

ANGEL WITHIN by C.B. Barlow

EXCERPT

This time I was able to scream. I didn't know where to go; they were blocking the road.

I ran the only way I could—into the open field. I didn't get far when Abe floated down from above with his huge wings spread wide. They were tarnished and worn and covered with black stains that looked like scorch marks. He was close enough that I saw a brown mist surrounded him, which made this moment more eerie. The sight of this ugliness put fear in me. I never needed Dylan or Joe as much as I did at that moment. I screamed their names.

I turned to run the other way and there was Jeremy. If I thought Abe was eerie, he was nothing compared to Jeremy. Pitch black surrounded him and his deformed wings. One wing was bent out of shape, and both were frayed, with multiple holes throughout. They reminded me of a tattered, moth-infested curtain. He had a look of pure evil.

In the blink of an eye, Jeremy was in my face, tightly squeezing my arms, creating a burning sensation. It felt like they were on fire.

“Bring your wings out, honey,” Jeremy said. He picked me up by my arms and threw me as if I was nothing but a rag doll. I was catapulted high into the air and landed in the dirt with a sickening thud.