

FEATILER
FRAYS

MURDERING
SUICIDE

JULY
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FEATILER RAYS EDITION II

All complaints, suggestions and enquiries should be forwarded to:

Fitilablog@gmail.com

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EASIER SPARKLES

Nursing Murder by Inufin Ayomide

Who is to be Blamed by Kehni Paul

When you Ran into Depression by Faith Bello

5000 by Lebile Melt Tosin

Our Only Option is Survival by Awesomeness Esuabana

I died yet again by Chiamaka Favour Emeghara

Suicide Trace by Nicky Nsa

The Day by Wale Ope

Dear Depression by Pankyes Micah

Where will I Start From? By Ogunnika Abosede

Long Before My Great-Grandmother.... By Kubiono Mfon-Abasi

When Fire Burns, It Refines by Adesina Ajala

Bewitched by Christlove

Things I Wished She had Known by Maryam Raji

Confessions by Sandra Arukwe

Murderous Suicide by Jesubukade Ajakaiye

He was Clothed in a Thick Black Cloak by Pearl Ebere

The Sunny Rays by Adams Lami Yusuf

Letter to Life Inheritor by Gregory Mwendwa

You Promised by Ekundayo Oluwatosin

Sometimes I'm Blue by Mayowa Oyedoyin

Uprooting Suicide by cc_Ayodeji

EDITORIAL

Welcome to this second edition of FEATILER RAYS.

This is a publication that aims to merge creative writing with problem solving.

Several problems exist in our societies, from behavioural to political, social and religious.

Our goal in spearheading this publication is to leverage on the creativity of youths to hack solutions to some of these societal problems.

This edition is themed: Murdering Suicide. After the recent surge in the number of depression and suicide cases, we deemed it fit to murder this grim murderer of our fellow compatriots.

Someone said: "Mental pain is less dramatic than physical pain, but it is more common and also more hard to bear. The frequent attempt to conceal mental pain increase the burden. It is easier to say, "My tooth is aching" than to say "My heart is broken"." This is so true as victims of this kind of pain find it so difficult to explain or express themselves. But together, we can win this war with love, friendship, communication and paying attention.

Every article in this magazine has been carefully sourced from youths who felt the urge to join us in the war against this menace. We hope as go through the following pages, you find the needed strength to continue to fight and resist this gruesome murderer. My deepest appreciation to everyone who contributed in one way or the other to the success of this project - creative writers, editors, designers and promoters. This would not have been without you. Thank you very much.

Editor-in-Chief

Israel Alabi (Aim~i)

INTRODUCING “MURDERING SUICIDE”

SURGE IN SUICIDE RATE

Simply put, suicide is the intentional taking of one’s own life. More teenagers are taking their lives especially through poisoning themselves.

Why?

According to the World Health Organisation (WHO), while the link between suicide and mental disorders (in particular, depression and alcohol use disorders) is well established in high-income countries, many suicides happen impulsively in moments of crisis with a breakdown in the ability to deal with life stresses, such as financial problems, relationship break-up or chronic pain and illness. In addition, experiencing conflict, disaster, violence, abuse, or loss and a sense of isolation are strongly associated with suicidal behaviour. It is estimated that around 20 per cent of global suicides are due to pesticide self-poisoning,.

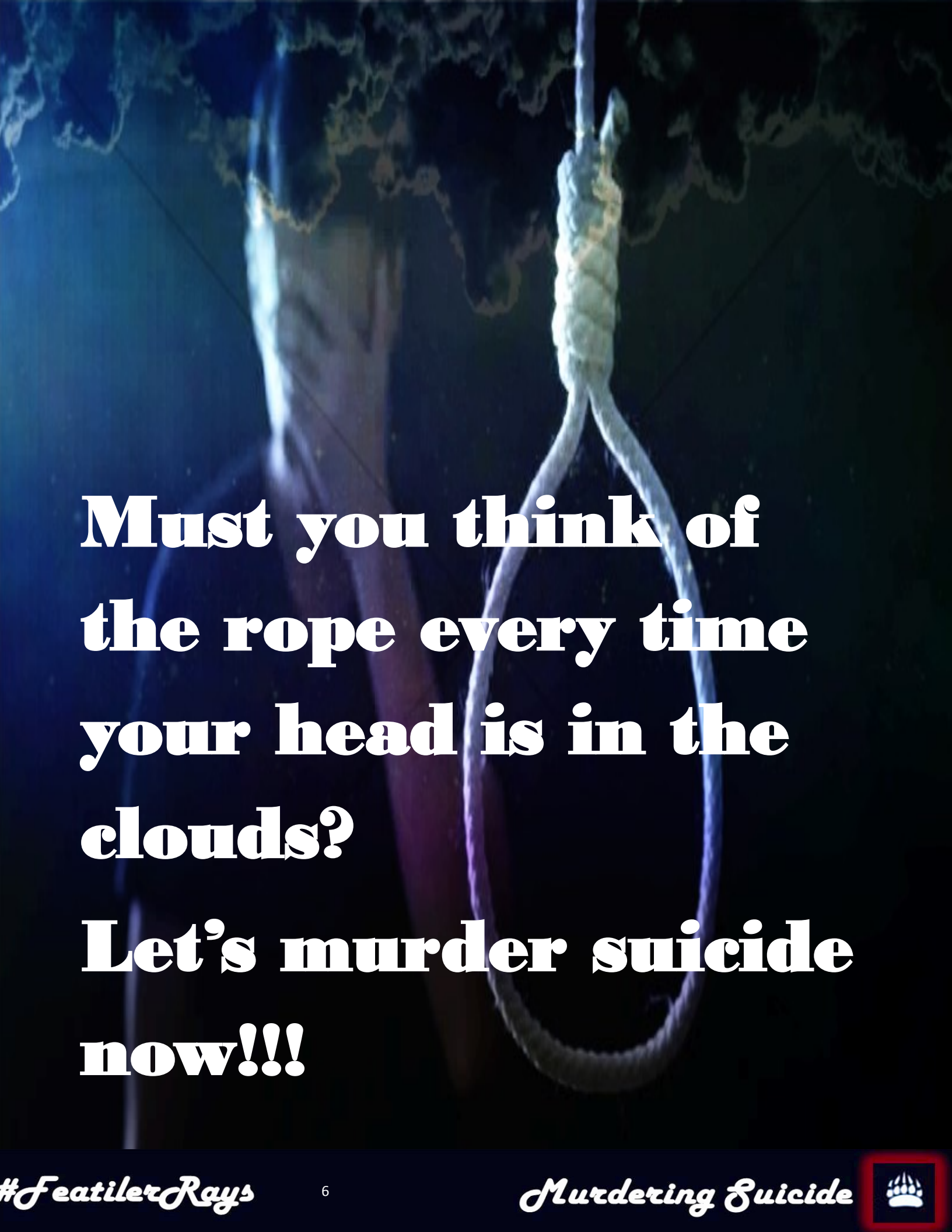
According to the WHO, every year close to 800 000 people take their own life and there

are many more people who attempt suicide. Every suicide is a tragedy that affects families, communities and entire countries and has long-lasting effects on the people left behind. Suicide occurs throughout the lifespan and was the second leading cause of death among 15–29-year-olds globally in 2016. It has been strongly linked to depression, and also drug abuse, directly or in association with depression. In India, thousands of young people die by suicide every year, according to the National Crime Record Bureau. In 2015, they made up 6.7 per cent of all suicides, totaling to almost 9,000 deaths. Some experts, parents and officials blame the pressure to succeed in school.

Article culled from: “Addressing rising cases of suicide among teenagers in Nigeria” by Chukwuma Muanya, Stanley Akpunonu and Adaku Onyenucheya. (Guardian Newspapers 21st May 2019)

Edited by Mayowa Oyedoyin





**Must you think of
the rope every time
your head is in the
clouds?**

**Let's murder suicide
now!!!**





NURSING MURDER

BY: INUFIN AYOMIDE

This is as killing as death,
The grim that will make the reaper ask for
your breath.
What then is hope if fate is a fatal faith?
And what is the focus of Life if His focus is the
gaze of heaven's gate?

Look! The good looking might be looking
good,
But deep down, depression dips in a misery
mood,
Smiling but sliming; breaking by the edge;
The hammer keeps hammering... Slay is the
say of the sledge.

Puncture is the picture, broken is the lens,
Fracture is the future, the present is a mess;
Death is a sensation and that is the sense,
In other sense, the essence of life makes no
sense.

Sweet sorrow; suit situation,
In fact, indecisive intuitions imps infatuation.
This is it till he makes it to the bottomless pit,
The joy of murderhood, deceit where sadness
sit.

Tell Her!
Depression becomes a killer when it kills her,
All that kills are not death but all death kills.
Before you lay you for slaughter, know that,
killing yourself doesn't kill the ill.

_"Depression is a nursing murder, slay the
nurse! Slay the murder!"_





YOU PROMISED

By Ekundayo Oluwatosin

He came in with his lousy tie stained with pain
Staring at you as he watch the pity in your eyes getting so obvious like the sound of an heavy rain
He proposed to you a better place of your desired inner peace
In assurance of getting you your missing piece.

They are back, but you never invited them
They are not welcomed, but they are already feeling at home in there
Semi colon suddenly meant more than just a speech pause
But baby you promised. You promised never to make that cut.

There's a better place apart from here
So he said while he distracts your attention away from the happiness you could see right here
It's a far destination that's so near
It's a tiny rope to cross over. One draw and you're there.

You promised not to run. You promised never to be the water
Do you ever think about him? The one who's always trying to talk you over
Or your mom? She said you've been her source of happiness since your dad left her
Your bestie sent her apology. She wants another chance if you'd let her.

Our last conversation was the best we ever had
Are you addicted to leaving?
You're one of a kind. The best we ever had
What is it you hate about living?

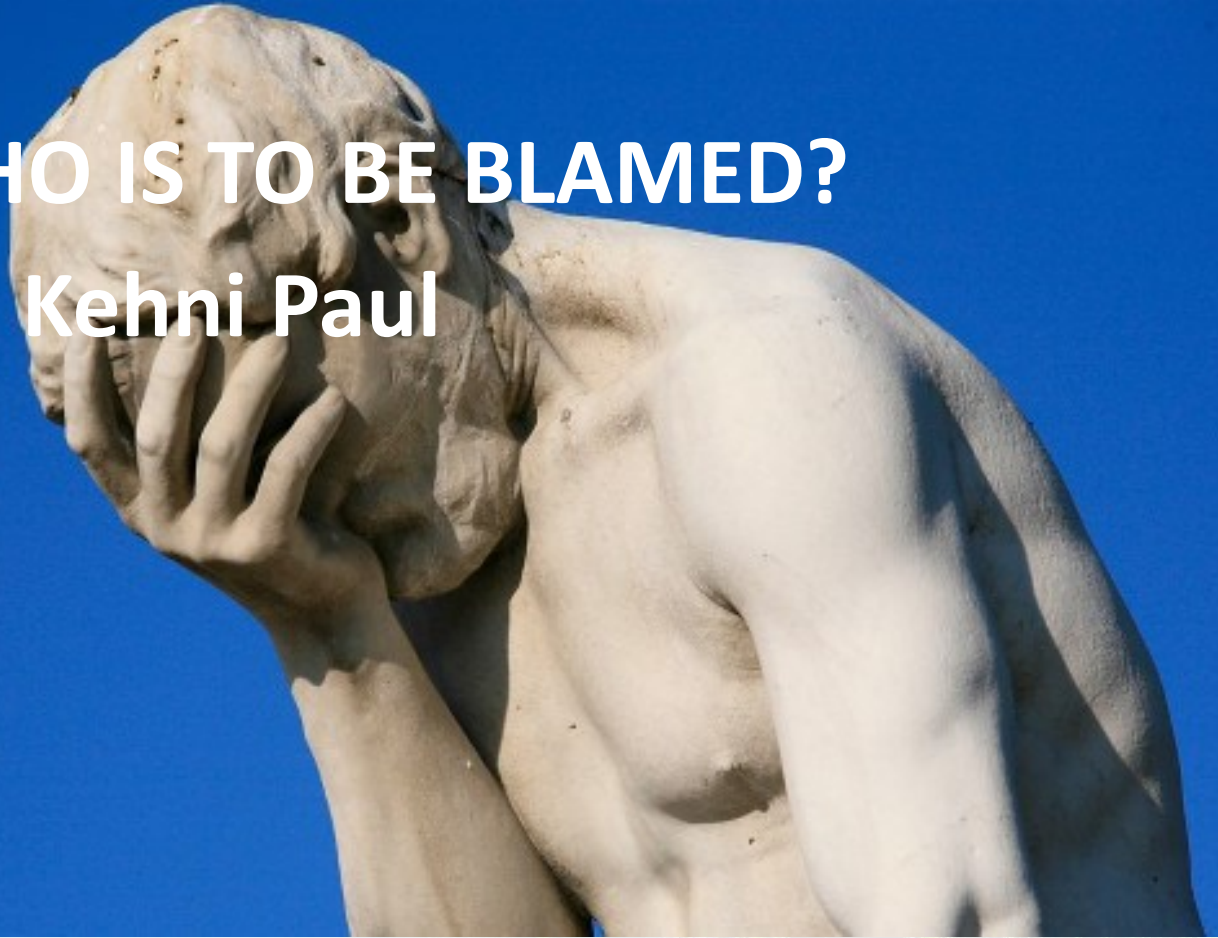
You promised! You promised not to explore that unseen universe
You promised we are never having this conversation again
But here I am reading your last verse
You cut! How could you leave us?
Bloody coward! You selfish! You never thought about us.

You promised!



WHO IS TO BE BLAMED?

By Kehni Paul



There are men like this
Whose houses are far from home
Who live with crowds yet their hearts are alone
With or without goals, the sphere of life they roam
Their bald faces enveloped unseen tears
And the unrepentant wry smile given
Marked a step closer to their evaporation;
Of the mind that was once strong
The body to which beauty once belonged
And to the soul that was formidable and solid;
All shape shifted to shredded mirages
As they walk on frail lines leading home
Where all thoughts were fixed without another thought;

Of how pursuant, and beautiful, this terrestrial life can be.

Who is to be blamed?
For the essence of life lost its virtue
The singing birds no longer produce its tune but cries
The colorful sky turned into sagging clouds of gloom,
And the utterances of the friends beside were "I was once like you"
Who is to be blamed?
As these men purchased with their last penny
The rope that would swing them to their 'heavens'
As their stoic bodies found peace on the branches of trees
And there, they became eternally free



I DIED YET AGAIN

written by Chiamaka Favour Emeghara

It was barely 6:55am; Chika had already gotten ready for school. He was an undergraduate in a private University and also the guru of the family; His brilliance earned him so many accolades from his family and friends. He was ready for breakfast, yet Uloka was still in bed.

Leaving the house together every morning was a tradition the boys couldn't let go. Uloka was supposed to be in his first year in the university, but the family came to conclude that learning a trade was the best for him, though he didn't feel good about it.

Chika waited a while as he sat at the dining table in anticipation of Uloka, yet he didn't seem to show-up, he grumbled as he made his way into Uloka's room.

"This silly boy is sluggish in everything," he muttered beneath his breath, as he dashed into the room. "Oh! He's still asleep," he complained.

Chika whose initial mission was to drag Uloka out of bed, was distracted by the bizarre note book on the table, he was so used to his brother's room that he could tell when something new appears. Captivated by the book, he was eager to gulp

down every information on the first page of the book as he flipped it open.

It read:

"I lived alone in the midst of crowd. I might not be as good as my brother intellectually, but no one cared about my area of strength.

Dad and Mom paid less attention because I didn't meet up with their expectation academically. I was very good at soccer, but that wasn't what they wanted for me. No one believed in me, and you all forged me into not believing in myself by always comparing me with Chika.

I was forced to live your dreams. You mistook my depression for quietness. I love you all, but I can't keep living your dreams rather than mine. I had died a million times over, yet I die again".

Chika immediately rushed and shook him but there was no response. He screamed on top of his lungs that everyone at home rushed into the room.

There, an empty bottle of sniper was discovered underneath Uloka's bed. This left his loved ones in great grieve and teaches the lesson to allow



SUICIDAL TRACE

WRITTEN BY: NICKY NSA

5000

WRITTEN BY:

LEBILE MELT TOSIN

Suicidal trace

There I sit in my closet

Humbling my acts to think

Shaking every pain and sorrow

Yet, yet

I am but alone

Lonely to face my plight

Swimming in the pot of hate

Longing for a shoulder

Whilst my aching self quakes

'I must depart'

Surely its certain

With tears as make over

Hands on my head as an attire

Tired of the word, sickening word!

I want to fly

Disappear, yes vanish

Like the dust of the desert

No more to harbour

Just a lifeless dust

I am gone,

Thinking not of my successors

This pain has to go

Like my never ending world,

My fantasy,

My endearment,

My dreams, aims

and goals

My family,

My self

All at bare, watching my gone morrow

I have decided,

Suicide is the key

'AM GONE'

5000

On the cancer bed,

Papa whine away.

I remember only 5000

5000 nail papa coffin.

.

I gained admission with all potential;

Burning candle to get what I need,

But 5000

I lost all for 5000.

.

I lost my home because I can't pay rent;

My love, my bride left with no dowry.

All goods of the world seems expensive,

Death cheap yet you pay.

.

I wonder what is free,

If I play the suicide game to hide my horror.

I sold it with pain as someone's sorrow.

What is free, lesser than 5000?

It is happiness and only I have the key.





**Behind the glamour of applause
and envy,
Even stars get depressed**

INSIDE:

Emmanuel Eboué's Depression Story



Former Arsenal and Galatasaray defender Emmanuel Eboué said that he is still battling with depression, three years after he was banned from football by Fifa. Eboué was given a year-long ban after failing to pay his ex-agent, Sébastien Boisseau €1 million in debt for his transfer to the Turkish Super Lig in 2011. The punishment came after he joined Sunderland in March 2016, and had his

contract with the Black Cats terminated less than a month after the move. During the period of the ban when he was unable to play or train with any club, the Ivorian defender recalled that he was forced to lie and pretend to his children that he was employed by a club.

"The Federation suspended me from any activity, I did not have the right to train with a club for a year. I was training with myself and I was ashamed," Eboué told *RMC Sport*. "I used to train in the morning, but there were people who were training at that time and they came to take a picture. "I then had to train at night, there was no light, but I could not stay at home. "When I saw my children, they asked me when I was going back to the field, so when I went out in the morning, I pretended to go to work. "I was staying outside and going home when my children were already in bed, I did not want them to ask me why they did not see me play."

After the ban was lifted in 2017, Eboué was rocked with a family issue which led to a bitter divorce and loss of assets to his ex-wife Aurelie. But he disclosed that he is yet to recover from the emotional damage, as he now resorted to taking drugs to battle depression.

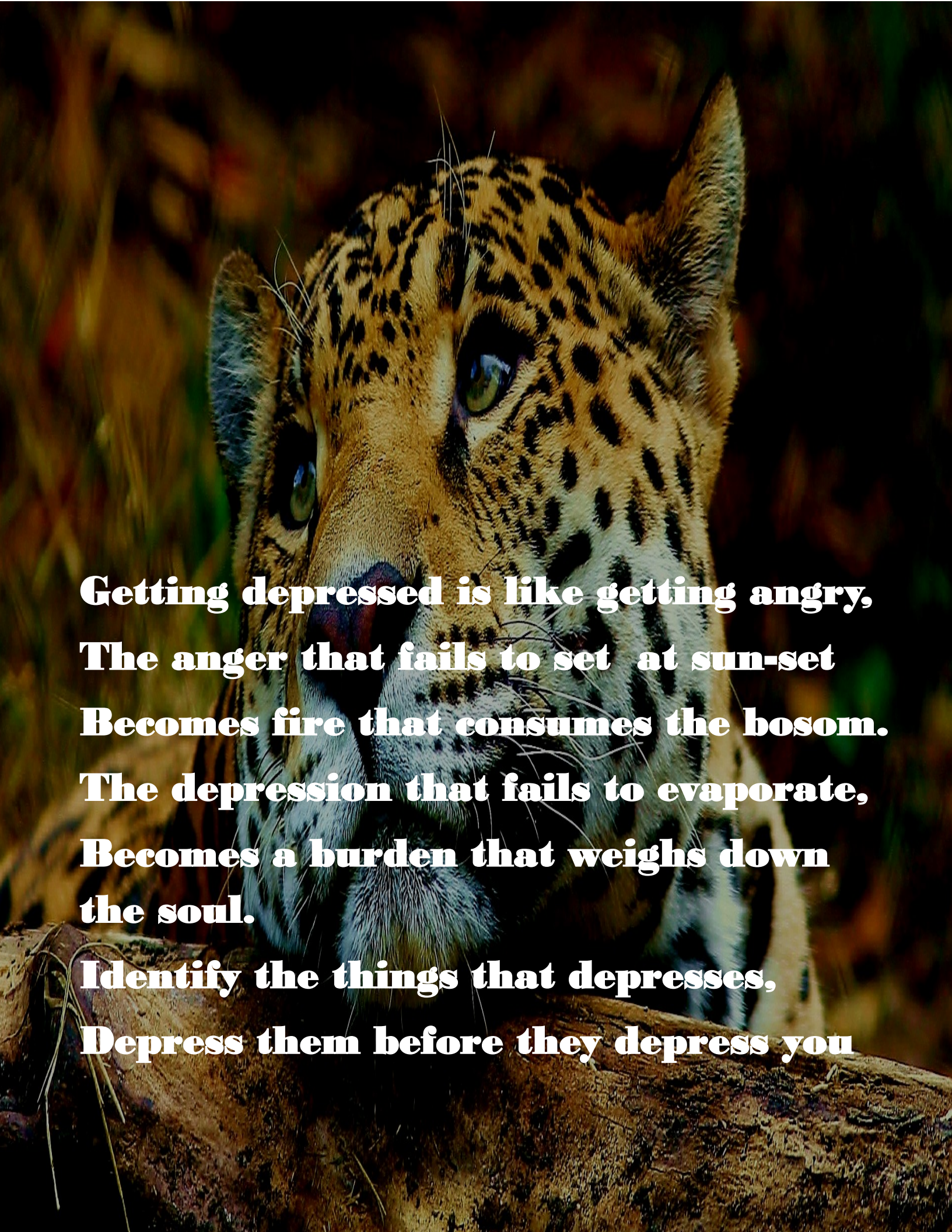
"Often, I would lock myself in my room for three or four days," he added. "Even today, I take anti-depressants," he added.

In his bid to maintain top form, Eboué joined Hungarian side Ferencváros to train and he was said to be considering a return to the Premier League return during his visit to his son, who is in the Arsenal youth setup.

The Gunners even offered to help the 36-year-old after reports of his personal difficulties amid thoughts of committing suicide.

Eboué's story can be found on www.goal.com (updated 11th June 2019)





**Getting depressed is like getting angry,
The anger that fails to set at sun-set
Becomes fire that consumes the bosom.
The depression that fails to evaporate,
Becomes a burden that weighs down
the soul.**

**Identify the things that depresses,
Depress them before they depress you**

our rays
brings out the beauty
in you



#FeatilerRays

Murdering Suicide





WHEN YOU RAN INTO DEPRESSION

BY: FAITH BELLO

I spent years wondering how you gave out so much love, but couldn't learn to give yourself.

Why you faked those smiles and lied, yet felt okay with your life.

Why you ran into depression and remained silent,

I mean why did you choose to be quiet when something was eating you up?

When you were tired of being cut deep by words and jokes and people laughing at you,

Why did you not speak instead of thinking of ways to kill yourself?

I'm sorry I spoke like not finding a smile,

Or not finding your voice was a kind of sickness

You could easily stop by a store and get a medicine for.

I'm sorry this Depression stole you like a robber from me

And never gave me a chance to be that tiny light

Ready to pull you into the bright side

That this beautiful world was ready to offer despite the lies you tried to cover.

If I had another chance I'll stay with you on rainy days

And to be the shoulder you could lean on in any way.

I remember seeing you grow the wings but never helped you fly

But how could you fly when there were no lights not even a spark to pull you out of those dark places?

That you were choking, your flesh and bones and muscles were deep in a mess?

I'm sorry I did not notice those

days your face was blue

And the nights your hands were tied and glued.

I know life had a way of making you tell lies to yourself

Lies like the only way to free yourself was to tie your neck to a tree,

Or swallow some pills,

But please I'm sorry for those times you lost your touch with the world,

And couldn't knock on the door of my heart so I could say the right words.

I know a side of the universe said hurtful things to you,

And filled your heart with painful dreams

But I still see you sway your hips and let a real smile play on your lips





WHEN FIRE BURNS, IT REFINES

WRITTEN BY ADESINA AJALA

He puffs a thick, wavy fume into his very, very tired life. The cigar chokes him; he coughs, brown, slimy phlegm from his throat into a fold of toilet paper, and hisses as the smoke ripple back to caress his gloomy face. He fondles a bottle of beer and turns it into a pink, plastic cup besides his untidy mattress. He smells the liquor before he gulps a mouthful. He's just getting used to this lifestyle. No, this lifeline. He's one of the brightest minds in the department of architecture. Some students say he's on a first-class grade. They say he designs with a finesse that is out of the world. Lecturers have tipped him as one of the upcoming architects that would revamp the culture of architecture in this country and continent. Some say the department has been talking him into accepting a lecturing job when he finishes, but he's yet to give his words. His phone vibrates to a text message from where he plugs it in the studio. A cloudy, gorgeous Tuesday. He drops his pencil, withdraws from his drawing board to a corner to read it, and then out, under a tree to read it again. Mummy is dead. Sweat pours from his skin. His eyes turn red. He picks his phone to answer a call; unknown to him, his mum was sent out of her matrimonial home by his father some months back. He accused her of infidelity. She later drowned her shameful body in a lake. He returns to campus and wears his gloom for many weeks. His soul reluctantly yields to the passionate beckoning of depression. Life becomes like a forced, boring poetry. School work starts to whimper to the whips of depression. He lost interest in everything. Everything. He seeks shelter in the homes of cigarette and beer to escape the hordes of depression, but they didn't keep him for long. He sinks in his darkness. Thoughts of ending it altogether like his mum begin to appeal to his distorted, disillusioned mind. A keen friend notices the contrast in his life. He thoughtfully wins him to a mental and social health guild. Six months into rehabilitation, he writes about the miracle called life. He promises to forgive his father and live life in his mum's perspective. She would say, "Child, when fire burns, it refines."



THE DAY

WRITTEN BY WALE OPE

On the day you hung yourself to the brown ceiling fan
in that room,
you became a story of sad memories,
You became the fuel igniting the fire cooking sorrow
in the heart of your friends and family

Since that day architected your death,
everyday of my life has become a child soaked in fear,
that room had become a sin city where no one en-
ters,

and to your mother,
the world is now a city rejecting her existence.

You didn't attempt a call for help
so depression consumed your courage till you were
left with hope of zero magnitude
even though I can't really tell what your heart might
have gone through
nor do I know how much fear might have gripped
your body
I just wish you turned back to see hope
before you decided to make that afternoon become a
dark night painted in sorrow.

DID YOU KNOW?

- **According to the World Health Organisation (2017), 7, 079, 815 Nigerians suffer from depression**
- **The figure above represent about 3.9 percent of the country's population, making Nigeria the most depressed country in Africa.**
- **Depression is categorized as a mental disorder alongside others such as schizophrenia, bipolar affective disorder, dementia, intellectual disabilities and developmental disorders.**
- **All mental disorders have similar characteristics which are abnormal thoughts, perceptions, emotion, behaviours and relationships with others.**



THINGS I WISHED SHE KNEW BY

MARY RAJI

She had kicked the bucket. The strength with which she did the action was a fierce one. It took every ounce of her will. She had drank a steaming cup of hot milk carefully mixed with a strong insecticide. It was a calculated act, one she did with precision and accuracy. She had taken her own life.

Tomi was a 20 year old girl. A philosophy undergraduate in the university of Benin in her penultimate year. She had well to do parents and a handsome CGPA. She had been depressed since her secondary school days. It happened that she got in an encounter with a pompous classmate. The girl was in a verbal exchange with another girl and it seemed they were both dating the same boyfriend. Tomi had tried to pacify the girl but instead, her anger was diverted to her. The girl said she was a spoilt brat with rich parents, someone who knows nothing about love since she was too proud to have a boyfriend, an ugly girl with nothing in her upstairs whose parents pays off the teacher to give her good grades and a

person who would die a loner since she doesn't socialize with others.

The emotional abuse weighed her down so much that her grades dropped. She had several nightmares about the girl who abused her until she began to feel **“there is no peace for a soul that committed**

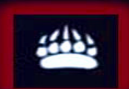
As soon as she **suicide “** gained admission in to the university, she was freed from the claws of her secondary school friends. She did well through out her first year. Sometimes towards the end of her second year, one of her floor mates in the hostel accused her of being a snob who takes pride in her parents riches, a disgusting bibliophile and an immature girl with no boyfriend and no sense of love. The memories came back flooding. It was all she needed to slide into depression. She started acting weird but she was still sane enough to not let her grades suffer.

At the onset of her third year in

the university, she luckily got into a relationship with a guy. They vibe well and the communication wasn't bad but they had one problem - money. The guy was not that financially buoyant, she was ready to give but he was never appreciative. He believes since she has the money, it was her duty to give him. She later decided no to give him money anymore. The guy got annoyed and rained abusive words on her. The same old story again.

The aftermath was that she started considering suicide. Since everyone clearly hates her, why should she live? She didn't speak to anyone based on the issue and bottled up the feelings. Pressure mounted up as a result of academics and family issues. She believed that if she died, the problems would evade her.

The story continues on the next page



THINGS I WISHED SHE KNEW BY MARY RAJI

From the previous page

“there is no peace for a soul that committed suicide “

On the long run, she died. Her story was published, her mother had an heart attack, her family relocated because of so much stigma, her friends continued to live their lives and those who caused the ruckus from the onset were not banished from Planet Earth. She had made her self a victim of circumstance, what a waste!

I only got to know her story through one of her friends. I felt sad for her and there were things that I wished she had known. I wished she had known that everyone's life belonged to him or her, that whatever you allow others to do with your life, the consequences are yours alone. I wished she had known that the glitz and glamor of life are just a facade, that everyone has skeletons in their closets, that she can never please anybody, that she was responsible for her own well-being. I wished she had known how to laugh very loud and sob away her fears when things started getting complicat-

ed, that life would continue to exist even if she ceased to live, that her life was as precious as everyone else's is. I wished she had known that she could have talked to someone sensible about her shortcomings so as to lift the burden, that suicide brings no solution and that RIP was just a sentence. I wished she had known that even in death, there is no peace for a soul that committed suicide.



CONFESSIONS

WRITTEN BY SANDRA ARUKWE



They don't...
They don't understand...
The piercings and breakings
you feel inside,
how he pushed you down
and tore your life apart,
how she played your heart
and left you strung on the
sounds,
how their critiques made
your self esteem plummet to
the ground,
how you died a thousand
times when they called you
fat,
how you're fundamentally
affected by the rejections
and pain,
and dying again and again,
so, why not just make it re-
al?

So...
The lady that broke your
heart
puts a flower on your grave;
the rapist drops condolences
on the posts of your loved
ones;

your stories stay alive on a
paper going nowhere
while your flesh withers in
the sand, decomposing
somewhere;
your body is crammed in a
box of wood
but they still call you fat,
your dying didn't take off
the pounds or the calories;
you give up while trying to
touch thousands
but you were meant to
touch only one
that'll ignite all the others...

So... I would rather
I would rather be the flower
blooming so much
that the jilting lover forever
rues giving me up;
I would rather live with a
courage so brave
that looking the rapist in the
face, he would bow his head
in shame;
I would rather keep writing,
even when I've won nothing,
knowing that at least I

would touch one soul;
I would rather diet and exer-
cise and, yet, let everyone
realise,
that no matter my size,
I'm goddamn beautiful!
I would rather be an ever-
green
than a fleeting leaf;
I would rather make life take
a bow
than simply exit.

Dying is easy,
living is the real deal,
life needs more survivors,
not suicidal
and it all begins with YOU...





HE WAS CLOTHED IN A THICK BLACK CLOAK

BY: PEARL EBERE

He was clothed in a thick black cloak, clamouring on her to come over to him. Her lover just left her and six years of her life wasted just like that. Her parents had earlier taken a bow from this world out of the windows of life. 'Siblings' is an abstract word to her, she has known none since her existence.

And now that her lover of six years has left her, she is left alone in this wicked world! This man in a black cloak keeps calling her with his tune which suites only her ears and calms the nerves of body, keeping her blood rushing so fast and leaping for joy. No one else can see him except her weak eyes, which have done so much hard work pushing constant streams of salty water down her cheeks. He is promising her escape from the troubles and pains she's facing. She wants so much to resist but she can't bear the pains any longer, its tearing her apart, reaping her soul out, soaking her bone marrows, she just needs an escape route, any option at this point is good enough for her. She can't take it anymore. Oh no!

This man on black is in-

deed handsome, he looks rich and capable to make her forget her sorrows. But she knows very well that when he takes her away, her family and friends will suffer the pains of losing her and the fact that they don't know where she is.

As days passed by, she could no longer resist the man's call, his call is becoming too tempting to resist for someone in her shoes, so yes she gave in. No one else saw the man when he was calling her day in day out, every second she's left alone in her world of thoughts, but when she finally answered the call, everyone saw him, they wanted so much to attack him and bring her back but he vanished. They tried everything within their power to recover her but sadly it was too late to save her, she's now very far and the wicked vehicle had already conveyed her to the next world.

Now that she has reached her destination, all the pleasant things she saw with him became unpleasant. All the beauties she saw faded away. The man abandoned her to be tortured by his heartless workers according to his instructions, then he went in search of others to lure into his wicked pit. Her pains increased even the more. She was filled with self-pity. She began to recall how her former side was better. She

began to cry out for help, but no one could help her, her shout only increased her torture and pains.

In the pit where she is now with other souls in torment, there is no glimpse of light, only thick darkness. No split-second of Joy, only untold sorrow, pains and regrets.

If only she had been stronger not to give up on life. If only she had open up to someone who truly cares. If only she had allowed God to take over her heart, sure it would have taken time, but it would have eventually been better. If only and if only kept escaping her weak lips and mind. She began to get flash of all her bright hopes and dreams. If only she had held on to life, now this man has deceived her.

Say no to suicide!

Speak up and stop hiding your pains.

Stretch out your hands to someone who is undergoing depression.



WE ARE FEATILER. EVEN IN THE
DARK, WE STILL BLOSSOM AND
SHOW OUR TRUE COLOURS





OUR ONLY OPTION IS SURVIVAL

WRITTEN BY:
AWESOMENESS ESUABANA

I had just stepped out of the house to get a cup of garri with the last money I had in my entire life. I told my brother not to worry because although we were to sip that garri with salt, I knew things will get better....

Mum and dad eloped without our knowledge when they realized they could not take care of two of us. We were a laughing stock. They said we were witches other wise why would our parents leave us....

We heard that mum and dad were doing fine without us in a faraway land. "how could just 2 children bring bad luck to their parents" they kept singing.

We smelt like a stench from a stale gutter. We were so rich... We could afford to sleep in different places at night. Only that they were bridges built by the state. Our skeleton became tattoos on our skin and our feet had kissed mother earth till we couldn't feel no more.

As I stepped in, an unusual silence welcomed me. "Taye where are you" I called out yet no response. It was never like this. I knew I had nothing but I had him. We had lived so much in pain and lack but he was my only consolation. He was my hope for a better tomorrow.

As I searched round our unbarred home, I found a

white piece of paper and behold Taye wrote me a goodbye letter.

Dear someone, your circumstance may be worse than Taye's own. And maybe truthfully, depression is your only means of expressing how bad it is with you and may be too, suicide is the only expression of how depressed you are, just know this.....

We'll always meet with difficulties currently and ahead of us. Yet, we still have work to do. We have mountains to climb and obstacles to overcome. We cannot stop striving yet. No we can't stop.

Challenges won't get easier but will become more intricate and tricky. But when life's complexities confuse us, when the paradoxical ironies of existence surprise us. When we're troubled by uncontrollable external entities both spiritual and physical,

We must remember that Jesus saves, heals and loves. He's heart will adore you always. He is the answer to every question. A lover to all who've been starved of love. A savior to anyone sinking in the ocean of life. A deliverer from all of life's troubles. A guide through our wilderness journey. An anchor on life's turbulent seas.

Remember also that we're heading to the top and the top we must go.

Don't give just yet. Throw that rope away. Discard the pills. Let go of the knife. One stroke at a time, we'll get there.



DEAR DEPRESSION...

by Pankyes Micah

Dear depression!
I know in the heart of my life
There could be strife
But that doesn't mean 'You' I am
inviting
My mind could be pacing
But that doesn't mean you should
come
conflicting with my reasoning

Dear depression!
I can feel your tickle
Its already feeling like a sting
With you I can't imagine a fling
Your dimple thrusting like an arrow
Piercing through my bone and
marrow

Dear depression!
What makes you think in my vac-
cum you can fit?
Stay away from my moment of
mute
Let me reason with my mind
In my heart there is no shelter for
your kind
I hate your smiles
Stampeding on my emotions
In my head causing commotion
Sending my thoughts under painful
incision

So I could consider suicide as my
only option
Even though it seem like the new
trend
But that doesn't mean I should
consent
Obviously with you I can't reach
my expected end

Dear depression!
Now I know better
Well, I can't blame you either
I opened my door to you of a sud-
den
Forgotten, God said to me.. Cast all
your burden
Not stopping there that he also
cares
I neglected and here I am in tears
Well, depression! You are under
arrest
For inflicting my mind anxiety
You are hereby sentenced to death
with hard labor
For raping my life to emotional stu-
por
I have vowed! You
will remain cruci-
fied
In my dungeon of
isolation

Depression!
I am now wiser
I can't take the free life given to
me on a platter
The life giver said; In trouble call
on my and I will answer
So, you can't make me take what is
not mine either
He said in the world we will suffer
But we should be steadfast and we
will conquer
And you? I will avoid like a plague
that comes with thunder
Are you depressed?
Seek for God's intervention
Are you anxiety obsessed?
Avoid isolation
Is your life filled with questions?
Seek for advice
You want to get back on your feet?
Then you have to first go down on
your knees
And pray for God's grace
Therein you find solace



LONG BEFORE MY GREAT GRANDMOTHER...

Written by: Kubiono-Mfon-Abasi Effiong.

Long before my great grandmother's tooth broke, the writing was painted on the cloudy atmosphere, about the illness of the vein connected to the brain that will bring about the breakage of bone in the sand kingdom, the kingdom of our dwelling, formally known as the body.

This ailment was before time used in the observation of elements around us or better said 'our environment. With this term, the great ecologists express the lowness of an area or the lowness of air pressure. To clearly explain, they said, when a load is less or when the weather is low, it's therefore means that the weather DEPRESS-ES.

DEPRESSION according to the Cambridge dictionary is the state of feeling very unhappy and without hope for the future. Therefore, any

human in the state of this illness is likely if not carefully watched over explain his or her feelings to the sharpest cutlery or any reasonable murdering tools.

What is this ailment?

answer: mental illness.

Mental illness is the dysfunction of the brain peradventure affecting our behavior and the way we think. this incidence happens to almost everyone on earth due to some situations but, all depends on how we react to it.

This is the fact. No matter how one tries to escape the plague/ illness of life you can't still escape, WHY? Because from the ancient time things were the way you came to see and will remain the same, nothing is new it's just a reoccurring of past existence.

As humans we have the power to control our entity, if we can't it is purely advisable to seek for help, beside that's why God gives

knowledge to the physician. the world doesn't care about your death, it will still continue even without you. So, don't end your life in the name of trials and hardship.

- **This is my advice, Stay off from underestimating company.**
- **If you are not comfortable with some drugs or drink please run 1 000 000 metres from it.**
- **Occupy your mind with positive assurance for tomorrow betterment.**
- **Trust in GOD all will be well**
- **Talk to a friend or doctor when you can't handle alone.**
- **Let's not allow ourselves be murdered by suicide due to the circumstances or pain, instead let's murder suicide by being a resilience that will/win the race.**



BEWITCHED

WRITTEN BY CHRISTLOVE

BEWITCHED . . .

Oh! Bewitching rope,
What is the secret of your
exchange,
For which you give death,
And take away our glory?
Oh! Bewitching drink
We bewail thee,
For your soothingness
has robbed us of our
prime
Oh! Why this conflict;
Your dark aura beclouding
our reasoning,
A false hope of tranquility,
And our end becoming
your joy?
Come, let's make an uey;
Our glory to preserve,
And our duty to fulfil,

That others may by us be
edified
We had considered you a
friend,
But an end you brought to
lives:
In your seemingly warm-
ing embrace
Is the hidden dagger,
Subtly you buried it in our
belly;
Piercing through and call-
ing lives quit
Though the hope to live is
lost,
And all around had forsak-
en,
Though your hands cruel-
ly beckoning
Seeming the only place of
solace

Yet we'll reflect on the
purpose of living
No, not only the beginning
be considered,
For your charming hand
may seem more captivat-
ing;
Considering the present
will only be to your ad-
vantage,
But we'll consider our lat-
ter end;
The defined goals we'd
set,
And the terrorising gift of
agony that'll be left for
many.



MURDEROUS SUICIDE

(suicide murders more than the victim)

WRITTEN BY JESUBUKADE AJAKAIYE

On a bargain with a rest one evening,

I was bewildered with a cloud of thought hovering my mind,

How sweet to ponder as I wonder on this thought of mine!

How could I ever forget the fate-ful night that would have decided my fate?

Oh! How hath the mighty fallen through thine hand?

Oh! How many thousands hath thou sent to the early grave?

Oh! How hath thy agony consumed my soul?

Oh! The grief that consumed me!

The thought is cold, gentle and soft; sent a comfort to my weary soul,

Like that of a chilled bottled coke; purchased to quench a thirst.

Life which has been vanity took over my soul;

Oh! What can I take to quench this thirst of death?

The agony was; what have I done to deserve these?

The Question was; why should my

mother treat me like this?

The thought was; why not end it here?

The action was; how beautiful and sweet these medicines would be?

Moving to and fro the earth, where does this bitterness come from?

Going up and down the hills, why does life taste so sour?

Farther, Farther I walk, thou seems like a caring Father;

Murder, Murder, why does thou seem like a loving Mother?

Oh! The medicines that tasted do bitter;

Why does thou look so sweet all of a sudden?

I even made the count of thee, thou was around forty-five (45) of various mixtures;

I could even eat them up without using water which was never possible for me before now.

Murdering Suicide, I thought you would embrace my soul only but why hurt my loved ones?

Why hast thou made me forget thy consequences, Murdering Sui-

cide?

Why does my mother had to weep and feel less a mother just at my thought of thee?

What would become of my loved ones Murdering Suicide after treading your path?

Then, I began to wonder as I pondered about the consequences you have for me after death

Would you send me to eternal Peace and Rest?

Or would you send me to the hades and another anguish?

Murdering Suicide, I am not sure I have any good in thee except breaking the commandment, "Thou Shalt not Kill"

This is my conclusion Murdering Suicide;

You just seem like a final solution to this present thirst;

Thank God for His Spirit who constrained me, then I realized that Jesus is the final solution;

But now I believe Jesus is not the final solution but the Only Solution.





Hell Is My Home

By © Damilola David Yusuf

I was born into a good family,
Good but cold
My parents were ordinary adults
And my siblings,
We were never close,
Just siblings, nothing more.

I found friends in school
But I always returned home.
Eight hours each day I was happy,
The rest fed on my groans.
I smiled everyday of my life
But I was a flood of tears inside.

I being the introvert I am,

With never listening parents
And stranger siblings,
Resorted to conversing with my
shadow,
Pretending to hear voices in my
head
Until they truly resided there.

Loneliness was my soul-mate
I sort of enjoyed the journey
But depression like cars, rolled
thru' my gates.
Yet, dad never stopped getting
wild,
Fake friends kept piercing hearts,
Life never stopped playing cards.

Many would say, "that's how he
is"

Few cared and asked but I made
them believe

"I'm fine", that's how I was taught
to fight,

I'm fine although suicide lurked
my heart.

I did try to speak the burden away
But I'm fine, that was all I'd say.

So fight living soul, while you can,

Be the reason cold hearts ignite.

Speak, to all those who ask

They care, they need you alive.

You may feel lonely but you're not
alone.

I am David and hell is my home



LETTER TO LIFE INHERITOR

BY GREGORY MWENDA

I inscribe words on pamphlets of stones,
I circumnavigate through dimensions of
space motion and time,
Please my brother,
Wait me for the letter,
Don't diminish the space by hanging aim-
lessly in sacred space,
Space thy thoughts well that thy conduct of
evil thought to kill are infinitive,
Walk in freely free dome full of freedom,
Home in motion for love and harmony of thy
friends,
You aren't alone, I'm also walking and wait-
ing in hope,
I'm not hopeless for tomorrow is hopeful,
Dark will always Dawn in new newness,
Time thyself a little, a problem will for a short
duration,

After moment of sorrow there Chronicles of
happiness,
Let's eradicate murder of self's life's,
Let's denounce Suicide,
Commit thy work to God and empty thy
stress to him,
Pray ,hope and be positive,
Never kill the person in you!
For what's in you makes you and will never
die,
Space needs thy volume-
Motion waits thy paces-
Time will definitely define thy destiny-
And God will always value thy existence!!!
Live life and eradicate rife!





SOMETIMES I'M BLUE

BY: MAYOWA OYEDOYIN

Sometimes I'm blue,
Sometimes I'm mute,
Sometimes I'm still like someone with flu.
Sometimes I forget I'm someone ended.

Sometimes I'm bright;
On days when the night is light.
Sometimes I'm high;
On nights of my heart's delight,
Blood flowing and muscles in their might.

Many times there are storms,
Though it's not always the norm.
But then the heart must mourn,
Though my face is not frowned.

On days like these,
When the mind is not at peace.
And nights without a bliss,
When sleeps and rests are a miss;

Heaven looks closer,
Though it's hellish to commit self-
murder.
Suicide is just an illusion,
Yet, the termination of a mission
Mission that should touch generations.

Damn the rope,
Damn the gun.
Damned be sensing the loss of hope
Damned be the heart that is always
down.

Depression brings repression,
The ultimate mind's oppression.
The champions of life are winners over
trials.
When life throws us difficulty,
We'll not throw up;
We'll triumph.





THE SUNNY RAYS OF PAIN

By © Adams Lami Yusuf

I watch from my window,
The loquacious arrival of the
sun,
Trumpets of harsh rays tearing
through my panes.
Brightening the day.

I watch from my window,
The droopy descent of the
sun,
I smell reluctance in her
draggy steps.
As she slowly walks away.
The earth becoming dark.

I am awestruck by this complex
simplicity,
How similar it is to our reality,
Our birth bringing so much
joy.
And our death,
Unimaginable sadness.

Life is but a passing phase,

Little by little we sail,
Sometimes rocky full of
pain.
Other times happiness, love
and smiles.

But dearest,
Good times or bad, is determined
by how far we see,
Beyond the exterior,
What lies within.

That Ray of light
in capacious darkness.
That perhaps maybe,
our redemption lies in this
pain.

So why don't we face it, face
to face.
Rather than hide under the
canopy of death.
What then would be our
purpose of living?
Heavy hearts filed with

dreams we came.
Are we supposed to go back
Empty,
With nothing to show??

Heartbreak, lack of purpose,
unloved,
abused, battered and
bruised.
This hopelessness is actually
our hope.
We find purpose through
our wounds,
So Nay.

Thy shall not end
The beautiful future
that awaits you today.

Be like the sun.
Cheerful on its arrival,
Gloomy on its descent,
But still, it rises again.



WHERE WILL I START FROM?

BY: OGUNNIKA ABOSEDE

Where will I start from ?

Tears flowed down my eyes
Mucus found it way out of
my nostrils.
Headache overshadowed my
head.
Depression swept in like
flood broken out of an over-
filled
dam.

Where will I start from ?

Stuck at the middle
At the center,I thought
there I would find HOPE
or perhaps HOPE will find
me.

But all things were blur
and fogy.

I needed HOPE to at least
HOP forward if not JUMP.

Where will I start from ?

My eyes and ears ate through
the street, seeing youngsters
being eaten up and those who
permitted themselves to be
eaten up by DEPRESSION
and FRUSTRATION until this
demon called SUICIDE took
over.

Where will I start from ?

Enough of "where will
I start from"?

It is time to gather back
the pieces.

It is time to see and focus on
the bright PICTURE of
the FUTURE.

Time to awaken HOPE.
Time to secure the FUTURE.
Time to Murder Suicide
Itself before it's takes
the upper hand.

Here is where we shall start
from !



UPROOTING SUICIDE

Suicide is the symptom of a raging Virus. It is an offshoot of a well-developed tap root system.

Attempts to cut of suicide that doesn't involve rooting out is effort in futility. No wonder the number committing suicide keeps increasing despite lots of well-meaning efforts.

The major tap root of suicide is purposelessness.

That feeling of good for nothingness. There are other fibres connected to this for instance ' ending shame '. But that is just purposelessness born out of failure to live up to a (most times moral) standard.

One major planter of this monster tree is our mass-production system of education. This system makes failures in it look like failures in all

Parents, I believe, more than Government have the most critical role to play in this matter.

- Don't pressure your child to be what you wished to be
- Don't expect your child to be like other children
- Encourage them to be successfully unique.

Let's build a world where diversity is united, a big University where there is unity in diversity instead of unity in form (formality and formation). Until then, murdering suicide will only be a myth.

cc_ayodeji



Together to Murder Suicide

By Israel ALABI (AIM~i)



Who shall follow us to destroy the rope
The subtle maid that destroyed our men
We shall journey in loving procession
Holding red roses in our fragile hands.

We shall tear off the coloured veil
That polishes our brothers' suffering.
We shall throw away our bags of insult
Containing salt for our sisters' injuries.

It's not a night of a thousand words
To put forth motivational speeches
It's not time to unsheathe verbal swords
And to the troubled endlessly preaching.

It is an endless path of silence
Trod only with the lobes of our ears
We shall loan our hearts to the pained
Till he spills the pills of his pains.

We must learn to cry with the crying
And sigh with those who're sighing
For our weapon is carved from love
and served on the plate of humaneness.

Then we shall sing in joyous hallelujah
Saying byes to songs of sorrow
Together we'll have murdered suicide
For we have hopes in the pregnant morrow.





MANAGING DEPRESSION AND ANXIETY

When you're depressed, you can't just will yourself to "snap out of it". Depression drains your energy, hope, and drive, making it difficult to take the steps that will help you to feel better. Depression makes our head feel heavy and foggy even when the weather is really bright. Sometimes, just thinking about the things you should do to feel better, like exercising or spending time with friends, can seem exhausting or impossible to put into action.

Taking the first step is always the hardest. But going for a walk or getting up and dancing to your favorite music, for example, is something you can do right now. And it can substantially boost your mood and energy for several hours—long enough to put a second recovery step into action, such as preparing a mood-boosting meal or arranging to meet an old friend. By taking the following small but positive steps day by day, you'll soon lift the heavy fog of depression and find yourself feeling happier, healthier, and more hopeful again.

- ☒ Look for support from people who make you feel safe and cared for.
- ☒ Make face-time a priority (say what you feel to people in face-to-face interaction)
- ☒ Find ways to support others. we often get healed

when we support the healing of others. so be a listening ear to a friend, do something nice for someone.

- ☒ Commune more with God. You don't necessarily need to be on your knees every time but there's always a great relief of burdens and stresses when we pour out our hearts to God and tell him things we wouldn't tell other people around us.
- ☒ Do things you enjoy or used to enjoy. it might be a forgotten favorite song, an old movie, a book you loved as a child or things that hold pleasant memories for you.
- ☒ Get interested in other people. One word of encouragement, one listening ear, one little help that make people say "thank-you" will boost your confidence that all will be well. Remember, we rise when we help others to rise.

Some parts of this article is culled from:

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Edited and modified by Mayowa Oyedoyin

<http://windows10wall.com>



our rays
calls out the light for the world
in you

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