

The Angel on Earth

The name was Iridium. I remember now as clear as ice. My dead father always talked about Iridium like a broken record. He was an angel, the first angel ever known to the human race. But Iridium wasn't an angel most people would have imagined. This angel was a young punk and cared only of himself, but was very skilled and pleased his lord. Iridium was a cold, empty being like the misty sky on a cloudy day, until everything changed.

“Owww!” Iridium exclaimed as he began to stir.

“Where in this universe have I landed?” he muttered to himself. Iridium knew for a fact that he had never been to this strange place before. Even worse, his wings were now damaged from the land. He was missing a feather. He had to get that feather back or else he would lose his powers for eternity. Plus he would now be vulnerable and mortal until he got his feather back. He only remembered the horrid land on his voyage back to the underworld. There was more. He could feel it nagging in the back of his head as he was trying to pull it out. That's it! There was a human he had to take back to his master who deserved eternal punishment. But he was stopped by the human. This human wasn't like the others. He had said his name was Maxwell. Maxwell had somehow managed to pluck off one of Iridium's feathers from his wings. Oh was he going to get that Maxwell. Because of that thing, he couldn't fly back. Now Iridium would have to use feet, like those humans. The pain made Iridium black out again.

The sun shined rays of gold, like a meteor shower in the sky. Iridium sealed his eyes and inhaled earthly air. Immediately, the warm air wrapped blankets around him and Iridium began to drift off into a daydream, but then he snapped his eyes back to reality.

What was happening to him? He was the Iridium all creatures feared. The trophy his master always showed off; the right-hand

angel of Naursis, the lord of the underworld. He was mesmerized by many and feared by all. But why was he now acting all cute and snug like those pesky, fluffy angels from heaven. Who was he turning into?

Iridium walked through the streets of L.A. disguised as a human. He was surprised to see many lights still on and shops open for business. It was way past midnight, but he could hear the humans partying all night and having fun. Part of him wanted to join the party so bad, but the rest of him knew that he could not. He had to get his feather back and drag Maxwell back to the underworld. There was only one problem, where was Maxwell? Stumped, Iridium continued walking. Then he had an epiphany. He quickly plucked another feather from his wings and the feather began to gleam. He had figured it out. The feather was a magnet to the other feather. Iridium pace quickened as his feather pulled him towards Maxwell.

And soon enough, he was there. He could recognize Maxwell anywhere with his feather around Maxwell's neck like a necklace. Iridium was ready to give him a taste of his own medicine and ready to make Maxwell pay for the trouble he caused. But then Maxwell turned around and every pain and anger that coursed through Iridium was no longer present. They were brothers, identical twin brothers. Except Maxwell was human and Iridium was an angel.

Both of their lives were never the same. Maxwell taught Iridium everything there was to being a normal human. The two of them were inseparable. They went on trips together, ate together, lived together, and did everything together. They lived happily together until the day Maxwell died. Yes, Maxwell was not an angel like Iridium, so he died while Iridium lived on. But Maxwell had a child, a family.

So here I am. Thinking of the life my father, Maxwell, lived. My uncle still watches me from heaven now and sometimes visits father's grave. I didn't get to live such an exotic life, but at least I get to tell one. After my father passed away, my mother disappeared to find happiness for herself and never came back.

Me, I'm just an old thing now ready to let go of everything and wait for my uncle to come and take me. So now I will let myself go, knowing that there is someone else out there who will treasure this.