

A TOUCH OF INK

In fact nobody know everything about themselves. In different situations we can discover new talent, about which we knew anything earlier. My history is completely different than anybody who you know. I want to show you how weird and unpredictable this world can be. It is a simple story about me and my best friend. Everything began two years ago...

It was a normal day. The sun was shining, birds were singing... nothing extraordinary. We didn't suppose that this day can change our lives. Forever. We decided to go to swimming pool. Tickets for all day are very cheap in summer, so we took some food, blankets, sunglasses and picked good place in a shade of trees. After short time my best friend fell asleep. I was bored but I couldn't go anywhere because somebody could steal something. My only salvation was my notebook in which I was writing poems. Unfortunately I hadn't a pen. Totally bored of this situation I started observing people. It wasn't interesting activity too. I was very surprised when I saw a pen near tree under which I was lying. I promise, it wasn't there earlier! Of course, I took it.

At the first sight I was sure it is not ordinary pen. When I looked closer I saw it is made of something expensive! Surely, I didn't know what is it. How much it must cost?! But I didn't found any engraving. Therefore, I shrugged and started writing new chapter for my book. I should say now, I'm the biggest fan of a fantasy. Dragons, elves, angels... It's my own world.

It was like words were flowing out of my hand. I forgot about I'm at the pool and the evening is approaching. I was writing a story about a girl and her angel. She could see him but unfortunate she fell in love with him. He was coming to her every night in his human form but he had wings. During the day he was changing in a cat with two white spots on his back. It was his mission: keep an eye on her, all day and all night...

Suddenly I heard a voice of Veronica, my best friend. Only fifteen minutes left to closing the pool! Still torn between two worlds I went to exit. I had no power inside, happily Veronica's mum drove me to my home. After long absence only my cat was welcoming me gaily. My parents were watching a movie, so they just said 'Hey.'. Nothing new... It's was very tiring day and my last wish was go to sleep.

The night didn't brought relief. I had a nightmare with the angel about which I was writing. He was fighting with shadows which escaped from the Inferno – the ninth circle of the Hell.

Finally I woke up because of a cold. I had to throw off my quilt. I saw something shining in corner of room but I didn't focus on it – it was my cat's favorite sleeping place, so as likely as he was looking at me.

However, stupor changed to horror when I saw the light is moving. In one second I jumped on a bed and put a pillow on my head. The most terrifying moment was when I felt

somebody's hand of my back. I wanted to scream very, very loud but I couldn't. It was feeling worse than death.

Probably I would prefer to be dead but I heard a voice. The voice which was in my head when I was writing the new chapter. The voice from the most beautiful dream. HIS voice.

The angel. It was not possible but I had no doubt. Involuntarily my heart calmed down, mind became clear and I slumped impotently on the bed. Although the room was silent I was still hearing the timbre of his voice in my head.

- Why are you afraid of me? You created me...

Every single word was like a separate melody, a song so beautiful that causes tears. I had only one wish: stay forever in my room and listening him.

Stop! What?! - I thought. I created him?! No, no, no... Something is not okay. Maybe someone added something into my drink on swimming pool? Maybe drugs?!

- No. Everything is good. You outwrote me. – I heard again THIS voice.

Outwrote? What does it mean? Why is he here? What is he want?

- How can you asking about it? I want nothing from you and I'm here because you summoned me. – I heard an explanation.

- Are you reading my mind? How? It's impossible! And what are you REALLY doing here? And who the hell you are?!

- Just do not say 'the hell'. I hate it. I will never understand habits of people...

I am close to insanity and he corrects me. WHAT THE HELL?!

- I asked for it. Do you have to say it?

- No...?

- Ok. I can give you some answers now. First of all outwrite means create something by a pen but it must be a special one. And you have it. The Obsidian Pen.

- The Obsidian Pen...

- Yes. But only a descendant of The Writers can using it. For everybody else it is just an ordinary pen.

- You still have not said how did you get here...

- You were writing about me so I am. And what I want from you is not a good question. The right one is: how can I help YOU?

- You... Me... It has no sense... Who the h... - In the last moment I bit my tongue. – Who you are?

- You named me Azrael. Do you remember?

- So, you are The Master of angels. You have an unlimited power and you are fighting with shadows.

- Yes...

- Hahahah! Yes, sure! Hahaha! I don't know what was in this drink... I see a character from my book! And not only that! I'm talking with him! Good drugs, really! Hahaha!

He froze dumbfounded. *Very realistic hallucination... Am I crazy? Sure I am... What should I do now? Maybe just ignore it and try to sleep? Yes... I'll do it.*

- No, you will not.
- What did you say? My hallucination will not tell me what to do! It's ridiculous!
- I'm here only one night, this is how it works. I have a better idea. Stop acting like a madwoman and sit like a normal person.

Okay, it's weird. I sat up.

- Better.

I looked at him. He looked exactly as I imagined it. I was seeing his very clearly because of shimmering wings. The most perfect person in the universe. So beautiful that everybody can get crazy, regardless of gender. I suddenly felt hot on my face. He looked at me and I sank into the depths of his eyes. A blue abyss. And I felt... how irrational! I felt I fell in love with him!

He had to not only read my mind but also sharing my feelings, because suddenly stood up and walked to a window.

- Don't go! Please! – I screamed. My dad snored loudly downstairs.
- I'm not. – He smirked. It was both funny and charming.

I can't explain how but I believed in everything. I wanted to believe. Through the window I saw the glow of the rising sun.

- The night is ending. Will you disappear? - I felt a sudden fright at the thought of it.
- Yes. But I have to do two more things...
- What?
- You didn't know about magic of The Obsidian Pen. Your life will be better if I make you forget about everything I said.
- No! I forbid you! No!
- Hushhh! There is still a one thing what I want to do...
- What?
- You gave me human emotions, so...

He walked hurried to the bed and leaned toward me. He looked straight into my eyes and our lips almost touched. World froze as I did. The first ray of the morning sun fell on his hand. I blinked. When I opened my eyes he was gone. In my head I heard again: 'I'm here only one night, this is how it works...'

I don't know how, I don't know when, I don't know where. But I will do it. I must see him again.

I remember.