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Title: Liberation from my dark world of thoughts.

Book description:

"Freedom from My Dark World of Mind" is a poignant and inspiring autobiographical story that takes the reader on a journey through the depths of the human psyche. In this candid book, the author provides an intimate look into his own inner struggles as he courageously follows his path to healing and freedom from dark thoughts.

The protagonist, whose name is deliberately kept anonymous in the book, struggles with long-term psychological stress. From agonizing anxiety and depression to self-doubt and feelings of hopelessness, he endures a grueling time where he struggles to find a way out. The author sensitively and honestly describes his thoughts, fears and the daily battle he wages with himself.

But despite the seemingly hopeless situation, the protagonist gradually finds a spark of hope.

Through the use of various therapeutic approaches, the understanding and support of loving people in his life, and his unwavering will to help himself, he gradually begins to illuminate the dark.

The story "Freedom from My Dark Thoughts" is more than just a book about the author's personal experiences. It is a passionate appeal to all who are going through similar struggles and a wake-up call to society about the urgent importance of mental health

Recognize and support health. It encourages people to talk about stigma, seek help and support those in need.

With profound sensitivity and haunting language, the author tells his story from darkness to liberation. The book not only offers an insight into the inner world of the protagonist, but also inspires you to recognize your own potential for self-healing and change.

"Freedom from My Dark Thoughts" is a moving tale of the triumph of the spirit over darkness. It is a story of hope, resilience and courage that encourages readers to recognize, embrace and overcome their own dark thoughts.

The liberation from my darkness world of thought,

is balm for my soul.

The road back to me may be long, but it's always a win from the start.

In this book I describe how I found myself again after many years and gradually found peace again and that I was always looking outside and then suddenly found everything within myself.

I would like to use my story and my experiences to help others find peace with themselves and others.

I would like to help all those who are unable to detach themselves from the past and its dark world of thoughts and fears and do not know how to find out and make positive changes.

Those who cannot find their happiness and look for it outside and the happiness within them remains hidden.

Who have always felt small, finally permanent,

to give her true size.

Who don't know where all the complexities come from and the emptiness in them comes from and how all of this can be filled again.

I've been through all of this for years and would never have believed what happened to me before and yet it happened.

I would like to write about all the feelings and experiences here.

My name is Samuel Samiris (pseudonym) and I was born in Heilbronn in 1964.

My father was Turkish and my mother was German.

I have 3 other siblings, but they shouldn't play a role here.

I have been an involuntary book author since 2013 and at that time I wrote an autobiography and this will be the third non-fiction book, alongside these books. In addition to the other short stories and yet unpublished books. Such as.

The powerhouse of mental strength.

This is about top-class sport and mental strength, which has always been important to me in my life.

Recognizing your mental strengths creates strength in all situations because you optimize yourself and your psyche. You become more efficient, more resilient and remain stable in crises.

"Life support for young offenders"

I wrote the first specialist book for young offenders.

Some, in my opinion, cannot understand why they are the way they are. Here I describe what goes on in a young and not yet resilient person and show what they have to struggle with.

If you understand how all these complexes are connected, only then can you reflect on yourself and thus have a positive influence on yourself and your life.

"The book at the table"

Is a psychological thriller that is autobiographical. The book describes a person who has experienced a lot of psychological suffering and abuse since he was a child.

This negatively changed his nature, which was completely normal for hi

never a real comparison and yet mastered his life.

"The mysterious second self"

Is a psychological thriller that is autobiographical. Simon is left alone and has to find his way. Through his experiences he becomes a special person who faces life despite all adversities.

These books are of particular importance to me because I have processed many personal experiences in them and found them healing. They have helped me heal my own wounds and grow within. For this reason I would like to recommend it to others. I hope that they can see themselves in the stories and learn to initiate their own inner healing processes.

These are my main books along with the other books.

All of these books have relieved me of the pressure of the dark world of thoughts and have given me great relief, often without even noticing it. Over time, a lot was able to be processed and healed within me.

I was in all of these books, with all my knowledge about the psyche, happiness and suffering, but also with all the healing on the outside, but above all within me.

It is my process of understanding and healing.

The transformation into happiness, greatness, acceptance, self-esteem, self-love, self-confidence and my responsibility for my life.

But it is much more.

And of course I would like to point out these books to you so that you might benefit from them at some point.

But I have long since received the most important and biggest benefit from it.

Believe me, helping others is also part of my healing.

It's like when I see a child in danger that I rescue/ protect and we are both happy and grateful in the end.

I'm not a doctor or an academic, but I almost feel that way when I see in conversations how people start to walk upright again and gradually lift their heads again and are grateful for the time together and their conversations.

So I'm happy for everyone who can take something from the books to better understand and heal themselves.

In the end, we become whole again and come out of a crisis stronger.

Learns to love and accept yourself and to be able to accept yourself gratefully.

To regain understanding and self-confidence for herself and others, if she ever had it at all.

Dissolve buttons and impulse disorders.

You no longer get angry or anything like that.

In these books I describe people by finding myself again and again, just like some of you.

It is clear to me that an outsider can only see such stories from the outside and be surprised or unable to understand them at all. But for those concerned, a way out of the dark world of thoughts and into bright light is shown here. For the uninvolved, it only represents an interesting world that is completely different from his own.

With all of this I have been able to free my heart and soul from many old burdens. So that it can now beat more carefree. I feel good and can take a deep breath. But you have to be able to accept this, because only when you open your fist again can you let go of the old and hold on to the new and good.

I discovered writing on December 1st, 2020 and haven't been able to stop since then. I can hardly manage not to write for two days. It's not because I like writing, no, it's not that.

I don't consider myself a good writer and I don't have any qualifications. I don't really need that, because it's about what I say.

Those are the important things and I have an editor for my mistakes. But not often.

Whenever I start a new book, I even get a little worried that it will be a long time again.

I was never able to write well and unfortunately I was always very bad at German at school. By the way, I come from Baden Württemberg and my mother said. "Write like you speak." Fatal mistake if you don't know standard German and come from Baden Wartenberg Heilbronn.

At that time I had other concerns than being able to write well.

I write not because I want to write.

No, I write because I have an urgent need to share myself so that I and others can benefit from it.

But there is a much more important reason.

I want to write it from my soul and solve my problems little by little.

It's as if my mind or heart can finally speak and simply has a lot to say and clarify.

Writing heals me little by little and allows me, as an adult, to re-evaluate the situations I faced back then, as an unformed child and their emotions, and now as an adult, with a wealth of experience and a larger horizon.

The idea for this book came to me today on January 21st, 2021 at 9:00 p.m. and I immediately thought about it, looked for a suitable title and thought about a few things. But then my ex-girlfriend, from whom I have been separated since March, called me and immediately afterwards my good friend Gerhard Gruber. After half an hour I kicked him off the line because I wanted to write so as not to lose all my thoughts. He understood that and so I started writing.

I was a person who had a lot of negative experiences in my childhood, especially with my mother, until I was almost 17 years old and was finally able to escape the constant terror and began to take my life into my own hands.

In these early years I experienced a lot of suffering and severe abuse, including sexual assault. These attacks weren't very bad for me as a child. Mainly because I didn't know what was happening. The beatings and the enjoyment of her mother's power were painful. She reflected her own childhood and had difficulty dealing with stress or problems.

She often did this to me in secret, which she had to endure in her childhood.

Maybe without really wanting it.

Whenever no one was there or my siblings had run away, I knew it was that time again and I tried to mentally block myself out of life for that time and only come back when it was all over, but it never really worked.

Yes, with me she finally had power and wanted to use it to finally take revenge on her brutal father, and she had to deal with it all the time.

Her father wanted to kill her and her mother several times and this was only thwarted because of the other children and her father's alcohol consumption. But that didn't always help and so my mother and her mother often ended up in the hospital and my mother once had a broken jaw, but it didn't stop there.

Her brutality was hardly inferior to that of her father.

This brutality and, above all, the constant fear of when this would happen again, made my time and my dreams a constant torment and terror, from which I could no longer mentally find my way out.

This is how you escape into a world of thoughts in which I found everything. Revenge, anger, hatred and sometimes nice thoughts.

I still knew very well what all this was doing to me and where it could end

limited knowledge not.

I don't have any relationships with other children who were raised differently, and so brutality and my mother's behavior became normal. Her own siblings probably all had to struggle with it to a greater or lesser extent and so they often became the reflection of their social environment, which I eventually avoided.

I didn't want to be influenced by such an environment, which was mostly very primitive. But that doesn't mean that everyone was anti-social and had no decency, but it was enough for me and I thought that if I wanted to be different, then I had to take other paths. So suddenly I hardly had any people left, or only one that I could fall back on. That was me. I didn't solve my problems by asking mom or dad for advice or money. I went my own way, which wasn't always great, but I learned to rely more and more on myself.

I'm very happy about that, because others worked and were rewarded by their parents. But when they were gone, their calculations no longer worked out and they suddenly had real problems.

They have been told what they have to or should do all their lives, until they are very old, and suddenly no one is there anymore. What now.

I never had that problem.

Very few people noticed my worries, even my siblings couldn't understand my excitement and judged me to a certain extent

Way.

Back then you couldn't just report your parents or who knew, at that age, what kind of help from the youth welfare office and how it worked.

Once if only I had introduced myself there and I had to go back to my mother. Oh God, I didn't want to imagine what would have happened to me.

I was at her mercy and would have been unthinkable.

So I suffered everything and lost all respect for my mother because of a certain thing when I was around 9-11 years old.

My father was expelled from the country for several years because of a lie from my mother and had to spend about 5 years in prison for absolutely no reason.

All of this because of my cruel mother, who later robbed us children of our wages and loved to gamble.

It had become her purpose in life. By experiencing recognition or humiliation.

My sister and I had to beg to get any of it and 10% was the highest I felt when we got something.

So I had never owned anything and felt like a scoundrel. Had no self-esteem or anything like that.

I got on the wrong path because I didn't want to be at home and was always afraid to go home, and so fear became my constant companion.

It manifested itself in my darkened world of thoughts. So my world became more and more dark.

The world of thoughts consisted of anger, revenge and rage and only when I was away from home did everything clear up again, but at the slightest danger everything was back. There were also protective mechanisms that made me cautious. But no one saw this and I wasn't aware of it.

It was probably the great joy of being able to be outside and play with others because I was always a fun child.

I enjoyed it more than others and often played Kasper during breaks. Of course, I also overplayed a lot. It's like when someone looks forward to food, but it makes a difference how hungry you are for it.

But this all became my normality because I didn't know any different. But when things didn't go well for me, I learned to cover it up with laughter. Then they started not to understand me anymore. I just wasn't at the mental level I should be. This had nothing to do with intelligence, but with nurturing a small child.

So I had a lot of deficits, none of which I could explain myself, but which I always felt.

At the time I didn't know why that was the case or the solutions to the problem and so I became someone I didn't really want to be.

False beliefs, lies and much more manifested themselves.

These complexes perhaps falsely balanced the scales of justice or my imagination.

Our spirit of the scales tries to bring everything into balance and, if you will, it is the ruler of these scales.

For every feeling or emotion there is a scale that needs to be brought into balance. Our inner spirit takes care of this. This spirit is in contact with all information centers, such as the subconscious, and therefore knows everything and more about yourself.

You can't lie to him.

This is only possible with awareness in order to compensate for something worse. I believed that I wasn't actually a bad guy, even if I stole or was mean to someone. I couldn't explain any of this to myself at the time and so all of my complexes stayed with me and I wouldn't be able to get rid of them for a very long time.

I learned from my mother that I from scratch

I'm evil, and I believed that at some point.

I dove to nothing.

Was a liar and a thief, so yes it was true.

So I didn't think I was worth anything and someone like me had no future. Learning was a waste anyway. And so forth.

I had never thought about goals or anything like that. I lived into the day and saw what it brought me. I knew there were a lot of things I didn't know and that you could control your life. I was small and weak and had no goals or values in my life.

Where would I get that from?

So I often went through my life as a lonely person without a plan. Until I was in front of the judge who was the only one with the power to redeem me and give me a life of dignity. I didn't know the meaning or the word dignity, but I could feel it a little inside me.

This is exactly where my change began, even if I still didn't understand everything. Today and now I know that my life began here.

My mother wanted me locked up and was adamant that the judge would have the right impression of me.

She succeeded, but only partially, because she had her true self Face shown in the courtroom and the judge

I immediately understood why I ran away and also why I had become this way. He recognized the antisocial conditions, the brutality and the abuse.

The irresponsible treatment of myself and others. I already suspected what he was going to say and had to swallow because it would be a bitter pill to swallow.

But it was all better than having to go home again.

The judge said to me, I could certainly give them a suspended sentence for their crimes, but then we'll see each other again in six months and then it'll be worse.

I'm going to do them a favor and lock them up until they're 18 and then they can take control of their lives.

It was cruel for me because I wasn't who he thought I was.

I was a boy with no stability and I didn't want to be like that. I thought I didn't really deserve this. But Judge Schneider no longer saw any alternative for me and today I understand his actions and am grateful for his foresight. But at the time, if I was honest with myself, I thought only you did it, no one else and so I accepted it and knew that basically nothing better could happen to me and was so far from my mother's influence.