Excerpt from “The Guardians: Angels, Demons and Mortals”

CHAPTER ONE

You were just two years old when I first saw you. Your brown locks tied up in a red handkerchief bounced as you ran through the back wooded area of your home. It was fall. The dried orange and red leaves crunched and crackled beneath your feet as you ran with your arms spread out, like an eagle. The sun—weaving through the open leaves—spotted your face with circles that danced in and out of your complexion. Your tiny hands filtered leaves through your fingers, dancing branches as you moved.

Even then you were impossible to keep up with. Your eyes gleamed with that same bright light I have come to adore. You energized me. You were so full of joy, and you loved with your whole heart. You gave me strength just being around you. It seemed like it was just yesterday…

≈

“Alexandria! Alexandria!” Clarease, your mother, shouted. “Please stay where I can see you.”

“Yes, mommy.” But you didn’t. You never did. And I followed you like a shadow waiting for you to fall. And you did. I saw you that day, as you reached out to the slithery skin that gleamed in the sun’s rays. Your fragile hands not a bit afraid, until you heard the rattling and saw the large mouth widen, and you heard the hissing of its venom. You froze. I almost did not have time to think.

Jim, the foreman on the ranch, was nearby. With only a thought I released one of the horses and had it run out toward the trees. Jim followed close behind and saw you standing there frozen. He lifted his shovel and by the time it landed the snake was dead. You fell to the ground, staring at the dead carcass, saddened, and I left you, again.

≈

“Michael! Michael!” David shouted at me.

“Yes, David, I’m here.” I answered back, still remembering Alexandria.

“What are you thinking about, my friend?”

“Childhood. They are so innocent aren’t they.” I spoke as if I had never been one. We were sitting in a park, watching one of David’s Assigned. I do not remember my Earthly childhood. The children here were different, so confident, so mature. They would never fall onto a snake.

Our world— the Heavenly world of the Guardians—was different from that of Earth. We lived high up in the heavens. Surrounded by vegetation and ocean beauty, the light always there, it never grew dark. I bathed in water as clear as the middle of the Pacific and rested on a bed of leafy vines that surrounded me like a blanket.

We do not sleep, we rest.

I like to close my eyes and try to dream of my past life, the beginning. But why would someone dream of anything, but this, I had no idea. But still, I did.

“The Underworld has been more active than usual.” David tried to explain to me. We sat on a cast iron bench. People passed by us unaware of our existence. I always had trouble concentrating upon my return from you. The Earth, the Heavens, and the Underworld always seemed to be at war. Earth was very susceptible to these attacks against them, and try as we may, we were not able to win every battle.

I would hear my Assigned cry out, and I was instantly whisked to their side. It was as if I were a phantom that they could sense, but could not see. We knew you were one of our Assigned because we were brought to you.

Some I was able to help, but others just seemed to give up. Evil had a large presence on Earth and we were constantly at war. I did not look forward to the day that we would be sent away. The day when Earth would be consumed by the Underworld, but today, we fight.

We had gone through years and years of battle. We guardians were a special form of angel. We were protectors, soldiers of the light. And I had been assigned to you. There was a myth that there was usually one human that touches you more than most, one that gives you strength through their presence. I was unsure if this were true. We were not supposed to get attached. We loved and we left. But as you grew I found it harder and harder to break myself away. I felt like a traitor, but I could not seem to help myself. I stood in silence waiting for you to call me back. Afraid of what I may find.