

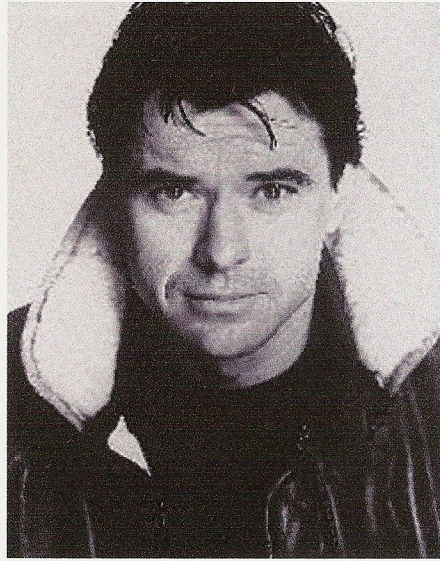


Gabriel

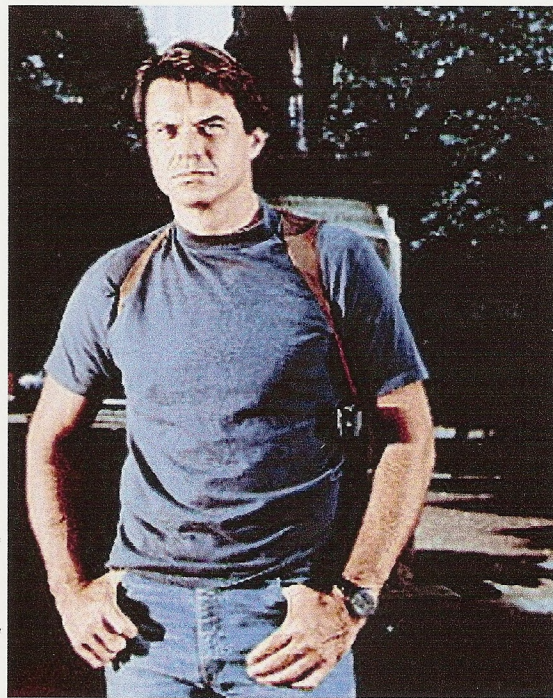
An Angel's Angle

By

Tim A. Cummins



Gabriel



Introduction

I remember my creation. Boom . . . I was there. God figures it's better like that. I mean, what would Heaven be like with a bunch of dirty diapers laying around?

We don't have parents. I was never a baby angel, we start out as eight year olds.

Although thinking in "years" doesn't really work either. In Heaven time doesn't move, it just is. It's sort of like scanning through a DVD. The whole movie's there: beginning, middle and end. For us, our movie starts at eight.

Let me clear up a few things. First of all, angels are angels and people are people. It's not like you die and then turn into one of us. We have a different purpose.

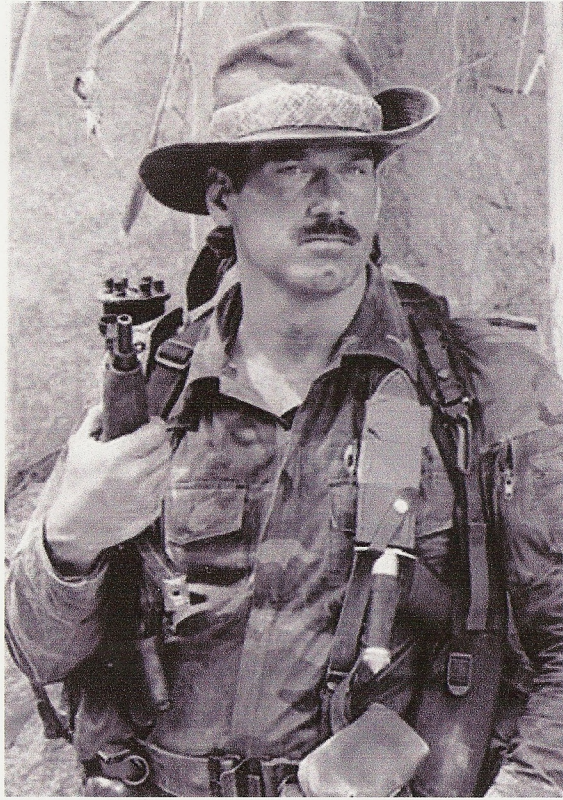
I always get a kick out of people saying, "Oh, she's a perfect angel!" We don't have boy and girl angels so *she* couldn't be one of us. We get to choose our haircuts, so I look like a man---most of us do, but we're not men in the sense of *manly men* . . . if you catch my drift.

We're not really immortal, I can be killed, but God preserves our memories and just pops us out again. It's not like that for people: you guys are *born*. You can actually *create* life. That's what makes you special. Just a little lower than God, at least that's the way it seems to me.

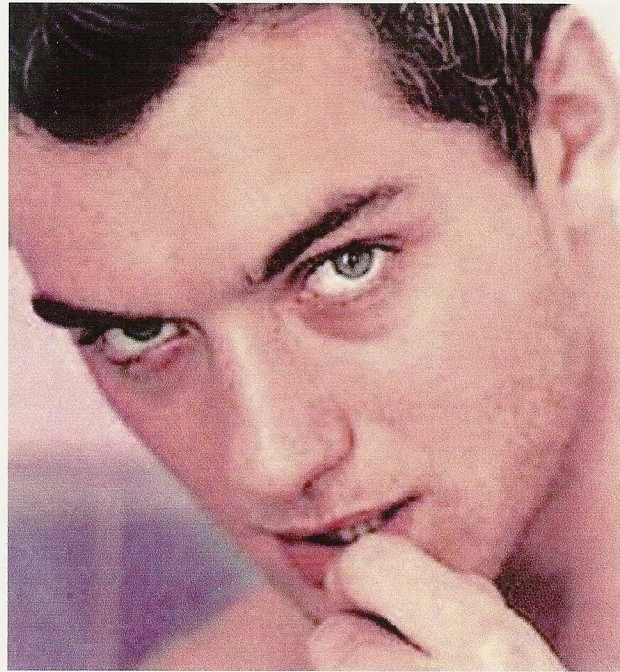
Miss Sarah once told me, "Document everything, Gabe. You never know until you record it." I've been keeping this journal since my second birth. It's a work in progress.

I guess that means there's always room for a sequel when your boss is the BOSS.

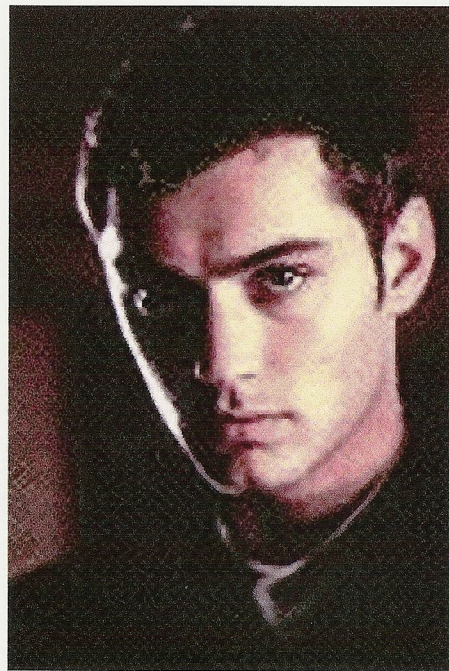
If you're reading this, all I can say is, "Welcome to Heaven!"

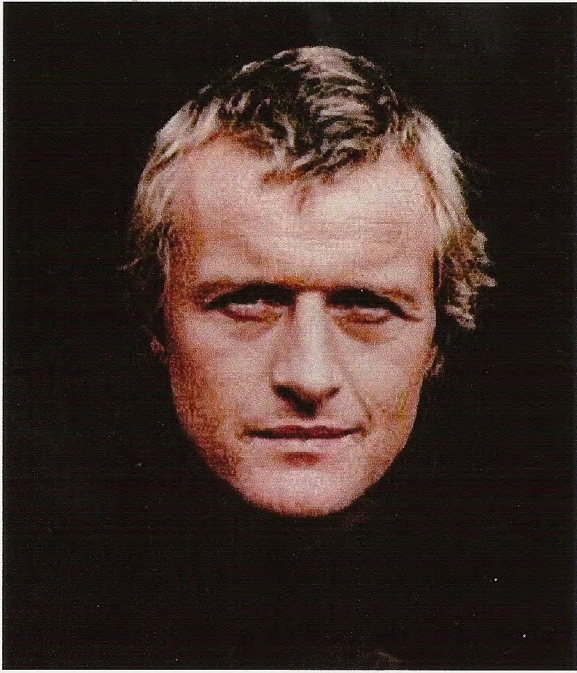


Raziel

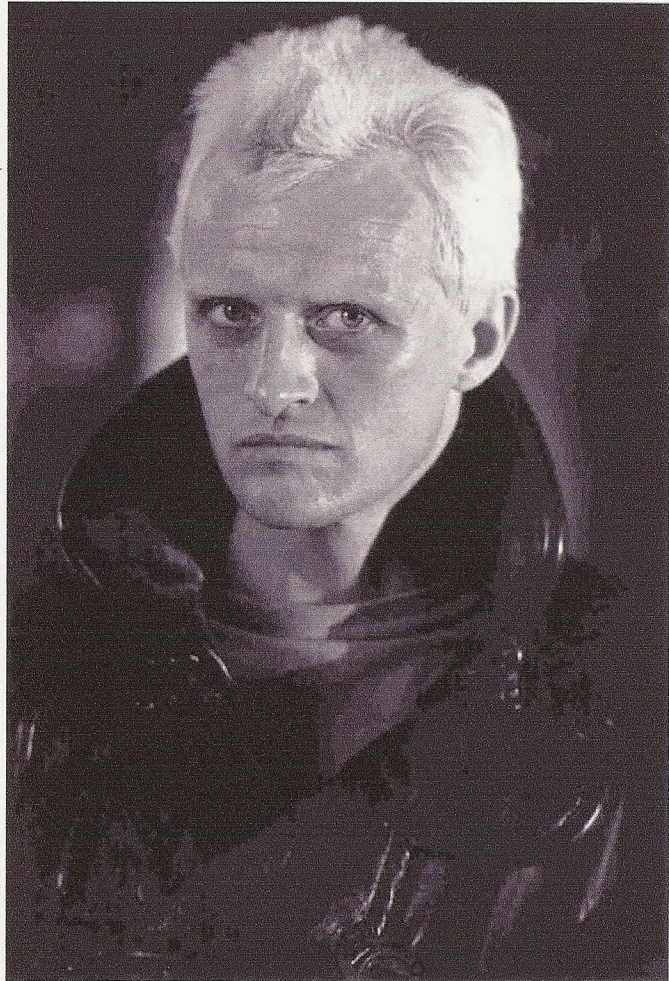


Raphael





Zephon



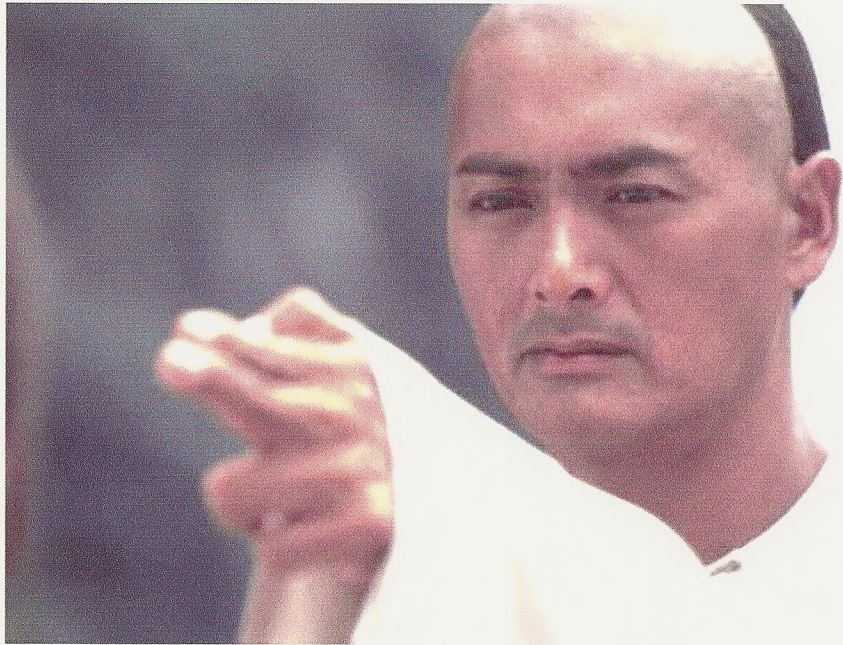


Orphiel



Suriel





Ithuriel



Chapter One

I Get My Wings

“Oh, baby, do I have a headache,” I moaned.

“Gabriel, you hush up. No cryin’ here. .” Miss Sarah stroked my hair softly and hummed. “You be alright in a bit.”

“Where am I?” I blinked my eyes and tried to focus on my surroundings.

“Back at school.”

“You gotta be kidding me. What happened?”

“The Father kept that memory from you. I’d better keep my mouth shut.”

GO AHEAD AND TELL HIM, SARAH.

“Okay, Big Daddy.” Sarah looked over to the throne and nodded. “Gabe, you were killed.”

“Killed? What do you mean, killed?”

“For a bit you didn’t exist,” Sarah explained, “God had to Boom you out again. I’ve only seen it happen once before. But I’m not allowed to talk about that. Come on, we need to fluff out your wings.”

Sarah moved behind me with a hair dryer the size of a bazooka. “Hang on, here it comes.” The air rushed out with the force of a hurricane.

“Yow! That tickles!” I exclaimed as she continued to sweep my back with the air.

FLOOF! My wings suddenly expanded dramatically. I stretched my back and my wings began to slowly open and close.

“There you go, Gabriel!” Sarah looked very pleased with herself. “Now get your robe on and join the other boys in the Sanctuary. Just follow the signs.”

Sarah left the room and I opened my closet. One white jumpsuit hung loosely from a hangar. I gingerly took it off the rack and put it on. It gripped my body like a second skin. Two slits in the back allowed my wings to fit through.

“Let’s see what these babies can do.” I wriggled my shoulder blades back and forth, my wings shot me up to the ceiling, and I conked my head on a mural. “Ouch.” So much for no pain in heaven. I rubbed the bump and walked out the door.

“Great to see you, Gabe. It’s been a while.” An angel walked up to me and gave me a firm handshake. “What’s the matter? Don’t you remember?”

I shook my head.

“I’m Uriel. I got killed, too. I’m glad the Father is putting our team back together.”

Uriel was much bigger than me. He had muscles on top of muscles. His jumpsuit just barely contained him. He looked like an eight year old Hercules.

“You’re buff.”

“I think I’m going to like this body. Not bad for a new born, eh?” Uriel rippled the muscles in his forearm and slapped me on the back, “C’mon. Let’s head to the sanctuary. Everybody’s ready to see you.”

We walked down the corridor, Uriel’s arm around my shoulders.

The walls were made out of a type of crystal that continually changed colors as we walked by. Light flowed from every surface, including the floor. Pictures hung on the wall. They all showed versions of the same face.

“Who’s that?” I pointed to the painting.

“Whoa. You don’t even remember Jesus? He’s your best friend! J is at the Front, but He’ll be here soon, you can count on it.”

Uriel suddenly stopped in his tracks. “The Sanctuary’s up there.” He pointed to a large door three stories up. “Let’s go.” With a brisk motion of his wings he blasted up towards the door. “What are you waiting for?” He waved me onward.

“I guess . . . “ I began to shake my wings again and WHAM collided straight into a lamp stand.

“Quit joking around, Gabe. Hurry up,” Uriel chided.

“It’s not as easy as it looks!” I shouted and tried again. I soared up towards the door and smacked into ceiling. I fell back to the ground momentarily stunned. Uriel settled down beside me and took my hand.

“Here, bro’. Let me help you.” Uriel helped me to my feet and we slowly began to rise up off the ground. “You’re trying too hard, Gabe. Easy strokes. Easy.”

He was right! I had control!

“Just look where you want to go and you’ll be on your way.” Uriel let go of my hand just as we landed in front of the Sanctuary door.

The twelve foot door seemed to be made from solid emerald. It slowly swung open revealing a huge gallery with a long table made of red glass.

“Welcome home, Gabriel!” Six angel children glided towards me, arms and wings outstretched. They all wore identical white jumpsuits.

“Hey, guys!” I smiled warmly at them, but had no idea who they were.

“He’s still a little fuzzy. That whole Birth/Boom thing. Introduce yourselves!” Uriel stated.

“Hello, Gabriel. I’m Zephon.” Zephon had eyes the color of blue diamonds. His curly, blond hair hung down to his shoulders. “Great to have you back in action Cap’n.”

“Glad you could make it, Gabe! I don’t see how you could forget me.” I looked at him blankly. “Looks like you did. I’m Suriel. Good to see you.” Suriel was shorter than me, built like a bull dog, with smoldering, dark eyes. He flipped a small knife out of his pants pocket and began twirling it in his fingers.

“Howdy, Gabe. My name is Orphiel. We had lots of good times together. I’m sure we’ll have more soon!” Orphiel was almost completely bald with skin the color of suede.

“Greetings, oh fearless leader! My name is Raphael. I’m so pleased to have you back!”

Raphael was lithe, some might call him skinny. But he moved with the grace of a leopard and seemed to be aware of everything in the room at once.

“Welcome aboard, Mate! I’m Raziel. Pleased as punch to have you back!” He slapped me on the back and tussled my hair. Raziel was nearly as large as Uriel. His hands were twice the size of mine. He had a huge smile with brilliant white teeth that shone in the light. He almost looked like a grown man. If there ever was a swarthy eight year old, this was him.

“And I’m the last of our little band of merry Angels. Great to have you back, partner. I’m Ithuriel. You’ve been missed.” Ithuriel looked Chinese. His single black pony tail hung down nearly to the floor.

“I see you’ve met everyone. That’s great. Now back to business,” Sarah stated matter of factly. “We’ve got lots to do before the Aging.”

Sarah moved to the front of the room and motioned to us to take a seat. A large, octagon shaped table made of black onyx dominated the room.

“Move over, Rover!” Zephon jostled me over one spot. “That’s yours!” Each chair around the table was made of supple, black leather except for one—it was bright red. I was now sitting in it.

“Don’t worry, boys. You’ll remember soon enough,” Sarah intoned. She moved beside me and with a deft flick of her wrist threw the switch in front of me. The table suddenly began to glow.

“I realize you are all seasoned warriors, but you have each suffered a terrible loss—your lives. The Father has brought each of you back. Your bodies will mature into full angelic being. Although you may remember how to fight, your bodies must relearn what your mind already knows. Place each of your hands on the table in front of you.”

I laid both palms on the glowing, black crystal table top. A rush of warmth flooded my body.

“First you will feel a warmth in your extremities. Soon that will be replaced by a tingling sensation,” Sarah informed.

True enough, just as she mentioned it, I felt a numbness enter my body.

“Your muscles are learning at speeds beyond thought. Each of the Angelic Skills are being reinforced in your corporeal body.”

I wondered what these Angelic Skills were, but the rest of the guys just nodded, so I decided to be quiet.

“Ok, boys. Now here comes the hard part. Just keep breathing deeply and everything will be ok. Just breathe. . . .”

Suddenly the table began to glow brighter than the sun. My hands on the table felt they were being burned off, yet I couldn't move them.

“Breathe, boys, surf over the pain. . . .”

My arms screamed in agony. The heat traveled up into my arms and chest. I began to shake uncontrollably. “The Fire, the fire. . . .” I moaned.

“Yes, Gabriel. The fire. Just keep breathing. . . .” Sarah's voice did nothing to soothe the fear that I would die in this fire. Suddenly a light shone inside my head and the pressure was released. I looked across at Ithuriel and flames of fire danced over his scalp. I blinked my eyes again. This was not an eight year old boy, he was a full grown angel! I looked around the table. Each of the boys I had just met were now fully mature! I glanced down at my arms and made a fist. The muscles rippled like whip cord.

“Welcome back, Angels!” Sarah flipped the switch again and the table suddenly went dark.

“Whew! That Aging business is flat traumatic!” whistled Uriel rubbing his shortly cropped blond hair. Uriel stood head and shoulders above everyone else, except Raziel.

“I feel like my old self!” Raziel declared. He lifted three immense boulders and began to juggle them in the air, his brown hair flipping into his eyes.

Raziel tossed one of the boulders in my direction. I reacted instantly smashing the enormous rock with my fist. It shattered into a million fragments flying throughout the room.

“Hey, take it easy, boss!” Raziel snickered.

“Sweet!” Zephon shouted. He shot himself straight up into the air: a feathered rocket. He flew barrel rolls amongst the clouds.

“That dude can fly!” said Raphael. He stood on the top of what looked like telephone pole. Other poles of various heights were around him. He took turns doing hand stands and back flips from one pole to the other. He was enormously agile. It seemed his hands could almost “stick” to surfaces.

“You ain’t bad yourself,” yelled Orphiel who was floating, motionless above the ground. As I watched, the cups and saucers around him also began to float.

“Don’t spill the tea, lad!” commanded Suriel. He dove straight for the floating cups and caught them with one in each hand and one balanced on his right foot.

“Nice move, bro’!” exclaimed Ophiel. His head was completely bald, his brown skin glistened as he flattened himself on the ground and seemed to fade away into the underbrush.

“Where’d he go?” exclaimed Suriel.

Ithuriel laughed and tossed a pebble in Ophiel’s direction.

“How’d you see me?” asked Ophiel suddenly appearing.

“My eyes see many things,” Ithuriel stated matter of factly.

“Now for your toys, boys!” Sarah went over to immense, black table and pushed what looked like a lightning bolt imbedded in the stone.

The table began to rumble and shake. “Stand back!” Sarah shouted.

Eight doors slid open on the face of the table. One by one, weapons appeared.

In front of me rose a shining silver bladed scythe. Its handle was made of mahogany and burnished bronze. I lifted the ancient weapon from its stand and balanced it in my right hand. I began to swing it around my body with faster and faster. “Now we’re talkin’!

Give me a good scythe any day.” The scythe made a tornado of metal around me.

“Woo Hoo!” exclaimed Uriel. “Now we’re talkin’!” Uriel grabbed the long stick axe in his right hand. He whirled the axe over his head. The air hummed with electricity.

“Watch out guys! Looks like “Mr. Thunder & Lightning is ready to do his thing!” yelled Suriel.

Suddenly, a burst of electricity radiated from the tip of the axe and streaked upward into the night sky. BOOOM!! The thunderclap was immediate and deafening.

“Feel terrified yet?” asked Uriel.

“How about this?” Raziel grasped the monk’s blade—a long pole with a flat, shovel like tip on one side with a crescent moon on the other. The enormous angel whipped the blade from side to side. For someone so large he was extremely quick and light on his feet.

“You don’t want to taste the steel of these beauties!” Zephon twirled a pair of broadswords making circle eights around his head.

“Now THIS is craftsmanship!” Raphael grasped his broadsword gingerly. It felt perfect in his hands. He spun around and jabbed the boulder Raziel had used, splitting it in half.

Suriel stepped forward. He appeared to be carrying a three foot long pole. He made a sudden jerking motion with his hands the pole split in two revealing two razor sharp daggers. He flipped one and then the other blade from palm to palm. “These might come in very handy, indeed.”

Orphiel hovered down to the table top and grabbed both of the twin long swords from their sheathes. Their blades crisscrossed in front of his body like propellers.

Ithuriel stroked the shaft of the spear as he tested its weight. “Perfect. Absolutely perfect.” In a blurred motion the spear shot across the room imbedding itself in the wall.

“Now how are we going to explain that?” I asked and pulled the spear out of the wall.

“I get a little carried away at times. . . “ Ithuriel shrugged.

“Let’s go, Angels. There’s someone here to see you!” Sarah pointed at the door.

Chapter Two

Re-Introductions

Sarah led us out of the Again room and down a long corridor. I led our team, it seemed my natural place.

“Don’t be surprised by how He looks. It’s been a hard day at the Front.”

Sarah stopped in front of a door that shone like molten gold. “Welcome aboard!” she stated as the door slowly swung open.

A penetrating light burned into my consciousness. I looked into the room, but all I could see was light. Sarah nudged my arm. “Maybe these will help.” She handed me a pair of very dark sunglasses. “On Earth, welders use these,” she stated matter-of-factly. I noticed that each of my team was already wearing them.

I slowly began to make out a form leaning over a table on the other side of the room. The form stood up and turned to face us. It was like being struck by lightning. His eyes seared through every portion of my being. He knew everything about me, everything I had done and would ever do. My soul was filled with a joy like a balloon just before it popped.

“Jesus!” I exclaimed and fell to my knees, my forehead touching the ground. “My Lord and my King.” I felt a hand squeeze my shoulder.

“Stand up, Gabriel. Let me get a good look at you.” Jesus helped me up and looked into my eyes. “I’ve missed you. We all have.” The rest of the team nodded in unison.

“Where have I been, Lord?”

“The Between Place.” The Father insisted that I bring you back last, so your team could welcome you home properly.

“What happened?”

”To make a long story short, you were right. Satan set up a resistance movement against us. I just couldn’t believe he would turn against his Creator.” Jesus shook his head in disbelief. “How could I have NOT known?”

“Because you did not want to believe, Lord. You hid it from yourself in the hope that he would change.”

“You’re right. I loved him so much. I can’t believe he would cause so much harm.”

“He was never one of us, Jesus. From the beginning he talked about how much better Heaven would be if HE were running the place.” The other Angels confirmed this. “So we’re at war?”

“Yes. Take a look at this.” Jesus waved his hands and a holographic image appeared before us.

An immense plain stretched out before us. In the far distance a range of mountains, topped with snow framed the horizon. Millions upon millions of Angels wielding shining silver swords fought in mortal combat. Two-thirds of the Angels wore white robes. The other third wore golden robes. The swordplay and blood shed was intense.

“Over one third of the Angels went with Lucifer against the Father. That variable came completely out of the blue,” stated Jesus.

“But, you know *every thing*,” I mentioned.

“Every *thing*. This is the realm of the *spirit*. The spirit is a random variable. The Father created *free will*.” When He did that, he created an imbedded wild card. That once in a





trillion time when the impossible happens. Basically, the Father allowed himself the option of not knowing a few things. It was something about the “Creative process allows all variables, Son. . . .”

“It looks like our side’s not doing so well.” Zephon remarked, pointing at the sagging front line.

“I can’t believe the gold robes. . . how retro!” Uriel howled.

“The may look like women, but they fought well enough to kill us,” stated Raziel.

“Many went to the gold side. They preferred it to the light,” said Jesus.

“The LIGHT is right!” Orphiel shouted, affirming his King.

“Thank you, Orphiel. I know I can always count on you!” smiled Jesus.

“What’s the plan, Chief?” I asked my King.

“A small strike force, here.” His finger pointed and a stream of lightning shot out and illuminated a chasm on the map: Gorgentum Magnificum. “This is where Lucifer lies. To end this war, you must search him out, bind him and bring him back to me. Michael is leading the main assault here,” another bolt of liquid lightning sprayed from his fingertips. “Mount Momentum, and Mittron is leading the attack at the Sea of Turbulence.” True to its name, huge waves pounded the beach. What looked like Viking ships approached the shore.

“Look!” shouted Uriel. “They’re ready for business.” The angels in the boats waved their glistening swords high.

“What’s in the boat with them?” thundered Uriel.

“Underones,” Jesus stated. “Demons from other dimensions.”

Hideous, lizard faced beings with fangs like Saber Tooth tigers crawled around the deck. Their huge muscles glistened in the foam.

“And what about those?” Zephon pointed at what looked like dragons above the boat.

“Another species. The Father saw beauty in creation. But sometimes, some of the stuff He made. . . .well it’s hard to see the beauty in it,” Jesus acknowledged. “Of course when they were created they were quite friendly, albeit rather gruff looking. Now, they are the antithesis of what they were before.”

“Doesn’t bode well for us. Our side is hugely outnumbered by these demons,” Uriel said, tapping his sword nervously.

“You’re absolutely correct, Uriel. Let’s get back to the plan. Gabriel, I shall throw you and your team to the base of the gorge,” Jesus made throwing motions as if he was loosening up his shoulder.

We all looked at each other. I didn’t remember anything about throwing.

“Once at the gorge you will overpower any sentries, make your way to the command point, snatch Satan and bring him back to me.”

“King, why doesn’t the Father just make this happen. Can’t he just do this?” I asked.

“Of course He can.” Jesus stated categorically. “He says He likes the purity of ‘letting things happen,’ and that it ‘keeps it real.’”

“I reckon,” I nodded.

“Let’s go to the launching pad.”

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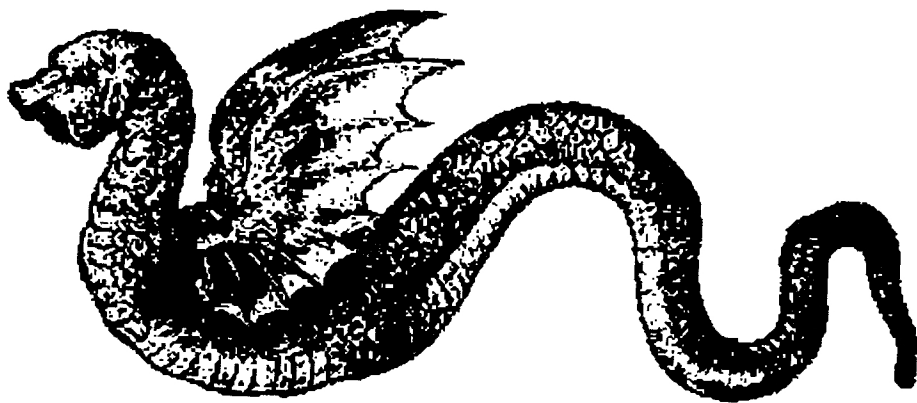
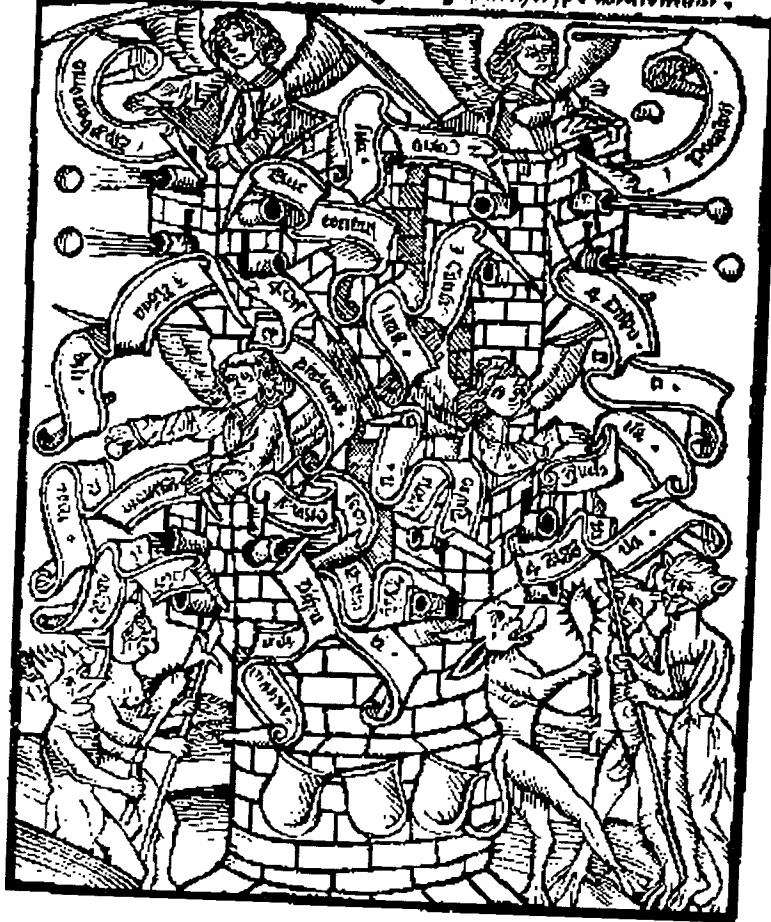
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“Let’s go to the launching pad.”



Supplementū Celsodine

denio pressum eliminatum: atq; ubi truncatum prius habebatur / supple-
mento accuratissime integratum / diligenterq; ex archetypo emendatum.





Satan



Chapter Three

Satanic Searching

We followed Jesus out the heavy, golden door. Outside it was pitch dark. The heavens were ablaze with stars. “If the Father’s so bright, how can we see the stars?” I asked Jesus.

“It’s His pleasure to hide his light when He wishes. It let’s us see, ‘the dark part,’” Jesus explained. “I will throw you over that mountain range and near the gorge. Gabriel, front and center!”

I immediately stepped to the front.

“Ready to go?” Jesus inquired, knowing that I was.

“Sir, yes sir!”

Suddenly, my King reached forward and whipped me up into the sky. “Whoooo!” I yelled. The stars were a blur around me. I saw the mountain below and then the gorge. Sure enough I was hurtling towards the opening. As I approached the ground, I slowly began to open my wings. The strain was enormous, but in the next few seconds I gained control of the free fall. He had just thrown me over 3,000 miles in less than five seconds!

“Watch out there, big guy,” yelled Ithuriel.

Suddenly, the air around me was filled with falling angels, Zephon, then Raziel, Uriel and Suriel. The rest of the team appeared and swooped down into a grove of trees near the gorge entrance.

Orphiel lifted silently off the ground and glided towards the entrance to the gorge. The sheer magnitude of this scar in heaven was hard to fathom. Miles deep, Gorgentum Magnificum had never been mapped. Dark beings lived and thrived in the dank atmosphere. ‘Underones’ the King had called them. Bad craziness.

Ithuriel’s eyes saw everything. All spirits, all creatures, all objects. He held up a fist and we froze in our tracks. Orphiel blended silently into the bush around him. He became the bush.

“Underones.” Raphael hissed and motioned to a small clearing near the entrance of the gorge.

I pointed towards Suriel, then towards the demons and made a cutting motion across my neck. He nodded and crept towards the Underones. The staff he carried pulled apart revealing two small daggers in the handles. He heard their breathing and smelled their stench. Slowly he crept towards them. He paused, then whipped the two daggers out of his hands and into the back of their heads. Ithuriel and Orphiel pounced on them and verified they were toast.

“Good work, lad.” I clapped Suriel on the shoulder.

“Thanks, Chief,” he said wiping the blood from his blades.

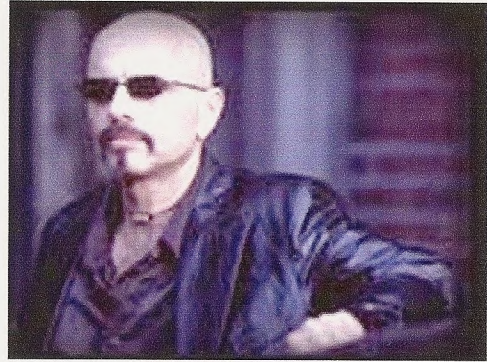
“Carry on, Ithuriel. We have a mission, let’s roll,” I commanded.

We quickly fell into a pattern. Orpheil who could change into the shapes around him, and Ithuriel who saw all, would take the lead. Uriel with his enormous strength would follow along with Zephon whose sudden bursts of speed from spot to spot rendered him nearly invisible. I followed along with Raphael who preferred to leap like a mountain goat from one boulder to the next. Suriel’s stealth and quickness was a perfect

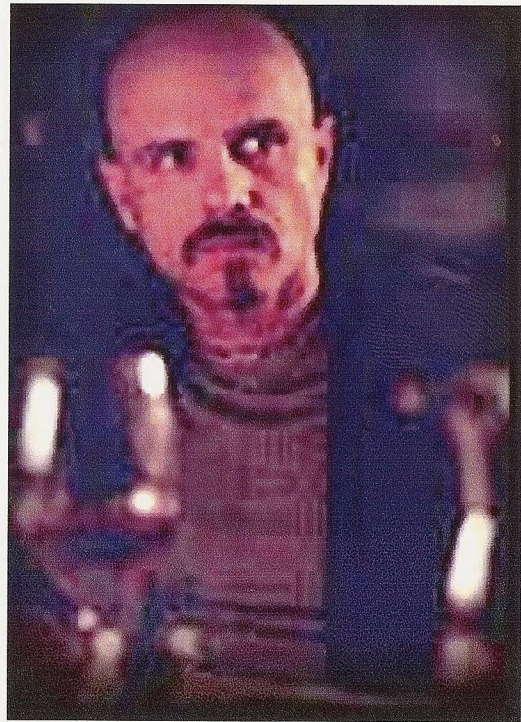


Underones





Semyaza



compliment to Raziel whose immense strength was renowned throughout Heaven. This duo of destruction watched our backs as we traversed this demonland.

Ithuriel stopped us in our tracks with a fist in the air. He pointed deep down into the canyon. The solid amethyst sides were covered with ferns the size of trees. The canopy was so dense that it seemed a land of perpetual gloom.

I began to hear voices in my head. The Angelic Powers that Sarah had mentioned were maturing. “Gabriel, there are two columns of Underones led by two angels in gold robes. I can’t see their faces yet,” Ithuriel said by thought.

“I think the leader of the group is Semyaza,” Orphiel thought.

“Back again, eh?” thought Uriel stroking his sword gingerly.

“Can’t wait to have at that guy,” thought Zephon.

“Who is he?” I asked.

“Semyaza? He’s the leader of Satan’s angels. He killed us. You don’t remember?” asked Raziel.

“Nope.” I shook my head.

“Satan kidnapped an 8 Year Old Angelito and nailed him to a tree by his wings. Our team, led by you, were sent to rescue him. We finally made it to the tree to find that the Angelito had nuclear device strapped to his back,” thought Raphael.

“Next thing I remember is seeing Semyaza with his hand squeezing the trigger of the detonator,” thought Uriel. The rest of the team nodded their heads.

“Then FLASH!” thought Orphiel.

“I remember the flash,” I thought.

“He’s bad business,” thought Suriel.

“Then FLASH!” thought Orphiel.

“I remember the flash,” I thought.

“He’s bad business,” thought Suriel.

“We take him out now, we’ll be a long way towards getting Satan.” I thought.

The team nodded in agreement. “Orphiel you and Suriel flank them. Zephon and Raphael make your way to the sides of the canyon and attack when Uriel and Raziel start our charge. Get in position. I’ll give the thought when we’re ready.”

Uriel and Raziel gripped their weapons and headed resolutely down the trail.

We made our way towards them, noiselessly, like a feather on the wind.

Suddenly Uriel rose up and screamed “Death to the Evil One!” and lopped off the first demon’s head. Raziel followed directly behind him and with a roar impaled a demon with his lance right between the eyes. An Underone pounced on my back from above.

“He’s mine,” announced Zephon and rocketed across the cavern smashing the demon in the throat.

“Thanks, bro” I shouted. “Full speed ahead, Angels!”

Ophiel’s twin straight swords sliced and diced demons on all four sides of him.

Swip! Swip! The sound of twin daggers hurtling through the air then embedding themselves in the right eyes of the two attacking demons. They fell to the floor in a clump. Suriel pulled the daggers from the skulls, wiped them off and stuck them carefully back into their sheathes.

The cavern was a blur of blood and brains. The clanks of steel reverberated through the cavern.

And then there were only the Angels and Semyaza.

“It is time you met your destiny, Semyaza,” Ithuriel said and whipped his spear into the chest of Semyaza.

His sword struck only air.

“Where did he go?” I shouted.

“The evil one snatched him from us. He slid him over,” explained Ithuriel.

“Slid?” Raziel questioned.

“He put him into a parallel dimension,” Ithuriel said. “It’s sort of like one way glass.”

“Then Satan knows we’re here,” said Uriel pensively.

“Yep,” I agreed.

We crept down into an immense cavern. The crystalline walls glowed with a pale pink light.

”Ithuriel, take the lead. Keep it quiet. We know we’re in for it,” I warned.

“What’s that smell?” Raziel moaned.

“That’s the Helle smell,” I thought matter of factly.

Ithuriel suddenly froze, as did we.

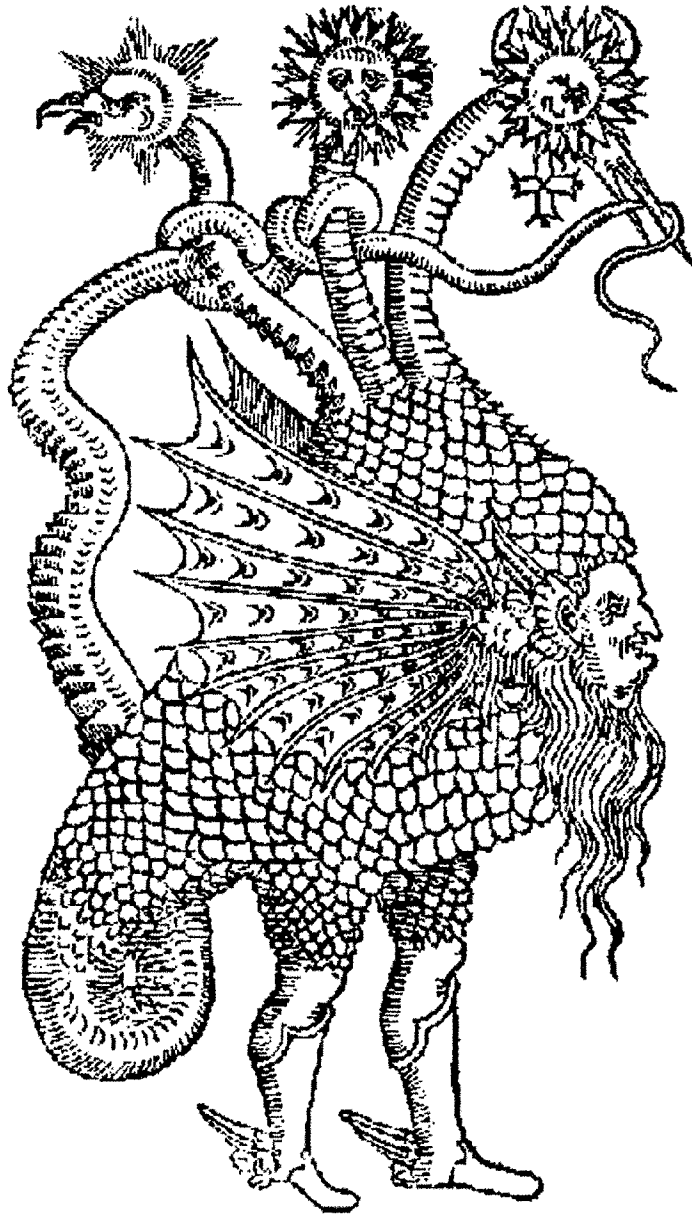
An eerie moan chilled us to our core. AAAAAHHHHHHOOOOOOOOOO.

Suddenly an immense Underone stood before us.

”I shall delight in sending you back to the Between Place!” the demon hissed. His three little heads quivered in anticipation and nodded in agreement.

Raphael was the first to pounce. From a rocky outcropping above, he jumped down on to the back of the beast. The Underone began to run left and right in jagged spurts, trying to shake Raphael off. Swiftly the mighty Angel pulled out his broad sword and sliced the first of the little heads off. Streams of blood sprayed his white suit. “Yech.” He

somersaulted off of the back of the beast. Zephon then blazed in from the ceiling slicing another of the small heads off. “Ha!” he shouted. Orphiel floated into the clearing. He pointed at two immense boulders laying on the ground. He lifted his arms up and the boulders rose into the air.



“Try some roughage in your diet!” He shouted and waved his hands. The two immense boulders smashed down around the third little head, squashing it like an overripe grape.

“Doesn’t look good for you, birdbrain,” taunted Uriel waving his axe in front of him.

The metal spun like a propeller blade around him.

“You are no match for me Uriel,” the demon said and spit something out of his mouth.

“What is this? It burns!” The material on the front of his suit began to melt.

Ithuriel leapt to his side. “The poison must be neutralized. I shall use Chi Yin Energy to render it inert.” Ithuriel began to rub his hand together. His breathing became slow and measured. Deep breaths. His hands began to glow with a golden light. He took a deep breath and as he exhaled he put his hands on Uriel’s chest. The mighty Angel’s body was bathed in golden light. He slowly rose up into the air and levitated there. A few seconds later and he sank down to the ground. Once on the ground, the light faded and he sat up.

“Sweet potato pie I feel GREAT!”

“The Chi Yin Energy has that effect on people,” stated Ithuriel.

“Watch out!” screamed Suriel. He smashed into the demon’s skull just as it was reaching for the back of Ithuriel’s neck. Dazed, the demon staggered backwards. That’s when I hit it, square under its chin. Its neck snapped back like a rubber band. It fell over, a pile of putrid flesh.

“Good one, Chief,” said Raphael mimicking the uppercut movement I had just made. I nodded to him and thought, “Let’s get moving, Angels. Ithuriel, get us deeper into the cavern.”

He nodded an unspoken, “Roger that,” and loped down the trail.

The light from the walls began to dim until we were moving in almost utter darkness.

“Sure is getting hot,” said Raziel, loosening his collar.

“And the smell. . .” Orphiel grimaced.

“This place reeks with Underones,” thought Suriel shaking his head in disgust.

“It feels like a sauna. A stinky sauna,” thought Uriel.

“Yep. I agree. We must be getting close to Satan’s HQ,” I said.

“I’m surprised it’s been so easy,” Uriel said.

“Easy? They nearly killed us twice!” shouted Suriel.

“Well besides that. It just seemed”

Uriel was cut short by a deafening roar. The air will filled with Demonitos, tiny demon insects, their wings beating a hurricane against our heads. It was a trap! The demons stung every inch not covered by feathers and began to drill into our faces.

“How do you fight bugs?” Raziel shouted, waving his axe in the air.

“Like this!” Zephon zoomed into the clearing. He circled the angels faster and faster. A vortex began to form a tornado around them! The demonitos were spun off up into the sky. “That should just about do it!” Zephon said, dusting his hands off together.

“There it is,” said Ithuriel, pointing his finger at an enormous geodesic dome made of clear black onyx. It glistened at the bottom of an enormous granite canyon. “Satan’s lair.”

“What’s the plan, Gabriel?” asked Uriel.

“Orphiel shall steal into the dome and determine the location of Satan. We’ll then rendezvous and snatch him.” I explained.

“On my way.” Orpheil headed down the hill immediately disappearing into the underbrush.



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"It's creepy how he does that." Suriel shook his head. "It ain't natural."

"I believe you call it 'supernatural,' my friend," Ithuriel said.

Suriel nodded in agreement.

Moments later Orpheil reappeared. "I saw him. He's completely surrounded by the Ravisher Demons. He is inside an enormous castle in the top turret near the front gate. The castle has a moat of pure Helle Acid. Outside the moat is a field surrounded by over three legions of Underones. Besides that, no problem." Orpheil grinned.

"We'll do a snatch and grab out of there before they know it," I explained rapidly. "We need to create a diversion." I said.

"Perhaps I can help with that," Uriel began to swing his axe. Lightning shot from the tip.

"Excellent! Once we're past the three legions, Zephon and Raphael shall jump the moat, overcome the guards and lower the gate. "We'll rendezvous at the base of the front turret. Once inside, we'll get up to the top of the tower and . . ."

"And what?" Uriel asked.

"And, I'm not sure how we're going to get past the Ravisher Demons. We'll figure it out as we go," I stated flatly.

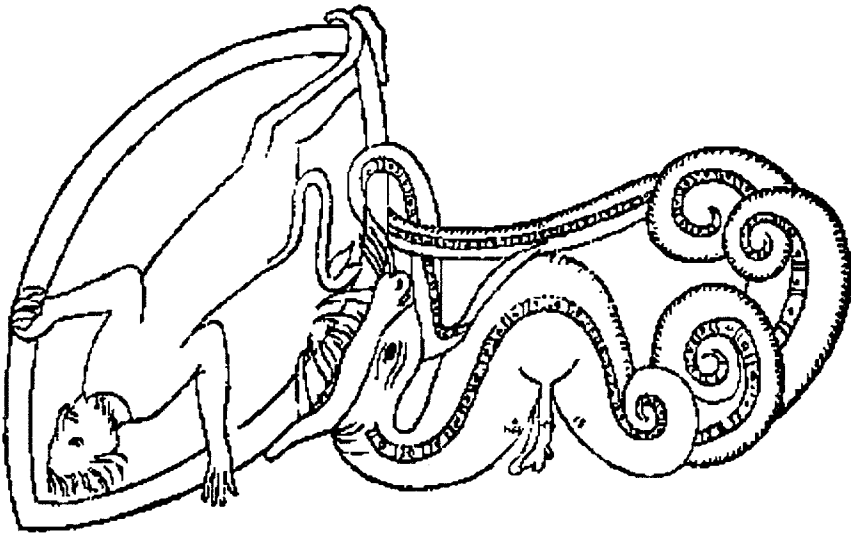
"Works for me," said Raziel.

"Let's do this thing!" hooped Zephon.

"Ithuriel, Orpheil, take the point. Get us through the legions outside the castle. Uriel, if we hit trouble do your lightning and thunder thing."

"Roger that," said Uriel tapping his sword gently with his index finger.

We picked our way through a path leading down into a dark valley. In the distance, we could see the castle that Orpheil had described. The sheer cliffs of the canyon towered





where the gate was lowered. With a quick slice of his sword, the head of an Underone plonked onto the ground. Raphael jumped down on top of the second guard knocking him out instantly.

"You let it down, I'll watch for other demons," said Zephon.

Raphael quickly began to undo the thickly braided rope which held the wheel in place. A deft flick of his wrist and the rope came undone. Raphael heaved on the wheel and the door slowly began to lower.

"The door's opening!" I thought and pointed to the door. The team shot through the opening and into the castle.

"There's the stairway to the turret where Satan is sleeping," Ithuriel pointed.

"Let's go, Angels." We slowly crept up the stairway until we came to a long hallway.

Two guards were posted at the door. "That's the place," stated Orpheil. "I'll take care of the guards." He immediately blended into the background and even though he was right in front of us, we couldn't see him. Except for Ithuriel, who saw all.

Orphiel snuck down the hallway until he stood right beside the first guard. A blur of movement, he stabbed the first guard in the throat then turned and grabbed the second guard's head and with a savage twist snapped the neck.

We rushed down the hallway to get to Satan's door. I tried the handle: locked. I looked at Suriel. He took out his staff and pulled out the twin knives. He put the small knife to the door lock and jimmied the tumblers. "A little trick I picked up from bad 8 year olds," Suriel said and winked.

I opened the door and looked into the room. Satan was in his demon form lying down in the middle of a circular waterbed draped with black satin bedcovers. He was curled up in a ball in the middle of the bed. I smacked the bed with my hand. He jumped up startled.

“Wha!” Satan exclaimed.

Raphael jumped up and put a knife to Satan’s throat.

“Not a sound, or no more Mr. Bad Guy,” swore Raphael.

“Bind him Uriel. Help secure him Raziel,” I said. “We’ve got to get out of here before they notice something’s wrong.”

Satan’s eyes burned blood red.

“You cannot win. We have you surrounded,” swore Satan. “You’ll never get out of here alive.”

“Let me stick him a little bit, Chief” said Suriel nudging him forward with his dagger.

“At ease, Suriel. Get moving Satan. We have someone who wants to have words with you,” I stated flatly.

“I have words for YOU,” Satan shouted. Immediately Uriel tapped him on the head with his immense fist. “Shhh!”

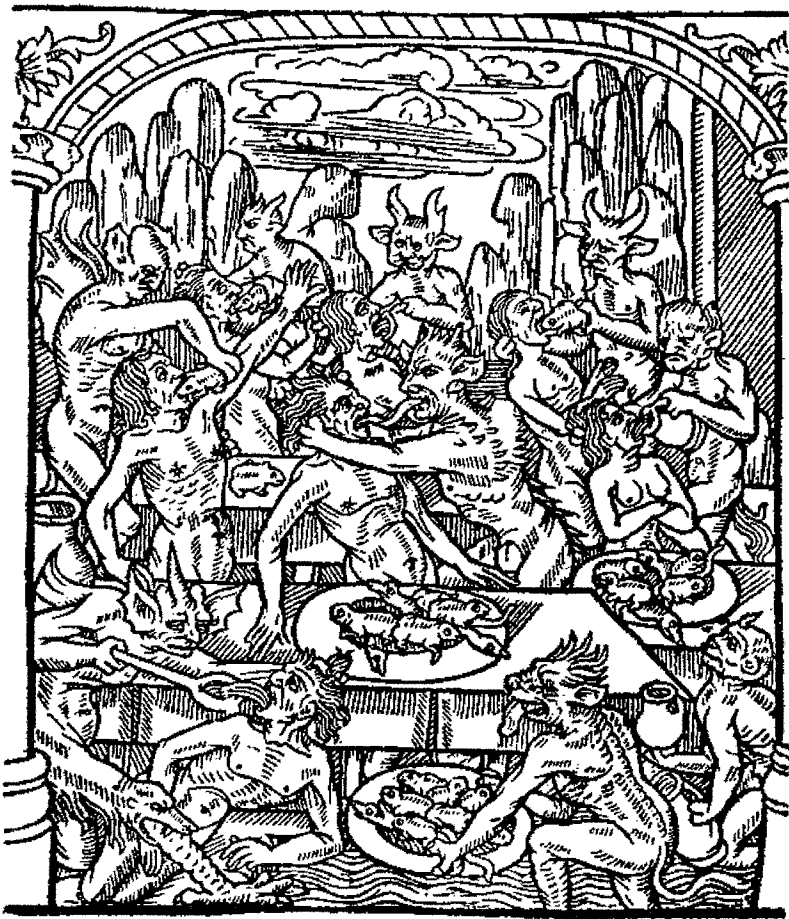
“Uhh,” Satan moaned and slumped to the floor.

“Great. You knocked him out. Now we’ll have to carry him,” said Raziel picking him up and tossing him on his right shoulder. “Let’s skedaddle out of here, Gabriel.”

“Ithuriel, lead the way,” I motioned him towards the door.

Suddenly, the huge, wooden frame smashed towards us. A Goliath Underone heaved his mighty bulk up from the ground covered with the remains of the door. Demons pressed around us on all sides.





“Establish your kill zone. Remember who we’re fighting for!” I shouted. We immediately formed a tight octagon. We each drew our weapon and began to swing them around our bodies.

“Kill the Angels,” the Goliath Underone screamed. “Make them pay for striking Satan. Pay with their LIVES!”

“Pretty dramatic. But can you back it up with deeds?” Orphiel stated as he suddenly appeared right in front of the huge demon stabbing him in the kneecap. The demon grabbed his knee and fell to the floor writhing in pain. Raziel stepped forward and lopped his ugly head off. “Not the brightest bulb, now was he?”

The room was a blur of steel and disemboweled bodies. Body parts flew through the air as the Angels weaved around the room.

“We have to find another escape route,” I stated.

“Or make one!” Uriel charged the side of the wall. A distinct cracking sound was heard. He reared back again and smashed into the wall. This time there was a definite buckling on several of the blocks.

“I get it!” said Raziel smashing his huge fists into the fracture.

“Expedite!” I shouted and heaved against the wall. The wall burst outwards. We could see and smell the moat hundreds of feet below us. “Follow me!” I said as I flew out of the hole in the wall. The air in this cavern was thick with fumes. It was almost impossible to fly. “Stay low once we cross the moat,” I ordered. There’s more air near the ground.” The angels flew in a “V” formation behind me as we crossed the river of molten lava.

“Sweet!”. Raphael shouted.

“Hold still!” Raziel yelled at Satan as he shifted the load to the left shoulder. “And you could stand a shower. What’s the matter? Run out of deodorant?” Raziel shook his head and crinkled his nose.

The team of angels landed on the shore next to the moat.

“Looks like trouble,” Ithuriel pointed towards the tents which were emptying with Underones. The whole field around us seem to glow with red eyes.

“Uriel, I think it’s time for the light show,” I nodded to him anticipating his next move. He winked at me and began to swing his axe faster and faster around his head. Sparks began to shoot off from the blade. Clouds began to darken the entire cavern. The air felt charged with electricity as our feathers stood on end. We looked like someone had just blown us dry with a hairdryer.

Boom! Boooooom! Enormous thunderclaps rang in our ears as bolt after bolt of lightning decimated the legions of Underones heading our way.

Then Zephon began to circle the mass. Faster and faster he flew. First one and then many demons began to lift up into the air. To then be dashed with lightning.

Uriel looked at his lightning and smiled, “I do love a big storm!” The Underones were being fried alive by millions of volts of electricity. They began to retreat en masse.

“We’ve won!” exclaimed Orpheil and threw a fist into the air.

Then suddenly I felt something squeeze around me like a rope. It was a bolo! Semyaza!

“Leaving, so soon? You just got here,” sneered Semyaza whose team of Underones had thrown the bolos.

We struggled to get free, but the harder we fought the tighter the ropes became. Even Uriel seemed completely at a loss.

“Let me help you up, oh Magnificent One,” Semyaze loosed Satan’s restraints.

“Get away from me you silly twit.” Satan struggled to free himself from the remaining rope and stood up. “How the tables have turned!” Satan slowly sauntered my direction. Not so tough now, are you Gabriel?” He put his hard metal boot against the side of my face and ground my eye into the dirt.

“Finish him off, Satan,” urged Semyaza. “He deserves it.”

Satan looked at Semyaza and nodded slightly. He raised his boot and slammed it down towards my cheekbone.

The boot was less than an inch away from my face when time stopped. I could still think, but everything was frozen. Except suddenly there was a light, a thousand times brighter than the sun. It was Jesus! It was my King!

“Glad I could make it in time, Gabriel,” Jesus said and pulled me out from under the boot. He pointed at the rope and it fell away from my body.

“Teach me that trick, Lord!” I begged.

“Sure,” Jesus said and stared into my eyes.

Suddenly, I knew how to become one with the rope.

Jesus went from one angel to the next, rousing them. The team brushed ourselves off and looked at Satan, Semyaza and all the Underones who stared at us but couldn’t move at all. They were completely and utterly frozen in time.

“We’re in another dimension, Angels. A moment for them is like a thousand years to us.

They are in extreme-extreme-slo-mo.”

We walked around the demons staring at their frozen faces. Suriel pulled one of the demon’s beards. “Ha!”

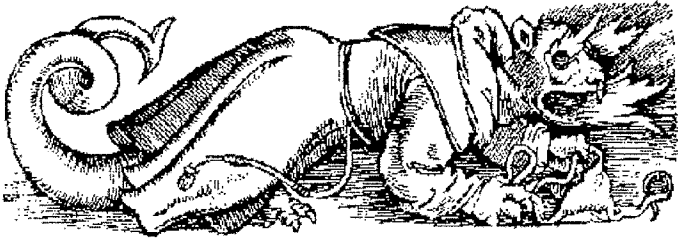
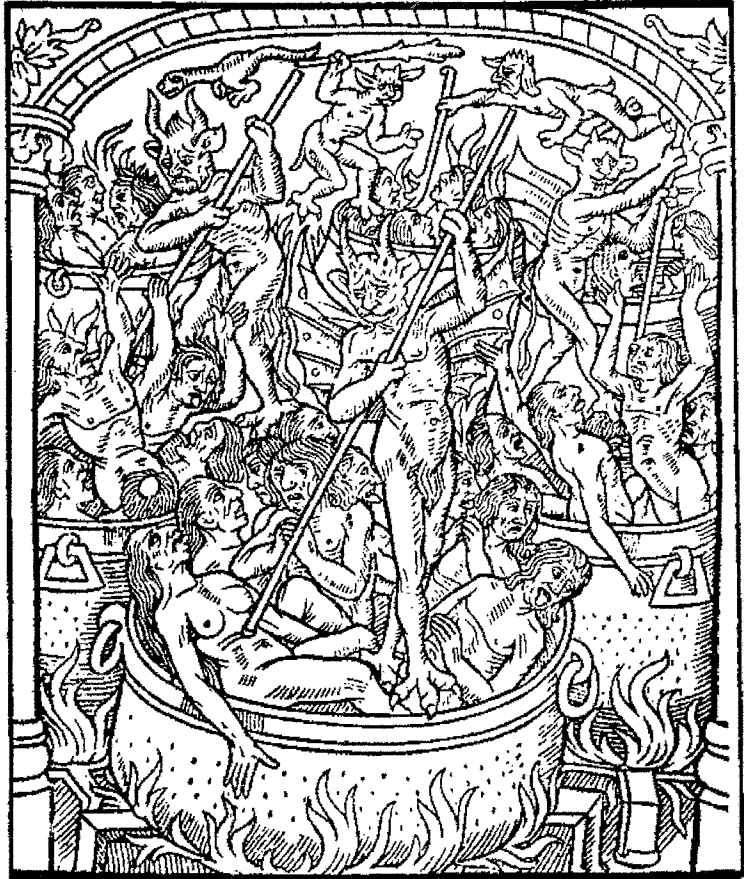
“What do we do now, Lord?” I asked.

“Take Satan. We’re going to see the **FATHER**.” Jesus strode ahead of us. We soon climbed the final ascent out of the enormous gorge. Once we were out, we gathered in a circle still out of breath from the exertion

“Time to head home. Come, Gabriel.” Jesus motioned for me to come forward.

“Here you go! Next stop, HOME!” Jesus launched me into orbit, my head spun with the G forces. I saw the mountain range below me and the castle of Heaven ahead. I opened my wings ever so slightly and came to land gently on the large Ω outside the main meeting room. The rest of the team joined me in a matter of seconds. Raziel drug Satan behind him. Jesus was the last to arrive. He simply appeared. Our angelic powers had matured. The lenses in our eyes could now stand the intense flash of LIGHT that was the King of Kings. It was as if our eyes actually developed sunglasses that darkened with the intensity of the light source.

“**FATHER**. We have someone to see you,” announced Jesus



Chapter Four

Old Heaven

We entered the Father's chamber of Light. Glory shone from the throne. Beams of Light and Love penetrated every fiber of my being.

"Welcome, my children," the father said in a tone as rich as hot apple cider. We all fell to our knees, completely unworthy of his love or his glory.

"Let me see you, Satan," the Father commanded.

The leader of the rebellion struggled to stand up. He was overwhelmed by the Father's complete love and power.

"Why have you turned against me, my child?" asked the Father.

"That's it! Can't you see it!? I'm NOT A CHILD!" shouted Satan, slapping his thighs with his palms.

"We were so close,."

We were never close. You were close to me. I was never close to you. You never let me see all of you. You were always hiding something," said Satan.

"You cannot see all of ME. You will cease to exist if you did."

"You always say that. I think you're just making it up. You just don't want everyone to know that you're not ALL powerful," Satan shook his fist in the Father's face.

The Father looked at Satan broken hearted. "My love for you is only topped by your own arrogance. You are MY creation. Every fiber of your being is a result of MY will. Since when does the pot talk back to the potter? Satan, with time perhaps you will come back to the Light, but until then I banish you and the Underones to



Earth. You shall live in the Dimension. When you have learned the lesson of your pride you shall be welcomed back into the Kingdom of Light. Be Ye Separate!"

And the demons were gone.

"That tidied the place up a bit now didn't it!" laughed Raziel.

"Gabriel, take your team to Earth and make sure that the transition goes smoothly," said Jesus, nodding at me.

Chapter Five

New Earth

Jesus led us out of the inner sanctum where the Father watched over the Universe. “The Father sent the fallen angels to Earth. He created this planet to house what he calls, ‘Man.’ This creature is on the Father’s ‘to do’ list. Soon the fallen Angels will have company,” Jesus explained.

“Won’t that cause problems?” Raphael asked.

“Most assuredly, although the fallen ones will be in another dimension from Man. I still expect some challenges. Gabriel, your team is to verify that all the Underones are on that planet along with Satan and Semyaza, then return to Heaven,” said Jesus.

“How will we get there?” I asked. “Surely you can’t throw us that far?”

“I could. But you’d have to hold your breath for about seven hundred years. You up to that?”

“May be pushing it a bit,” I stated and the rest of the team nodded in agreement.

“Let me show you the Door.” Jesus motioned for us to follow Him. We walked down the immense passageway. The red crystal walls glowed as we walked by. Soon we came to an enormous black door lined with diamonds around the edges. There was no handle. A key pad was next to the door. Jesus put his hand against the door and his other hand jabbed a complicated series of numbers. “Security. Ever since the war we decided to make it harder to get around. Just in case there were spies in our midst. . . .” The door swung inwards. We entered what appeared to be a completely dark room. The door slammed behind us and sealed us off from the rest of the castle.

"I can't see a thing." Ithuriel said. "I've never experience that before."

"That's because there's nothing to see, my friend. We are now in the Between Place. It is the Grand Central Station of the Universe. From here we merely walk back out the door . . . but we won't be in Heaven any more," Jesus explained.

Our eyes began to make out tiny dots of light. Then we saw a vast series of spiral light shows. We seemed to be standing still and the whole universe was flashing around us.

"Earth is the third planet from the star called SOL. It's just now coming into view," said Jesus.

Sure enough a blue orb was coming into sight.

"We're here, gentle Angels!" Jesus walked back over to the door and pushed it. We were immediately engulfed with the smell of flowers and cut grass. "The Father decided to give the demons something to do, so they have to keep the grass cut. Of course they'll never finish . . . it's part of their punishment."

We walked out onto the grass. We could see the legions of demons carefully mowing and pruning plants. Angels in gold robes seem to be supervising their work.

"Make sure they're all accounted for. Here's a list the Father gave me." My King handed me a thick scroll. "I'll be in touch."

Jesus put his hand on the door, it opened allowing Him to enter. As it closed, the door vanished.

"Looks like we're stuck now." Raziel moaned.

"I reckon we better get after it, eh Gabriel?" asked Uriel.

"Roger that." I undid the scroll and looked out over the planet. "This could take a while."

We tromped through the underbrush asking each demon the same questions, "What's your name, why are you here?" They each answered with their names and "because we fought against the Father. We are here to learn our lesson."

They seemed sincere, but something about it just didn't feel quite right. Raphael felt the same way, "They seem too eager to please. Is it possible that they really are changing for the better?"

"Not bloody likely," asserted Suriel glancing from demon to demon.

Our team continued down the path, checking ID and asking questions. It was an immense job. There were over a million Underones that had been deported to this location and over 100,000 fallen angels. For weeks we searched every nook and cranny of the planet, but we still hadn't found Satan or Semyaza. Our whole list had been verified, except for the main two reasons for being here.

"Where do you think they're hiding?" asked Orpheil.

"Somewhere underground is my guess," I said without much confidence. "They seem to like the dark, unexposed places the best."

Ithuriel nodded in agreement. "Do you remember the series of volcanoes we checked on the island called Hawaii?"

"Yes," I said.

"There were access to the volcanoes through lateral tubes. It's the last place to look."

"But nothing could survive there," stated Uriel emphatically.

"I'm not so sure. Let's go check it out. If there's nothing there, we'll let Jesus know we can't find them. Let's fly!" We formed a flying V through the air. Ithuriel led the way.

We soared for hours until Ithuriel pointed to what looked like specks of rocks in an

immense sea of blue. "There they are," he nodded in the direction of the islands. We landed at the foot of the volcano.

"Reminds me of the moat around Satan's castle," said Orphiel.

"That's one reason why I think they may be here---it reminds Satan of home," I said.

"How do we get in?" Raziel asked.

"Look over here," Ithuriel pointed towards an opening in the rock. "These are called 'lava tubes'. The lava flows through the ground and makes a hard outer shell. When the lava stops flowing it leaves a gap at the top. We go through the gap." Ithuriel pointed to the cavern like opening in the lava tube. The lava flow at the bottom still trickled along. Waves of heat passed through the air.

"Do you feel the shield?" Raphael glanced at me.

"Indeed," I said. One of the Angelic Powers is tolerance to heat. The hotter it got, the better I felt and the faster I flew. In these lava tubes I could fly at near light speed. It was virtual teleportation.

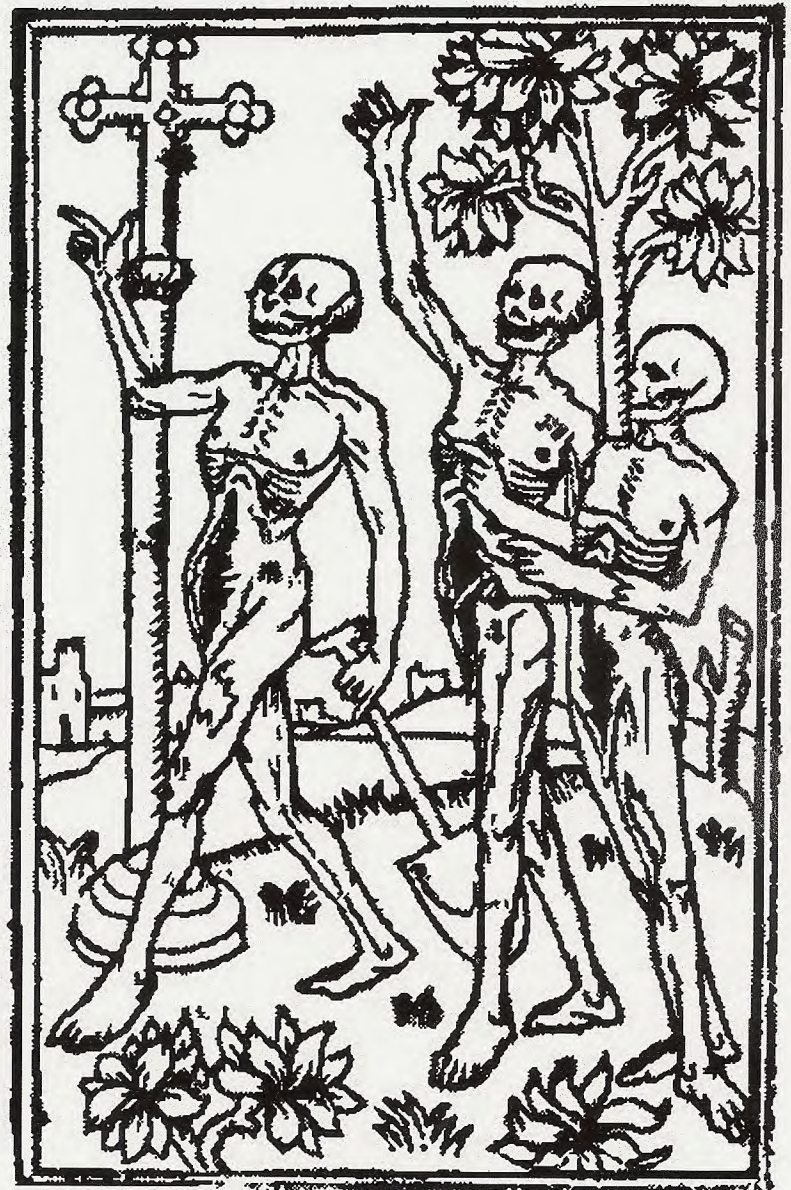
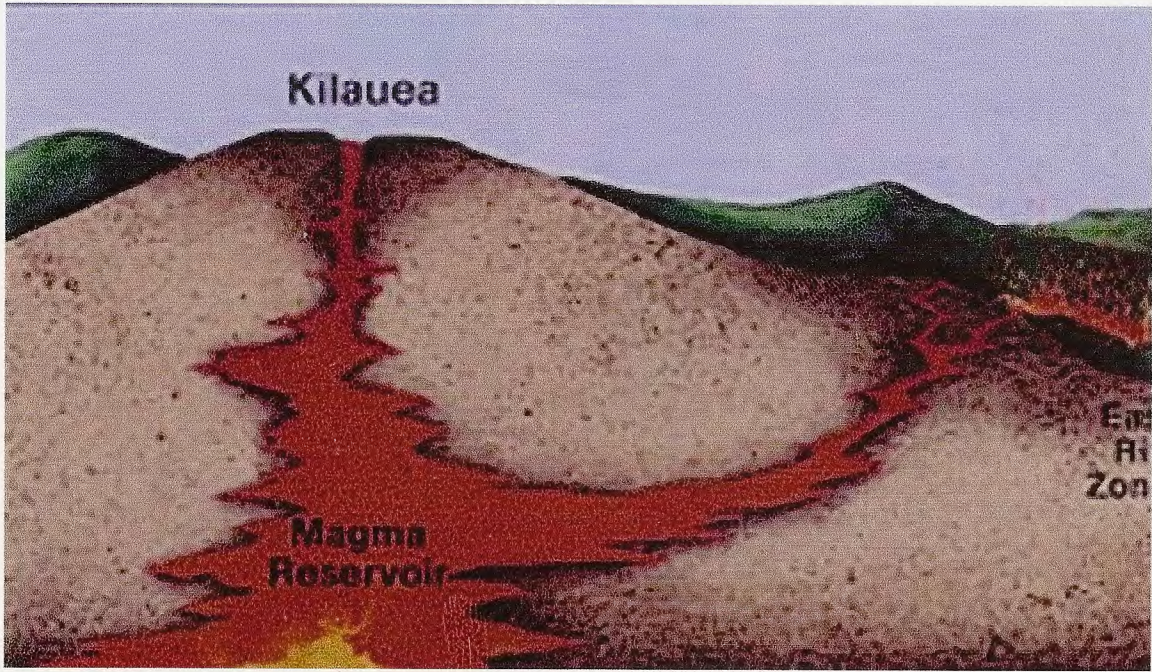
"I am feeling GOOD!" shouted Raziel.

"Let's get Satan," I shouted and started down the lava tube cavern.

Our team set up it's familiar insurgent/patrol rhythms. As the cavern went deeper into the Earth the heat began to increase.

"Whew. This is intense," said Orphiel fading into the background.

We suddenly entered an enormous gallery. Its walls of quartz crystal reflected the red hot lava below. An enormous lake of fire seemed to go on forever. In the middle an island of onyx rose up from the molten rock. A clear diamond throne was in it's center. And on the throne Satan sat glaring at us.





Our team immediately beamed ourselves over to the island.

I took the point and walked up to Satan. Semyaza stepped out from behind the throne.

"What's your name, why are you here?"

Satan answered "because we fought against the Father. And he does not want us around to remind him of failure of free will. We are here to teach a lesson."

Uriel clenched his teeth and stepped forward. "Take that back Satan!" he said and reached forward to strike him. He disappeared and re-appeared on the other side of the lake.

"You gave us your little questionnaire, now get out!" Satan shook his fist at us and spit in our direction. The saliva landed in the lava and hissed.

"Let me take him out," Raziel begged.

"He's right chief. Let's erase the swine," Uriel said under his breath.

"We have accomplished our mission. He seems well suited for this environment. Let's go home." I pointed to the ceiling.

"Amen," Raphael said and clapped me on the shoulder.

Ithuriel led the way back across the lake and up the lava tube. As we trudged forward through the cavern, the temperature began to lower drastically. I felt sluggish.

"Whew. I'm freezing!" Uriel shivered.

"We'll get used to it soon enough," I encouraged as we broke the surface of the lava tube.

The blue sky was dazzling and the salty air stung my nose.

We grouped together and shivered.

"I can see why Satan likes it down there. I feel like half an angel now," Orphiel stretched his neck in all a large circle.

“I think I need to start taking vitamins,” Raziel shrugged.

“We’ll be ok in a minute or two. We just need to adjust to the temperature,” advised Ithuriel.

“He’s right. I’m feeling better already,” said Raphael and did several back flips in a row.

“Roger that,” said Zephon, making wide arches in the sky.

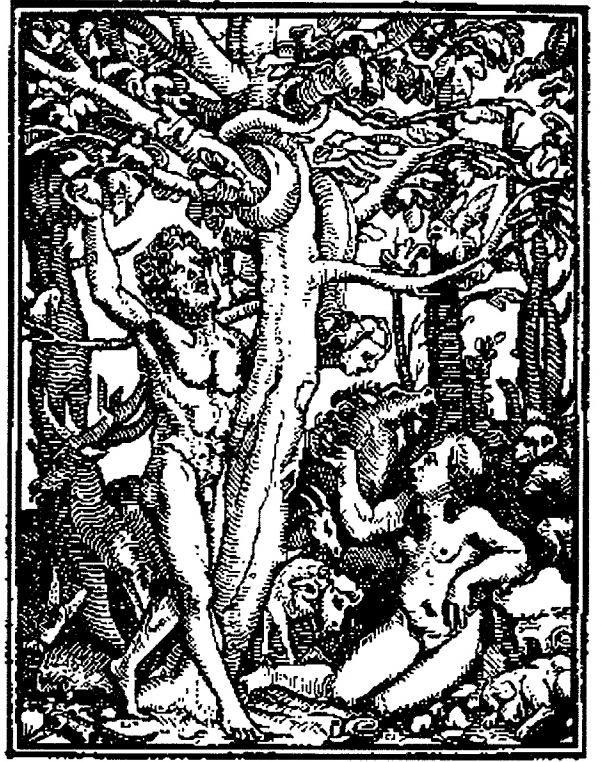
“I’ll miss that teleportation stuff though. . .” Uriel grinned. “Pretty good way to get around.”

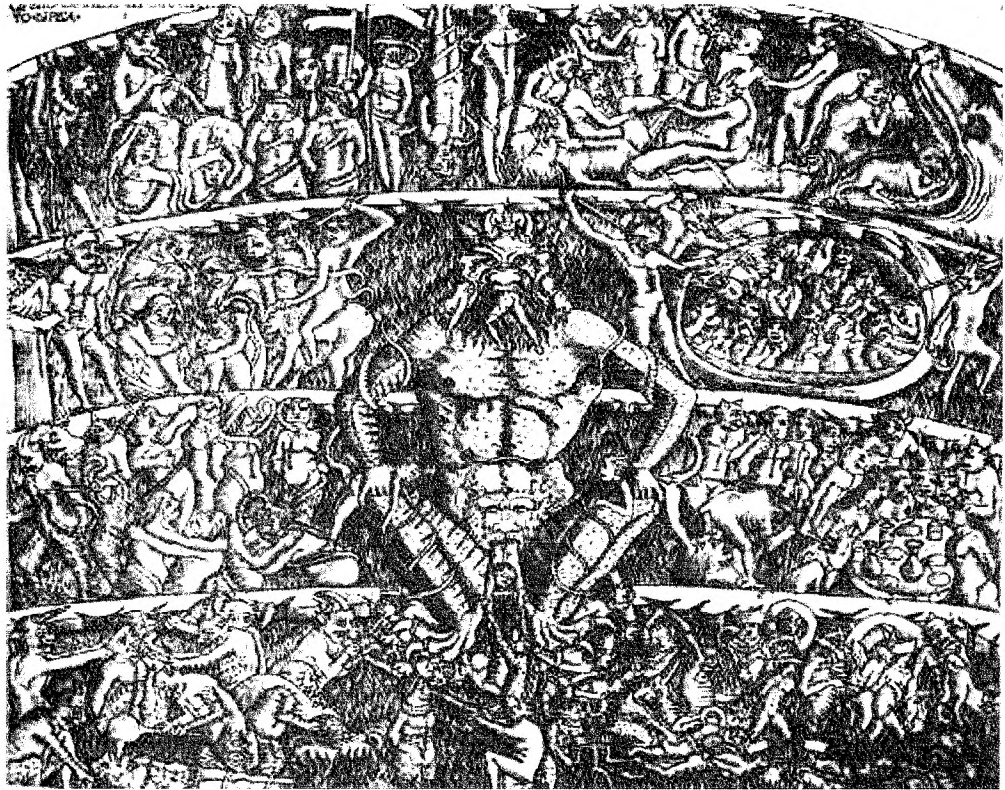
“But nothing like a good pair of wings, bro!” Suriel said hovering above the ground.

“It’s time to call Jesus,” I said. As I finished the last word, Jesus appeared in front of us.

“Here is the complete report of the Fallen Angels and Underones,” I handed the scroll forward to my King.

“Thank you, Gabriel. Splendid job, as usual.” Jesus looked up and down the list nodding and murmuring something to Himself. “If you fellows are ready to go Heavenward, the Father has something He wants to show you. It’s his newest creation. It’s called ‘Man.’”





Chapter Six

Creatures Run Amok

“This is the Sixth Day,” said the **FATHER**. “Time for something very special.”

We gathered around the **FATHER**'s Throne and gazed out into space.

“Isn't that Earth?” asked Ithuriel pointing to a tiny blue orb almost straight above us.

“We are light years from Earth. How could we possibly see it?” asked Raphael. But we seemed to be speeding towards Earth.

“I thought you'd like to see the show from close up,” said the **FATHER** and

smiled. “Now watch.” The **FATHER** nodded his head towards a cleared field. The hard, red earth looked like blood. The wind began to whip around faster and faster creating a whirlwind. The dust rose into the air and began to take shape. A hairless mammal appeared. He looked somewhat like a chimpanzee. “I think I will call you **Adam!**”

The man stood up, dusted himself off and looked into the eyes of the **FATHER**.

“Are you my Father?” asked Adam.

“Yes.”

Adam smiled, “I am happy.”

But Adam soon realized there were no more animals like him. And that made him sad.

“Adam, what is wrong?” asked the **FATHER**.

“I am alone.”

“But you have me,” the **FATHER** stated.

“Yes. And you are enough,” said Adam unconvincingly.

“You look really sleepy, Adam,” the **FATHER** said.

“You know now that you mention it, I really could use a few winks.” Adam laid down and immediately fell into a deep sleep.

The **FATHER** reached over with his hand and pulled out a piece of his rib.

“I just need a little piece,” the **FATHER** explained. “**And now for my next trick,**”

the **FATHER** said and with a wave of his hand a second whirlwind appeared. He tossed the DNA scan into the wind storm. Immediately the dust began to take shape. A very buxom young woman appeared. “**I shall call her Eve.**”

Adam rushed over to help Eve up off the ground. “Thank you,” Eve said and held him closer. The two new friends ran off into the forest.

“**I’m not sure I’m #1 with him any more,**” the Father mused. “**She is very beautiful.**”

“Your finest creation,” insisted Jesus.

“**OUR finest creation, Son.**”

“Let’s say, ‘Hi’ to them,” said Jesus.

“**They’re quite shy, but quick learners. It didn’t take him long at all to understand that he could NOT touch the Good and Evil tree.**”

Our group followed Adam and Eve into the forest. The Father led the way.

“**The Good and Evil Tree is just around the bend.**”

“What’s up with that!?” Orphiel asked as we rounded the corner. Adam and Eve were sitting on the ground, munching on the Forbidden Fruit. Satan in the form of a serpent slithered down a hole.

“My children! What have you done?” the Father asked sadly.

‘Father, I, I, this woman that YOU gave me made me eat of the fruit,’ Adam pointed an accusing finger at Eve.

‘I’m sorry! It was that serpent,’ she turned to look for it, but it was gone.

“You cannot stay in this Eden. You must join the rest of the world. No longer will your life be easy. You shall have to sweat to make plants grow, and you will have enormous pain when you have babies. And Satan, shall retain the shape of a serpent when he comes to Earth. Gabriel, show them out of the garden, please.”

“Yes, my Father!” I stepped forward and with the tip of my sword jabbed Adam between the shoulder blades. “Let’s go, Human.”

Adam turned to look at me, “Mr. Gabriel, Sir, please have mercy on us. It wasn’t my fault.”

We continued to walk down the trail towards the gate which led out from the Garden.

“Please, Gabriel. Don’t you find me attractive?” Eve asked stroking my right wing.

“Listen, lady, you’re in enough trouble already. Don’t add to the charges,” I explained jerking my shoulder away from her. She began to sniff quietly and dab her eyes with the back of her hand.

“Hey, come on. It won’t be that bad,” said Adam squeezing her shoulder.

“Don’t look at me like that. You should have told me that the Father was serious about not touching that tree. Why didn’t you tell me?” Eve accused.

“You seemed so happy. I just couldn’t stop you.”

”I guess you should have thought about it then, eh?” I asked Adam.

“Yep.”

We approached the fiery gates and Adam and Eve stepped through. I locked the gate behind them.

”You guys will be ok, this place is really not bad,” I waved consolingly and turned my back. I could hear Eve sobbing in the background, and I just couldn’t handle that right now.

AAAAAAHHH!!

I heard a piercing scream behind me. Eve had thrown herself against the fiery gate!

“Eve, come back!” Adam yelled and pulled her away from the bars. Her eyebrows and eyelashes were completely scorched off. “Silly woman. Now look what you’ve done. Come on, there’s a river over there where you can wash your face.”

I watched the little couple wander down the slope and I thought to myself, “those guys will never make it.” Man, was I wrong.

Soon our group was back together. I was dying to ask a question. The Father looked at me and said, **“Go ahead.”**

“This planet is very large. How can that one couple possibly populate the whole region?”

“ I have created infinite possibilities in the Human’s DNA. I have embedded millions of these Humans onto the face of this planet.”

“So there are millions of them?” Ithuriel asked.

“Millions at first, then billions,” Jesus answered. “Come let us take a look at them,”

Jesus pointed up and we took flight together. Jesus took the point of the V. We flew

from village to village. Already the Humans were changing the landscape, damming rivers and making roads. We landed in the middle of the market place. The Humans were quite frightened.

“Take it easy, Human. We mean you no harm,” Uriel *tried* to look peaceful.

One of the children came up to Uriel and took him by the hand. “What a sweet child,” Uriel cooed.

The rest of the villagers immediately swarmed around us. Angels were a novelty!

“Hey, easy lady,” Suriel warned as a young woman stroked his hair. Her fingers were soft and warm. He looked deep into her eyes and she smiled.

The humans were a brown skinned lot, with a lot of body hair. They smelled somewhat like muskrats. Not a particularly well behaved group. I heard a crash behind me.

“Watch out! Raziel said as a bottle flew by my head.

“Humans are dangerous!” Raphael stated categorically.

We drew our weapons and prepared for combat. The humans looked at us and shrank back in fear.

“Hey! We’re you’re friends!” said Suriel.

“We are peaceful,” I insisted.

“Watch out!” Ithuriel yelled.

A rock hurtled by Orpheal barely missing his face.

“Let’s try the next village,” Jesus instructed and pointed upward. We shot up after him.

“Goodbye to those losers,” said Raziel.

“Here, here,” seconded Ithuriel.

We flew for around twenty minutes over very rough terrain. We landed at a village called Machu Pichu. We overlooked immense drop offs.

The village was filled with people who immediately began bowing whenever we appeared. They were in complete awe and actually worshiped us. It was very embarrassing.

“Stand up, good man!” I said and raised the man to his feet. He bowed his head in subservience. “I am not the Father, you can look me in the eye.”

The man meekly glanced towards me. He acted like I was about to strike him.

“Why do you fear me?”

“Because you wish me dead,” explained the man.

“I do not wish to harm you,” I stated categorically.

“Then why did your people kill so many of us?”

I looked at him in disbelief. “We did NOT kill anyone from your village.”

“You winged ones did kill us!” The other villagers all nodded their heads in confirmation. “You flew in with those other hideous beings and killed our men and stole our women.”

“I assure you we had nothing to do with it,” I asserted emphatically.

“They looked just like you, except they wore gold robes and you have white ones.”

“Underones!” Raphael said.

“And the fallen Angels. They MUST be responsible,” said Uriel.

“I agree,” I replied. “Those Angels that you saw are not with us. They are followers of Satan,” I explained. “We came here only to learn more about you.”

“Come here, my friend,” Jesus said and beckoned the man forward.

“You are not like them, where are your wings?” asked the man.

“I don’t have wings. I am your creator,” Jesus stated.

“YOU did not create me. I know my father.”

“Yes, you know your father, but you do not know the Father!” Jesus said.

The man shook his head in confusion. “I know my father.”

“I come representing the person that created you and all of this,” Jesus waved his hand as if to illustrate his point.

“It was the great one that created this place. It is him that we worship.” The man pointed towards a rock engraving. The face looked familiar.

“It’s Satan!” I stammered.

“Apparently so,” Jesus agreed. “No, my friend, that is NOT who created you. It is my Father that created you.”

The crowd seemed genuinely confused.

“Listen, my children. I am going to leave my team of Angels here to explain things to you and to make sure that you are protected from the fallen Angels. I will return to Heaven to talk with my Father about this situation.” And with that word, Jesus disappeared. Women screamed with shock and an old man fainted.

“Great. Now we’re stuck with these crazy animals,” Raziel moaned.

“Oh, there not so bad,” said Suriel staring at the young maidens who had begun to stroke his wings.

“Ok, Angels, let set up a perimeter. Make sure that the Underones don’t get through again.”

We busied ourselves with making fortifications around the rock wall that they had built.

“Let me show you how you can protect yourselves,” I said. “Let me see the weapons that you have.”

Slowly the men began to bring out an assortment of rocks.

“That’s it? Rocks?” Ithuriel laughed. “That won’t stop an Underone, much less a fallen Angel.”

The men in the group agreed. “That’s how they killed so many of us.”

“Let’s start with some basic weapons,” Raziel stated. “Come with me.” Raziel took them to the forest near the village. “Let’s cut these branches down.”

The men began to use their stone tools to hack at the limbs.

“Maybe we can help with that,” smiled Orpheil swinging his blade with abandon. The rest of the team began to hack the branches into piles.

“Now take the branch and shape the end like this,” Suriel said, and began to whittle the end to a sharp point.

“Once you have a sharp stick, you must practice your throwing skills,” said Uriel. He picked up the stick and launched it through the air with tremendous force. The spear went into the side of the tree and stuck fast. The men were enormously impressed and began to clap wildly.

“A stick can also be used as a weapon, even if it isn’t sharpened,” Raziel whirled the stick around him then crashed it down onto a melon that was laying on the ground. It exploded into fragments.

The crowd again began to yell in approval.

“You can also make small spears. These are called arrows.” I had taken one of the limbs and fashioned several arrows. “See how I’ve inserted feathers at the end?” I pointed the slotted end to them. “And I used one of your sharp stones on the front. Now I take one of the larger branches and using a tendon from one of the deer you killed, I can make a bow.” I lifted the bow up for the men to examine. “Now watch carefully.” I drew back the bow and in quick succession shot three arrows toward another melon laying on the ground. Thwack, thwack, thwack! The arrows embedded themselves in the fruit. The women and children jumped up and down and hoot at the top of their lungs.

“I think they liked your arrows,” Uriel said.

“Yep. Now we’ll help you make your own weapons!” I said and split up our group into sections, “Uriel, you and Raziel help with the spear formation. Ithuriel, Suriel and Orpheil, get the arrows together. Raphael, help them get some bows made, Zephon and I will check the perimeter.” The Angels nodded in agreement and threw themselves into their jobs with gusto.

Zephon and I began to check out the walls. “Do you really think these men can hold off the Underones on their own?” Zephon asked.

“With the proper training” I said unenthusiastically.

“They need us to guard them.”

“I realized that, Zephon, but do we really want to live here forever?” I asked.

“No. But it just seems so”

“Hopeless?” I finished his sentence for him.

“Yeah.”

“These men seem to be made of stern stuff. I think they’ll be better than you think.”

Over the next several weeks the men had made quite an armory for themselves. We trained them in the art of hand to hand combat, archery and military strategy. It seemed we were making progress..

“You now you were right Gabriel. Maybe these men *can* take care of themselves,” said Zephon. We watched as the men repeated the actions we taught them.

“Strike, parry!” yelled Uriel.

“Like THIS,” said Raziel, spinning and knocking the stick out of the man’s hand. The man seemed to catch on quickly. He picked up the stick and smacked Raziel in the back of his head.

“OW! Not that wasn’t exactly sporting, was it?” Raziel said, rubbing the knot on his head. “But then again war rarely is!” he laughed.

Nightfall came quickly in the mountains and the stars glittered like diamonds in the black sky.

“When I look up there, I really miss Heaven,” said Ithuriel.

“No kidding. I wonder when we’ll finally get to go home?” asked Orpheil.

“I’m in no hurry,” Suriel said and he walked into one of the huts holding a brown-skinned maiden’s hand.

“Gabriel, I think you need to talk with him,” Raphael advised. “He shouldn’t be so friendly with the natives.”

“I agree.” I followed Suriel and knocked on the door of the hut. After a few seconds the door opened a smidgen. Suriel peeked through the crack.

“What do you want, Chief?” Suriel asked.

“What are you doing in there, Suriel?”





“I think you know,” Suriel said. I heard giggles behind him.

“Suriel, this can only lead to trouble. You need to come with me.”

“I don’t think so Gabe. I’m comfortable right where I am.”

I saw a hand reach around him and pull him back in the hut. The door slammed in my face. Raphael came up behind me.

“Nothing good can come of this. Consorting with humans . . . we have our rules,”

Raphael reminded.

“Apparently, Suriel has forgotten them. But he’s an adult. He needs to make his own choices.”

“Even if they’re the WRONG choices?” Raphael said.

“Even if they’re wrong.” I turned away from the door and headed back towards our hut.

“Come on, Raphael. Let’s leave him alone.”

We walked back to our sleeping quarters.

“Where’s Suriel,” Orphael asked.

“You don’t know?” stated Ithurriel. “He’s with the women.”

“He’s been sneaking out every night when he thinks the rest of us are sleeping,” said Zephon.

“We’ve all seen him go,” said Raziel. “The Father is not going to like it.”

Suddenly the camp was filled with screams.

“Underones,” I said and pointed towards the main gate. “It’s show time Angels. You know your positions.” We had each drilled our team of men as to where to go and what to do when the assault started.

We looked up into the night sky and saw wave after wave of fallen Angels heading towards us.

“This doesn’t look good,” said Raziel. “Don’t shoot your arrows until they’re within range. You know what to do.”

As the fallen Angels closed in, we saw the Underones climbing up the steep rocks.

“Hold your positions!” I commanded. “Wait! Wait for them!” The men nodded in acknowledgement. “Let them have it!”

A solid wave of arrows flew through the air impaling the lead angels. They dropped to the ground like stones caught totally unaware.

With the leaders picked off, the other Angels seemed confused.

“Don’t hesitate!” Uriel screamed, “Kill them all!”

The men continued to shoot their arrows into the Angel’s bodies.

“Retreat” yelled the leader. Get behind the Underones on the ground. We can use them as shields.

The fallen angels flew towards the hoards of Underones making their way up the mountain.

“Get ready men. We’ve trained for this moment. Now fight for your families!” I shouted.

The Underones reached the walls in seconds.

“Let them have it,” instructed Uriel. Huge boulders were cut loose and rolled down the slope crushing hundreds of Underones in their path. Yet still they came forward. They threw their weight against the door time after time until the hinges began to break.

“Here they come!” Ithuriel screamed as the door fell to the ground.









The men swarmed forward stabbing the Underones with their spears. Men on the rooftops shot arrows down into the hoard.

“Watch out, here come the fallen Angels,” said Ithuriel pointing towards the door.

“I think it’s time we got into the action,” I said brandishing my sword. “For the Father!”

I shouted and waded into the crowd of Underones and Angels.

“For the Father!” the team yelled back as we sliced our way through the demons.

We fought like madmen. The blood lust pounded in our veins as we lopped off heads, arms and legs. Uriel was to my right, Raziel to my left. The other Angels formed an octagon around me. The tide of the battle seemed to be turning, then we saw a red glow in the sky.

“Satan,” Ithuriel stated.

“Satan,” I replied.

He swooped in past the door and immediately faced me, sword in hand.

“Ah, Gabriel. How good of you to come,” he said hacking at me with his blade. “I didn’t know I’d have the honor of killing you this evening. What fun!” he said swinging his blade.

“Satan, your arrogance is only matched by your poor swordsmanship.” I spun around hacking off three of his feathers.

Satan ruffled his wings and snarled, “You’ll pay for that!” he screamed and charged towards me. Thwack! An arrow shot down from the roof top and caught him right behind the shoulder. “Aarrgh!” he swore.

Raphael looked down at Satan and yelled, “Hope that hurt!”



Satan grabbed the arrow by the shaft and pulled it out. He flexed his chest and launched the arrow back at Raphael. It whizzed by his head, missing him by inches. "I won't forget that!" Satan said and commanded, "Back Underones, back!" The hoard of demons raced back down the mountain.

"Hooray!" the men shouted holding their spears and bows up into the air. "We've won!" "Yes, you have," I smiled at the men and agreed. "They won't be coming back again any time soon!" Our team joined in the revelry. We always did like a good fight.

Chapter Seven

Gimme Gommorah

An ornately carved door materialized in front of our group. The door opened and Jesus walked through it!

“Excellent job defending this fortification, Angels. I know that Satan was upset by the reception,” said Jesus.

“That’s putting it mildly,” stated Raphael plucking his bow.

“Gabriel, it’s time for you team to come home for some R and R,” said Jesus.

“Sounds like a plan,” hooted Raziel.

“Follow me!” Jesus turned on his heel and stepped back through the portal. The rest of the team followed right behind him. Orphiel closed the door behind him. We were engulfed in darkness. Our eyes quickly became used to the gloom and we began to see the sparkle of tiny stars. Suddenly we appeared to be rushing through the galaxy and immense speed. In the Between Place we felt no motion at all.

“There’s Heaven!” shouted Zephon. His sharp eyes were the first to spot our home in the stars. We “landed” and the room became dark again. Jesus opened the door and we walked out.

“Angels, I know that you have had a long and difficult assignment on Earth. Please enjoy yourselves and rest up. You’ll be needed soon enough,” said Jesus. “Gabriel, Raphael, hold on just a minute. I need to show you something.” Jesus motioned for us to follow Him.

We walked down the crystal hallway until we came to a huge door made of what seemed to be amethyst crystal.

“I’ve never been in here before,” I mentioned.

“It’s the Observatory. The Watchers work here. Come and take a look.” Jesus put his hand onto a scanning plate on the wall and punched in a series of numbers. The door slowly slid open.

Inside the room a series of twenty foot square monitors were embedded in the wall.

Twelve Angels manned the stations. They stood up and saluted Jesus at Raphael and I as we walked in. Jesus waved at the angels. “Be at peace,” he said.

“Look over here,” Jesus pointed to a monitor at the very end of the room.

“Oh, my,” I said, my jaw dropping open. Scenes of humans in various sexual positions filled the monitor.

Raphael clucked his tongue. “Even with animals?” he stated, shocked at what he saw.

“These are scenes from two cities on the plains near Eden. It is now three hundred years since Adam and Eve were cast out of the Garden. Mankind has filled the Earth. Of course we are mainly concerned with the descendants of Adam. This is Abraham,” Jesus pointed towards the screen. “He is the hope for the future. Unfortunately, his wife Sarah has been unable to have children. We need to go pay them a visit and sort out the situation in Sodom and Gommorah—the two cities on the plain. I want you and Raphael to come with me.”

Raphael and I nodded in assent and followed Jesus back out of the Observatory.

“This shouldn’t take us very long. Unfortunately, the Gommorah situation could get. . .”

Jesus paused a moment, “messy.”

The door to the Between Place beckoned us. Jesus moved forward, opened the door and we walked in. The familiar darkness then sudden rush through space was less overwhelming than before.

“There’s Earth,” Raphael pointed towards the blue orb.

“We’re headed right over there,” Jesus waved towards a stand of oak trees. “It’s called Mamre. You can see Abraham’s tent nearby.”

Sure enough we could see the beige tents directly below us. We “landed” and the door opened.

The air was hot around us. I could smell meat roasting on a fire in front of the tents.

Abraham took one look at us and rushed over.

“Peace to you! Please come and refresh yourselves,” Abraham took Jesus by the hand and led him towards the opening of his tent.

Jesus glanced over at us and said, “Come, lads.”

We immediately fell into step behind him. Jesus looked over at me, winked and smiled.

“Sarai’s a good cook. You guys will dig this.”

“I can’t wait,” I replied.

We followed Abraham into the tent. “Please be seated, Lord,” Abraham pointed towards a group of cushions on the floor.

“Cheers,” said Raphael kneeling down onto a pillow. “The food smells fantastic!”

A wizened old woman came into the tent bearing freshly cooked bread.

“My Lord, this is my wife Sarai!” Abraham said.

“Pleasure to meet you,” said Jesus squeezing her hand gently.

Sarah kept her head bowed in deference to the Lord. “We are at your service, Sir.”

“I’m looking forward to the roast goat,” Jesus said with a smile.

“Thank you, Sir.”

Several young women streamed through the door bearing dishes of succulent lamb and roast goat. The air was filled with the pungent aroma of spices.

“Let us thank the Father,” Jesus said.

We bowed our heads, “Oh, Father. Thanks for this food. Thank you for watching over us and being a shield around us. Be with our families. Help us to be more like you.

Amen.”

We opened our eyes. Our plates were soon piled with delicacies.

“Now this is living, baby,” said Raphael with gusto.

“Man is a wonderful creation,” said Jesus.

“Strange, yet beautiful,” I suggested.

“They sure can cook. How come we don’t eat like this in Heaven?” Raphael asked.

“Have you ever been hungry in Heaven?” I asked.

“Now that you mention it, no. Guess that answers my question.”

“This is one of your Angelic Powers. Angels actually start to take on the traits of those they’re around for any length of time. That’s why living in Heaven makes Angels so powerful,” said Jesus.

“Lord, is there anything else I can get you?” Abraham asked.

“No, my friend. We need to talk. I have big news for you,” Jesus said.

“Am I in trouble?” Abraham’s voice quivered.

“Sort of. This time next year your wife will have a son.” Jesus slapped Abraham on the back.

“But, Lord! I am 100 years old and Sarah is 90! How can she give birth after being childless for all her life?” Abraham asked.

“Is the LORD not capable of this small thing? This time next year your wife will have a son!” Jesus stated emphatically.

We heard a giggle outside the tent. Apparently, Sarah had been eavesdropping.

“Sarah! Come inside!” Jesus commanded.

The withered lady came back inside.

“Did you hear what I said?”

”Yes, Lord.”

“And you *laughed*?” Jesus asked.

“No, Lord. I didn’t laugh,” she stammered.

“Believe me, woman. You will have a child next year,” Jesus said.

Sarah kept her head bowed and backed out of the tent, “Yes, Lord. Yes,” she repeated.

Jesus stood up. Raphael and I joined him. “Let’s go, brothers,” he said and led the group out the tent.

Our little group walked over to edge of the cliff where we could see down onto the plain.

Two towns filled the canyon: Sodom and Gomorrah.

Jesus pointed towards them. “Something must be done.”

“Yes, Lord,” Raphael and I said.

“What do you intend to do, Lord?” Abraham asked.

“They must be destroyed. Their stench has risen all the way to Heaven. The Father is tired of their arrogant debauchery.”

“Destroyed? Will you kill them all?” Abraham asked.

“All.”

“But Lord. What if there be 50 righteous men in the cities. Would you still destroy them?”

“Well, if there were 50, I guess the city would be saved,” Jesus said.

“What about 30, Lord? Would you destroy even 30 righteous men?”

“With 30, yes, the city would still live.”

“How about 10, Lord? I mean, 10 righteous men—aren’t they worth saving?”

Jesus paused for a moment, looked at Abraham and smiled. “If there were 10 righteous men, I would spare the city.”

“Thank you, Lord. Your loving kindness is forever!” Abraham bowed deeply and retreated from our group.

“Gabriel, I need you and Raphael to recon the cities. Lot is in Sodom. Exit them out of there. There are eight of them, counting his daughters, sons, wife and son-in-law.”

“Then what?” I asked wanting to make sure I was perfectly clear.

Jesus unsheathed the sword lashed to his back. It burst into flames. “This is my Fiery Swift Sword.”

”Yes, Lord. We have seen it!” Raphael and I recoiled from it’s pure power.

“Take this sword and destroy the cities,” Jesus instructed. He sheathed the sword and handed me the scabbard. “Draw this sword and death shall be unleashed,” Jesus warned.

“Yes, Lord.” I nodded to Raphael and we made our way down the sheer cliffs.

“Now THAT’S a sword!” Raphael said.

“Yep.”

“Quite a killing zone with that bad boy,” Raphael enthused.

“Yep.”

We crouched and sprang into the air. Our wings propelled us down the slope. We could see the walls of Sodom below us.

“We’ll land near the gate,” I said.

“Roger that.”

We touched down softly and walked through the city gates. There were no guards present. We went to the center of the city. A young man in a heavy cotton robe noticed us and ran over to greet us.

“My Lords! My name is Lot. Welcome to the fair city of Sodom! Please, come with me to my house,” Lot pulled me by my wrist.

“A moment, sir. My friend and I would like to take a walk through your little town,” Raphael said.

“But, Sir. I think you’d be *much* more comfortable if you just came with me.” He pulled my arm a bit harder.

I grabbed his wrist and twisted it up and back. He collapsed on the ground. “Don’t grab me again. My instincts take over.” I grasped his wrist and pulled him back up.

“I just think . . .” Lot pleased and motioned us to follow him.

“Let’s go, Gabriel. We can always come back later,” Raphael suggested.

“You’re right. Lead on Lot.” We followed close at hand. Eyes followed us from both sides of the street. We seemed to incite increased attention as we went. We walked down a dimly lit alley and opened the door to Lot’s house.

“Darling! We have visitors!” Lot’s wife came into the main area of the house.

”Greetings, Lord. Welcome to our little home. Make yourself comfortable and I will fix you something to eat.”

We were just sitting down when someone started hammering on the door.

“Let us in, foreigner! Open this door or we’ll break it down!”

Lot shuffled over to the door and opened it a crack. The crowd barged in.

“We want those two men. We haven’t had any fresh meat is WAY too long.” The leaders of the group were shaggy, bedraggled looking specimens. They made their way over to us. One began to fill the muscles in my bicep. Another grabbed Raphael by his bottom.

“What do you think you’re doing?” Raphael shouted and pulled out his sword. He swung his blade to the left, neatly chopping off the man’s hand. “Keep your hands to yourself,” he commanded.

“I have two young virgin daughters, take them instead. Just leave these men alone,” Lot begged.

“NO! We like it when they resist. It makes it more fun,” the leader said and sneered.

His teeth were brown, his breath foul.

I clapped my hands together. A flash of light rendered every man blind. We shoved the rapists out the door and locked it securely.

“Come here, Lot.” Raphael placed his hand on Lot’s eyes. Immediately his vision was restored.

“Lot, the Lord has sent us to destroy the cities on this plain. You and your wife and family must leave immediately,” I said.

“It will take us too long to get out of here. Can’t we just go up the cliff to Zoar, near Abraham,” Lot asked.

“Yes. That will work too. But hurry. You must get up the hill or else you will be destroyed as well.”

Lot nodded that he understood. “Hurry! We must get the children and leave at once. The Lord has sent his Angels to destroy this place,” he screamed with alarm.

“We have work to do Raphael,” I said and unlocked the front door.

We made our way out of city. Men continued to leer at us. Some blew us kisses, others made obscene gestures with their tongues and fingers.

“Maybe I should take care of a few of them *before* you pull out the sword,” asked Raphael.

“As much as I’d like to, we’d better stick with the plan,” I said.

The gates of the city were sealed shut. Twenty men stood between us and the doorway.

“Now you pretty boys be good and we’ll make sure you have a *really* good time,” the group of men moved towards us.

“Looks like you have a chance to exercise after all, Raphael.”

My partner pulled out his sword and began to leap from the side of one house to another.

He was like an enormous bouncing ball going faster and faster between the walls.

Suddenly he began to swing his blade. Swish! Swack!

Heads began to roll. Blood began to gush.

In a few seconds I found myself in the center of a veritable blood bath of severed arms, heads, and legs. Raphael landed in front of me, the dust slowly settling.

“Let’s get out of here,” I said and struck the door with my fist. My blow shattered the logs into piles of kindling.

“Well done,” I said.

“You, too,” Raphael agreed, cleaning the guts off of his sword.

“How are you going to do this?” Raphael asked.

“I figure if I strike the earth here,” I pointed to an immense crack in the dirt, “I will pierce the mantle and release the force underneath.”

“That should work,” Raphael nodded.

I unsheathed the sword. We were again momentarily blinded by it’s glory.

“For the Father!” I shouted and drove the blade deep into the ground, it’s entire force directed deep into the crack. Suddenly, the ground began to shift. We heard a rumbling deep below the surface.

“I sure hope Lot got out!” Raphael yelled, “This is gonna be one hell of a boom!”

The fissure in the ground began to expand. Gases arose killing the trees in seconds.

KaBOOOOOOM!!

Suddenly, the air was this with black smoke as a plume of red hot lava shot up into the sky.

“Let’s fly, bro’!” I crouched down and shot off into the air. “We should be safe near the rim.”

Raphael followed me over to the edge of the cliff.

“There’s Lot!” I pointed towards the path. He and his family were scrambling up the hill. Suddenly, Lot’s wife turned to look. In that second the blast wave of corrosive gases caught her, converting her into a pillar of ash.

“My wife!” Lot screamed, but kept moving forward, just out of the way.

In a moment they joined us at the top.

We looked out over the plain at the devastation below. Lava covered the buildings. Men were vaporized by the heat.

“Gone. Everything’s gone,” Lot said in disbelief.

“Yep,” I said.

Suddenly, Jesus appeared before us. “Your job here is done. We need you back in Heaven.” Jesus pointed towards the door.

“Sir, yes sir!” we said and followed Jesus through the portal.

Gabriel "God is my strength" Resurrection, Mercy, Vengeance, Death, Revelation. On the left hand of God. Dealt with Sodom. Slays with a scythe. Pulled men out of the fire.

Over 6'2" tall. Looks like a beefed up Michael Landon. Inspired Joan of Arc. shining silver scythe. Its handle was made of burnished bronze and mahogany. Punched with my fists. It shattered into a million fragments flying throughout the room.



"Greetings, oh fearless leader! My name is **Raphael**. I'm so pleased to have you back!" Raphael was lithe, some might call him skinny. But he moved with the grace of a leopard and seemed to be aware of everything in the room at once. His red hair shone in the crystal light like a brilliant sunset.

He stood on the top of what looked like telephone pole. Other poles of various heights were around him. He took turns doing hand stands and back flips from one pole to the other. He was enormously agile. It seemed his hands could almost "stick" to surfaces.



Suriel was shorter than me, built like a bull dog, with smoldering, dark eyes. He flipped a small knife out of his pants pocket and began twirling it in his fingers.

Good and bad guy.

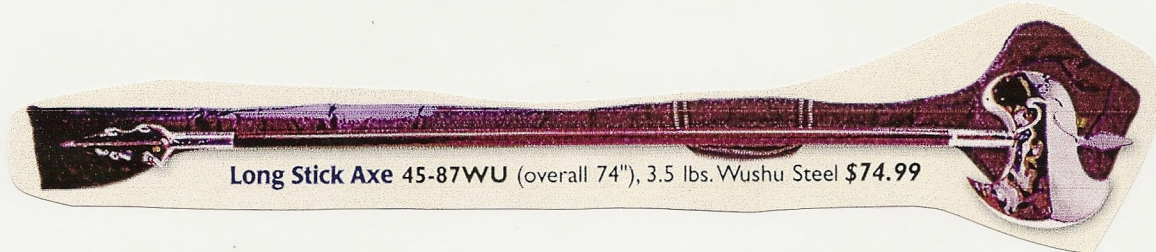
Suriel. He moved straight for the floating cups and caught them with one in each hand and one balanced on his right foot.



Uriel much bigger than Gabriel. He had muscles on top of muscles. His jumpsuit just barely contained him

“Fire of God” Watches over thunder and terror. Stood at Eden’s gate, Mystical 7’1”

Uriel rubbing his shortly cropped blond hair.



Long Stick Axe 45-87WU (overall 74"), 3.5 lbs. Wushu Steel **\$74.99**

“Welcome aboard, Mate! I’m **Raziel**. Pleased as punch to have you back!” He slapped me on the back and tussled my hair. Raziel was nearly as large as Uriel. His hands were twice the size of mine. He had a huge smile with brilliant white teeth that shone in the light.

If there ever was a swarthy eight year old, this was him.

“I feel like my old self!” Raziel declared. He lifted three immense boulders and began to juggle them in the air, his brown hair flipping into his eyes.



Monk's Spade 45-84WU (overall 78"), 3 lbs. Wushu Steel **\$74.99**

Zephon had eyes the color of blue diamonds. His curly, blond hair hung down to his shoulders. “Great to have you back in action Cap’n.”

A “looking out” goes to find Satan with Ithurriel.

!” Zephon shouted. He shot himself straight up into the air: a feathered rocket. He began to do barrel rolls amongst the clouds.



Twin Broadwords
w/ Scabbard & Case
#45-67WU (30")
Wushu Steel
\$64.99

Orphiel. We had lots of good times together. I'm sure we'll have more soon!" Orphiel was almost completely bald with skin the color of suede. Angel of the wilderness. One of the 7 Angels of the Apocalypse. Orphiel who was floating, motionless above the ground. As I watched, the cups and saucers around him also began to float



Twin Straight Swords (Wushu Steel/ Scabbard & Case)
#45-57WU (30") \$59.99

Ithuriel looked Chinese. His single black pony tail hung down nearly to the floor. My eyes see many things," Ithuriel stated matter of factly



Single Headed Spear 45-051 (80"), Wushu Steel \$32.99

Double Headed Spear 45-053 (80"), Wushu Steel \$39.99

7 ANGELS of APOCALYPSE.

ANGELS of PARADISE

URPHIEL
ORPHIEL

ANGEL of WEARINESS.
BEST KNOWN ANGEL of DEATH.
GOOD + BAD.

SURIEL

WATCHES OVER THUNDER + TERROR
STOOD @ EDEN'S GATE. MYSTICAL, CABBALAH

JOHIEL -

URIEL

"FIRE of GOD" WATCHES OVER THUNDER + TERROR
STOOD @ EDEN'S GATE. MYSTICAL, CABBALAH

SHAMSHIEL

RAPHAEL

"GOD HAS HEALED" ONE of 7 HOLY ANGELS. SCORING + JESTER.
WATCHES - GUIDE IN SPIRITUAL / SCIENCE + KNOWLEDGE.

"LIGHT of DAY"
"MILITARY SOLDIER of GOD"
365,000 ANGELS.
WATCHES,

ZEPHON

AKRA

MAGIC RING DELIVERED TO SOLOMON
(PENTAGON - FIVE POINTED STAR) SUBVERTS
DEMONS,

ZOTIK

BE Beros

ZEBULEON

"A LOOKING OUT" - GOES TO FIND SATAN

KEYS TO KINGDOM of HEAVEN
GREEN FORTRESS
SWORD
"UPRAISER of LIGHT"

MICHAEL #1

METATRON

ITHURIEL

- DISCOVERY of GOD
GODS W/ ZEPHON - SATAN HATES ASTONS
RESURRECTION, MERCY
EPHRAIM REPOSITIVE
UL' PRINCE OF SATAN

GABRIEL

"GODS MY STRENGTH",
DEATH, RESURRECTION

RAZIEL

LEFT HAND of GOD / DEATH w/ SOLOMON.

'SECRET of GOD.
ANGEL of MYSTERIES.
ALL KNOWLEDGE IN BOOK of RAZIEL. (NOAH'S ARK SOURCE)

SLAYS w/ A SCYTHA. / PULLED MAN OUT of FIRE.
INSPIRED JOHN of ARC

WICKED ANGELS

1/3 of ANGELS FALLEN (133, 306, 668)

HEMRAH

BALAM

DAGON

BEELIAL (US MICHAEL)

AF

MOLoch

SEMZYAZA - LEADER of FELL ANGELS THAT FALL
HANGS HEAD DOWN IN ORION

KAKABEL - FALLEN, 365,000 SURROGATE SPIRITS

LYCIFER - BRIGHTEST ANGEL, CHIEF of LIGHT.

SATAN "ADVERSARY" "POWER of TESTER"