

The Angel

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This little tale I told to my daughter when she was small. The juxtaposition of an angel with a horrid looking earwig tickled her pink.

A young girl called Emily went to bed. Her mother tucked her in, kissed her good night and almost closed the door. Emily fell asleep and dreamed deeply while her parents also went to bed and slept.

That's when the earwig came. He was longer than a thumbnail, slimy-shiny brown, and with a nasty set of pincers on his rear. He crawled across the floor and up the bed post. He crawled over the bed covers and onto Emily's pillow. He climbed a lock of her hair and stopped on her cheek. He was looking for a dark, moist place to make his home.

"Hmmm," said the earwig, looking around and spotting Emily's ear. "That eary place has a wonderful cave. That shall be my home," and he crawled inside Emily's ear.

But Emily never noticed and kept on sleeping and dreaming deeply.

After a while the earwig smelled smoke. He sniffed the air and declared: "That smell smells just like smoke. It must be smoke."

And it was smoke for the house had caught fire and was burning down. The earwig poked his head out of Emily's ear and looked around. The room was filling with thick, black smoke.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!" cried the earwig, diving back into Emily's ear.

"What?" said Emily, sitting up quickly.

"Fire! Fire!" cried the earwig loudly.

Emily saw the red light of flames flickering near her door. She leaped out of bed, ran down the hallway and banged on her parent's door.

"Fire! Fire!" she cried. "Get out of the house!" and they all escaped from the burning house.

Soon they were watching the firemen putting out the flames.

"Thank goodness you got out," said the fire chief, coming over.

"Yes," said Emily's mom. "Our daughter woke us up just in time."

"That was lucky," said the fire chief, patting Emily on the head. "Did you smell the smoke?"

"No," said Emily. "I was fast asleep and dreaming deeply when an angel woke me up. He called out as clear as can be: 'Fire! Fire! Fire' and woke me up. That's when I ran to my mum and dad and we escaped from the house."

Everyone stared at Emily. At first they didn't know whether to believe her or not. Then they agreed that it could only have been an angel who woke her. What else could it be?

But the earwig would have disagreed. He'd crawled out of Emily's ear as soon as she was out of the house and jumped to the ground.

"That girl is much too dangerous for me," he thought, and went to find another.