

Blood of Angels

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A story a wrote very slightly based off a friends dream mien mine and mine not your mine

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1 - Karin

Why am I even here? Karin pondered as she sat down on the plastic blue chair marked with the number 42. *I hate baseball after all, but you know I have the ticket and I had nothing to do, I never have plans.* Karin sighed and looked down so that her sleek black hair concealed her ice blue eyes. She was a beautiful woman around the age of 25 who, at first glance, looked more like she was 16 or 17. She had been given a ticket to this game by a friend who couldn't go herself. She sat at the end of the row avoiding most human contact. "Might as well try to enjoy it" she mumbled. Then she glanced to the side at a little girl in a pretty floral-print dress who giggled as she walked down the cement steps holding the hand of who Karin guessed to be the girl's father. Karin smiled, sadness reflecting in her eyes. She then knew that it was a worse idea than she had originally thought to be there right then. *Mabey it would cause too much stress. No! I'm here now mabey this will be good for me. Yeah! Good...for me. Right.* She thought she might actually get through this. Thought she might. Just then a song started to play, and she recognized it with no hesitation.

?And he will raise you up on eagles wings...?

The pain was back in a flash and she had no time to stop tears from coming to her eyes. She got up and walked to the family bathroom which she always knew was the least used. She let out a faint sob and grabbed some toilet paper for her eyes. "On Eagles Wings" had been her daughter's favorite song. But life was cruel and nothing lasted forever, as for her daughter she barely lasted at all.

"Without tears in the eyes there are no rainbows in the soul" a man who had suddenly walked in said. He was tall and skinny and had blonde sort of wavy hair with light brown eyes. "It's an old Indian proverb" the man noted. Karin turned around and wiped the a few last tears from her cheek.

"Thank you for trying to help but I don't think you can unless you can raise the dead. So excuse me." She glared fiercely at the man. He stumbled a bit in shock then moved from her path.

She smirked as the door shut behind her. *That must have been quite the glare. Or mabey he's just a wimp. Either way...* she chuckled a bit.

In the bathroom the man still stood there with the utmost expression of shock. "Those eyes... that face....mabey?"

2 - Jabrial

What an enchanting sight, a young girl with beautiful long, blonde hair in a white satin dress standing on a hill covered in dazzling flowers. Her eyes sparkling like diamonds as she stared off at something only seen by her mind's eye. Her head in the clouds. But you had to come back to earth sometime...

She fell back into the long grass and flowers as if coming back to reality was all too much for her to handle. She sighed and stood up once again as a soft summer breeze ruffled her hair and dress. She clumsily started to walk down into the valley below, but she stumbled and fell. A shadow fell over her as she started to get up.

"Are you okay?" She looked up. A tall man stood over her.

"I-I-I'm fine" answered the sheepish voice of the girl.

"Come on let me clean you up you have a cut on your knee, and you dashed your foot on a rock."

She looked down at the grass stain on her dress and the driplets of blood that trickled down her leg. The man warmly smiled as he held out his hand. She hesitated then took his outstretched hand. And they started walking thru the field of flowers towards a small cottage just beyond the next hill...

?Make you to shine like the sun...?

3 - Karin

Inning number three. Why am I still here? Karin was surprised she made it past the first inning, making it to the third was dumbfounding. Her daughter had always loved baseball just because of the "wooshing" sound that the ball and bat made as they sliced thru the air. There were so many memories, and Karin wanted more.

Karin glanced to the side and noticed that no one was sitting next to her. Now that she thought back she couldn't recall anyone sitting there at all since the beginning of the game. *Oh well... I guess they didn't come...or mabey there just out and about.* "Out and About" didn't seem like that bad of an idea. She stood up, she was hungry anyway so she might as well go by the over-processed-over-priced substance they sold at stadiums.

She glanced around as she walked thru the crowds. People were laughing and having fun, teenagers laughed and made jokes as they walked with there "posses", and parents spent time with there jubulent children. It was wierd how everyone was so happy, she wanted to feel there joy. She eventually decided to get a pretzel and ate it on the way back to her seat.

On the way up the stairs she noticed someone was now sitting in the chair next to hers. His head was turned so she was able to slip into her seat unnoticed. She looked down at the game and tried not to pay attention to the person next to her, but after a few minutes she felt someone gaze on her. She looked to the side where the man sat, and saw that him glance over at her. He smiled as she turned her attention to him.

"Glad to see your not sad anymore" he said joyfully as turned his head to look at her. It was the man from the bathroom. She looked down at her feet embarressed.

"Yeah, we'll go with that" she replied sarcasticly.

"You have pretty eyes" said the man. Karin looked up a bit shocked at such a random statement.

"Uhh..." she managed as she tryed to hide how flattered she actually was. The man smiled, and blushing Karin looked back down at her feet. "My daughter did too." Karin noted after a moment of silence.

"Ah, I see." the man replied.

"Do you?" Karin said as she looked up to glare at him. Yet, in her eyes there was a trace of pleading and hope, and even happiness. Although she herself did not know why the happiness came along with it.

The man sighed and looked down at the feild.

"Yes, I do"

She grunted and he looked over at her.

"So," he started, "Your the person who is worst off in the world. You feel completely alone and you want the pity of people to sadly attempt to fill the empty hole you feel inside you?" The words peirced her and filled her with overwhelming wrath.

"What did you say?!" She asked her voice rising as did her temper.

He smiled again. "You deny it right? But no it's there in your face, I can see it in your eyes. But, you know a lot of peoplehave it worse off than you. Some people have lost a lot more."

She glanced away guiltly. She knew it was true but what could she possibly do? "Whatever" she heard herself reply.

"I'm a detecive, if she was killed I can help."

She looked up in interest.

"That's what I thought, here's my card." He handed her a white and blue card and she reluctantly took it.