

The Angel Chronicles- Fallen Angel

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This is the story about a young Angel who will break the most sacred rule of them all: she'll fall in love.

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0 - Prologue

Angels. They're all around us. Everywhere you look, you can be sure there's an Angel nearby. They're the cause of our "miracles," they're the ones who help us get through the day. They are just about everything.

Angels are basically the ones who have died and have agreed to become one. By doing so, they are applying themselves to an eternal life of selfless service, helping those who need it.

Now, Pure Angels', also known as the Purities, are who the deceased become after they agree to it. Their wings are invisible to the human eye. This is so you cannot recognize an angel just by looking at them.

But Purities' wings aren't out all the time. Any Angel, no matter whether they are Fallen or not, can retract their wings into their backs. This is so it is easier to sit and be comfortable.

Although everything sounds okay, a Purity has certain rules that they must obey by. If they break any rule, they are instantly Fallen, and are banished from the Angelic ranks and Heaven itself.

Fallen Angels are the ones that have been forgotten. They cannot perform miracles. Their wings are not invisible, nor are they white. They are black like the night without any stars.

Now, this is a tale about a young Angel who breaks the most sacred rule of them all: she falls in love.

1 - Ara, The Angel

My name is Ara. I'm a fourteen year old Angel.

Only about a year ago did I die. I can't remember how it happened, and I can't remember where I was. I pretty much can't remember anything before I died and went to Heaven. If it wasn't for the Head Angel, Mira, I wouldn't even know my own name.

When I was offered this, the chance to stay on Earth, I thought that would mean I got a second chance, that I would still be one of the living. But its very far from that.

I have responsibilities and an Angel. I have to help those in need, comfort the sick, and a whole bunch of other stuff I wouldn't mind not doing. Of course, I didn't realize that this was the price for being on Earth until after I agreed.

I remember asking the Head Angel what would happen if we crossed by someone we had known. Not like I knew anyone, my memory being pretty much wiped and all. But she answered that we don't necessarily look different, but too someone who had met us, they can't recognize us at all. I have no idea how that's supposed to work, but I'll take her word for it.

Well, today was a beautiful Wednesday, and I was on my way to make the weekly visit to Mrs. Winifred. Her daughter died a year ago, a few days after I had become an Angel, and I was assigned as a psychiatrist to get her through her sorrow.

She died of a gunshot wound to the heart, Mrs. Winifred's daughter, during a robbery in their own home. Mrs. Winifred was still frightened from the even, and had set seven different alarm systems throught the house.

She was a nice elderly lady and the best cook I knew of. We usualy talked about pleasant stuff for abut an hour, until I was on the streets again. But right now, our chat would just be beginning.

I walked across the sea of shadows the trees made, and knocked quietly on her door. It took a second, but then I heard the small tip tapping of her shoes stepping toward the entrance.

There was a moment were I could hear the doorknob jiggling open, and then the door cracked open slightly, and there was a hesitant silence.

"Its only me," I whispered calmly, moving my head toward the opening for her to see. She smiled, her eyes got a little bigger and less worried. Then she swung the door open as if she was fifty years younger and gestured for me to come in.

I looked around silently, then turned to her, who was locking the door, and said, "I see you painted the foyer." I smiled. "It's a beautiful color!"

“Yes, isn’t it?” she said, marveling the walls herself. “But I didn’t paint them, deary.” She chuckled to herself. “No, I’m too old. I had someone paint it for me.”

I nodded as if this was surprising news. “Well, like I said, its very beautiful. You have quite the eye for color cordination.”

I looked down at her and saw her cheeks blush a little pink. “Yes, well,” She started for a nearby hallway, with me following behind her, and she turned off into a lovely blue room with as many windows as there are continents and blossoming flowers everywhere.

I sat in a small wicker chair by a dark wood cabinet, and watched as she gracefully seated herself as well.

“You know,” and of course I did- this was one of her often flashbacks, most of which she forgot she had already told me. “When I was young, I used to work in an old department store. Yes siree! I would decorate, and oh how fashionable I was back then... Oh...” The excitement drained from her face, and she looked down at the table, a teapot sitting on top of a beautiful platter, decorated with two very blue looking cups.

“Tea?” she said, suddenly reaching her hand out for the teapot and pouring its contents into her cup.

“Yes, please.” I said politely. “Cream, too. You know, the usual.”

Mrs. Winifred nodded. “Yes, the usual.”

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I planned to eat the remains of my breakfast in the park, and maybe even sketch a little. Sketching was something that helped me take my mind off things, and pay more attention to nature, the world I had only recently left.

I paced my way through the busy sidewalks and streets, people rushing past me as if there was no tomorrow. I laughed a little to myself. Of course, there might not be a tomorrow. Only God knows what will happen- and that could be anything.

I looked around for a second, observing the buzzing of the city. I radomly glanced at the crosswalk. There was a single man walking across it. And wadya know: the flashing lights up on the pole were blinking green.

But the man continued walking, not even caring- and probably not even noticing it, either. And even though there was a racing car heading for him, I wasn’t the least bit worried. And you would know why in 5, 4, 3, 2... 1.

There was a flash of white, the sky seemed a little brighter, and a middle-aged woman with pearly white wings zoomed across the street. In seconds, the car had raced by, and the man was safely on the sidewalk. Invisible feathers slowly drifted to the ground. Hey, just because their invisible to the human eye doesn’t mean we Angels can’t see them. Well, I mean, duh! Their invisible to the human eye. I am

an Angel. That is different.

Anyway, the man looked up at the woman, tipped his ratty hat, and was on his way. Just like that. She smiled after him, then looked my way and nodded a greeting. I waved back, but before I could even move my hand, she was gone. To disappear, this was a power that only the very dedicated Angels got. Unfortunately, I was not one of them.

I sighed and continued on my merry way. The park was a beautiful and peaceful place, even if it wasn't all that quiet. Trees shaded the walking paths, benches, and playground making it cool and the breezes feel even more calming.

I sat down under a particularly big tree and watched as two young kids skipped past. They were laughing, yelling, "I'm gonna get you!" and chasing each other, weaving through the line of trees next to the path.

A middle-aged woman, probably their mother, strode toward them with a stroller, smiling to herself. Next to her was a boy... he looked my age, maybe a little older. There was something about him that seemed so familiar. He had spiky brown hair and these interestingly blue eyes.

"Ara, you have to meet him!"

"Why-"

"Hello..."

I felt my eyes grow wider, and suddenly, my head felt like it was going to burst. Images were flashing in my mind. The boy... I couldn't see the other girl, but she had grabbed my hand and was dragging me toward him. I blinked a few times and everything seemed to get darker. What was happening? Did I know him?