

The Angel Deep Inside

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Submitted: June 17, 2005

Updated: June 17, 2005

This story is about a girl named Krista. She's having trouble believing that she has any friends, because it seems as if they never have time for her. In her dreams, she's visited by an angel who says he's come to help her. The first chapter is wr

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Chapter 1

The Angel

"Hello."

"Hello...who are you?"

"My name is Jereth. I have been sent to help you."

"Help me?"

"I have been sent to help you, Krista...to keep from destroying yourself." His pale hand reached out and touched my cheek. "You're loved. Don't ever think you're not."

"But no one has time for me anymore," I said quietly.

"Krista, you are-"

"KRISTA!! Get up, it's 6:30 now. You're going to be late for school," my father scolded me.

I turned to look at him and sleepily replied, "Sorry, Daddy...I'm just so tired." He sighed and shook his head.

"You know, if you actually just went to sleep instead of staying up at all hours of the night watching television, you'd get the sleep you need." He walked out of my room closing the door behind him. "When I come back down, you'd better be dressed and ready to go to school."

"Alright, Daddy," I said as I climbed out of bed. I stared at the television, but grabbed the remote the next moment to turn it off. "That dream...I had the dream with the angel again." I tried to remember what he looked like. He was pale, that much I knew. But his face...it was still that white blur. I sighed and stood up and got dressed and ready for school. I hate our uniforms...white shirts and red and navy blue plaid skirts. I guess it couldn't be helped; I made the choice to come to this school...so now I was going to just live with it.

Sorry, maybe I should introduce myself first. My name is Krista Yearling. I am a sophomore at Hayward High. I have two different personalities. One personality is the one I have at home. Then there's my school personality. I'm very insecure, which you will notice throughout the story, since that's what this story is really supposed to show. Well, here we go.

It started out a normal school day. I got up, got dressed, and walked into the bathroom to pull my hair up into a ponytail. I took one look in the mirror, and decided to just do my hair away from the mirror. I hate my reflection. I wish I was skinnier...like so many other girls. Why did I have to be one of the heaviest? Did I do something wrong to deserve it? No...that's not it...it's just that I eat too much. That's it; I'm going on a diet. I sighed and pulled my hair up, "Yeah right...I wouldn't have the will power." Once I had my hair done, I grabbed my school bag and walked into the kitchen. I noticed my mother was already gone, and that Daddy still hadn't come down from getting ready himself. I decided to just go wait in the car. Even the car ride was normal when Daddy finally got out there. We didn't speak at all the entire way to school, but we did say our usual "Good bye, I love you" and parted ways. I sat in the break room waiting for one of my friends to show up. Finally, one of them did. Mina came in with her head bowed. She looked a little stressed out, and looked like she needed cheering up. She worked in the office for us...so of course she needed cheering up. I bounded over to her, but she turned before I could say anything.

"I have something to take care of," she said to me as she walked away in the other direction." I frowned and went back to where I'd been sitting before and laid my head in my arms. It seemed like Mina was avoiding me as of late. I didn't know why...maybe she didn't think of me as her friend anymore. The very thought upset me.

"It's time to go to class!" Our school is so cheap; we can even afford proper school bells to let us know when to go to class. I stood up and reluctantly walked to class. Our school is very peculiar...we work on individual pack work instead of one whole class learning the same thing. I had finished my work for the semester a week ago, so I decided to just sit at my desk and draw. I couldn't think of anything to draw, so I figured I'd just wing it and see what it came out looking like. Wing...that's it! I could draw a picture of the angel in my dream. I got to work immediately. When I was done...I had drawn him perfectly. I drew a face on him since I didn't know exactly what he looked like. I always had the same dream, and yet I never found out what his face looked like. I sighed and stared off into space the rest of the day.

After school, I tried to get Mina's attention and talk to her, but she said she had to get to her ride. I sighed and sat by myself in front of the school until my dad showed up. He had to go back to work, so I was going to be home alone for a while. Two hours at the most. I walked into my room and immediately flopped down on my bed. I laid there for half an hour not doing anything. Then I thought *<I should call Mina...maybe she really was busy today...>* I picked up the phone and dialed her number.

It rang three times before she answered, "Hello, Smith residence, Mina speaking."

"Hello," I said cheerfully.

"Oh... Hello, Krista."

"How are you?"

"I'm...fine...but I can't really talk to you at the moment," she said.

"Why not, are you busy?" I asked, feeling like a hole was beginning to appear in my chest.

"I'm talking to Tyler on my cell phone."

“Oh...okay then...bye.”

“Bye.” I heard the phone click on the other side. I hanged up my phone and laid on my bed with my face in my pillow. I felt tears welling up in my eyes, and before I knew it, I was crying. Why didn't anyone have any time for me anymore? Did I do something to make everyone mad? That thought only upset me more.

“Why are you crying, Krista?”

I sniffled as I replied, “No one has any time for me anymore.” I felt his warm hand on my cheek again and I looked up. It was the angel again. It was Jereth. Except this time, I could make out his face. His face looked the same as I had drawn him earlier that day.

“Krista, so many people have time for you, you just have bad timing.” I sniffled again and shook my head.

“You don't understand...all the time is a bad time.”

“That's only how it seems. Give them time, and they will make time for you.”

“What does that mean?”

I didn't find out, for the next moment, my mother was calling for me from the kitchen informing me it was time for dinner. Sitting up, I looked down at my knees. <Give them time, and they will make time for you.> What did he mean by that? I decided not to think about it right now and instead ran up into the kitchen to get my dinner.

"Krista is everything alright?" my mother asked me as I entered the kitchen.

"Everything's fine," I relied. "Why do you ask?"

My mother gave me a worried look as she answered my question, "You look as if you've been crying. You're face is all red." I shook my head, "I haven't been...it's just really hot in my room." Before she could question me any further, I grabbed my dinner and went back into my room, closing and locking the door. I sat on the floor and turned on the TV. Flipping through the channels, I found that nothing good was on, so I turned it back off. I ate my dinner slowly. I kept thinking about the dream. About the angel named Jereth. I wondered if he would visit me again in my dreams when I went to bed tonight. When I was done eating dinner, I took my plate up into the kitchen and rinsed off my plate and fork. I then took a quick ten minute shower, then put on my pajamas, told my parents good night, and went to sleep.

I sat in a dark area...in my dream. What was this place? So empty...so lonely...

"This is your heart." I was a bit startled. It was Jereth's voice, I knew that, but I didn't see him.

"Jereth, where are you?"

"I'm right here...with you...I'm always with you."

"I don't see you."

"Because...in your heart...you believe you are all alone. So that's how it is. You're all alone in your heart." Tears began welling up in my eyes.

"I don't want to be alone," I whispered silently as I buried my face into my knees.

