



The Death Angel

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Brother Gas Books

Angel/

“The Death Angel”

Lisa sat on a small bench, looking at the stars through her telescope. The night view from the top of the fifty-story Central Park apartment skyscraper was every fifth grader’s dream.

Her mother and father were the maintenance supervisors for the entire building, and her two older brothers assisted their parents in the day-to-day maintenance and operations of the skyscraper. There was always work to do after school. But at night she could slip to the top of the building to study the sky. And she loved it.

Her father prepared Lisa’s observatory bench. Her two brothers, Jim and Joe, had no desire to grow up as astronomers. But it was her passion as well as a relief from her annoying brothers.

Some of her classmates complained that the stars lighting the night were the only things she wanted to talk about. Tonight would yield a tale they would never forget.

Lisa focused her telescope lens on Venus and stared at this nearest planet to Earth. She was never bored looking at the beautiful shimmers of Venus, and other than that, nothing was moving in the emptiness of space, not even an asteroid.

Suddenly, without any warning, something flashed by her view of Venus. The object was big enough to block her vision completely, and it traveled so fast it was just a blip. She looked away from the telescope to scan the nearby sky and rooftop for any large bird that might have flown by.

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What she saw frightened her so much that she almost fainted. She was too scared to run, yell, or defend herself, fearing retribution for what she saw. Just a few feet away, a giant black bird with human hands had landed on the safety rail and was observing the city of New York.

Lisa's emotions of fear and the urge to run for her life intensified. But her curiosity about seeing a man and bird in one begged her to investigate the misfit creature. Was it hurt and needing help? Or was it a mutant monster seeking a meal? She could be the appetizer. But the birdman paid no attention to her. It mildly fluttered its wings and didn't seem scary.

"Who are you?" she asked.

The birdman turned its head slightly. "You see me?"

"You're right in front of me."

"You cannot see me. I am invisible."

"Peekaboo, I see you. What kind of batteries do you use?"

Birdman turned toward Lisa.

She gasped. He had no face, just two red eyes that glared at her.

"What do you mean, batteries?"

"Your power source," she said. "What gives you the power to be invisible?"

"God."

"Must be a puny God if I see you. You need a cloaking device to be invisible. Spaceships have them." The movies had taught Lisa that.

Birdman lifted the full-length black body wings attached to his shoulder blades and hands. Looking into the heavens, he began to murmur some type of gibberish. She assumed he was bird-talking.