

**.....I will be all that I can be. Take all of my chances and embarrass myself in front of the world. Let them see my works and be appalled by my level of incompetence. Let them hear the decisions I make and be mortified at my great show of lackluster thinking. I'll be comfortable producing and publishing bad works. In fact, this will be the first of many you'll be seeing here. I will create, not minding the bareness of my creations and the inelegance they carry with them. I will never doubt the potential of my creations and wonder if the world will love them. Concerned that they will not be inspired by the harmonization of my thoughts with reason. I WILL NOT SUFFER THAT PAIN AGAIN.**

**I will do everything, never to be recognized as "The Boy Who Was Promising", but rather "The Boy Who Is Infinite".**

## **SELINI: THE BOY WHO CHOSE DEATH**

**"It's simple, freedom is the length of rope God want you to hang yourself with"**

### **CHAPTER ONE**

**July 22, 2017.**

**Dear friend,**

I'm not sure you appreciate been called "friend" by a total stranger, but Icarus told me you couldn't care less. I chose to write to you because they told me you don't judge, doesn't matter how stupid or irrational it sounds, you always listen without any judgement and not butting in trying to give advice. Also, having read your blog posts, you seem like the only person who can truly understand what is going on in my head and my reaction to it.

In the next 7 days, I'm going to kill myself.

No, I'm not depressed or whatever it is you might be thinking of. It's simply or in my case not so simple, a question of freedom.

Three years ago today, my best friend, Michael was killed in an accident and now no one seem to remember him except me. His death was the first and till now, the only loss I ever suffered, contrary to what everyone thinks; his death didn't really change me, but it did put things in perspective for me, and since then I couldn't go through a day without being plagued by the thought that I really could die without any notice and everything will be over for me.

According to everyone, after Michael's death I became withdrawn for so long that it was worrying and my parents had to make me see a therapist. I don't remember much about my visits to the therapists', except laying on the couch talking and answering his questions. Weirdly, he mostly asked me questions about Michael and how I felt his death affected me. It never occurred to him that maybe something else has sparked in me. Something way more dangerous than the death. But maybe it did, and he just decided it wasn't worth his time. All I could remember was that after a couple of visits, he made a diagnosis of PTSD and he discussed the treatment plan with my parents which lasted for three months.

Three months of treatment for me to get over the death of someone I've been friends with for years. Doesn't sound logical really.

Now, I'm back to my old self and everything is cheery and rosy, at least until I get to be alone. Somehow, I have taken the role of the passive being, taking it all in and analyzing it in the dead of the night when I'm alone.

My head isn't loud every time, I don't feel like everyone is better than me, or I'm an impostor. I think overall, my mental health seems to be in a pretty good place (therapy seem to work in that regard), except me planning to take my own life.

Many people might consider being suicidal as a form of mental disorder, but my case is different.

I wanted to talk about what Michael's death made me realize but I drifted off topic. You'll see a lot of drifting off topic in my future letters (Look at me, assuming you'll be interested in a second letter from me) which I apologize for in advance.

The irony of choice revealed itself to me, how people spend their entire life preaching and most times practicing the gospel of FREE WILL and CHOICE, how they always have free will to make their choices and yet in the moments that matters most in their existence, they have absolutely no free will to make their choice. We didn't get to choose when, how and where we were born, even if. And most times, we don't get to choose how we die. The existence of these two situations negates the value of every free willed choice we might have made in our existence. The sheer irony and hypocrisy of it all, but it seems to me everyone choose to remain blind to this.

Does it ever occur to you how powerless and confined we are in the grand scheme of events? Why do we fight when we already know there's no chance of winning?

My aunt, who happens to be a Christian, talks about how powerful God is and how He always have a purpose for everyone but all we need to do is obey Him. I guess it made sense to her and a couple of billion of other people, because they believe in it, rather strongly too. I personally find that idea to be plain stupidity. It sounds harsh but I have my reasons.

The idea that there's an old sage white man (I never imagine the Christian God to be black) up there in the clouds somewhere, superseding human affairs and waiting for the End of Time to throw some people into an eternal fire, while some get to praise Him forever. Does that not sound a bit problematic to you?

Anyways, I've always wondered; if these people truly believe in their God; why do they fight? Que sera sera (What will be, will be)? Why do they try to make things be if God's will always come to pass?

I'm now sounding philosophical and I hate that, always makes me feel like I'm being pretentious....

Alright, I have to stop writing now; it's time for dinner and my dad gets cranky when we don't eat on time. Also, my final exams start tomorrow and it's best for me to be well-rested. Good night.

**Love Always,  
Selali.**

## **CHAPTER TWO**

**July 23, 2017**

**Dear friend,**

Exams are hectic, and I hate them. Thank goodness I won't have to write any other exam after this.

Did I mention I have a brother? His name is Amos, and he's older than me. We had a somewhat close relationship, but not that much mostly because we are in completely different age groups. After my birth, my parents decided trying for another child wasn't worth it and two is enough. If only they knew.

These days, I can't help but feel sorry for my family. My parent, mortified and sad at the loss of a child, they have 2 but will now be left with one. I pity Amos the most.

He'll probably have to start living for the two of us and I know the pressure will make him crack. You'll probably think this should be enough to make me reconsider my decision, right? Not really, in case you don't know I'm a somewhat selfish human being.

However, I'm mad that someone has to be burdened with living for a dead person or in my case; soon to be dead. I know it sounds hard, but if I die, let me die, no one should live for me, I shouldn't be the reason you're doing something. Do not live for me. My life is mine, and by my choice it is over, let it be over in peace.

In "The Secret History" by Donna Tart, after Henry's rather unnecessary suicide, his mom gave his car to Richard, according to her she couldn't bring herself to sell

it. I find that act to be quite selfish. Richard loved Henry (he said so himself at the end of the book), so undoubtedly, he would grieve him, at least in his own way. But every time he uses the car, he will be overcome with the smell of Henry, haunted by his memory for as long as he uses the car (which will be a while considering his financial situation), that he can't sell because a mother wants a particular possession of her to live on. So, in order to feel better, Henry's mom tossed a gift that will always make Richard miserable unto his laps.

They told me you read a lot so you probably already know the books I'll mention in my letters. And on the slim chance of you not knowing it, I would advise you to read them.

Why can't we let the dead die? Why do we have to attempt to keep them alive in some way? I might not be an expert on loss, but I've had my experience. When Michael died, I didn't really feel sad for him. Now, he won't have to listen to music at high volume in his room or walk over to my place late at night when his parents start their daily brawling. Now he won't have to stress himself about the exams, if he's going to make the scholarship cut so he can leave this town. He won't ever have to worry if he'll be fulfilled in life. Or worry if Christy in our class likes him back. He's finally free. Free to do what, I don't know. But he's free from this world and its trappings.

I was mostly sad because my best friend is gone. The person who is always ready to listen to my rantings about my lofty dreams is gone. No more late-night video games together, or even the silent walks we take when the weather is beautiful. No one for me to talk to when I have sleepless nights. I was sad for myself, I felt bad for myself. There's no use being sad for him, it won't bring him back. I realize that everything we do after a person's death is all for us, we are all being selfish but mask it under the guise of grieving.

When we mourn a person, we only think of the things they've done, the memories we have of them. But rarely do we truly mourn someone because they are gone. Mourn them because their dreams died with them. Mourn them because we won't hear them haggling with the cab man. Mourn them because there will be no one to cherish their favorite t-shirt the way they do. Mourn them because no one will be as excited to watch *Family Guy* the way they were. Mourn them because they are not here to give you a lecture on how football is the

greatest sport. We do not mourn them because no one will peel oranges the way they do. Mourn them because you know you'll betray them and the memories you have of them will fade.

Michael is gone, but I'll be the one left to be haunted by his memories. I'm the one who see Christy at school every day and remember the things Michael said about her. I'm the one who must take silent walks in the evening and imagine he's walking besides me. I'm the one who find it hard to play video games because it just doesn't feel the same way without him. I'm the one who can't watch *Family Guy*, because all I could hear was Michael laughing loudly at the shenanigans of the Griffin Family.

Death is never about the dead, it's always about the living.

They say as long as someone live in your memory, they can never die. But I hoped Michael would die. I wished for him to die. For him to dissolve and become a distant memory, one that I can never remember what it was. But he didn't, he lived on in my head. His death seems to make him immortal in my head.

Do you know what happened after Michael's death? Mr. John, our school principal addressed the entire school. He talked about how Michael will be missed, how the energy he brings with him into a room will be missed, how friendly he was with everyone. He said that the halls of the school will be filled with his memories. According to him, Michael was a gentle soul who didn't deserve what happened to him.

While he was talking, I felt rage building inside of me. Michael wasn't friendly with everyone, he hated everyone at that school except for Christy. 24 hours before his death if you had asked Mr. John to point out Michael among just 10 students, he won't find it possible. Yet here he is, talking about how greatly he'll be missed and the halls will be filled with his memories. As if to them, he isn't more than a conversation topic that will die out (no pun intended) after out with a couple of weeks. The hypocrisy displayed by the entire school was enough to fill me for a lifetime.

You know what made it worse? They spelt his name wrong in the banner they made for him. He spelt it as Mikael because it makes him feel mysterious, but they

spelt it as Michael. That was the worst thing they could have done, committing a sin against the dead.

In a way, Michael was the buffer between me and my inevitable suicide. He kept me distracted, even happy for the most part. When he died, I felt the buffer gone and at that moment, I know I can't keep denying the way I see the world. The ugliness of it all.

The weather looks good right now, it's the type I and Michael took walks in. So, my letter has to come to an end now, it's time to torture myself with the memories of the life he lived. Maybe in my next letter, I'll tell you how I and Michael became best friends. It's only right, seeing as you can already see how important he is to my story.

**Love Always,  
Selali.**

## **CHAPTER THREE**

**July 24, 2017.**

**Dear friend,**

3 is considered a significant number in so many cultures. Why that is, I don't know, but I'm certain people will have a wide range of explanation for why this is. Isn't it weird? How humans try to ascribe meanings to things. They make things significant simply because they think or wish it should. I guess that's what makes us the highest species; the ability to completely delude ourself by choice, and get upset when others don't share in our delusion.

The school invited someone to give a talk on how to choose a future career for yourself. This was my first-time noticing, Michael. I sat beside him and the aura of boredom he exudes was enough to gain my attention. Everyone seems to find the speaker interesting in some sort of way, but not Michael.

"Do you think he's boring?" I asked as I turned my face to his direction.

“Infinitely so” He replied, laughing softly.

Curiosity got hold of me and I asked why he thought so.

“Because he’s trying too hard to be interesting, trying hard to relate with us on whatever level he thinks we are, he is a try hard. I hate try hards.”

And that was when I saw what he talking about. The slangs the speaker tossed around. His alluding to the popular music at the time. Saying he was once like us too. I too found him boring after that.

“Well now I can only see how boring he is” I said, jokingly.

We spent the entire session talking to each other, even though we got a couple of stern looks and reprimands from teachers. That was when I realize that we were in the same class and even live somewhat near to each other.

I always see Michael everyday but I never noticed him. Ironical how someone you never noticed end up being your reason for living.

You might be thinking I’m depressed or something. A professional might even agree that I am, but I’m not. It’s like being on a vacation and realizing that the place isn’t all it was made out to be, you know for as long you stay there, you’ll be miserable. So why not just leave?

Funny how I compared life to a vacation. At least with a vacation, you get to decide if you want to go but that isn’t the way it works with life.

You know when I started writing this letter, I was bursting with ideas of the things I would say to you and yet, words seem to fail me. All that I have now are feelings. Feelings that can’t be explained. Those you can’t put into words. The best explanation I can come up with is simply this; “I Feel”.

Not sad, melancholic, happy, desperate, suicidal, depressed. No, I’m not hoping that the afterlife will be some sort of Nirvana where I get to live for eternity in peace. I feel. I feel life itself. I feel the Universe.

I like to think I’m not religious or spiritual but weirdly enough, I don’t think I can die. Not in a way that matter. My flesh might die but the soul lives on. My soul is life itself. Life doesn’t die.

And that was me drifting off point.



Why do I torture myself by dredging up memories of Michael?

You want to know what I'll miss most when I'm dead?

Music and books. The fact that I won't be able to listen to Jaden's new album or read the next book in the Mitch Rapp series. Sounds trivia and stupid, doesn't it?

I read poem once in my favorite book; The Perks of Being a Wallflower. Here it goes;

*Once on a yellow piece of paper with green lines he wrote a poem*

*And he called it "Chops" because that was the name of his dog*

*And that's what it was all about and his teacher gave him an A and a gold star*

*And his mother hung it on the kitchen door and read it to his aunts*

*That was the year Father Tracy took all the kids to the zoo*

*And he let them sing on the bus*

*And his little sister was born with tiny toenails and no hair*

*And his mother and father kissed a lot*

*And the girl around the corner sent him a Valentine's card signed with a row of X's  
and he had to ask his father what the X's meant*

*And his father always tucked him in bed at night and was always there to do it*

*Once on a piece of white paper with blue lines he wrote a poem*

*And he called it "Autumn" because that was the name of the season*

*And that's what it was all about and his teacher gave him an A and asked him to  
write more clearly*

*And his mother never hung it on the kitchen door because of its new paint*

*And the kids told him that Father Tracy smoked cigars*

*And left butts on the pews and sometimes they would burn holes*

*That was the year his sister got glasses with thick lenses and black frames*

*And the girl around the corner laughed when he asked her to go see Santa Claus  
and the kids told him why his mother and father kissed a lot*

*And his father never tucked him in bed at night and his father got mad when he  
asked him to do it*

*Once on a paper torn from his notebook, he wrote a poem*

*And he called it "Innocence: A Question" because that was the question about his  
girl*

*And that's what it was all about*

*And his professor gave him an A and a strange steady look*

*And his mother never hung it on the kitchen door because he never showed her*

*That was the year that Father Tracy died*

*And he forgot how the end of the Apostle's Creed went*

*And he caught his sister*

*making out on the back porch*

*And his mother and father never kissed or even talked*

*And the girl around the corner wore too much makeup*

*That made him cough when he kissed her but he kissed her anyway because that  
was the thing to do*

*And at three A.M. he tucked himself into bed his father snoring soundly*

*That's why on the back of a brown paper bag he tried another poem*

*And he called it "Absolutely Nothing"*

*Because that's what it was really all about*

*And he gave himself an A and a slash on each damned wrist*

*And he hung it on the bathroom door because this time he didn't think he couldn't reach the kitchen.*

The first time I read it, it was beautiful. No matter how many times I read it, the beauty of the poem doesn't fade and I always thought about how I could have easily been the kid in it.

Sometimes I wonder what happen to that 8-year-old child I always see smiling in the pictures. The world changed and the people in it did. They grew up. Not for the better.

All in the name of growing up, one stop seeing the beauty in the world. Your parents stop coddling you because the real world is harsh. You can't talk to your childhood friends because they are mixing with a different group of people. Trying to fit in in their own way.

Maybe that was what drew me to Michael. His deliberate attempt at refusing to grow up. He believed that the moment you become an adult, the world stop being interesting and becomes a maze of trying to live until the next day.

Anyway, I've decided to leave this poem as a note after my death. Maybe my family will understand it, maybe they won't, I don't know. At least it's better than leaving nothing.

**Love Always,**

**Selali.**

## **CHAPTER FOUR**

**July 25, 2017.**

**Dear friend,**

According to Jean Amery, suicide represents the ultimate freedom of humanity. Obviously, I agree with this. Every day I see people fighting, struggling for something that only gives them a fleeting sense of satisfaction in the bigger scheme of things. Maybe that is why most people turn to religion, astrology or

some other form of belief. It fills them with hope of One Day. The day that their eternal satisfaction will start. When they can finally get their reward for being good and others get their reward for being bad. I actually have a theory that what appeals to most people about Heaven and Hell isn't that they get to be in Heaven. But rather, they get to be there with the knowledge that others are suffering. The suffering of others is what gives their own reward meaning.

Look at me, drifting off topic again.

Freedom seems to be the foundation of today's society but ironically, there's nothing about it that's free. The very basis of life as Man spelt nothing similar to freedom. We were basically chunked out here without our permission. Left to find purpose and meaning for ourselves in a world that there isn't any.

Michael always laughed whenever I talk to him about the absence of freedom. He believed that I am making a fundamental mistake by assuming that there isn't some sort of agreement between us and whoever is in charge of life on Earth. That maybe we are the one who consented or even requested to be here. I agree with him, but secretly hoped that isn't true. Because if that were to be true, then we are not victims and honestly, I love being a victim. It might sound sad, but who do I fight against if I'm not the victim here? Generally, humans love being victims.

If there's one thing I have come to learn and accept about life, especially the metaphysical part of it is that we all know nothing. Everything we think we know are just a bunch of wild conjectures and possibilities. For all I know, we might be characters in a book, just like **Sophie's World**. Icarus told me that is your favorite book. Makes sense that you'll be into philosophy.

I read the book too and the main thing I could point out from it is how clueless we really are about what this place is, what we are doing here, how we came to be. We look up to those ancient philosophers and what-nots in the hope of finding an answer that we know deep down they don't have.

Why do we think life is worth living?

I find it wild that a lot of these philosophers are also against suicide and some based their argument on the fact that you can't create life and as a result it isn't yours to take. As if our species doesn't survive on taking the lives of billions of

other living organisms. What makes our life worth more than theirs? Isn't the arrogance of humanity something truly beautiful to look at?

I have Right to Life, but the moment I decide to take my life; it's a crime? A crime to take something that belongs to you? Unless you believe that life doesn't belong to you and in that case, I hope you find peace.

Sometimes I can't help but think that my decision is based on a morbid sense of curiosity. I really don't care whatever the Afterlife turns out to be but I'm curious. Will I spend my eternity burning in a lake of fire? Or will I become part of the Universe? Other times, I think I just can't bear waiting for Death to decide it's my time. Especially after Michael's death, I felt vulnerable and like I don't have long to live for.

I go to bed with the dreadful thought that I won't be alive the next day. I know Death is something I can't avoid, so why dread it when I can hasten its process? At those moments, it feels like an act of defiance to me. You won't be the one to decide when it's all over, only I get to decide that. I refuse to take an interest in existence because I find its abrupt and most times unexpected end to be a slap in the face. You get to give me life and take it whenever you want, but the problems lie in me choosing to return the gift. The hypocrisy of it all. Watch me, as I desecrate the temple that you call my body. Watch me as I not only stomp on the gift you give to me, but laugh in your face like a man drunk on death.

So, which do you think it is; Defiance or Curiosity?

**Love Always,**

**Selali.**

.....

## **CHAPTER FIVE**

**July 26, 2017.**

**Dear friend,**

Today I realized something. My parents don't fight like Michael's but in a way their life seem much worse. Sometimes I wonder if they are not better separated from each other.

They barely argue with each other but you could see the discontentment in their eyes. I can't say they hate each other but they don't love each other also. When I look into their eyes, there's hardly anything there. They just seem exhausted of the life they are living. There's no life in them, not anymore.

But in a macabre way, there's life in Michael's parents' relationship. The constant shouting at each other, the near physical abuse, the white-hot anger in their eyes. All showing that while these people might hate each other, that hatred is alive. Or at least it makes them alive. Without it, they might be dead, maybe not physically of course. Their hatred gave them life and is what kept them both together after their son's death.

I sometimes hope my death will do the same for my parents, make them hate each other and maybe that way they will come alive. But I'm not really counting on that. They look too far gone to me.

This is my fifth letter. Just 2 more and it will all be over. You won't have to worry or even think about me. What I really regret is that I won't be able to tell you how it is. How it feels watching and feeling the life draining out of me, as I bare all my teeth out, laughing at my most important act of defiance. This sounds maniac, but extremity is living.

Rather than doubting my decision, these letters are making my thought process clearer to me. I'm not just wondering why I am interested in dying. I am aware of why I'm dying. I've known life and it does not interest me. It's time for me to know Death.

Hatred is what keeping Michael's parent alive, but Michael is what kept me alive. Sometimes I can find the precise words to explain how he does that and sometimes, even the simple words elude me and I only sound like the guy who can't get over his dead best friend.

Whoever created this world is sick and twisted. I just can't get the why of it. Why must life be a struggle? Why must everything be hard? Why must it all be a battlefield? Maybe this is really hell, but we are too arrogant to accept it.

Have you ever looked at yourself in the mirror and then you say your name. and it gets to a point where nothing seems real? You see your reflection in the mirror but you're not there. It's like you're just a shell, a container for something you can't comprehend. And it feels like the real you is looking at everything from an elevated position. You don't see yourself in the mirror, but you feel yourself looking at the entire universe? At that moment, the you staring at the mirror feels like nothing. But the you looking at the entire universe feels like everything.

The first time I felt this, I was scared. Words couldn't explain how it felt in that moment. It lasted only for a minute and then it slipped through my hands like sand. There are so many experiences in the world that words cannot explain how it feels. And then after the comedown from them, you either spend your entire life scared it would happen again or chasing it because it's all you can think about.

Sometimes, I wonder if death feels like that. You see your body but you know you're not there. You see the universe and it's beautiful. However, like I said, I do not care about the existence of an Afterlife. The curiosity however, can't be helped.

Have you ever looked at people walking and you wonder how many of them are truly alive? A great deal of people are dead. Look into their eyes and see how there is no life in them. There are billions of people living like my parents. Dead, deader than a dead man. And yet they can't see it. They know something is missing, but they would probably never guess it's their life.

I always wonder if people like to think of suicide as being cowardly is because they envy the bravery it takes to take one's life. Look at me, trying to make myself look like a hero as if I'm Superman or something.

I hear people talking; my father having a conversation with a friend, my mother seeking Amos' advice on what color she should paint the living room again. It all sounds so boring to me, dead. Moments like these remind me that this is the life I live and will continue to live if I'm alive. Tomorrow is my birthday, and the irony of it doesn't elude me.

**With Love,**

**Selali.**

## CHAPTER SIX

**July 27, 2017.**

**Dear friend,**

Happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me, happy birthday to me. I'm 18 years today, beautiful, isn't it? Especially when you realize that by this time tomorrow, I might be dead.

This is my first birthday I can remember feeling truly alive, maybe not happy, but alive. There is a certain truth to the belief that death is what gives life meaning. The short time I have left to spend is making me realize how everything is alive. Life in my family's words when they were wishing me a happy birthday. Life in my brother's footsteps when he was trying to bring the cake in. Even life in my parent's laughter when Amos told a joke. That was the first time they felt like living people to me in a while.

For the first time, the beauty of everything, the life they carry along in them made me doubt my resolve. I felt like life is worth living. Even if it is just to see your mother cut the cake with her left hand; despite being right-handed. Or seeing your father's face turn into a playful frown at the mention of the relatives coming to visit. Or just watching the way the sky changes when it's about to rain. Or waiting for the next smell of rain meeting the ground to hit your nose. And in a clear violation of my earlier statements; living for others. For the smile you bring to their faces. The listening ear you provide during the breakup with a girlfriend. Even the things I considered boring yesterday seems to be interesting to me today. Maybe life is worth living when you open your eyes to the beauty of it all. Maybe the little things are what really make life worth living.

But really; do I want to live for those moments? Spend my time waiting for some not long-lasting events to happen so life can feel worthy of living? What if my mom corrects her cutting style? What if my brother stops talking to me about his breakups? What if I can't smell the rain hitting the ground anymore? What if others are not worth living for? How do I still justify living?

I read a story about an architect who was on a boat with his friend. The architect's friend told him that he was a cold man. The architect replied that if the boat were



sinking, and there was only one room in the lifeboat for one person, he would gladly give up his life for the friend. He said something in the line of;

“I would die for you. But I won’t live for you.”

And I think maybe that’s life means to me. I want to live for myself and make the decision to share it with others. To allow other people participate. Michael might be the first person I ever chose to share my life with, and in my own way, I lived for him.

Isn’t it weird how my initial reason for wanting to kill myself is freedom. What power do you have if you cannot return that which was given to you forcibly?

Now it’s not clear anymore. I can’t be certain if it is defiance, curiosity, or if I just happen to be grieving a friend that died years ago. Am I just a stupid and arrogant kid who spend too much time in his head and felt like genius when he stumbled upon the idea of suicide being a form of freedom? Am I writing to you about my pain to make it seem poetic? Trying to make the red blood dripping from my fingers taste like wine? Do I even want to die?

**With Love,  
Selali.**

## **CHAPTER SEVEN**

**28 July, 2017.**

**Dear friend,**

Yesterday was a pivotal point in my life. While writing the previous letter to, I had what could only be described as a breakdown. I was ready to risk it all and maybe try to live. Until I remembered Michael.

He didn’t love life, but he didn’t hate it either. He would have preferred to live, not die. But his life was cut short because of a mad driver who wasn’t looking at his front. Or is it really the driver’s fault? According to Murphy’s law; what will go wrong will go wrong. Was Michael already meant to die at a young age? It doesn’t

matter if he was hit by a car or slip and break his neck, was his early death inevitable? Michael's death never bothered me much, it was the why that drove me to insanity.

I don't know where to end my story.

I want to be the guy who only desired to see behind the mask Death wears

The one that dared the gods and took something he couldn't create

The one who laughs as he desecrated the temple of the gods.

I believed the only way for me to live is by dying.

.....

I really hope you get this letter, and if you don't; that means I took the leap.

My birthday is over and now, I am not sure why I want to die or if I even want to die. There was only one thing left for me to do; give life a chance. I decided to live fully for the next 24 hours and see where it leads. But how do you give life a chance when you have nothing to live for?

It's not that I was not brave enough to enjoy life or do the things I wanted to do. There was just nothing I wanted to do. I am like a child pushed out of the comfort of his house and made to explore the world. But I don't want to. I want to be nothing.

Of course, philosophy was a favorite of mine. I love reading books, and listening to music, but those are not enough reasons for me to live. I simply don't want to live for the little things.

There isn't a lot of things that interest me, not for a long time. But I decided to try anyway.

In the words of Hozier; "There's an art to life, it is distraction." That seem like a sound principle to me at the time.

For some reason, my mom and brother were still awake, so I decided to join them. They were laughing about something, and when I got closer, I realized it was a video recording of me during my 5<sup>th</sup> birthday.

God, how different I was as a child. I don't know what I was thinking then, but it was definitely not suicidal thoughts or how this life is a vast space of nothingness.

I wondered if growing up is the true curse of life. Not death, not the pointless search for purpose. But leaving that beautiful stage where everything amazes you. The curse of living is losing our sense of wonder. There is always an explanation for everything, no matter how stupid it is. The sense of wonder is what distracted children from thinking about anything, and the world always take it from them. We stopped learning how to just appreciate the things we don't understand, and instead, try to find explanations for them to make us feel in control. How sad.

My mom saw me standing, lost in thought so she called my name. I joined her and my brother pointed out something funny in the video, I can't really remember what it was. All I know was how I felt in that moment. My parents may not be perfect or alive in their relationship, but the little things bring them joy, if only occasional. Seeing how young she was 13 years ago probably made my mom nostalgic. She was definitely alive then, my dad too. Maybe knowing that there was a time when they were happy is all they need to keep going. They don't need the little moments to happen every time, the grand plans. They don't need to feel satisfied with life at present. The satisfaction they had in the past is enough for them.

In that moment, I wanted to live. There was no need for me to carry out a grave act of defiance against Death. No need for me to feel free, or figure out what life really means. I decided to be satisfied with living for the little things. Distracting myself with the memories made in the past and those to be made in the future.

Life is worth living, not because of a grand plan or anything. Why is it worth living? I honestly don't know. But for me, it's worth living because it means I get to see my mother laugh again. I get to see my brother go through another heartbreak. I get to see the excitement in my father's face when his favorite football team wins the championship.

It is worth living because then, I know Michael will never die.

This might be my last letter to you, thanks for listening and not judging. In your own way, you made me find the beauty of life.

**With Love,**

**Selali.**

.....

# THE END

July 29, 2017.

**SELALI**

I never knew who the stranger I sent those letters to was. Maybe he wasn't even real, because there wasn't one response from him. But I am happy I sent those letters, in a way, they gave me life. Who knows; maybe I wrote to him as my final shout for help.

Filled with the new zeal for life I decided to visit Michael's grave. It has been a somewhat rough couple of weeks for me and I am finally glad it was over. I felt bad for the thoughts I had about Michael. For praying to forget him, and my memories of him to be gone. I know eventually, I will betray him. He won't be part of my everyday thoughts and slowly, the memories I have of him will push themselves to the back. But I promise to hold on to them, for as long as possible. Keep him alive for as long as life allows. Perhaps, I will even learn to live for him.

I threw on my headphones, Hozier blasting into my ears. Maybe that was why I couldn't hear or see the trailer coming towards me at full speed. Maybe in my final moments the only thing I could do was smile at the irony of it all. I had to crave death for me to desire to live, and when I finally did; Death decided to take me.