

Finding Wings

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A Fallen Angel finds himself lonely and learns the hardships and cruelty and joys of love.

((If you've any questions, concerns, or ideas, please, feel free to comment them.))

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1 - Requests

Where can I begin to explain such a tale of sadness and sorrow? Such is today I must find it in myself to write in seriousness, and to save my heart from the sadness of my friend. Poor little Schwarz came to me in desperation today. I finally realize why he had been making such lovely dresses for me, the man was lonely. He came to me, kneeling and whimpering, something I had never seen from him before, crying that he needed help horribly. A maiden, he requested, a pure little girl that he could take in to keep as his own. I knew the poor man was mad, but I had never realized how so until he confessed to me his loneliness. The evil Angel, always locked away in his own quarters doing goodness-knows-what wanted a soul mate. What I was thinking when I said I'd find him a girl was madness. I love to be optimistic, but poor poor Schwarz, there is hardly a girl who would love him.

“Little Schwarz, be off with you, back into bed and get some rest, I'd not gauge time, but I can find you a little girl soon enough, but for now, rest, make music, sew, do with as you will to take your mind off.” The short purple-headed Ghostie gave a bottle of steaming liquid into the pale hands of the Fallen Angel. “Drink this and sleep,” would be all that came from her mouth as Celestial started off at once to find a little girl worthy of Verwirrter Schwarz.

She was there, and Celestial saw her, a teenaged girl, fifteen at most, with messy dark brown hair and matching eyes. In a nice blouse and a long skirt, she looked about ready to go to dinner, or a funeral. But neither were the case, it was the start of Autumn, of school, and she was merely walking home from another school-day. She sung to herself walking down the trail back home, several heavy books in the bag upon her back. Scales and ‘ah’s streaming from her dry lips.

The purple Ghostie looked upon her in glee. “This is *perfect!* She exclaimed, already starting to watch the girl further. Celestial now looked into her heart. A very pure sort of girl. “So rare for a high school girl... she’s never even kissed a man.” However, Celestial spoke too loud and the brunette turned around, her skirts flying out around her.

“Who’s there, and why are you following me?” Murmured she, eyes filling with fright. “Please, show yourself!” However, Celestial did not such a thing, quickly disappearing and reappearing in Schwarz’ room.

He had not taken his potion, and he was *not* sleeping. “Celestial! Have you no decency? I could have been unclad for all you know!” His voice now strong once again protested. Schwarz was a towering man, nine foot six with long black hair often tied back and cold gray eyes with a slight fairness to his skin when he was undisguised.

“You’ll forgive me in a few moments, Schwarzie.” Celestial grinned as she spoke, she was short on normal standards, compared to Schwarz she was like a bug, standing at only four foot ten and sometimes reduced herself to less than a foot for spying purposes and opened up a window -which is just a simple name for a spying portal-. Showing the girl as she walked home, a little more hurried now. “Isn’t she cute, Schwarzie? Certainly one of the cutest little high schoolers I’ve ever seen, and she’s a pure little thing too, doesn’t even know what a kiss is, let alone how to do it.”

Schwarz already felt his eyes filling with tears watching her, skirts flying in the wind, messy hair tied back, sort of frail looking even. "Oh, Tala, you miracle worker, you've done me an amazing favor, and for that I thank you. Do not expect me to return tonight, I will be out." Through holes in his dress shirt poked out a pair of black feathery wings, certainly a bit taller than Schwarz himself, already, he started to take to the skies, using windows to look to where she was. By the time he reached her house, it was well into nightfall, under disguise, five foot ten with gray hair now instead of black, Schwarz disguised himself as a kindly old gentleman, his favorite sort of act to play.

In her room she lay, a very quiet sleeper was the girl. Schwarz slipped through the house with ease, making himself like a Ghost, simple charms were all it took and finally when he reached her room. He looked upon the girl with a sad smile. "Tala was right, you little thing, you sleep in silence, such a pure little girl, oh... so lovely, so young." One shaking hand came out to stroke her face, Verwirrter almost forced himself back when he felt how cold her cheek was. *Poor girl, she's very cold...* He thought in distress before pulling the blanket around her better.

She started to stir from the motion, eyes snapping open and clearly seeing Verwirrter. However, he disappeared at once and she shut her eyes again, murmuring something of vivid after dreams and falling back asleep.

The entire night, the Angel decided it best to watch from afar and remain invisible.

2 - School Woes

Preparations had to be made, Verwirrter knew he could not just steal this little child away in the night, no, he was far smarter than that. *Perhaps, I will find a way to see more of her, yes, I will find a way to see her in her normal life, but how...* He thought long and hard for an hour or so, thinking while he watched the peaceful child sleeping in her bed. *She's a teenager- oh! Of course, her educations, the girl goes to a school, I've always wanted to be school-aged, horrible times when I was that age, but the body was amazing then.* It was clear dear Schwarz became lost in his thoughts as he pondered his lifestyle as a teenaged Angel, before he fell.

Already, he looked towards the mirror, looking into cold gray eyes before smiling. Yes, Schwarz looked to be about fifty, in truth, he was far older, but his human appearance suggested something else. Already, the wrinkles on his mortal-looking face smoothed over, his wings shrunk into his back safely tucked away, his gray hair turned darker and darker until it was a nice inked black, and he lost a bit of his paleness. Yes, Schwarz now looked like a typical teenage boy, sans short hair, Schwarz felt his long locks in a fond sort of way. He would never trade his long hair for anything, why would he? Schwarz all too loved the way it flapped behind him when he flew, long, streaming, like a banner of silver light streaming behind him in majesty. Down to his back, it was long, straight, shimmering, and, in all sense of the word, lovely. *A teenager, fit to attend high school, I'll check in as a visitor and follow the girl around.*

Once morning came, Harra awoke to the screeching sound of her alarm. She could not even begin to describe how much she loathed the thing. A lover of beautiful music and serene sounds, the last thing Harra should like to awake to was a crude-sounding alarm clock. However, she had nothing better to wake to, nothing else for that matter, and quickly turned it off, rubbing her eyes furiously.

"I don't want to complain, not at all, not at all, but I have to say I detest mornings- at least mornings at school!

I don't want to be there, not at all, not at all, not at all, but I have to, I must.

Oh yes I must." Harra always sang, it was constant, and I mean constant. She did far too much of it for her own good, ever since she was seven she sang, whatever she could. Although, out of it came a very lovely voice, fairly well-trained from the lessons she took.

It didn't take long for her to get ready in the morning, Harra didn't bother with her hair, it was the same mess every day, nothing special, just tie it back, brush her teeth, apply deodorant, get dressed, nothing special. Harra didn't want to be late, that was all, with a wave and a call of "I'm off to school," to her parents, Harra set out of the door, already lugging her backpack along to find her way back to the schoolyard.

There was nothing special on the road there, the usual stillness she so enjoyed. However, the schoolyard was filled with typical high school madness, she saw people standing around talking to one-another. Harra already bent her head down, she didn't have many friends in her school, and whoever she was friends with had people they'd rather be with compared to her. She scanned the

place, everything seemed right, everything seemed- except this boy. Harra's school wasn't overly large, it was actually a fairly small school, most people knew each other, Harra knew the person was out of place the moment she saw him.

Brown eyes remained focused on the man, he seemed to be a year or so older than her, then again, you could never tell with boys. He was talking to one of the administration, questioning something, she could tell by his hand motions and body position. It wasn't long before she caught him looking at her, before turning back to the official, who approached her at once.

"Harra, can you do me a favor?" She nodded, not saying a word. "Good, we'd like you to show around a potential student of ours, let him go with you to classes." Harra gave another nod hearing her instructions. "I can do that..." Murmured she, looking to the new student, brown eyes meeting gray. "I'm Harra Arial, and you, sir?" A hand held out, small hands, small cold hands.

"Victor, just Victor, it's a pleasure to meet you, dear Harra." He enveloped her hand in his own, very warm hands, at least compared to Harra's they were warm.

Already, she could feel herself being very nervous around Victor. Pulling her hand away from his, she turned towards the door and walked in, holding it for him. "Perhaps, Victor, you would like to see the classes." Murmured she, quickly going through the hallways as fast as she could without sprinting.

Verwirrter Schwarz felt his head almost spinning. *Harra, Hah-rah Air-ee-ul, I think I understand how Romeo felt, when he heard Juliets name. But this child's name, is far sweeter than Juliet.* Throughout the day he followed her, under the guise of the quiet Victor. Yes, to dear Schwarz, this was perfect, he would get to see everything he wanted to.