

# **I choose life**

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*This is a story about an angel trying to convince a grieving hero to carry on fighting the good fight.*

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# 1 - I choose life

"I choose life"

Kendi stood by the large glass doors that looked into the shopping mall and snorted as the man she was watching over knocked a cart over and all the potatoes crashed to the ground, he fumbled about trying to fix the cart and put the potatoes back until a teenage worker came over shooed him away and cleaned the mess up. The man who Kendi knew to be one Niles Niall, his last name was Gaelic and when translated meant champion, he didn't look like any champion she had ever met. He looked more like a washed up actor from day time TV shows that hadn't gotten anything more than a nose spray commercial in the past ten years. As he disappeared out of her line of view she turned her attention to the tills where she knew at some point he would reappear there and pay for his groceries. She straightened her shoulder length blond hair with her palm making sure not to disturb the hair held up by the black head band, Niles may not care about his appearance and be willing to walk out of the house in jogging pants, an old white tee-shirt and a faded leather duster but she sure as hell wasn't going to do so.

"Hello Mr. Niall" She said making him jump as he walked out of the store with his shopping bags weighing him down.

"Who the hell are you?" he asked looking at her suspiciously. It wasn't a regular occurrence for the 25 year old to see a woman wearing a designer black suit in the hot summer weather, it wasn't a regular occurrence for him to be approached by a woman in down trodden clothes, unsaved face and messy hair deterred women and that suited him fine, He did not need the hassle they always bring with them.

"No need to be rude Mr. Niall" she scolded him like a parent scolding a child which was hilarious to him because she looked at least five years younger than him and could only be 5 foot in height which made him look tall compared to her.

"You didn't answer my question?" his voice was filled with many years worth of sorrow that had hardened his voice and jaded his personality.

"I don't have to, just know that I am a friend not a foe" Kendi hissed.

Niles snorted and replied quickly "I don't have any friends".

She pushed her black sunglasses down the bridge of her nose, her pale blue eyes travelled up and down his body "I never would have guessed" she mumbled and pushed the glasses back up her nose.

"You know you have that rough, tough look to you but I ain't buying it" she continued speaking; her accent suggested that she hadn't always been the suit wearing type.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"You wouldn't believe me if I told you" she mumbled and then started walking towards his beat up old Ford Fiesta.

"You are avoiding every question that I ask you. You're not human, are you?" he knew from prior experience that demons and other supernatural creatures couldn't lie, by nature they avoided answering questions.

"Clever. Mr. Niall" she replied with delight then sobered and said "Now instead of brooding which by the way you are excellent at, why don't you put that intelligence to good use and go back to work".

He opened the cars boot, put his shopping bags in then slammed the boot in an attempt to frighten her from saying anything more about his work. It was a sore subject for him. He had been a private investigator, one of the best in the town but that didn't stop him from getting those he loved killed

because he had been too stupid to figure out who was behind the killings in time.

"I quit. If you need help go to another private investigator" he growled.

She laughed then got into the drivers seat. "Do I look like a woman in need of help?" she asked.

He fumbled through his pockets to find his car keys but stopped when she put his keys in the engine

"You stole my keys. Lady who the hell do you think you are?" he demanded.

She started the engine and pointed to the passenger seat, he got in and turned to scowl at her but she ignored him, reversed then directed the car north. "I think I am me" she said in a stiff voice.

He realised something that made him smile. "You're not human that means you have to answer my questions and you can't lie." He said smugly, and then asked "What are you a demon?" his smile soon faded when she began speeding.

"I am not a demon. I am what I am" she growled.

He put his seat belt on and nervously looked out of the window hoping that no cops saw how she was driving; he really didn't need another ticket. After half an hour of reckless driving and speeding, Kendi parked the car outside of a cemetery that was far too familiar for Niles liking.

"Get out of the car" she ordered but he stayed seated. "Either you face your demons and by that I mean inner demons not the nasty fire breathing kind, or I will force you to face them" she warned.

He defiantly pushed the lock on the inside of the car down to lock himself in the car. She took off her glasses, took his hand in hers and looked into his eyes. He felt a familiar dizzy feeling as he looked into her pale blue eyes and felt almost like he was floating and spinning through the air. When she let go of his hand he was stood inches away from his wife's grave and he stared at it in shock, he had seen and felt many supernatural things in his 25 years of life but he had never had such a shock to the system like the one he had standing there looking at his wife's head stone.

"Your wife I presume?" she said in a voice devoid of any emotion.

It angered him. It was strange to him that he hadn't felt anger yet, it was part of the grieving process but he had been stuck in the numb stage where he felt like he couldn't go on without his wife. And here was this non human thing dragging him to his wife's grave like an uncaring dog, he wasn't going to stand for it and he had every right to take it out on her, she wasn't human. She gritted her teeth as he sent a blast of electricity her way and it hit her hip but didn't scream. It killed his anger and replaced it with fear.

"What are you?" he whispered. No creature he had ever run into could take being hit by his power and not scream or shout.

"An Angel" she answered.

Nervous laughter escaped his lips. "Yeah sure the Gods send an Angel to help me" he said sarcastically.

She frowned at him and sighed. "Creatures who aren't human can not lie, you know that" she muttered. She ran her hand along the grave stone and he felt anger rise up again, he wanted to scream at her to get her hands off his wife's headstone but he had enough sense left in him not to provoke an Angel.

"This is why you will no longer help innocent humans who can not help themselves" she stated.

He felt like explaining to her that no human was innocent but didn't. Her job was to either guide or protect human and to see that the greater good happens no matter who has to die for it to happen; she probably wouldn't appreciate him slating humans to her.

"As sad as your wife's death is...the greater good is for you to carry on living and go back to work" Kendi said softly.

How could he explain to her that without his wife, doing the greater good seemed impossible? That she had been the only thing that kept him focused and sane. What was the point in doing the greater good if the Gods were going to take everyone he loved from him? He could not blame the demons, it was in

there nature to kill but the Gods were supposed to be the good guys, yet they always took the good people and left the world a harsh uncaring place full of harsh uncaring people.

Kendi lifted her face upwards looking at the sky and said "It is natural for you to blame the Gods". She looked at him standing by his wife's grave looking as vulnerable as a child "And you should blame them" she stated. His jaw dropped down making him look comical.

"They took your wife away" she said dispassionately.

A sharp gust of wind blew her blond hair and her jacket wildly about for a couple of seconds then it calmed down, making the air still and humid as it had been before.

"She was meant to die, of course. But they still took her away from you and you want to punish them" she said.

He looked away from her in that moment he resembled a guilty child trying to hide something and she carried on talking "but quitting work is not a good idea. You are not punishing them, you're punishing yourself" she said.

He frowned at her words. "How am I punishing myself?" he asked.

She looked at his untidy appearance, he looked away embarrassed by her attention, his untidy appearance was supposed to deter people from paying him any attention not attract it.

"You can not hide behind that rough, tough guy appearance. I know you miss helping people, you miss fighting the bad guys and seeing the relief on an innocent's face when they realize that they are safe because of you" she said softly. She smiled softly and carried on talking "it's your destiny to save people and running from your destiny is killing your soul" her eyes drifted to his wife's headstone and he felt a lump in his throat.

He swore to himself that he would not cry he didn't deserve to. He hadn't been there when she had died and he would never forgive himself for that.

"She didn't want you to blame yourself or to ruin yourself over her death. She doesn't want you to die. She wants you to carry on living" she divulged.

He couldn't stand it anymore, her words where breaking his heart even more than it was already broken.

He grabbed her neck "shut up" he hissed tightening his grip "who the hell are you to say what she wants? You didn't know her and you don't know how I am feeling, you're not even human!" he shouted. He knew his grip on her neck wouldn't kill her, she didn't breath but it sure would hurt her.

"Kendi" she whispered her name knowing he would know that she had been his wife's guardian Angel.

He let go off her in shock. "You where my wife's guardian Angel" he stated.

She nodded and rubbed her neck "I knew her and I know what she wants, she wants you to carry on living and stop destroying yourself" she said firmly.

He looked up at the calm sky. "You mean..." his voice trailed off as he fought to stop himself from crying.

"Yes. She is safe and where she is supposed to be" she divulged.

The lump felt bigger he could barley speak.

"You got a decision to make. Either you live and go back to work or I can kill you now" she said in a voice devoid of any emotion.

He looked up at the Angel.

"What is it going to be kid?" she asked as tears ran down his face and his body shook with silent sobs.

He wanted to be with his wife but knew she would not want that so he put his feelings aside and said in a determined voice "I choose life".