

Learning new lessons for blog number eleven!

An unintentional illusion portrayed, a role I somehow
come to play.

Perfection, deception, aggression to depression can all be
experienced in what was once my profession.

Persistence succeeded in conquering all my resistance, dissolving all my resilience. Compiled upon a simple list detailing much misfortune, forever growing with notes all anew for me to view. Unable to dismiss or resist this lingering urge in wanting to fly free, to simply just be, acceptance soon showered over me. Washing away much burden, pain and strain built up over time, with feelings like I was going insane all soon to simply just fade away, that very same day.

2023 didn't come free for me. 2024 come at a cost, but not all was lost, for 2025 I'm still alive! Consequences, knowledge and hindsight all seen anew, moulding a new me, a different me with not so much glee but more than ready to spill the tea!!!

When it comes to speaking about mental health, I don't think there really is any straightforward or easy way to initially do so. No straightforward solutions, answers or reasoning behind the thoughts or feelings we might be experiencing. However, having been in a position myself where many others I know have faced, is that of being sat in front of a GP while in the midst of drowning in depression, being unable to make eye contact, let alone talk about what is happening in your head, seeing your GP can be hard. Many around us such as family and friends or even professionals, such as doctors may often focus on the prevention rather than that of the present mental torment that is being experienced. This being due to various reasons from not being honest and open due to potential embarrassment, much like I felt or the possible dent of self-providence to downplaying a situation for whatever reason that individual might have. The mention of intervention by means of possibly receiving some form of therapy however not before waiting a lengthy period of time due to such demand within the mental health sector, I personally see as a false offering, false hope or be it an illusion. When it comes to the reality of a situation, it simply means the offer of being placed on a lengthy waiting list till you're called, living in hope that it comes a day to soon rather than a day to late. Or even being prescribed medication to ease those mental pressures so many of us endure before matters get worse, only to be told there will be a period of approximately two to three weeks, if not more before a sense of change is felt. When depression has taken its hold, it's hard enough getting through a day, let alone a week. A lot can happen within sixty seconds let alone sixty minutes or be it twenty-four hours. As individuals, we all react or handle situations differently. While some may decide to dive into work others might find harmony with a well crafted drink or two, possibly three, four or even more. But what happens when the crisis has "passed?" Does depression ever leave or does it just change shape? Or be it direction? With its victim consumed and blinded, moulding oneself to its requirements without even noticing. I guess it could be said that depression holds many traits of which a narcissistic partner would, now that I think of it, especially having lived with both on separate occasions. With depression pulling the strings on one's own mind, what is a person to do when left to their own devices, having to navigate what

could be a complicated aftermath to what depression destroyed while ruling the roost and blinding its victim in the process? Or to be more direct, that of a suicide attempt? The road to recovery is often far more challenging than it appears, particularly as society's expectations can feel overwhelmingly burdensome. With blog number eleven, I aim to shed some light on the rarely discussed aftermath of a failed suicide attempt and the profound effects it has on individuals, like myself, who are expected or be it thought of to return to their once "normal selves" resuming their role within a society that is quick to judge or find fault in whatever they can.

Having a failed suicide attempt can lead a person to a mental minefield with not only the reasons behind their initial decision loitering but also the disappointment of having not succeeded. The feelings of despair or hopelessness that drove them to that point can quickly morph into guilt, shame, and confusion. It is crucial for all to understand that surviving a suicide attempt is not straight forward or by any means simple. It is a complex journey filled with emotional upheaval with the daunting task lingering in one's own mind of having to rebuild a life that they may feel has been shattered. I must admit, that even though it has been one year and seven months since I left hospital following on from my own suicide attempt, that life as I know it at present can at times be a battle. No two days are ever the same. Some days I'm up early, I brush my teeth, I shower, put on fresh clean clothes, clean my house and may even leave my house! Which is a very rare occurrence regardless of how I feel. Anxiety has a way of doing things to their victims that many, including myself never realised to be possible before. On other days I struggle to wake up. I don't brush my teeth; I don't shower or even change my clothes. I don't even leave my bed, preferring to stay locked away and under my covers, avoiding my phone, unable to watch any TV, unable to think straight. Opting to sleep the hours away, the days away. Speaking first hand with reference to the aftermath of suicide, I can truthfully say that unknowingly and subconsciously, you soon become a professional when it comes to finding excuses for not wanting to do things such as meeting friends or attending appointments without even realising it. More so on days when you physically or mentally can't face the outside world. Cannot face seeing people. Talking to people. It is on those days that the very thought of leaving your bed becomes exhausting. It is on those days that the excuses present themselves willingly, without any thought given. This being due to not so much wanting to avoid the prearranged appointments or social meets but more so to avoid having to leave the comfort and safety of one's own bed. To actually get out of one's own head and face the reality of the real world. To be brave enough to actually unlock the front door to then even opening it and stepping outside really is one small step for man, one giant leap for one's own mind.

After an unsuccessful suicide attempt, many individuals may often experience a myriad of emotions. Be that a relief at having survived, confusion about their feelings, and sometimes, intensified sadness. Friends and family may expect to see immediate signs of recovery, but feelings of loneliness and isolation can deepen during this time. Many survivors have described feeling trapped in a cycle of "what ifs" and "should haves," which can keep many stuck in a cycle of pain. I've often said to others that living with the consequences of my actions is so much harder than that of my initial actions I carried out in attempting to kill myself. And still, to this day I don't regret what I done but more so resent what I had done not actually working. However, in a roundabout way, just like my life, nothing has ever been straight forward. As the old phrase

goes, every cloud has a silver lining, a phrase that certainly resonates with me, something of which I'll mention more of later.

One of the most challenging aspects I've found towards the aftermath of what I attempted is the societal expectation to resume to one's previous life as if nothing had ever happened. To return to work, engage with friends, and act as though everything is fine. This belief can create additional pressure, amplifying feelings of inadequacy in those who are struggling. The reality is that healing from such an experience takes time, sometimes months, if not years. Possibly never... Healing I guess can be interpreted in various ways depending on who you ask. Are we really healed from such events or are we just learning to adapt to what has been, building bridges to get over trauma once faced, blocking memories or thoughts out of our minds with not facing up to the truth. The reality, severity, realisation of a situation. In my experience many people refer to healing like you would refer to a cut, fixing itself and being visible for all to see its progress. But can someone truly heal from life experiences such as sexual or physical abuse, coercive behaviour, gaslighting or abandonment issues, being just a few of many examples. Can someone heal from the trauma of a failed suicide attempt that many know about, many that the individual in question who attempted to take one's own life doesn't even know? Having to now live their remaining years with the consequences, a tracheostomy in my case. I personally don't feel anyone can, not just mentally but physically, as stated in my doctors notes regarding my paralyzed voice box. However, with this said please don't be fooled into thinking that this is a statement of woe, this is my honest opinion, laid bare if not direct for anyone to read. As mentioned previously, I don't regret my decision, I regret my actions not going as planned. I've spent countless hours ruminating over my actions, trying to piece the many fragments of memory I have together in some way or another simply for my own purpose and not that of another, be it a friend or medical professional. I've asked myself countless times an array of different questions regarding matters that took place BC (before coma) and AC (after coma) relating to the choices I made, the many difficult situations I was presented with in 2023, the actions of those around me, be those "friends" or clients. I've questioned many relationships, friendships, working relationships and more, right down to the relationship I had with various animals that I crossed paths with. While many questions I still spend many hours ruminating over, the knowing that I will more than likely never have the answers I seek becomes easier to live with as each day passes. In a philosophical sense, it's the silence that ironically not only comes from me when without my speaking valve (tracheostomy) but more so the many others that speaks the loudest. The many that once played the hero when in reality were always the villains. The many wolves that dressed in sheep's clothing, being hoodwinked for numerous years prior, by those I thought were my closest. My tribe. My circle. My family that was chosen through choice and not through blood. They say actions speak louder than words and while I do agree with this statement, the real question is, are those actions carried out to help you or to simply help them by making themselves feel better due to feelings of guilt being presented, feelings of needing to rather than wanting to, clearing one's own conscious to be perceived by others as being the good guy, dismissing or choosing to forget what is now history, that of which was lived a lifetime ago. Four lifetimes ago to be exact. Many who survive an attempt have to confront not only their mental health struggles but also the ways in which others perceive their situation. Phrases like "You're okay now, you should just move on" can feel dismissive and invalidate the ongoing challenges many survivors face. But it's not only the silly expectations others perceive to be possible, but also the faces of many that speak a thousand words without them even

having to open their mouths. That awkward few moments when face to face with someone you once knew, someone you once knew before your attempt at suicide.

Apart from the feelings one might feel towards a suicide attempt, no one speaks of the things one might lose after a suicide attempt. As for myself, I have lost a number of things, be it materialistic possessions, emotionally invested friendships of those that I once classed as family, the name I made for myself in which I worked so very hard to make possible and in some aspects I guess a form of respect that I received from others with regards to the appreciation of hearing my professional or personal opinion, be that with regards to equine matters or simply life's obstacles in which everyone faces at one point or another, regardless of how serious or what some may see as insignificant. Having completed my course in self-harm and suicide awareness and prevention, one vital and continuous statement was made repeatedly. Everyone is fighting their own battle, regardless of how big or how small, that battle might be, it is just as important and should be listened to and treated with just as much care as you would do another person's mental health concern. This being something I will never forget as well as remind others who may bring another person down or even try to compare. For no two people are or ever will be the same.

Therapy can be an invaluable tool in navigating the aftermath of a suicide attempt. Mental health professionals can provide a safe space to explore feelings of shame and guilt while also teaching coping mechanisms to manage overwhelming emotions. However, with this said I have been in and out of therapy since the age of eleven. I'll never forget one particular occasion in my early twenties where I did have a mental health wobble and signed up to a six week therapy course, with one session every week for six weeks. I was only on my second session when I witnessed my therapist start to cry while listening to my story. I'll never forget seeing the tears roll down her face from under her glasses while she discreetly tried to wipe them away. That second therapy session left me feeling even worse. Not for me but for her, I didn't want to make her cry. My second therapy session turned into my last therapy session after that day. Regardless of my own reasoning to be going to therapy in the first place, making another person cry from simply telling my own story was not what I intended, nor was it what I expected to happen. But with this said, it was not until I woke up from my coma that I realised that the story I would relay to others so flippantly and very matter of fact actually hit home. Realising that the story I was telling was that of my own and not that of another. That it was real and that it did in fact incur consequences. Consequences that were initially just seen as being that of mental trauma that I would relay to anyone who asked, before later in life becoming physical with the injuries, I sustained in my attempt to suicide. But in addition to the mental and physical trauma, it was more so other traits that I never even realised I possessed that have left forever lasting consequences. Trust issues, abandonment issues, bad habits picked up along the way while navigating my way through the many obstacles presented. The need to be wanted, presenting itself within my working life by forever saying yes to avoid disappointing anyone, to even having massive issues with sound, meaning that I am always so mindful to others, such as my neighbours by living in pretty much complete silence and tip toeing around my home regardless of the time it might be. The things I think I hear, the things I think I see or that of which my mind quite often makes up, being in constant flight or fight mode. Living to keep the peace constantly to avoid confrontation, meaning I'm not actually living for me at all, but for those around me.

It is often and quite normal for survivors to often struggle with feelings of worthlessness or inadequacy. It's crucial to cultivate self-compassion, recognizing that recovery is an ongoing process. It is okay to not bounce back immediately; in fact, acknowledging one's feelings can be a crucial step in healing. Recovery involves setting realistic and manageable expectations. Rather than aiming for a return to "normal," individuals should be focusing on small steps towards creating a new normal, celebrating progress along the way. This might involve redefining daily routines or engaging in new activities that align with their current state of mind. I've lost a lot in my recovery. But with that said, I've also gained a lot, more so mentally but I guess physically if you want to include my tracheostomy! BC Nick is no longer alive. And I'm ok with that. AC Nick knows his boundaries, how to say NO and genuinely not feel guilty about it. When I lost my voice, I also lost my filter. My tracheostomy enables me to speak but has no regard as to what comes out. So, I will say what I feel and mean. I will be unapologetically sorry with my opinion or view if asked or if see something I don't agree with. People pleasing or as I like to call it, helping the community, ended a while back. However, it has to be said that old habits really do die hard with me still very much tip toeing around my home regardless of the time or listening to my TV as quietly as possible to prevent disturbing any neighbours!

In conclusion, the aftermath of a suicide attempt is often a silent battle, marked by profound emotional challenges and societal pressures. Understanding that individuals recovering from such experiences are not simply looking to simply return to their once former lives. We are on a journey to find some form of healing, understanding, and perhaps most importantly, hope. By providing support, patience, and empathy, we can create a world where survivors feel safe to navigate their recovery, knowing that they are not alone. With understanding that lasts, with physical and moral support to lift us out of our dark days but to also be mindful by not applying pressure when on those low days to get up and do, whatever that "doing" entails.

Below I have made the conscious decision to include within this blog what were my final wishes, left on the evening of the 19th February 2024. Left in my living room, on my laptop with the password written down on a strip of masking tape, for whoever should first come to being in possession of my laptop to see. My final wishes were written out on numerous occasions leading up to my suicidal attempt. Written and edited, reread numerous times only to add or take away certain parts. When initially writing my 'final wishes' I can truthfully say that I had no real intentions or plans to carry out such an act however, with it being suggested by a privately paid 'alternative therapist' who I would occasionally speak with, the idea become more of a reality, subconsciously. As previously stated in my blogs, much of my memory has been completely erased, if not forgotten from the evening of the 18th February 2024 at around 8pm right up until 10:30pm on the 19th February 2024. For whatever reason, remembering the fact that it was 10:30pm that I had made my decision or more so the fact that I had come to a sense of relief or resolution has always been said with certainty when retelling my story. Along with other memories such as cleaning my house, making sure my pets had enough food and water, choosing an outfit, having a shower and to even shaving my beard. Showering or be it selfcare, was something I massively fell behind on prior to my decision making. But I remember the feeling of certainty in what I was doing being right, along with feeling as if a burden had been

lifted from my shoulders and I had a sense of clarity, or more so a plan. Clarity again being something I had lost a hold of many weeks prior.

It was not until the June / July of 2025 that a very close friend of mine mentioned to me that she spoke to a mutual associate while she was away at the time of me being unconscious, receiving help for her own health issues, that another pinnacle moment to my actions become known. Call it coincidence if you must but being the spiritual type that I am, this pinnacle moment holds much value to the friendship I hold with this close friend I speak of. Whilst this close friend was receiving the help she required, she mentioned to me that she was frequently waking up at 4:00am. This being more often than not for no particular reason i.e. needing the toilet. This was a frequent reoccurrence starting from the 20th February, that for whatever reason to her at the time, held some sort of significance. With this in mind along with very vaguely being made aware of my actions at the time simply due to her needing a clear head for her own recovery, she set about asking that mutually known associate I've mentioned as to if my time of suicide was at 4:00am due to her consistently waking up at that time. On mentioning this, the associate I previously refer to brushed this question off instantly, referring to it as being just a coincidence and not giving it any time of day to really acknowledge. All this information of which was previously unbeknown to me at the time due to being in a coma, she asked me directly earlier this year if 4:00am had any relevance in my suicidal attempt. I would like to also point out, that upon her recovery and while getting a tattoo, for whatever reason, she decided to have 444 additionally tattooed on her arm. Not knowing exactly why or what they mean in terms of angel number for those that are spiritual, but a three-digit number that held a deep personal meaning to her. With the mention of her 4:00am unaided awakening being a reoccurrence being pushed to one side by this associate, she eventually asked me if 4:00am had any correlation to my suicidal attempt. I went digging to see if 4:00am or be it the number 4 held any relevance to events that took place. Well, I can confirm that 4:00am did hold a significant meaning. Having delved into previous conversations around the time of my attempt, it was exactly at 4:00am that I sent my last text message before my leap into the unknown, to which was proven by the time stamp of which a WhatsApp message conversation was had at that time. A conversation I do not remember but a time that clearly stated it was in fact 4:00am. In addition to this, it was four times that I died throughout my length of stay in hospital, representing the number four my very dear friend held a significant connection with. If I was to go deeper, I could say that the year was 2024 or even the date of my attempt being the 20th February, divided between four being five, five being the number of weeks I was laid within a coma. Call it what you will, but I strongly believe that my dearest friend did not just wake up repeatedly at 4:00am for any old reason but more so an inclination of sorts, be it on a spiritual level or just that of intuition, given the close bond in which we share together. A twin flame. My twin flame.

Please do know that I have chosen to remove certain parts of 'my final wishes' for the privacy of those I did happen to mention. These being individual, heartfelt messages that I left for certain friends along with my final requests and thanks.

Be who you are and say what you feel because those who mind don't matter and those who matter don't mind. – Dr Seuss

With love,

NMD

06/11/2025

My final wishes...

To whoever reads this first, this is my apology. I truly am sincerely sorry.

Please know that typing this has not been easy. As I type in wonder, Coldplay echoes with my ickle Pickle all snug and asleep just beside me. Please know that I've chosen my words wisely.

Phrasing all that follows with as much thought for you, whoever you might be.

My head has been in a muddle for quite some time with all the hurdles life has presented to me recently. The truth is I don't think I've ever truly been happy. My childhood was non-existent, acting older than my years for the sake of my sisters and at points even my "Mum". I struggle to think of a time that I was ever truly cared for or genuinely loved by my supposed parents or that of my new family that I joined and played a part in. Even the family I once had when young, wasn't the real deal, making me question what really is meant by the term, family? Mum, Dad, Nan, Grandad, Auntie, Uncle or even just Cousins, were simply just words, used by those when referring to another within their own, real family. Forever known as a Mum, Dad, Nanny or Granny, Grandad to Grandpop and more than likely with an Uncle and Auntie, everyone was always on first name terms for me, for you see, I had no true, real family. Regardless of the odd bit of persuasion often made by those seeking their preferred title as if it was earned or more so expected, but not for me. No nicknames. No abbreviations. Be it Simon, Karen, Shirley, Dave, Jason, Sue or simply just Nicholas. These unhealable wounds have lived with me my entire life, never fully able to heal but managed with plasters, plastered upon plasters. Supported with slings and crutches or just that of pure strength and courage. Fun fact for first aid, visible wounds are seen to heal, sealing what once was a big deal. It's the Mental wounds that no one can see, that soak up much glee, that are hard to truly set free so we can just grow old and be. I've been living a life way beyond my actual years since I can remember. Always having to be like me, comes with a heavy fee. Pretending to be mending while forever defending. Decision making, no time for waiting, so much of which I shouldn't have had to be making while still so young. Being a kid, I found really rough.

I've always been one to care as well as support those around me as its all I've ever known to do, with it being forever requested since I was young and with it now being always expected. But at times I have had to ask myself, who is caring about me? Or supporting me with no ulterior motive or for any self-gain? Caring and supporting me because they want to and not because they feel they need to purely from pity. This is not to say I've not felt cared for or supported by friends but to the level so many around me have so naturally and without question has always been something I've yearned for, mourn for.

I truly feel that I've come to the point where I have nothing more to give. Things that I've offered so freely over the years have become expected and with no thought to me as a person. A human being. For as long as I can remember I've been boosting the confidence of others, from clients to even boyfriends. What I don't like is how I really feel. How I'm criticked when I go a little quiet

even though I really feel fine. How the understanding I give so many is not reciprocated. How I'm forever expected to perform and do even though I've said I'm not in a good place. The pressure I feel from so many to keep doing, to keep going, regardless of the various struggles I'd be dealing with having voiced them too so many. Struggles I was presented with at that moment in time.

Struggles I've had to face with little or no understanding to how I might be feeling, simply because they've always known me as Nick. The happy, funny, hyper, chatty, confident, will ride anything, speak to anyone, constant can do Nick.....Or be it, Nicholas.

I'm tired. Tired of forever pushing. Keeping my head above water despite what obstacles life has chucked my way. Tired of being that Nick, everyone expects me to be. Tired of dismissing my own needs to constantly be caring and supporting others. Giving confidence to those who need it to only be pushed aside, lied to, cheated on, used and eventually forgotten about. Over the years and more so this last year I've really seen how people can change once they've gained their confidence, my trust, added to their own knowledge with my help or realised their own self-worth having had me be that pillar of support for however long prior. I'm all for self-growth but being completely forgotten about and dismissed when having had a part to play in that growth hurts. Being dismissed and forgotten about is something I've dealt with on many occasions. I can't handle that heartache anymore.

I'm not blaming anyone for my actions. Life has just gotten too much for me to handle, and I simply can't find the strength to push on anymore, physically but ultimately mentally. I don't want anyone to mourn my passing. No self-doubting. No questioning at to what could have been done, said or changed. Truth be told, my mind has been made up for quite some time now.

As much as it has hurt and sent me into rabbit holes filled with question towards certain actions, I would like to be remembered for everything I gave to others. To better themselves in any which way I have. And if not them, then their horse. Or be it even a silly voice note received from myself that would make you smile.

I can truthfully say that I have no hate or bad feelings towards anyone.

To hate someone is truly an emotion no one should have room to hold.

With all my love,

NMD x

20/02/2024