

The angel essay sample



“ Yippee! ” My sister shrieked avidly from inside the living room. I gently put down the half eaten packet of crisps I had in my hand then speedily ran in through to the living room where my mother and my sister sat getting the Christmas decorations out of their brown crinkled box. “ Ohhhh! ” I moaned. “ I told you to tell me when you were going to begin to put the tree together! ” “ Alright don’t make such a fuss of it, we’ve only just got started, come and join us now,” My mother told me, a visible frown imprinted on her forehead. I walked over to the Christmas tree in an agitated fashion.

I gently picked up a glistening angel and popped it on top of the tree. However, something looked different to usual, something had changed, but I couldn’t work out what! Maybe the smile had changed? Yes it had. Instead of a bright and cheery smile, a sad and un-welcoming smile had taken its place. And the eyes, they were thin and squinting, bearing a slight resemblance to the slits on a money bank. They were no longer bright and happy like last years angel, But the weirdest thing of all was that the dress, yes the dress, was a dark misty black! What! ” I screamed with a hint of annoyance in my loud tone of voice.

“ What kind of an angel is that! ” I shouted stressily at mum. “ Really Terry your temper is outrageous these days! ” She insisted angrily, her frown now deepening a little. “ Your Aunt Meg gave it to us for a present. I know, it’s well, a little peculiar and out of the ordinary but we don’t want to hurt her feelings,” She whispered to me. I stood back to admire the freshly cut Christmas tree from the end of our garden.

It was beautiful, the silver balls glistened in the light, the presents sat tidily untouched at the bottom of the tree and the angel, well the strangely dressed angel, sat dully at the top of the glistening tree. Ruining the glorious sight of the Christmas tree. Later on in the night I crawled behind the side of the tree to switch the colourful lights on. "Ow," I pitifully cried as it's sharply cut prickles scraped along the arm of my jumper. "Ah, got it!" I said to myself quietly as I tapped on the, ON switch. Crawling out to admire the lights I heard something. A whisper.

An almost silent whisper, but a whisper which I knew there and then that I couldn't have imagined. I couldn't work it out though, I couldn't work out what this whisper was saying. It repeated its self over and over again.

Something like, "Give me my... give me my...," but I couldn't work out what the last word was. Then all of a sudden, my heart started to beat, dun dun dun, faster than it had ever beaten before, deep shots of pain started to shoot up and down my left arm. I finally managed to croak out "Mum!"

She came running frantically up to me with my medication. My heart!" I whimpered. She quickly gave me some white rounded pills, and after a minute my heart returned back to normal again. Mum tried to comfort me through my tears of shock, but all I wanted was to go and have a relaxing early night in my warm snug bed. That night I couldn't get to sleep though. I was tossing and turning until suddenly a weird sensation crept over my body. I felt cold, scared and helpless. It was then that I saw it, a lady about 30 years old with curly brown hair and a long black flowing dress on. She looked very upset.

This appearance only lasted for a second or two but it was there and real. I was very frightened, my heart started to beat faster than before. It was totally abnormal, I couldn't speak, move or cry. It lasted a minute then cut out. I gave an almighty scream as my mum and aunt came running in the room. " I've had another fast heart beat! " I yelled wildly. " Don't worry," My mum said comfortingly. You see I have always had a faulty heart. I was born with one, until I got a donor that is. " I saw a ghost! " I cried, " I did please believe me.

It had a black dress and brown hair and it looked really sad," I told them, " And it looked actsactly like the angel on the tree! " My aunt went pale. " What's the matter? " Mum said soothingly rubbing my aunts shoulder. " It's my friend," She sobbed, " I didn't tell you but it was my best friend that donated her heart to you. " " Well? " I said, wanting her to go on. " Well she looked exactly like you described on the day she died. I made this angel so that I could always remember her but having it on my own tree just made me even sadder... so I gave it to you. " Oh my! " My mother cried, " You don't honestly believe in all that rubbish, do you? "

She cried in a moody sort of manner. Mum had always and will always refuse to believe in ghosts. I didn't say anything but I did believe her and I now have a funny feeling that the whisper was saying, " Give me my heart! " My aunts friends spirit was inside the angel! I awoke the next day, feeling a spurt of excitement race through my body, it was Christmas! I hadn't slept a wink but I had thought of a plan to mild the anger of the spirit, trapped in side the angel.

I wasn't quite sure it would work, although I intended to give the angel what it wanted, so it could finally leave... in peace. When the whole family was around the tree, it was finally my turn to have my presents. My mum handed me a shiny, silver box. " You know what's inside but I wrapped it anyway," She told me, looking proud. Inside I found a gold heart on a slender string wrapped in crisp layers of pink tissue paper I pulled it out and very carefully placed it around the angel's neck and I'm sure I saw a slight smile cloud over her face as if to say, " Thank you... "