

Angel

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A strange little story about a girl imprisoned by an evil wizard

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1 - Angel

There was this girl I saw a few times on the local bus, always with this little grey guy. She was always smiling and happy, but never talked to anyone. The shy type I guess. Her name was Angel. This is her story.

Imagine a landscape of green fields and hills, leading to a small mountain range. The weather is overcast, befitting the atmosphere of coming events. An old castle in the mountains, the outer walls showing signs of erosion and decay. A dark hallway, the sounds of light footsteps approaching. A quiet sound of chains can be heard. The figures emerge into the light. It is the master of this castle, the creature called Greystone (though he insists, just call him Grey). His name matches his appearance: a small, yet sturdy looking man with grey skin. Long, pointed ears protrude from the sides of his head. He holds a chain leading to his "pet", a pretty, blonde elf girl (young woman, actually). On her neck, attached to the chain is an ugly iron collar. Not rusted or spiked, but its appearance still betrays its use as a device of enslavement. Her face shows a confused and frustrated expression, she obviously doesn't want to follow her master. The pet speaks up, yet what comes out of her mouth is nothing more than unintelligible babble; no known language sounds like what she says. Grey responds.

"Now, don't be impatient, pet. I'm going to have visitors today, so you'll have to stay in your room."

The girl responds with another indecipherable statement.

Greystone leads the girl to a small cell containing a bed. That's all. He opens the door, and although the girl begins to struggle, just like a cat that's about to be bathed, something stops her. There doesn't seem to be much energy in that frail body, and before Greystone can scold her she gives up and enters the room. The door closes, and she is left in darkness.

* * *

A couple of little goblin guys are talking by a flowerpot. They look around four feet tall, faces like pugs. Not a very fear-inducing appearance, they just come off as looking rather silly. Both of them wear rusted armor, from this it can be concluded that they're probably Greystone's guards. They're talking in hushed voices, mentioning words such as "angel", "sad" and "bugger". One of them looks around the corner to see if anyone is coming. When he finds that the coast is clear he alerts his little friend, who takes a key out of his boot. He buries the key inside the flowerpot, making sure a little tip of the key sticks out, apparently so he or someone else will be able to find it.

* * *

The sun is shining today. The elf girl is wandering around the castle on her own, although still wearing that unfashionable iron collar. She's going around with a watering jug, watering the few flowers found in the castle. Surprise, surprise, as she's watering that one plant the goblins were around, she sees something silver in the pot. Lo and behold, it's a tiny silver key! The girl looks at the key in wide-eyed wonder, and runs outside of the castle, to a dried out garden. She fits the key into a tiny hole in her collar, and it pops off. Now, the moment the collar hits the ground, something unusual happens: small lumps appear on the girl's back, growing bigger and bigger until they sprout into full-sized wings! Not one to wait around, she immediately flies out of the garden and away from the castle.

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And so, the angel flew once more. Over the countryside, over the villages. The feeling of freedom beneath her wings. Her speech had returned; her voice now flowed like music rather than the clutter she was used to. It wasn't long before she met up with a young man from one of the villages. So this is love,

she thought. And together, they laughed and danced until the darkness came once more.

* * *

It was inevitable that Grey should find the girl again. She was asleep, beside her young man friend, about a mile from Grey's castle. Too close; much too close. And so in the middle of the night, Angel was stolen from the world once more. And she was punished. This time, her voice was completely stolen from her; Grey would not hear any complaints or cries of distress from his precious Angel. Not even the semi-intelligent babble he had reduced her to using previously was allowed. And he froze her face into a mask which would delight him for eternity. Forever more would Angel's face know only smiles and laughter. Only her eyes would show the pain masked beneath her eternal smile.

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