

# Guardian Angel(oneshot)

By night\_elf\_girl

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*Poor Poor Jenny. The guardian angel who only one boy can see, the boy she cares for. Something dreadful will happen*

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# 1 - disappearance

Guardian Angel.

A brown haired girl in a dirt coloured jacket looked down on the cancer patient sleeping in the hospital bed that smelled like mints. He was the only one who could see her. She looked down at the blonde haired boy, pale wings gently brushing against the boy's face. The boy shivered, the hairs on his neck standing up. She looked around the white-walled hospital, the beeping of life machines and the talking of nurses seemed to be the only thing that filled the air except for the occasional agonising scream coming from one of the patients who had recently been in a car accident. The boy woke up, his vision blurry at first until two green eyes stared up at the angel. He smiled, the child lifting his hand, trying to touch her hair. She laughed, brushing her hand through his feathery hair. He had only recently been diagnosed with a life threatening case of heart cancer, a disease he had inherited from his father. The little boy laughed, nurses looking at him as if he were a mental patient. He sat up "Take off your jacket, Jenny" he said, grinning at her. The girl, pushed him back down into his lying position "shhh, you need your rest and besides, you know I'm not allowed to" she said. Although she did not let him see her wings she gently took his hand and placed it under the back of her jacket, allowing his fingers to run across the soft feathers. This made the little boy laugh and giggle and the feathers tickled the tips of his long fingers. Soon the boy was asleep again and Jenny had sat on the hospital roof, looking up at the stars. She sighed, throwing herself off the top of the building, taking off her jacket so that she could spread her wings. She glided over the city, looking at the fluorescent lights which flashed every now and then. She smiled as she flew over houses, seeing the children making snowmen outside their houses. She wished this would never end. Never. When she awoke she was in the hospital room, jacket covering her creamy coloured wings. She sat up, noticing that the little boy was no longer in the bed and that the sheets had just been changed. She gasped and ran towards the hospital exit, running to the nearby cemetery. They were lowering his coffin into the ground. Jenny cried, falling to her knees in grief. The boy's parents were there, blowing their noses on tissues and handkerchiefs. That night Jenny sat upon the boy's house, thinking. She stood up and let her jacket drop. It felt so weird without her wings.