and read about their traditions and how they do magic etc, I looked on how to cast spells and what kind of spells there is out there. Soon I became addicted to reading about witchcraft for they told me it’s not evil and that you are helping people with it, Peter’s mom always told me about the energy of the world and so did witchcraft, I saw now how everything have connection with one another. I have started on writing my own book of shadows which is the wiccans, pagans (people who practices witchcraft) bible, it was very fun for me and my depression became all less on this stage. I couldn’t tell anyone about this because people thinks that witchcraft is evil (actually it is), but this didn’t stop me and I loved being evolved with this, soon I started doing a spell which I got from a website named “everythingunderthemoon” for wiccans and pagans have a lot to do with the moon etc. I only tried one spell a glamour spell which changes your eye color into the desired color you want. I choose white because the requirements was the easiest to get a hold of, well so I chanted the spell and not much have happened I did a bit more research on spells and it turns out that it may take a while to get the concentration level right. After a few times of doing the spell my eyes turned from dark blue or grey to a very light blue and I could see the changes and I was very impressed. This showed me that witchcraft really does exist and that I have the power to change my own eye color, but then spooky stuff happened to me, I felt on spirits from the other side if I am alone in the house at night. This really spooked me the first few times but then I talked to Peter’s mom and she told me that I mustn’t be scared because all spirits are friendly and they won’t hurt me, I really did believe her and didn’t mind this spirits and if I felt them I only greeted them and moved on with my life. This all happened through a few months and my depression got even worse, I went back to our house doctor and he gave me stronger pills but these ones really did help me a lot but my mom sended me back to the psychiatrist and I had to go every week or so, this was a very bad time for my sister because she was kept at vista hospital to help her with her depression, she never tried to commit suicide but only because she loved us too much. My witchcraft practicing stopped but I still did love it and told people about it and doing research about it.

So the year have came to an end and my depression got a lot worse, the stronger pills didn’t help me anymore and I went to tell my parents, they told me that I don’t have to write exams and she phoned the school and told them the story, they did understand and told my mom that it’s not a problem we just have to get a letter from the psychiatrist. I was very happy about this but the depression didn’t go away like always, it got a lot worse and I never knew what to do about this except for drinking my pills. The problem was I never prayed anymore so I didn’t think of praying, my friends did understand and didn’t mock me at all, they just told me that they will always tell the children that I am very sick and I can’t write exams.

They exams came to an end and I was very happy but still depressed, I knew that this is party time again and couldn’t wait to start drinking or whatever. I knew that new years is going to be so hectic and I couldn’t wait, my parents told me that I am allowed to go and I knew that they won’t change their mind. I went to my mom and asked her to buy me hangover pills for new years and she told me that she will and she also agreed to buy me alcohol. This was very good sign for me and I couldn’t wait for new years, there was a few parties around where I stay and my friends didn’t know to which one they should go, well finally we have all decided and we went to Caribbean beach. I told my mom and dad that I am going to sleep at Sam and that they would give me a lift back, so they night came near and we all went to the party and started drinking. We all soon got wasted and met a lot of new people and hanged with all the old friends, after new year’s we were all wasted and wanted to go home but I met a few new people and didn’t want to go just yet. I told my friends that they can go home and I will phone my mom to pick me up, they agreed and left me alone with other people at the party, I told them the whole story about the witchcraft and everything and they were very interested in finding out how everything works. Later they left as well and I needed to get a lift home, I phoned my parents and asked them if they can pick me up and they told me that I must phone the manager that works at my mom’s restaurant. Everything was cool and he came and picked me up and took me home that night, where I went to bed and slept till the next morning.

Soon school started again and they depression was a bit lighten again but still really bad, we all got our classes and everything and I was very happy in the class I was divided into. Everything was ok and everyone was happy and it was soon time to start school full steam ahead. I didn’t want to because of all the stress and the depression I was always tired and couldn’t sleep. Soon I started thinking about suicide again but didn’t really take it up seriously; I went on with my extremely depressed life and couldn’t wait to die some day.

The tests came in and every one had to start studying, I was very stressed out and didn’t know what to do but I went on with my life and didn’t want anyone to find this out. So the tests was almost done and the assignments came into place, this stressed me up even more but I had to do this, at this time I only had about 3 assignments and 1 test left. I didn’t want to continue and just wanted to die, I had to stay at home a few day because of my knee that has inflammation and my assignments that wasn’t completed yet. Day after day I stayed at home and the depression got a lot worse, I didn’t know what to do and I started thinking about suicide even more often and more seriously. Then the last day I am going to stay at home I didn’t drink my depression pills on purpose and went into my room and dranked 19 sleeping pills called trepeline 25mg. this was enough to put and elephant into a deep sleep and to kill any human, so I went to sleep and hopefully die’ing in my sleep. They next moment I woke up in the hospital in ICU, I couldn’t remember much but all I know I was in a coma for 14 hours and then went to the recovery room for 2 days. This didn’t make sense for me because I drinked all of the sleeping pills and I couldn’t understand why I am still alive, my parents soon came and visited me when I was still asleep and could do much on my own. Me and my brother talked and he told me the whole story and he told me that he offered himself to Jesus to save me that day, I couldn’t believe it but after just 2 days after I was in a coma, I came out and immediately started working double shifts at my mom’s restaurant. There was nothing wrong with me but all of this made me see how great God is and how He can do miracles, now I’m a really big child of God and can talk in tongues and can praise the Lord for always and nothing can come in my way!!!

My message to all of you out there who wants to commit suicide:

Its not worth it! Live your life and enjoy it. God is waiting for you!

God bless us! Amen.