

Miracle Child(A second story for Forbidden)

By : Mistress of Word Play

She carried the child that had no father, save the one who had created him. She loved the baby, but knew he was too good for this world. He was her joy and sorrow to bear.



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He knew from the age of four that he was different. His skin had a different pigment. It was just that pasty shade of fleshy white. His hair was strange as well; it was platinum blonde, not the normal tow head blonde of young children but a brassier version of it. His eyes were blue and not the normal pink or reddish color that an albino child would possess, so that led young Leo to believe there was more to his being there than mere fate. By the age of two Leo had already mastered the English language and had also learned how to speak perfect Spanish. His mother and he lived in a Latino community and Leo had become accomplished at the second language. Leo was also able to read and write as well as a college educated adult by the age of three, of course by today's standard that was not saying much. On his fourth birthday much to Leo's own surprise he found out he possessed certain powers. He duly named this gift his white magic. Leo it seemed was able to manipulate things with his mind. It was by accident that he discovered this one day as he was playing with his toys. His mother had placed him behind one of the safety gates to contain him in his toy room but Leo wanted something on the other side of the gate. With very little effort he willed the glass of juice to float through the air and into his outstretched hand. His mother witnessing the event rather unceremoniously fainted dead away.

“I tell you Fred,” Leo's mother spoke shakily into the phone, “if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes I never would have believed it,”

Leo's mother having recovered from the shock of seeing the glass of juice flying into her son's hand was talking to her boyfriend of two months on the phone. Leo sat on the other side of the safety gate as if nothing had happened. He could not understand what the big deal was, but it seemed he had upset his mother. Leo began to attach his thoughts to the toys piled around him. The toys began to dance and fly about the toy room as if they were marionettes in a strange puppet show.

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“No Fred,” Leo’s mother said shaking her head, “I do not want the government notified. You know what they would do with him. Have to go now and check on Leo. See you later.”

With this she placed the phone back on the receiver and climbed over the gate that held her four year old hostage and sat down next to him in the floor. Leo smiled at his mother and continued his game of make the toys fly.

“Boo!” Leo cried, “I am making ghosts!”

Leo laughed his little laugh as he let all the toys tumble to the floor. Leo’s mother pulled Leo toward her chest and hugged and kissed him tenderly. She would have to talk with Leo about his gift and how he needed to keep it secret.

“Can I have more juice?” Leo asked as he tried to break free from his mother’s bear hug.

“Of course you can, sweetie,” his mother answered.

She carried Leo over the gate and into the kitchen where she poured him a glass of orange juice.

Two days after the toy flying incident three men in black business suits appeared at their home. With very little pomp or ceremony they took Leo and his mother to their headquarters. They had sedated Leo’s mother and taken her to another room. The two scientists had Leo in the laboratory with them. Leo sat in a chair that was obviously two sizes too large for him.

“Where’s my Mom?” Leo asked the two men.

“Your Mom’s just fine,” one of the creepy men in the white lab coat said, “she’s just taking a nap right now.”

Being satisfied with their answer Leo looked around the room they had placed him in. There was some type of table or was it a bed. It had a pillow on it Leo thought so it must be a bed. The two men watched Leo as he took in his surroundings as shrewdly as an adult would.

“I want some juice please,” Leo said to his audience of two, “and I really want to see my Mom.”

“We’ll get you some juice here in a little bit Leo,” the other man in the white lab coat said, “but first we need to run some tests on you.”

Leo did not like the sound of the word tests. He also did not like the smell or look of the room they had placed him in. Leo could feel a tingling sensation starting in his fingers and driven partially from fear and partially from anger. He waved his hands around the room. All of the instruments, every sheet of paper, literally everything that wasn’t bolted down began to fly about as if caught in a tornado. The two scientists panicked and called for the security squad.

“Don’t hurt him,” one of the scientists called to the guards.

Even as the words left his lips, multiple shots rang out and the boy lay still and broken on the floor. The scientists walked over to Leo’s body. They could tell he had not long to live. Even so Leo motioned them closer to his side.

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In a voice so soft and peaceful he whispered,

â I have come again and in your ignorance and folly you destroyed what little hope man might have had. I go now to my Father and tell Him nothing has changed as far as I can see.â

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