

Recall

I read somewhere that the most popular way to commit suicide in Moscow is to take a walk in the middle of winter without your hat. Within seconds the cold is biting at you. Swiftly you lose your senses and it is only a matter of time before you collapse in the street or wander in front of a speeding tram. I still haven't been able to grasp how it works though, whether your head freezes and you're clinically brain dead, your skull a weighted mass of clotted blood, your heart still pumping, or if it is just an accelerated form of hypothermia.

It must fucking hurt like hell. Chilblains in your hands or toes are bad enough but frostbite in your head? It'd be like a thousand tiny knives jabbing into your brain. It's not how I'd choose to do it.

For a start everyone you passed in the street would know. As soon as you stepped out of the house, the lack of headgear would be an obvious giveaway. Can you imagine the averted eyes. The amount of people who would cross the street to avoid you. I don't think I could stand the shame. The embarrassment. Even for such a short space of time. I wonder if anyone has tried to save a suicide in Moscow. Tried wrestling them to the ground, fighting to fit a fur-lined cap over their exposed cranium. I guess there aren't many people carrying spare headgear around with them, but there's always at least one good Samaritan in the city. Someone willing to share their hat with you like a diver sharing oxygen until you both reach a warm and safe place.

It's not that I've ever contemplated suicide, far from it, it's just that, in here you have time to think, too much time.

The real problem with suicide is that just about every way of doing it has its downside. Hanging is just slow strangulation, it takes too long and you shit your pants. Very embarrassing. Pills. Again it takes too long and it's actually quite complicated. You have to be sure you've taken enough of the right stuff and you have to be sure you're in a secure place. Otherwise it's a stomach pump, a hospital bed, psychiatric assessment and the chances are you've shit your pants as well.

I'm too scared of water to drown myself. That's not as stupid as it sounds. Fear would make me struggle and fight. It wouldn't be the pleasant sensation it's rumoured to be.

Jumping from a tall building is good, except you have to be sure it's high enough unless you want to risk being a fucking vegetable for the rest of your life and what about the trauma, or the injuries you might inflict on the poor buggers below you.

I've also heard that a certain percentage of jumpers who survived, had changed their mind halfway down. Too much time to think again.

If you're a citizen of the United States you have easy access to a gun. So you could shoot yourself but strangely enough a lot of people miss, completely, or don't fire a fatal shot. Kurt Cobain just got lucky. Although, even with the power of a shotgun you can still lie conscious for several hours, even days. Maybe that's why they usually take the easy option and shoot someone else.

I guess the most noble way is the way of the Romans, slit wrists in a warm bath, but I've already been stabbed once and pain doesn't fucking describe it, neither is the sight of your own blood escaping from your body much of a comfort.

No, all in all, if I had to choose, I'd have to opt for sudden impact. Beneath the wheels of a train, a bus, or a truck. You only have to get over the fear of metal smashing into your own fragile frame and the possibility of being dragged along a rail or road for awhile before it was all over.

It's still not calling out to me though, I think I'll have to content myself with natural causes, probably in here.