The Day I Met Angel: A Maximum Ride Fan Fiction

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It is the first thing I've written, so I hop you guys like it. And i didn't really edit it too much.

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I was in rusty silver birdcage-thingy ten feet above the ground. I was wearing blue jean shorts, and a black tee. A guard walked by me in a blue and black jumpsuit. For some reason there was a drawing of wings on the back of his jumpsuit. That, I never understood. It was probably just their inhuman, dirty, and stupidâ¦ anyways; it was probably just their company symbol. Nothing more.

â Mariaâ a small voice whispered, â Yeah.â I whispered back. The last time someone got caught by a guard, he was talking to his partner next to him. I hated what they did to him. The small voice was Mary, my partner. She had long dark chocolate brown hair, and blue eyes. She also had very pale skin, like most of us in here, and a sweet little voice. â Alex, I have a rope and I want you to use it to escape.â whispered Mary. â But what about you?â I whispered back, â Iâ ll be fine. So just get out of here. Iâ ve hid things around this place: a knife, a pack of supplies, and another pack full of food.â She said with tears in her eyes. I just nodded. *Why now?* I think.

Finally itâ s dark out. I am extremely tired. And I suppose the guards are too. One fell asleep on a chair; another fell asleep walking, now he is on the floor right below me. I get the rope from Mary. We hug and say our final good-byes. Thatâ s my cue. I grab the rope from my side. I attach the rope to one huge cage bar. Then I start on my way down the rope.

Once I reach the floor I take off in the direction of the kitchen. When I reach the kitchen I find a pack full of food. Next I start to run towards the weaponry station. On the way I find the knife wedged in a brick wall. Next I need to get to theâ¦oh no. I feel like I am being watched. Eyes are watching me like a hawk. I forget about it and move on. Next Iâ m on my way to the middle of the training center. All the guards are in the training center. *This will get ugly,* I thought. I took a step forwards.

Ok, so there is one guard who likes me. He is 18 years old. His name is Jake. He brings me a great lunch everyday. He is different, like he was forced to be here. I felt horrible for him. He had dark hair and eyes, he doesnâ t look very muscular, but he could take on multiple guards and get out of there without a scratch.

I felt around in the dim light. All I find are binoculars. I look across the huge room with the binoculars. I see a dark blue, big enough to sleep in, duffle bag. â Yeesh, that is huge.â I whisper. Thatâ s when I notice Jake coming over to me. He is wearing a white tank top, and long blue shorts. â What are you doing?!â he whispers. â Escaping! I thought you of all people could see this coming!â I whisper. â What!â he yells. â Can we talk later? I need that duffle bag. But I canâ t get it.â I say. â Fine Iâ ll get it.â He said with a sigh.

When he brought the bag over to me, I opened it. Guess what I found. A dead rat! â Ahhhhhhh!â I yell so loud I hurt Jakeâ s ears.

â Hey, youâ re the girl from cage 186!â yells a guard. Noticing my presence. â Yeah!â exclaimed another. They start coming for me. Only one thing to do. I start to run as fast as I can. I canâ t feel my legs. I run past all the cages. Including Maryâ s. She nods and closes her eyes. â Just talk to Mary!â I yell to them, already feeling regret. The guards canâ t hear me. They were only yelling â their songâ . I look ahead of me. I see the two big red doors. Two guards are at the doors. One of them is Jake. He transfers all the time. When he sees me coming, he takes out the other guard so I can get through.

Once Iâ m out into a forest I here hawks and wolves. That only distracted me. But I focused on what is going on. Then, *uh oh,* I think. I see a cliff! So I get to the cliff edge. I look down. But when I come back up I see all the guards. I look down again. I drop my bag off the edge. I dive down after it. All the guards with surprised faces come to the edge. I get that regret feeling again. I grab my bag, and hold on to it with dear life. *Hopefully this thing has a parachute,* I think. But then I noticed no air rushing passed me. Suddenly I look back, and guess what I saw? WINGS! Blue and black wings! They have what seems like a thirteen-foot wingspan.

â I canâ t believe Mary didnâ t tell me!â I scream. If you want to know. My landing was horrible. I almost crushed my legs. Anyways, I hated, and liked this.

As I start running I feel like this is a dream. Like Iâ ll wake up and wonâ t have wings. But I do it anyways. I run off the edge. But I curl up into a ball. Again, no air past my ears. Iâ m hovering above the ground again.

I think of how to fly. I start thinking flap, flap. I flap my new wings. I start moving forwards, towards the sunset. But as I fly I see smoke on the horizon. I stop flying and land gentler. I see a car on fire.

I hear screaming. Like a boy is yelling something. I get closer and see a boy my age screaming. He says,â Help! Someone call 911!â he screams. *911?* I thought. I look in my survival bag, and I see a first aid kit. I go over to him,â Whatâ s your name?â as I give him the first aid kit. â Itâ s Blake.â He said crying. His mom and dad were on the ground bleeding. â What happened?â I ask sounding calm. â We were driving, and I kept seeing birds. I swear I saw a person with wings.â He said. I gasped, â What color? Were the wings I mean?â â White. So my mom looked and said I was tired. So I lay back down, and when she looked back she said she saw the devil. He didnâ t see me, but I saw him. He had red wings and fangs. He bit my mom, and my dad tried to hit him, but he bit him too.â He said holding back tears, and fear. â What were you doing out here?â I asked concerned with my hand over his mom and dadâ s wounds. â We were going to visit my grandparents.â He said depressed. â Do you have a phone?â I asked. â Ya.â He said handing it to me. I dialed 911, and when they came. I was gone.

I felt as if I caused the boys crash. But he said the bird kid had *white* wings. I have black and blue wings. I felt guilt and concern. What if there was more than one bird kid. Soon that concern and guilt turned into hunger. I landed and heard a small scream. I started running through the forest Iâ d landed in. I saw the source of the screams. It was a little girl with WINGS! She was caught in a tree maybe thirty feet above me. â Hey! Are you ok?â I asked. She looked at me with a cool expression. â Uhâ ¦ yeah Iâ m fine!â she yelled back. â One second! Iâ m gonna help you down!â I yelled up to her. I got a running start, and then I jumped off of the ground. With a woosh noise I defied gravity for a fourth time today. The girl gasped. â Y-you have w-wings t-to?â she asked. I nodded as I lifted her wings out of the tree. And set her on a branch so she wouldnâ t fall. Then I lifted her up and brought her down to the ground. â Thanksâ ¦â she said. â No problem.â I said back, awkwardly. She reached into her bag and pulled out plastic wrapped meant and half a loaf of bread. I think Iâ ll stay with this girl for a while.

It was getting dark. And this girl had a lot of cuts and bruises. She also had blond curly hair, which was in tangles. She had blue eyes and the cutest little voice. She looked like a small, angel.

â Whatâ s you name?â I asked. She was quiet for a moment. Then she said, in a small voice," Angel.â I was dumbstruck at how perfect that name was. â My name isnâ t that perfect.â She said. â How did you-â I started. â We all have powers. Mine are reading minds, breathing underwater, and sensing life energies.â She said in an innocent voice. â We?â I asked. â Yeah. I have a family, or something like that. Gazzy, Nudge, Iggy, Fang, and my favorite, Max, we are all sorta a family. Gazzy and I are the only blood related siblings in the group. And the best part is, â she looked around before starting again, â we all have wings.â â Ohâ ¦â I said. That was all I could say. â Would you like to come with me?â she asked. â Yes please.â I said, sounding relieved. â That building up on the cliff.â She said innocently. I was silent. â You ok?â asked Angel. â Yeah.â I said back. Looking at the ground. I was going back, wasnâ t I?

Angel and I had just flown to a bush a ways away from what angel called the school. Or something like that. It seemed that Angel has delt with these guys before. She turned to me, â I got rid of the guards at the door. You need to rescue all that you can from in there. I will send you thoughts of where to go. Okay?â She said, too fast for me to catch just a few of her words. â Uhâ ¦ yeah, I guess.â I said. â So do you know anyone in there you wanna rescue?â she asked, concerned. â Yeah.â I said, thinking of Mary. â I need a-â I cut off, just then realizing I could just as easily fly up to get Mary. â Okay Iâ ll follow you in.â said Angel, determination on her face.

I opened one of the doors as quietly as possible. I heard a guard open a cage. I also heard the grunt of a person hitting the hard metal. After I heard the door of the persons cage close, and the screech of the chain pulling the new weight in the cage. I looked around the corner. No one. I retraced my steps back to the olâ cage. I looked up at Maryâ s and smiled. I stepped back and took a running start. I unfurled my wings and soared up to the cage. Nothing. Nothing but Maryâ s artwork she drew with the chalk she found up here, andâ ¦ and a bloodstain. I felt something break just thenâ ¦ something that sounded like a shattering in my ears. It was my heart breaking over the fact that they may have tortured her or worse, killed her! I looked down at Angel with tears in my eyes. She, just then, looked furious. I had told her about how Mary was just like my little sister. The one who died in a car crash before I was taken. Then when I finally came down from Maryâ s cage I gave Angel a picture Mary gave me of herself. I saw Angelâ s face change. I saw her eyes gleam with happiness. â What is it?â I said hiccupping.

â I-I can sense her energy in this building. She is still here, and very much alive.â said Angel. Although the last part of her sentence was breathless, because I had hugged her so hard. â Thank you!â I practically screamed. We heard footsteps, lots of them. Angel ran for a wall. â What are you-â I started to ask. â Shhhh!â she said quietly. Then the wall opened and there was a small, narrow passage in which we ran down. The wall closed after us. It was very dark. I couldnâ t even see my own hand in front of my face. I reached into my pocket and reached for my phone. I pulled it up and out of my pocket and turned on the flashlight app. Finally I could see.

We reached the end of the poorly lit staircase. There was a room. Mary was in the middle of it. On the ground laying on her back. I put my phone away a scrambled for my â little sisterâ . When I got to her she had pale eyes and a big creepy smile plastered on her face. â One Light will save us all. We must kill all humans.â she said with that same creepy smile. â No.â Angel whispered.

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