

ANGEL

Based on a true story.

by Zoe Thorogood

A N G E L

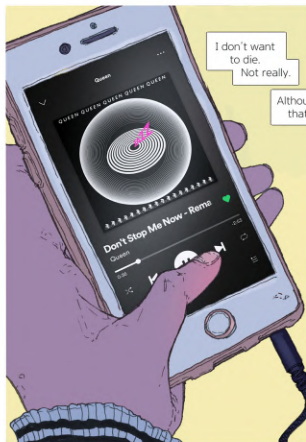
Angel is a personal story about suicide,
depression, and family loss.

These events took place in 2013 when
I was 15 and in a very dark place.

Please do not feel pressured to
continue reading if these themes
will impact you negatively.

Stay safe and
be kind.



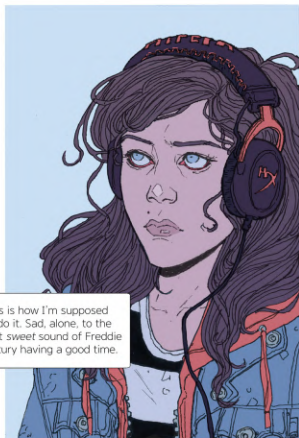


I don't want to die.
Not really.

Although, with that said-



-I understand why it may look that way.



This is how I'm supposed to do it. Sad, alone, to the sweet sweet sound of Freddie Mercury having a good time.



I have to laugh about it.
I'm trying to laugh about it.

It all seems like a big joke anyway.

Oh, Zoe...
You're teenaged girls!
Statistically, it's likely to happen!

Is what my school teacher had told me after I'd spoken to her about the worrying amounts of suicide attempts at my school.

Statistically it's likely to happen!

And what are my chances against that?

I don't know.

Everything is so cluttered. I can't quiet my thoughts.

What's the point, anyway?



I know this is what I want.
Earlier today I tested my resolve by playing a horror game.

I'm really bad with horror.

But when I played Amnesia this morning, I wasn't scared.

As stupid as it sounds, that's how I know.



I'm lost.



HELP!







Time to pull out some talking points.

Hey, uh-

Are you, uh, looking forward to Christmas?

Yeah.

So, what's your favourite animal?

Penguin!

You can't see penguins if you're dead.

There aren't penguins in Heaven?

Careful, Zoe.

Well, I mean... yeah. But the ones on Earth are way cooler.

Really?

Oh yeah, for sure. Ones in Heaven? Less cool, y'know. No ice.

Maybe one day you'll visit them at the South Pole.

Hahaha they don't live there! They'd fall off!

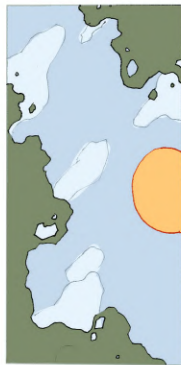
I don't have time to explain gravity.

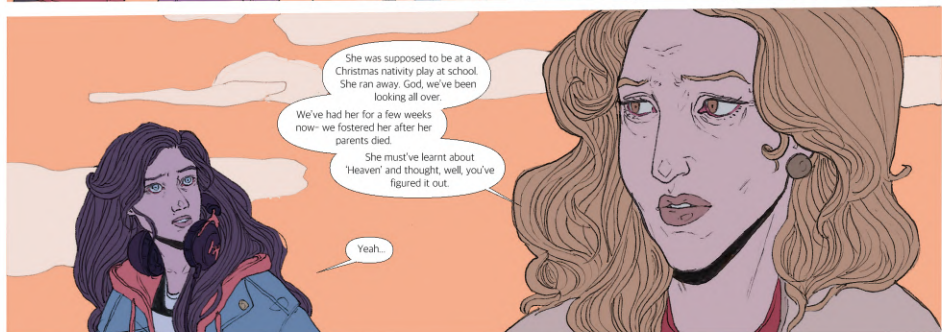
They hang on with their huge claws!

Wow!

-Hey.







This all happened six years ago, so she'll be around ten years old now.

Maybe she's started High School.

She gave me a temporary sense of purpose while I found myself again.

It sounds arrogant but I felt like in that moment it was important that I was alive.

These days I'm doing a lot better.

My purpose now is telling stories. Stories can be so powerful.



I know so many people who've taken their own lives, or at least attempted to, I feel lucky to be alive, and I don't want to waste it.

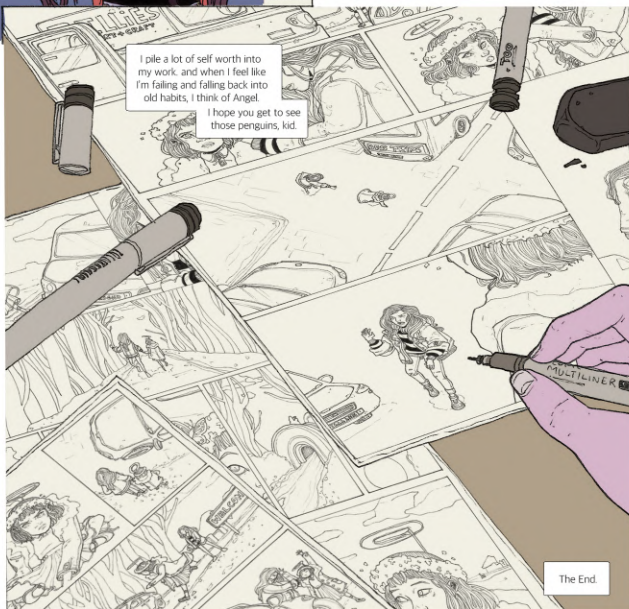
Maybe this is ridiculous but I'd like my work to be for other people what Angel was for me.

Maybe to help people feel not so alone.

I don't know.

I pile a lot of self worth into my work, and when I feel like I'm falling and falling back into old habits, I think of Angel.

I hope you get to see those penguins, kid.



The End.