I'm Amelia and this is my story.

I was 14 when my friend attempted suicide. He was depressed, he didn't know what to do and he looked to suicide for a temporary fix to his problem. He texted me that he was going to do it on his birthday. He told me that he texted me because I'm the only one who understood him, that I was the only one that understood his pain. I called him. He ignored my call about 20 times and then texted me a note. It was a message to his parents, his friends, and me stating that "I failed" and that he was doing it tonight instead. He wasn't a very close friend, so I didn't know his address, and I had only met his parents a couple of times.  I was home alone, and having a panic attack because I didn't know what to do. I called a girl named Addy and she gave me his information out of her school directory. As soon as she gave it to me, I called the police and gave them the address. My friend's phone was off by now, and I was in panic mode. I didn't sleep that night and when I had to go to school that Monday I was called into the office.

He was alive.

It was a weight off my shoulders. The school counselor had to ask me a lot of questions and it made me feel really uncomfortable but I stayed strong and was able to explain what happened. I didn't talk to him for the next year. I recently started texting him. He's closer with his family, he's happier and he hasn't thought about suicide since that night. Thank you for setting up this website to give others hope and awareness.

-Amelia, age 15