

# Patricia and the Angel(Mommy3 Challenge)

By : Mistress of Word Play

This is the story of God's most feared angel Azrael(Death Angel) and Patricia. My topic for the challenge was to write about an angel. I chose Azrael because he is the most feared and the most loved of all God's angels.



Published on  
**Booksie**

[booksie.com/Mistress of Word Play](http://booksie.com/Mistress%20of%20Word%20Play)

Copyright © Mistress of Word Play, 2015  
**Publish your writing on Booksie.com.**

## Patricia and the Angel(Mommy3 Challenge)



Patricia woke up and realized she did not know where she was. Her hand instinctively found its way to her forehead. All she could remember was the excruciating pain which had assailed her brain and the darkness. How she had come to be here she had not a clue. A memory tugged at her mind and she tried desperately to pull it to the surface. My name is Patricia it said slowly almost deliberately and I am seven years old. Then something else stabbed into her already befuddled thought process, you were playing in the street and a car hit you. She stood for a moment and then began to cry. She wanted her mother and father but they were nowhere to be seen. There was nothing but wisps of something akin to smoke or a perhaps a thick heavy mist. She could hear no sounds. It left her frightened. Her tiny hand found its way once more to her head where there should have been a deep gash from the car's impact, but there was nothing. As her agitation and feeling of abandonment rose she heard the sound coming from in front of her. A voice that was familiar to her called softly to the young girl. The voice was coming from an area in front of Patricia and as the sound grew louder a beautiful radiance appeared.

“ Patricia,” the gentle voice sang, “ you have nothing to fear for I am here with you.”

Patricia just knew it was her grandmother's voice she heard, but how was that possible, her grandmother had died just last year. Patricia began walking slowly toward the voice through the mist which was now turning a soft golden color. She could spy a figure floating across the foggy plain to meet her. As she walked Patricia heard other voices coming from behind her, there where the darkness was closing in around her.

“ Iâ m afraid,” the doctor said, “ there is nothing else we can do for her.”

Patricia wondered who was speaking and she paused for a moment. A sound of hysterical crying reached her ears, then another voice one she knew to be her father's.

“ There must be something you can do?” Patricia's father's voice cried in desperation.

“ Daddy,” Patricia screamed at the darkness, “ Daddy Iâ m here.”

The girl started back the way she had been coming from toward the darker colored clouds, but still the voice from the light called seductively to her.

## Patricia and the Angel(Mommy3 Challenge)

“You must not go back,” the voice which sounded like her grandmother said, “you must stay her child.”

Patricia not knowing what she should do burst into tears and waited. Maybe her grandmother would take her to where her parents were. It was not Patricia’s grandmother that finally made its way to Patricia’s side, but rather a person that was so beautiful Patricia smiled. He was very tall and looked more like the mist that surrounded him. He was a man of that Patricia was sure, but not wholly as any man she had ever seen. The brilliance had approached with him as he came and now Patricia was consumed by the light that he had encircling his body.

“Who are you?” she asked the man.

She watched as he approached. His face was almost childlike, but the features of his face exuded the strength of age. A specter more than a human, his skin reminded her of a fine piece of porcelain or a statue made of granite. Just behind his shoulder blades she observed the massive wings which were at the time retracted against his slender back. He as she took his visage in had reached her side and looked down at her.

“I am Azrael,” he answered softly, “and I am here to help you child.”

Patricia could still hear the crying sound coming from behind her and she wondered why it caused her such pain.

“We must go now child,” the angel said to her, “for your time has come and gone.”

“Are you an angel?” she asked Azrael, “If you are, am I dead?”

Azrael stood for a moment looking at her. His eyes though cold as steel, softened for an instant as he studied Patricia’s eager face. Then he knelt beside her so that he was at the same level as she was.

“Yes,” he answered slowly almost cautiously, “I am Azrael, God’s most feared angel. It is I who collects souls of the dead and carry them to eternity. Yes dear sweet child you are dead.”

Patricia overcome by the realization began to weep softly. She could still in the darker clouds behind her hear the voices speaking softly and a woman crying. Drawn somehow to the sounds, she turned quickly and began to run toward the, oh so familiar voices. Azrael not expecting Patricia to turn and run started after the girl. She had reached the fast closing area of darker mist and gazed down into the blackness. There she saw her mother on one side of a hospital bed, crying and on the other side of the bed was her father talking to a man in a white lab coat. What she was not prepared for was the image lying in the bed. Her face was torn most of the way off and something resembling a grotesque Halloween mask stared back at her.

Azrael had reached Patricia just as the high pitched scream left her lips. He wrapped her tightly, close to his slender body and with one hand began to stroke her head. He turned away from the darkness and started toward the radiance, rocking the girl gently as he flew.

“What was that sound?” Patricia’s mother asked as the scream found her ears.

“Must be the wind,” the doctor answered, “we have a big storm moving through.”

## Patricia and the Angel(Mommy3 Challenge)

Patricia and the Angel(Mommy3 Challenge)

Created from Booksie.com

Generated: 2015-01-28 05:24:31