

Celia's Angel

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I just came up with this story, it is just a bit of fun, but please just think before you say you don't believe in angels.

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“Do you believe in Angels?” Celia asked me, “I don’t know?” I answered, “Why do you ask that?” “Because there’s one standing over there,” Celia answered, calm as ever. “Where?” I asked, “Standing underneath the oak tree, can’t you see it?” “Erm, No actually,” I answered, “I can’t” “Oh,” said Celia “That’s O.K. neither can I.” “So how do you know it’s there,” I asked, utterly confused, “Because it there’s no shadow there,” “Yes that would be because there’s nothing there at all,” “No,” Celia looked at me like I was some sort of idiot “Angels don’t have shadows, surely you know that,” “No,” “So if there’s no shadow in a place,” Celia explained “then there must be an Angel,” “have you ever considered the fact, that there may be no shadow because there’s nothing there?” I asked, “But that’s the point,” said Celia “There is something there,” “Yeah,” I laughed, “An angel,” “no,” Celia looked confused, “A tree,” “Well yes I know there’s a tree, but...” “Come with me, I’ll explain everything.” Celia stood up and pulled me up with her. Then still with a hold on my hand, she started to run towards the tree at the other end of the field. Finally we arrived at the tree. “There,” said Celia, “look, no shadow,” “Oh,” I sighed as I too saw the angel shaped patch of light, “What you meant is not that an angel has no shadow, but in fact an absence of shadow,” Celia looked at me, “Whatever,” she said, obviously not understanding, “Did you ever consider,” I asked “That maybe there’s a gap in the leaves. Both Celia and I looked up to see an unbroken cover of leaves “Wow!” I said, I was astonished, Celia wasn’t. “See I told you there’s an angel,” She said, completely unbemused by her astonishing discovery, “And you didn’t believe me,” “I do now though,” I said, “That’s O.K. then,” She said, “shall we ask it what it’s called,” “Alright then,” I said, “If you want.” “Excuse me,” Celia said to the empty space, “What’s your name,” “Shhhhhhhhh,” came a voce from apparently nowhere “You’re not supposed to find me,” “Oh, sorry” Whispered Celia, “I’ll have to go now,” said the Angel, “Ok then, but what’s your name?” Repeated Celia, “Angels don’t have names,” Came the distant reply, and the shadow underneath the tree was full again.