

Angels

A short story by

M. T.H. Ayres

Foreword

I have known Matthew all my life, though we only knew of each other's existence three years ago when we met on an internet forum. I therefore know him to be a very sensitive, imaginative person. This is of course reflected in his writing but never more so than in this, most beautiful of pieces. Maybe it takes an atheist to truly show the beauty behind mythology.



Angels

We know the first day now, but we didn't then. He did not come to us that day, but brought us to him. It was a day of great energy; soft, beige energy that came ferociously into the light place. We floated then.

We knew not the second day, but that day we felt. He gave us the first glimmer then, to feel the soft security of where we were.

On the third day we became aware, beyond the sensations of the second day. He let us recognise the place and the light, ourselves and each other. He let us recognise Him.

The fourth day came after our first long time. We had known no time before and missed Him when we did. When He came to us He taught us why He didn't look the same. He taught us that life was beautiful, and that ours would be an unending beauty.

Another long time passed before the fifth day, the longest of days, when He came to teach us more than we could have thought. He told us of the other living things and that one day we would see them. He taught us to love them as we loved each other.

Soon came the sixth day, when He explained our place in the world. He approached on three legs that day, the third in His hand. He told us that there would be others who would do the same and that we would help them, and that they would wonder at our beauty. Before the sixth day ended He brought to us a new gift, to prepare us for the next day. He brought us legs, two each like His own had been. He said ours were more beautiful to Him than His had ever been, but we knew that His were as wondrous.

It has been a long time since that day, longer than any time before, but we know that the seventh day will come. He promised that on the seventh day we would walk out from the light place and into the world, He told us that we would make the world as light by our presence. We hope that day will be soon.

A note from the author:

It is my fond hope, like that of any writer, that you have enjoyed this story. If you have I ask that you share it with others whom you judge likely to appreciate it. Finally, it would bring me great satisfaction to hear from any readers, with comments or constructive criticism. To contact me please e-mail solar.granulation@gmail.com and specify "Short story comment" as the subject.