

Story of an Angel, The

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A story that is about belief and how believing in something may let you see what others cannot see. Sad, Romance, Sweet

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1 - What are you?

The Story of an Angel

By Amanda Giannetti

Once upon a time there was a girl who came down from the heavens above. With hair like gold satin, lips like red roses and eyes of a shallow, pure blue. She had on a pale blue dress made with the finest velvet satin. Cuffs that drooped from her wrists, hung down and swayed in the wind's grasp. She came down from the heavens one day, to return to the village that was once her home. And still is. The young girl smiled as she descended onto a bustling street, full of children and parents. She waved to people as she landed. Though no one even gave her a passing glance, the girl didn't seem to mind. Turning her head to a commotion behind her, she saw a group of young people talking amongst themselves. She smiled, and walked over to the group, listening to their conversation with acute hearing.

"Did you hear the news?"

"I did, but I didn't find it very interesting."

"That's you, I can't wait for the new amusement park to open!"

"Oh whoop-dido another kiddy place."

The group of kids went on about the amusement park, even as the girl drew closer. The girl drew breath in, and let out a shy "Hello" in a soft but sweet tone.

"Hey did you hear that?"

"Hear what?"

"It sounded like a bell but only faint."

"You must be hearing things, because I didn't hear a thing."

The girl stood puzzled, wondering why they didn't seem to hear, or notice her, standing right beside them. She shrugged and stepped away from the group as they continued to talk amongst themselves. Just then a boy was shoved and fell, falling directly through the girl and landing on the ground where her shoeless feet stood. The girl stood in shock even as the boy rose to his feet and started walking, as if nothing had happened.

She finally understood why no one noticed her, or heard her words. "No one knows I am here. To them I am nothing but thin air, and a helpless whisper in the wind." Tears were forming in her eyes as she realized why no one took notice of her.

Barely able to take the pain any longer, she started running in some unknown direction, letting her feet take her far from the busy streets. As she ran her feet barely touched the ground, as her wings helped her to fly.

The girl soon stopped short, her feet firmly on the ground. She was standing on a path that led into an orchard; the fragrant scents calmed her some. The orchard held a wide range of fruits like deep red apples to pale green pears, to the ripest cherries to the softest peaches. The girl stood amazed at how many trees grew in a single place, and somehow, it reminded her of home.

She then looks down to the path she was on. Her feet began moving without command as she walked deeper into the rich orchard, staying on the smooth path that had a neat inlay of small tiles.

She soon came to a bench that rested between two rose bushes. Two cherry trees, still in blossom, stood next to each other just behind the bench.

Gentle leaves swayed in as a light wind rustled the petals, making some lose their grip and flow freely down onto the path, where petals have already collected in bunches around the bench legs.

The girl saw this as an invitation to come and sit, and to let the orchard sooth her troubles. She did just that, taking a seat on the bench.

Although she was relaxed she couldn't shake off the event that had happened in the village just moments ago. The girl brought her hands to her face, covering it up as she spilled more tears that ran down her soft cheeks.

"Uhm, hello."

The girl lifted her head, her tear stained face met a boy's face. Who stood just a length from the bench. She looked around, wondering if the boy was talking to her. She saw no one else so she turned her head back to the boy, staring at him for a moment.

The boy looked to be about her age, maybe a year older. His hair was a light brown and came down past his shoulders a little, tucked gently in a loose ponytail. His eyes blue like hers but deeper, with a soft touch of green just around the center. His face had a soft gentle look, almost angelic. He had on a cream top that was neatly buttoned all the way down, and wore black pants.

The boy's face flushed as the girl continued to stare. He shuffled his feet nervously, while running a hand through his hair, and then lets it fall into place. He had to look away as his face reddened more from embarrassment.

The girl gazed at the boy for a few moments longer. Then she turned her gaze to the gap where sky could be seen. The sun had started to go down as evening came, but that didn't stop the sun's rays from turning the leaves golden and the face of the girl, pale and gentle.

She closed her eyes for a moment; soaking up the warmth the sun gave her. Forgetting about the boy's presence, and all other troubles, pretending that it was all a bad dream. Until she heard his voice again.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, but may I sit here?" The boy asked in a polite manner.

She looked at him again, noticing how his voice also seemed angelic, a soft sweet mild voice. She nodded her head and slid to the left of the bench, pulling her knees up and tucking in her chin.

Out of the corner of her eye she saw that the boy was still looking at her, and with such a gentle look as well. She listened as he cleared his throat. She turned her head to him, lifting her head up from her knees, wondering if he was trying to get her attention.

"I'm sorry to be a burden, but what happened that made you cry so much?" His tone was soft and sweet.

The girl had forgotten that her face was tear stained. She did her best to wipe it away with her left sleeve. Looking at the boy again she shook her head, not wanting to speak for fear that more tears would come.

"Don't want to talk about it? Well that's fine with me, I don't need to hear what happened. But I can tell it really bothered you." He tried to smile, but it was so small and barely a grin.

Not wanting to be impolite, she did her best to force a smile but it faded just as quick.

"This place is beautiful isn't it? I come here all the time when I want to get away from things. But it really surprised me to see you here." He said as he looked from the girl to the sky.

She nodded, his small talk started to relax her, feeling more comfortable with him near her. She held up her hands, looking at the smooth fine lines of her palms. Turning her hand over she admired her smooth skin, a soft, pale complexion with a peachy tint that made her appear innocent and sweet. A thought rose in her mind as her thoughts bring attention to the boy again.

"How are you seeing me?" She spoke in a tight soft voice, half expecting him not to be able to understand her like the rest of the people she tried to talk to.

"What do you mean?" The boy asked, truly puzzled and for a second her thought maybe that this girl was only an illusion, a trick his mind was playing on him. Yet, she appeared real enough, "You look to real to be a figment of my imagination."

The girl looked slightly surprised, but then smiled slightly at his comment. Her smile faded, "Apparently

no one else can see me, and when I tried to talk to them they just say they are hearing bells.” Her eyes welled up as she recalled what happened back in town, a small tear trickled down her face.

“Well, your voice does have a very pretty sound, soft and sweet just like bells.” He smiled in attempt to make her smile again. When she didn’t look up his smile faded, he goes to move his hand to touch hers but as he does, his hand goes through hers. Astonished, he pulls his hand away.

Looking at him, and seeing him have fear in her eyes made her feel even worse. “Why did I come down here?” She mumbled quietly to herself as more tears fell from her eyes. She rose to her feet and was about to leave but the boy made a sudden noise of protest.

“No, don’t leave, and what do you mean ‘come down here’? Where are you from?” He looked at her in confusion as he tried to understand. Slowly he asked, “What are you?” He knew the question sounded awkward but it needed to be asked.

2 - A Walk in the Park

Staring at him for a moment the girl wondered if it would be okay to tell him. With a heavy sigh she sits down and stares directly in front of her, staring at an old tree with some of its leaves bare. "I come from up there." She points to the sky.

At first the boy didn't understand, but then his eyes lit up as he pieced it all together, "You're an angel?" He said in amazement. He didn't know if she was telling the truth, but nothing else seemed to explain her.

The girl nodded solemnly, with an expression that showed that she wasn't joking. "Yes, I am an angel." She looked sad as she confirmed his remark. Looking at him, she saw a look of hope and belief.

He turns away for a moment, and then going back to her first question, "Maybe that's why I can see you, because I believe in angels." He spoke softly, as if almost to himself.

She smiled for second, finding this a bit comforting, but then faded as she asked, "Did you ever believe that you could touch an angel?" Sliding her hand along the wood of the bench they were sitting on. She felt the texture of the wood, it's surface smooth save for some jagged spots.

"No, I didn't, let alone that I didn't believe I would see one either, but I do believe in angels." He looked at her hoping that his disbelief didn't make her vanish, but no she was still there, her hands rubbing the wood of the bench and her eyes downcast, not meeting his eyes.

The girl stared deeply for a moment as she thought what she might do next, she really wanted to stay here and see all the new things. Maybe she could stay with the boy and he could keep her company. A smile grew on her face as she thought more and more about it. She looked up from the bench, a new hope in her eyes, making the boy curious and wonder what the girl was thinking.

"Can I stay with you?" She blurted out, a sudden doubt that he would deny her stay. She held her breath and crossed her fingers behind her back.

Taken aback by her question only slight, he wondered how he had not seen that coming. He thought about it thoroughly, thinking where she would stay in his house, if she should stay in his house. He also thought about if she were to follow him around how others would think of him if it seemed like he was talking to himself. On the other hand he didn't want her to leave, and that maybe he could learn some things about heaven. It was more so just because he has never seen an angel and would like her to stay a while at least to get to know her.

Finally as he sorted his thoughts he said, "I don't see why not." The shine in her eyes made him smile a bit, "but there are some things I need to lay down." He said gently but enough to make her listen.

"First I don't mind you following me around, but you can only talk to me when no one else is around or in range, no offense but I don't want people think I talk to myself since no one else can see you." He paused to collect his thoughts, and then he continued. "Second I need to know who you are." He added, smiling gently.

Her eyes widened, "Oh I forgot about the formal greetings, my name is Amelia." She smiled then asked, "What is yours?"

He nodded then said, "My name is Rodney, Rodney Simons." He went to reach to shake her hand but forgot he couldn't touch her and quickly drew back, "I'm sorry..."

She sighs lightly, "It's fine, that'll just be something that I'll have to get used to." Amelia sighed again.

She watches as Rodney gets off the bench and towered over her slightly, his ponytail swayed as he rose. He had such graceful movement that made him seem he was light. Looking him over again, his face smooth as the soft rays of the sun gently touch his face. In the sun the boy looked quite handsome,

he was equal in weight all around with a slight hint of muscle. He stood tall, probably close to 5'6 or 5'8, much taller than her.

Taking a hand to her face she hides a smile, as the boy raises an eyebrow to her in curiosity. He takes his hand and swipes it through his hair and takes in a deep breath and exhales, his mouth jutting out slightly as he exhales. He blended in well with the surrounding scenery, his clothes make him stand out but with the cherry trees being in bloom he looked just looked so natural.

Coughing his embarrassment, Rodney's eyes sweep over the girl in a once over suddenly feeling a bit conscious as she continued to stare at him, "Would you like to take a walk?" He asked politely, also attempting to break the silence.

Blushing she nodded and rose to her feet, "A walk would be nice." She replied in a gentle manner, a slight coloration in her face as she realized how long she had been staring at the boy. She took astride next to him as she moved out to the cobbled trail, quietly falling in step behind him. Her eyes casting about as she admired the trees and smelling the scent of spring, a fresh scent of fragrance of a newborn flowers and the sweet smell of a spring breeze. The smells and scents soothed her and made her relax. They walked quietly for a while, each just enjoying the walk as well as each other's company. The boy started to hum, a melodic hum, warm and gentle. He turned his face to the side making it appear as though he were looking at the trees but was really watching Amelia out of the corner of his eye.

The girl was in a daze, trailing slowly behind him with a slight awareness of Rodney. Her eyes flickered with confusion and then closed. Her mind trailed, as she gets lost in her thoughts. "Amelia" Rodney called out, to her he sounded distant but a voice that was familiar to her. She opened her eyes as she heard him call her name again.

Rodney comes to a stop with Amelia a few steps behind her. They look out to a broad lake. The lake was surrounded by an orchid of cherry trees, all in bloom with petals falling like snow. It was calm and gentle with a breath of wind tickling the surface of the lake, sending soft ripples to the shore on to the pale golden brown sand. There were a bunch of small pebbles and stones that clustered just below the sand stretching from the left and right.

Rodney picks up a smooth surfaced stone and flicks it out onto the lake, watching as it skipped three times across the lake and then go below the surface. Amelia smiled and applauded.

"How did you do that?" She said excitedly as she started looking at the stones, searching for the perfect one. "Ah hah." She exclaimed as she picked up a small smooth stone, but when she went to flick it, it fell straight in the water. She frowned and watched as the boy flicked another stone and it skipping about two times.