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Maria moved to the seaside and tried to kill herself. It wasn't the place that drove her to do it, although towns on the south east coast of England are enough to send anyone into a spiral of despair. She did it because she didn't know what else to do with her life. She turned Adele, singing *I will Always Love You*, to full volume, climbed upon a chair in the middle of the living/dining/sleeping area of her fully furnished studio flat, and tied herself to the light fitting with a piece of rope. A piece of rope she'd found behind the fishing huts on the beach. If she'd have thought about it, which you can't blame her for not doing, given what she was about to do, she'd have probably known that a piece of rope on a beach has probably been abandoned because it no longer serves the purpose of a rope. Nature had taken its toll on this man made noose and nature's power of destruction was too much for man, or, in this case, woman. Having toppled the chair with the toes of her feet, Maria hung momentarily mid-air. From this previously unexplored vantage point, she was able to see parts of the town she'd never seen before. A flat roof with several- It was short lived. She came hurtling down from her small moment of flight, smashing her skull on the metal back of the chair which came with the rented apartment. She was knocked unconscious, and blood poured from the skin that had split, like a macheted melon, at the back of her skull. That's how her downstairs neighbour, Angus, found her when he came up to complain about Adele. When the hospital phoned her dad to tell him Maria had tried to take her life, and was now undergoing surgery to remove a blood clot from her brain, he said,

Destiny's a funny thing, we don't know why but we probably deserve everything we get.

continued….

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