

# Sons of Angels

By Mark Edgemon

The sword that hung around Marwolaeth's waist began to ring in a piercing, high-pitched tone, vibrating as her hand touched its hilt. She fingered the pommel in anticipation.

Suddenly, the ground began to rumble and quake. Marwolaeth spoke pulling the angelic sword from its sheath, "It's too late, Miriam! We stand and fight or die!"

Boulders began to fall as the mountainside split into. Flames leapt out from crevasses newly formed in the rocks licking the stones in every direction.

The women gasped as they observed shadowy figures emerging from the breach. Foul smelling beasts, winged creatures with hideous, translucent, dark gray skin walked into the night air, cinders blowing off their glowing phosphorescent bodies as they emanated from the chasms where they were held captive. The beasts were tall measuring ten feet in height with a wingspread of fifty yards or more.

"Back!" Marwolaeth cried unto the oncoming horde with sword raised above her head, whose blade now transformed into four feet of pure light, slightly blinding the minions as they poured from the abyss. "Know your place and go back or..."

"Is The Most High sending a woman to speak for him?" Mortacci spoke towering over the prophetess in a derisive tone.

He was the strongest of the immortals, a race forged by the union of angels and mortal women when the earth was new; now sealed these millennia in the dark chasms near the Earth's core. It was the Lord Himself who sentenced the sons of angels to this fate. Their angelic fathers had taken women from the children of men for their pleasure and were cursed for their transgression. The angels who sired them were commended into Lucifer's charge.

Mortacci taunted Marwolaeth in a low, vile voice; "You have not the power, prophetess to forbid the sons of angels from taking their rightful place as rulers of the earth."

As she began to speak, she noticed a light exploding once again in the night sky. The object appeared for a moment to streak across the heavens like a shooting star then transfigured behind the two women taking the form of an angel clothed in light.

"Xio'rethiel, archangel of The Lord God," Marwolaeth gasped, as she knelt, feeling his strong hand against her shoulder blade.

"Arise daughter of God, you have been prepared for this very night," the archangel spoke, endowing Marwolaeth with confidence and stillness of spirit. "And you too were chosen Miriam, servant of the Most High," the angel added. Miriam pondered his words.

Repulsed by the light of the archangel's form, the mutant offspring flew into the night thundering the sky with the sound of their wings.

The minions descended swiftly on the first village along their path, ripping apart the flesh of the men who ran from them in terror. These were the men who had worshipped the very same creatures unknowingly and had taken the infant from Miriam's arms only an hour earlier.

With haste, the archangel translated himself and the two women to the village in the wake of the sons of angel's destruction.

As the legions blanketed the night sky, the Spirit of the Lord spoke through Xio'rethiel to Miriam saying, "Beloved daughter, commit your heart to me."

Miriam remained still and spoke into the air, "Aye my Lord as you command, I am yours!"

Marwolaeth raised her sword toward the sky and shouted, "You are forbidden access you vile creatures of damnation! It is The Lord who forbids you; yes the Lord is His name! Back to the fiery depths you go until your time of judgement is at hand!"

Unexpectedly, she struck the ground with her sword of light and as she did, the earth began to crack open causing a terrible quake.

The archangel lifted the two women high into the air so they could watch the battle unfold in safety beneath them.

Miriam, being held firmly in the angel's arm shouted into the night, "Ye messengers of destruction, I stay your wings in the name of The Lord!"

As she spoke, the horde of evil offspring began plummeting toward the earth, as the Lord's angelic host appeared, binding them as they fell. The angels escorted the swarm that only a moment ago blanketed the skies into the newly formed canyon in the Earth made by Marwolaeth's sword. The fumes from the pit engulfed the sons of angels as if reaching out for them with dark hands of smoke, pulling them inside. Straightaway, the opening in the ground sealed itself by hands unseen.

Once the opening was sealed, the archangel translated himself and the women back to the place where it had all began. The opening in the mountainside had been entombed by the falling rock, sealing the sons of angels within unto the time of perdition. The vanishing stone now lay in ruins.

The Lord commanded Xio'rethiel to set around the barricaded entrance a garrison of invisible sentinels who had been given flaming swords, which turned every direction to bar the evil ones from again enter the natural plane.

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### Burbain's Tavern On a Busy Wednesday Afternoon

"How are you going to celebrate the holiday of Xio'rethiel's deliverance?" McGeevis Burbain the tavern keeper inquired of one of his waitresses.

"Yeah, isn't the holiday about the day the archangel saved the world from destruction? It's pretty much a myth," John O'Malley declared, who was one of the tavern's regular patrons.

"I'd like to hear her take on it," McGeevis said to his pretty dark haired barmaid as she walked over to him while counting her tips.

Miriam placed a tray of empty glasses down, smiling first at her new boss, then at Marwolaeth, who was pouring a pint for O'Malley. She slowly glanced upwards with joy in her expressive face and said, "We all have our own way of honoring that day! As for me, I will never forget it!"

The End