

Excerpt from Cracked, Not Broken:

..Yet, on the night of September 24, 2000, when I was nineteen years old and a recent high school graduate, I sat alone in my silent room, my door shut to the outside world. I made my plans while a chilling and dangerously demonic voice shouted in my head, in the space where music and comic books and happy moments spent with my family had formerly played. The voice was like the one I heard as a boy but never told anyone about its existence.

The voice that told me that I had to jump from the Golden Gate Bridge.

....

Why did I jump?

The reason is quite simple. I believed, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that I had to die. I believed I had no other option...