

Gabriel & Abigail's Story
Little Angels for Little People
by Jaye Bartlett
Illustrated by Anthony Lopes TM

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If you look way up high, beyond the vast and blue, blue sky, you'll catch a glimpse of the magic worlds where little angels learn to fly.

Chapter 1



For many centuries on the Littlest of Angel Worlds, Methuselah has never overslept. Bright and early each morning, Methuselah's multicolored cockatoo friend, Goliath, would quietly enter the old scientist's sleeping chambers, grab hold of the drapery rope with his beak and open the thick velvet curtains. The brilliant white light of morning would flood the room, snapping Methuselah awake.

One eventful morning, Methuselah awoke to an awful squawking sound! Somehow the frayed pull-rope had become tangled around Goliath's neck. His throat was constricted. His small, black eyes bulged in fear. The more he struggled, the more the noose tightened.



“Squawk! Helppp me!” Goliath screeched.

Methuselah sat upright in his bed and took in the terrible scene of the choking bird. Pushing back the bedcovers, he leaped toward his faithful feathered friend and untangled the rope just in time! “Oh Goliath, I’m sorry,” the old bearded scientist crooned as he cradled the terrified bird in his arms.

He carried the frightened cockatoo across the room and placed him on the soft mattress of his massive bed. “I must be getting old,” he mused. “I should have remembered to have that worn-out rope changed a long time ago.”

“Not your fault, not your fault,” Goliath managed to croak. The old scientist ran his long gentle hands over his feathered friend’s body, checking for physical damage. Satisfied that Goliath had only suffered bruises to his throat and pride, he ordered the cockatoo to rest for the day.

For the first time in many centuries as the Angel Transformation Scientist, Methuselah’s orderly morning had been disrupted.

Chapter 2

After a hasty breakfast of herbal tea, dates and fruit, Methuselah donned his shimmering white lab coat and hurried toward the nearby Transformation Laboratory. His great mane of snow-white hair and his long, white beard blended in with his lab coat. He resembled olden pictures of the Wise and Ancient Angels. His lanky frame with Goliath on his shoulder was a familiar sight on the Littlest of Angel Worlds.

Surrounding Methuselah's home were acres and acres of emerald green lawns and rows of brightly colored flowers. Tending the lawns and flower gardens were hundreds of newly transformed Angel twins. The young twins were undergoing their training period before being sent forth on their worldly assignments, becoming Little Angels for Little People.

As part of the Angel Training school, the Angels take turns tending to the beautiful lawns and gardens. Working the land increases their natural appreciation of nature and enhances patience and tolerance toward one another. In addition to gardening, the Angels also study their assigned planetary languages and work to achieve the High Standards of Angels.

On this day Methuselah was alone. Goliath wasn't anywhere in sight.



This caused much speculation among the Angels who were tending the gardens. The Little Angel's warm 'good mornings' helped to calm the frazzled nerves of the old scientist. The thought of almost losing his faithful, feathered friend had unnerved Methuselah.

Before Methuselah had become Head Scientist of the Littlest Angel Transformation Laboratory, he had been a renowned scientist on planet Earth. Goliath had been his loyal cockatoo friend. When Methuselah was 969 Earth years, he was re-assigned to his present position, creating Little Angels for Little People. When the new assignment came through, Methuselah had made a heartening petition for the cockatoo to be re-assigned with him. The unusual petition had been granted.

Goliath was more than just a bird to Methuselah. He was his very best friend. They had been together a long, long time.

Chapter 3

Methuselah entered his gleaming laboratory, expecting to be greeted by his able assistant, Jeremy.

“Jeremy, Jeremy,” he called out. “Come on, we’re late getting started this morning!” Then he noticed the blinking light on the telecommunicator. He softly touched the blinking light and Jeremy’s voice filled the room.

“Just to remind you, Methuselah. I’m going to be at the Crystal Landing site today, greeting a pair of returning Angels. Then I’ll be taking them to the Recorder’s office and helping them register their completed assignment.” The morning’s near-tragedy had caused Methuselah to forget that Jeremy would be absent today.

One of them was always waiting by the Crystal Landing site when the Little Angels returned from the Worlds of Time. The wise old scientist and his assistant knew the Little Angels sometimes grew overly attached to the Little People they had been assigned to help. Sometimes, a human bond would occur between the Little Angels and the Little People. As a result, the Angel twins were sometimes disheartened and disoriented upon their reentry to the Angelic Worlds. Either Methuselah or Jeremy were always available to offer support and to help the twins register the positive outcome of their Angelic Missions.



Methuselah stood staring at the blinking light for a moment, lost in thought. Whenever Jeremy was absent, Methuselah had Goliath to keep him company. The bird's light-hearted conversation and companionship was a great source of comfort to the old scientist. He couldn't imagine life without Goliath.

Methuselah punched in a series of numbers on the telecommunicator, connecting him to the Caretaker of Repairs. After gaining assurance that a new curtain rope would be installed immediately, he quickly turned to his laboratory table and began preparations for the scheduled Transformation process.

First he ran his gentle hands under the ultraviolet disinfecting light. Then he opened a large silver box with bold golden words etched on the front of the container 'Female Angel Abigail'. He poured the contents into a large sterile glass bowl and wrote the name 'Abigail' on the front.

Next he opened a similar box with the words 'Male Angel Gabriel'.

He poured the contents of the Gabriel mixture into a separate glass bowl and marked it with the name 'Gabriel'. Next he reached for the two vials that contained the special Personality Drops. On the front of one vial was written: Angelic Goodness (add three drops). On the other: Human Understanding (add one drop).

Methuselah used a sterile dropper and very carefully withdrew three drops of Angelic Goodness and added it to the contents in the Abigail bowl. Then he used another dropper and added one drop of Human Understanding.

"Female Angel, Abigail," he said aloud, as he turned and placed the glass bowl into the waiting Transformation Machine.

Methuselah then opened a new dropper and picked up the vial closest to his hand. He carefully withdrew three drops of liquid into the dropper, adding the drops to the Gabriel bowl. His mind was wandering a little as he worked. He wondered how Goliath was doing. He decided he'd check on him as soon as he was finished with the Transformation Process.

Next he unwrapped another dropper and withdrew one drop from the second vial, quickly adding it into the bowl. Then he turned and placed the Gabriel bowl next to the Abigail bowl in the adjacent round, cylinder-shaped Transformation Machine.

“Angel twins, Gabriel and Abigail, , , nearly done,” he said.

He quickly capped and sealed the Personality Drops, putting them away in the special overhead cabinet.

Then he pushed the twin buttons marked “Transform” on the Transformation Machines. The tri-cyclic force inside the units whirled into motion.

Colored lights danced on the crystal platform beneath the containers as forms began to take shape. In all his years as Resident Scientist of the special Transformation Laboratory, Methuselah was always awed to see the Little Angels take form.



First Abigail's form appeared. She was perfect! Her golden hair shimmered, surrounded by an energy field of rainbow colored lights. The colored lights cast off pure white prisms, causing a halo of energy swirls to encircle the top of her head. She smiled at Methuselah. Deep dimples graced her rosy cheeks. Her violet eyes stared at the old scientist in loving trust. Her rosebud mouth smiled her greeting. Her white gown of purity flowed softly around her little body, ending just above her small dainty feet.

“My name is Abigail,” she said softly. “I’m proud to be a Little Angel for Little People.” “Welcome, Abigail.” Methuselah smiled gently as he took her hand and helped her step down from the round crystal platform.

Both turned at once as a little voice boomed out behind them...“WOW! Some fancy place you’ve got here!” Methuselah and Abigail stared in surprise at the apparition of Abigail’s newly formed twin. Gabriel stared back, his violet eyes expressing delight at being in such a magical place.



Colored lights were swirling around the little boy, but not in an even pattern. Bright lights were jumping all over the room.

The little male Angel was a mass of uncontained excitement. Consequently, his halo swirl was tilted at an angle, not quite centered above his head. The white garments of purity looked out of place on his little form. He looked like Abigail's twin, yet more human.

“That's it!” Methuselah cried. “He's more human!” Methuselah ran to the cabinet, and examined the precious vials of Personality Drops. “OH, My Goodness!” the old scientist exclaimed as he peered at the bottled vials. “I mixed up the Personality Drops! Oh My... Oh My...

OOOHHHHHH...MY!” For the first time as the Transformation Scientist of the Littlest of Angels, Methuselah had made a mistake. He'd created a male Angel twin with more Human Understanding than Angelic Goodness.

Chapter 4



Following the Transformation procedure, Methuselah quickly registered Gabriel and Abigail into the Angel Hall of Records. He then turned them over to the Supervisor of the Little Angel Training Center to help prepare them for

Angelic Orientation. Then he hurried home to check on Goliath.

As he strode across the expanse of manicured green lawns, the busy gardening twins couldn't help but observe the white-haired scientist's troubled look as he passed by them.

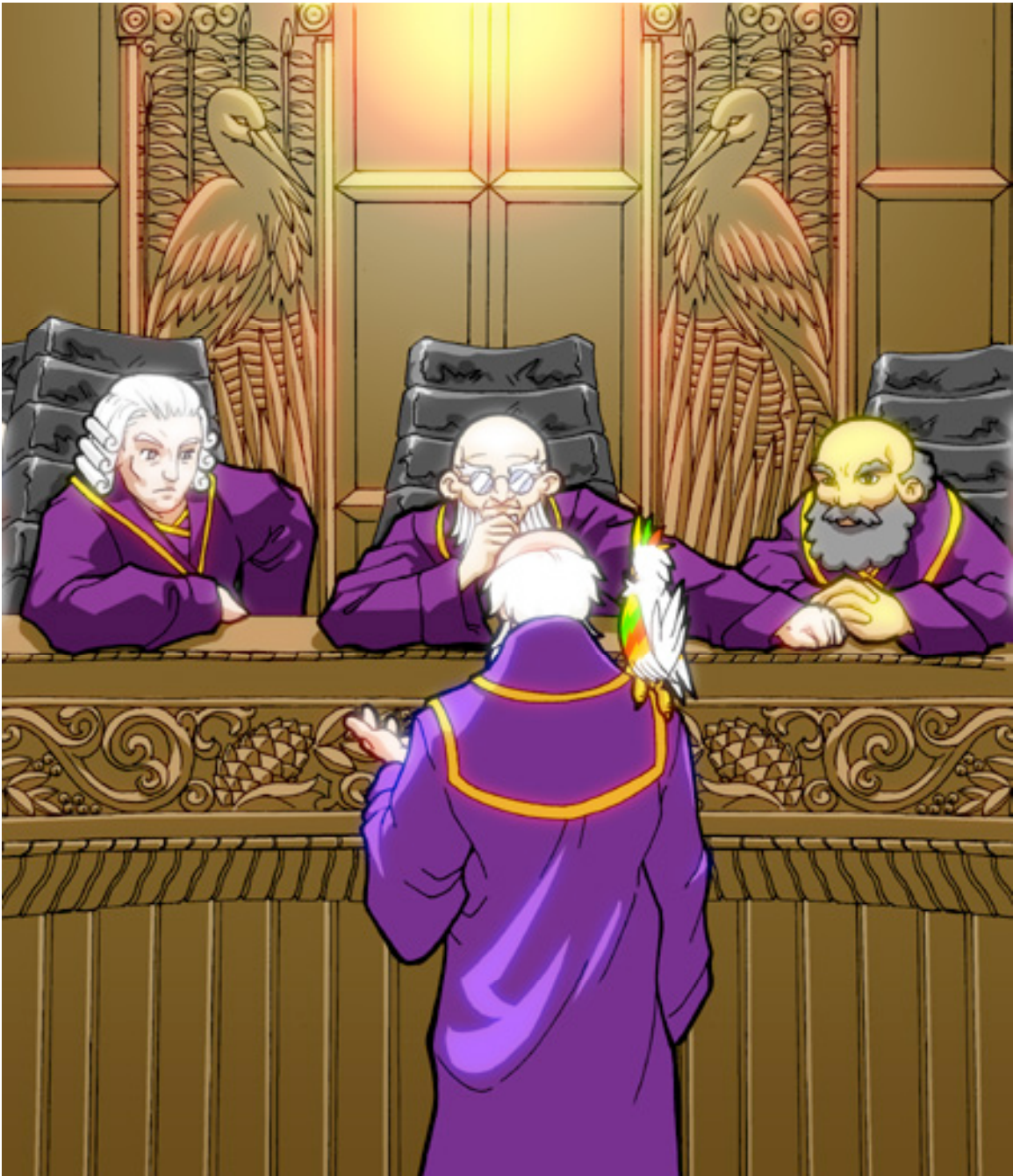
Methuselah was deep in thought. "I hope to goodness Goliath's all right," he muttered aloud to himself. "Two errors in the same day! Oh My...Oh My!" He knew he must make a full report the next morning to the Angel Council of Time and Space. They must be made aware of the Personality Drop error. What oh what were they to think? Entering the bedroom of his home, Methuselah was more than a little surprised to find Goliath overseeing the rope-changing process. His bright feathers were fluffed into his toughest posture as he paced back and forth in the middle of the bedroom. His eyes were alert and watchful of every move the Caretaker of Repairs made. He reminded Methuselah of some of the great commanders he had met in his lifetime. Goliath was indeed a tough, wise old bird.

Sensing Methuselah's presence, Goliath turned to the old scientist with questioning eyes and demanded, "How did today's Angel Transformation go? I was coming over after the rope was changed to check on you."



“When you’re finished here, Goliath,” Methuselah said between bursts of light-hearted laughter, “I’ve had a very interesting day at the laboratory I’d like to tell you about.” Far out on the lawns amidst the fragrance of the flower gardens, the Little Angels stopped work for a moment. The gentle breezes carried the rare, tinkling laughter of the old scientist. The Little Angels smiled thoughtfully among themselves.

Chapter 5



Bright and early the next morning, Methuselah, with Goliath perched on his shoulder, stood facing a long and massive ornate desk. Twelve solemn-faced Ancient Council Members, representing the Wise Angel Council of

Space and Time, listened intently from behind the desk. Methuselah explained in detail the events leading up to the grievous Personality Drop mix-up.

He told of his early morning shock at finding his cockatoo friend strangling from the curtain rope. He confessed that the incident had unnerved him and had caused his mind to wander during the Gabriel and Abigail Transformation process. He further explained that his able assistant Jeremy wasn't present at the laboratory during the transformation. Jeremy had been at the Angel Landing site greeting a pair of returning Angels.

Methuselah alone took responsibility for the Personality Drop mix-up.

The Ancient Council members adjourned for over an hour before calling Methuselah back for their findings.

The "Most Wise" of the Angel Council read the unanimous mandate to Methuselah:

"We the Council members, representing the Littlest Angels of Time and Space, find you guilty of wrongful neglect in carrying out your scientific duty. We are of the opinion that your mind wasn't clear enough for you to enact the Angel Transformation Process. The chance of error was greatly enhanced because of your concern for your fine-feathered friend." "We cannot undo what has already been done," they admonished.

"However, we have decided that since the Personality Drop mix-up was your error, you must take responsibility

for the end result. Therefore, we are designating you the Legal Guardian Parent of the imperfect Angel twins, Gabriel and Abigail.”

“Commencing immediately you will remove the twins from the watch care of the Angel Training Center. You are to take Gabriel and Abigail into your home and attempt to ready them for Angelic Service yourself.”

“Since Earth was your home for so many years, we have mandated planet Earth as their world of Angelic assignment. You are to keep a watchful eye on Gabriel and report back to us if he cannot adjust to Angelic Service for Little People.” They ended the stern admonition with, “You have served the Littlest of Angel Worlds faithfully, Methuselah. We wish you much patience and success as a Guardian Parent. We are looking forward to your little twin’s progress reports.”

On the way over to the Angel Training Center to pick up the little twins, Methuselah was in a state of bewildered confusion.



“What are we to do with them, Goliath?” Methuselah muttered to the attentive cockatoo. “We’ve never had children living in our home before! I’ll never get any work done! They’ll be under-foot constantly! Legal Guardian Parent! For goodness sakes... that means I’m their father!”

What are we going to do?” Goliath allowed the old scientist to voice his inner turmoil and insecurity before answering in his most serious voice. “If you want my opinion Methuselah, I think having children in our home could prove to be a lot of fun and a learning experience for both of us. Since the beginning of our friendship, it’s been just you and me. With the addition of Gabriel and Abigail, we’ll become a family.” Methuselah was surprised at his friend’s thoughtful answer. Maybe we have become a little self-centered, he reflected. Used to our bachelor ways.

Perhaps it’s time for a change.

Chapter 6



A nervous Methuselah with Goliath perched on his shoulder, paced back and forth in the Grand Marble Hall of the Angel Training Center. They were waiting for the Supervisor of the Angel Training Center to bring Gabriel and Abigail to them.

Suddenly the little twins rounded a corner at the end

of the giant hall with the matronly Supervisor walking stiffly behind them. Seeing Methuselah, the twins stopped in their tracks refusing to budge further.

Fear was written all over their faces.

“They look like they’ve been caught stealing a cookie,” Methuselah whispered to Goliath. “Poor little tikes, they think they’ve done something wrong.” Methuselah walked quickly down the hall toward the twins. They were holding hands tightly, their violet eyes brimming with tears. He quietly led them to a marble bench and sat down with them.

“Listen very carefully,” he told them. “You are coming to live with Goliath and me so we can personally help you become the best Little Angel twins... ever!” “Neither of you has done anything wrong. I am responsible for mixing up Gabriel’s Personality Drops. Gabriel has more Human Understanding than Angelic Goodness. That means that it’ll be a little more difficult for him to pass the standard Angelic tests. That doesn’t make him bad. It just means he’ll need extra special patience while he undergoes his Angel training. Do you understand?” he implored, looking from one twin to the other.

Both twins nodded their heads yes.

The Supervisor of the Angel Training School felt tears welling up in her eyes. This was a tender side of the old scientist that she had never observed.

Change was occurring on the Littlest of Angel Worlds.

Chapter 7

Methuselah sat alone at the kitchen table drinking a leisurely cup of tea. Fourteen days had passed since the Personality Drop mix-up had occurred. Many changes had taken place.

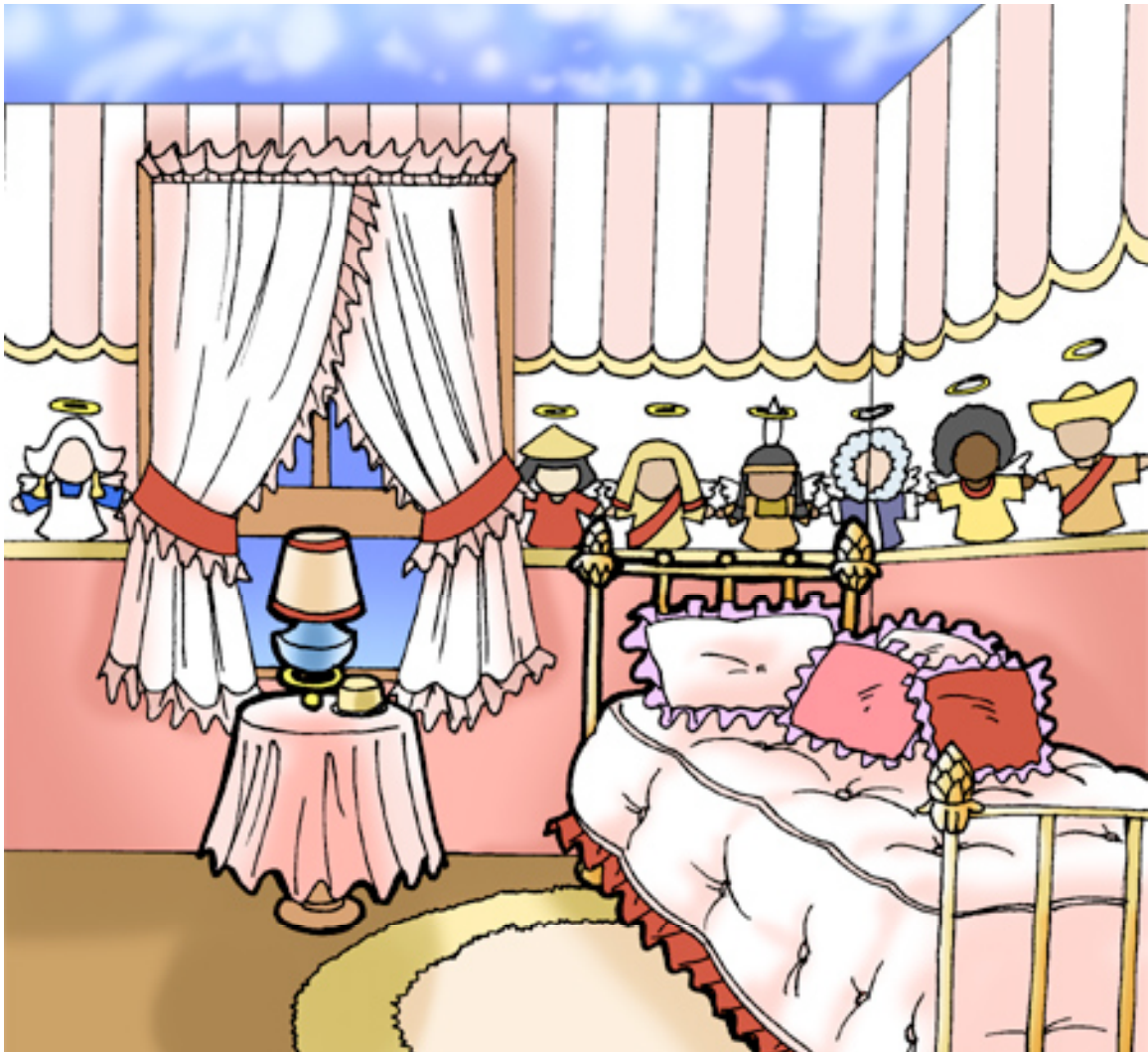
This morning Goliath was absent from the kitchen area. He was busy waking up the twins, a duty he especially loved.

Abigail had turned the spare bedroom into her little girl domain.

Gabriel had opted to claim the upstairs attic room.



He spent hours in his new room, pouring over the modern and ancient souvenirs that Methuselah had collected over the years. He was especially fascinated with Methuselah's baseball collection. The Earth Service Angels had made it a point to bring back the latest baseball scores along with a collection of baseball caps and the latest baseball paraphernalia.



Abigail had spent a whole week drawing and painting white fluffy clouds on the blue ceiling of her room. She had then drawn outlines of assorted angel dolls on her

walls. Gabriel had patiently helped her paint the doll's garments in the various rainbow colors that she liked. She in turn poured over thousands of dusty baseball cards with him.

Methuselah had found a laboratory assistant for Jeremy. The old scientist went over to the lab for an hour each afternoon to check on the progress of the ongoing Angel Transformations. Jeremy and the new assistant were doing a fine job. Methuselah had trained Jeremy well.

Tomorrow, Gabriel and Abigail's Angel training would begin.

The next day with the bright light of morning streaming through the kitchen window, Methuselah patiently waited for Gabriel and Abigail to finish their breakfast.

Because of Methuselah's scientific training, he knew that Gabriel would have a harder time mastering some of the special Angelic gifts. The fact that Gabriel was created with more Human Understanding than Angelic Goodness meant that crucial skills, like learning to use his Angel wings and the invisible energy process might be a little more difficult for him. Gabriel would have to work extra hard to earn his Wings of Gold and sharpen his invisible-at-will skills. Methuselah felt confident that Gabriel could do it.

The old scientist had formulated a training program that would help his little twins become the very best

Angels... ever! With Goliath peering over his shoulder at the plan and the twins giving him their undivided attention, Methuselah outlined the “Gabriel and Abigail Angel Training Program”.

“First of all,” he began, “we know that Earth is your assigned world for Angelic Service. That’s a plus in our favor as Earth was my home and Goliath’s for so many years.” “There are many spoken languages on planet Earth,” he continued, “so we’ll work on them at least two hours a day in the evenings. We’ll make a game of it. For two hours a night, we’ll speak a different language. Monday can be French day, Tuesday-English, Wednesday-Spanish, Thursday-Russian, Friday-German, Saturday-Japanese, and on and on until we cover them all. Sound OK so far?” he questioned.



Two little Angels and a multi-colored bird nodded yes in agreement.

“Good! Good!” Methuselah exclaimed, then continued. “In the early mornings, you’ll work in the gardens with the other little Angels. Mid-mornings, you’ll attend class at home with either Goliath or me, and we’ll study the history and cultures of Earth’s various nations. After lunch we’ll go out to the Crystal Landing site and practice your flying and invisible Angel skills. That’s the plan! Any questions?” he asked.

“What if I can’t learn to fly?” Gabriel blurted out. “If I can’t earn my Golden Wings, I’ll be washed up as an Angel!”

“If you think you can fly, you can!” Methuselah soothed. “You’ve got to learn to be more patient, Gabriel. Even the most mature of Angels didn’t earn their wings overnight. We’ll help you. Abigail will be flying right beside you. Part of learning how to use your wings has to do with overcoming your human fear. In your heart, you know you can fly. You just have to believe in yourself more.”

“I’ll help you, Gabriel,” Abigail spoke up softly. “If you truly believe you can’t learn to fly, then I’ll be a washed-up Angel too.” “We’re a team, Gabriel,” she implored. “We have to stick together.

“We’ll earn our Wings of Gold,” she stated firmly. “You’ll see.” Gabriel hung his head. He had blurted out his greatest fear, the awful fear that he wouldn’t be able to earn his Golden Wings. He felt his halo energy droop beneath his baseball cap. ‘For angel twins to be successful, they must be able to fly’, he thought. ‘How else could they get to the many worlds of time and space? How else could they be... Angels?’ And Gabriel wanted... so much... to be... a Little Angel for Little People.

Chapter 8



Weeks had passed since Gabriel and Abigail's Angel training had begun. The twins were making progress.

On this day Methuselah, with Goliath perched on his shoulder, sat at the kitchen table preparing Gabriel's and Abigail's mid-morning History and Culture lessons. The little twins were outside working in the gardens with the other angels.

Gabriel and Abigail had become fluent in several of Earth's languages.

The evening language game had been working exceptionally well. Gabriel was aggressive and was delighted when he could trick his teachers with slang he had discovered in the language library.

Abigail was an apt pupil and stuck to the lessons at hand. She went along with Gabriel's new word game though and was quickly learning what Methuselah termed "Earth slang". Just this morning she had requested "flapjacks" for breakfast.

He smiled to himself when he thought about the human traits of Gabriel and the interesting side effects that were resulting from his extra personality drop of Human Understanding.

The first day that Gabriel and Abigail had worked in the flower gardens, Gabriel had taken it upon himself to pick the flowers and brought home a huge colorful bouquet of flowers for the table. Never in the history of Angel recordings, had any of the Angels dared to pick the flowers.



Methuselah had at first been shocked when he saw the flowers on his table. Fortunately, Goliath had recovered quicker than he had and oooohed and ahhhed over the colorful display.

When the first Gabriel and Abigail Report had been forwarded to the Angel Council, the fact that Gabriel had picked the flowers had been included in the report. The Council's reference to the flower-picking incident was as follows: "We, the Ancient Angel Council find it appropriate and right that the homes and halls on the Littlest of Angel Worlds be filled with the abundance of

our beautiful flowers. It is our opinion that Gabriel was acting out of human compassion and love by desiring to share the lovely flowers with his family. The incident is therefore declared...a rightful action.” Since that day, beautiful bouquets of flowers were picked daily by all of the gardening Angels and displayed in the homes and halls on the Littlest of Angel Worlds.

Deep in thought, Methuselah was suddenly jolted back to the present.

Goliath was staring out through the kitchen window. He was squawking his loudest cockatoo laugh. “Squawk-a-tee-hee...Squawk-a-tee-hee!” Methuselah couldn’t believe his eyes. Outside on the lawns, the Littlest of Angels were...were playing baseball! Every Little Angel had on a baseball cap, and they were using Methuselah’s baseball equipment to play the game.

“They’re not working!” Methuselah yelled to Goliath, “They’re playing! Oh My! Oh My! He’s done it this time!” Jumping up from his chair with Goliath hanging on for dear life, he raced outside towards the lawn.



In the batter's box, Gabriel chose that exact moment to hit a hard-driving fly ball. The ball soared into the air coming down... down... towards Methuselah and Goliath. Instinctively Methuselah looked up. Reaching out his hands, he caught the rapidly dropping ball. The opposing Angel team went wild applauding him. "Great catch!" they yelled, "Good job!" "How are you going to tell them they're wrong?" Goliath teased into Methuselah's reddened ear. "We're guilty of playing baseball with them!"

Later that evening, after the language lessons were finished and Gabriel and Abigail were fast asleep, the old scientist and his feathered friend sat up talking.

The Littlest of Angel Worlds was all in a stir. The baseball game had been immediately reported to the Angel Council. This time all of the newly created Angels had been involved. In Methuselah's heart, he knew that Gabriel had been the ring leader. It was Gabriel's love of baseball that enthused the other Angels. Granted, all the Angels had hurried and finished their gardening responsibilities so they could learn the game. But the fact remained, Little Angels did not play baseball! They didn't even think about baseball. They worked toward perfection only! "I shouldn't have encouraged his interest in baseball," Methuselah retorted to Goliath. "I have to take responsibility for my part in this too. It was my baseball collection that got him interested in the first place. I thought of baseball as part of the culture of planet Earth, and I saw his interest as part of his and Abigail's training. I didn't even discourage him when he started wearing one of my baseball caps."

"Listen my friend," Goliath stated. "I can't see what harm has been done. So the Little Angels played baseball. You're being too hard on yourself Methuselah. We don't even know for sure that the Ancient Council will find the Little Angels in default. Let's wait and see what they have to say. Besides all that... you love baseball, Methuselah. Don't kid yourself. Now let's get some shut-eye," he yawned. "Tomorrow's another day." Early the next morning, Methuselah was summoned before the Ancient Angel Council. The following was their

unanimous mandated decision pertaining to the subject
“Angels Playing Baseball.”

“After careful consideration, we have concluded that Little Angels playing baseball isn’t a negative occurrence. The whole idea of the gardening experience is to teach the Little Angels appreciation of nature as well as patience and tolerance toward one another. We feel that baseball could carry that step even further by improving the Angel’s sense of fair play as well as enhancing their team spirit. Therefore we are recommending that the Angels’ gardening time be shortened, allowing the Little Angels the opportunity to form their Angel Baseball teams.”
This newly mandated ruling has two conditions:

#1. The gardening responsibilities must continue so as to fulfill the Little Angel’s appreciation of nature, patience and tolerance.

#2. Methuselah, you and your able friend, Goliath, must oversee the introduction and formation of Angel Baseball teams into the Little Angel’s schedules.



“Now, off the record,” the Most Wise spokesman said. “If you can make this baseball thing work Methuselah, you can be assured... we’ll recommend you get a workable baseball field and we’ll provide your teams with baseball caps, equipment and uniforms.” He then followed his promise with, “Good luck, coach!”

Chapter 9



The Littlest of Angel Worlds was experiencing positive change. The usually perfect and solemn faces of the Littlest of Angels were lit up with new found sunshine

and purpose. The gardening work and Angel training still went on as before, but a team spirit had entered the Littlest of Angel Worlds. The Little Angels were proud of their baseball accomplishments.

They went about their normal routines with smiling faces.

After their gardening duties were finished, the Angel teams enthusiastically assembled with their coaches on their brand new baseball field. They dressed in their newly acquired baseball uniforms and were more than a little proud of their new baseball equipment. Each Angel wore a white garment of purity baseball cap with their team color on the Little Angel Team insignia.

Surrounding the baseball field was a cheering section containing a variety of assembled fans, including the Ancient Council members.

Methuselah and Goliath were at the hub of activity. Goliath had taken up the position of scorekeeper and soother of frazzled nerves. The Little Angels were used to near perfection. When one of them struck out they needed some support and encouraging words. Goliath was there to assure them, 'You'll do better next time.' Methuselah was the coach. The Little Angels looked up to him for his wisdom and understanding of the game. He was tough but fair.

Gabriel and Abigail were the star players. Both had been voted Captain on their opposing teams. This caused a lot of good-humored kidding

between the twins during the evenings. Gabriel was a natural hard hitter, whereas Abigail was an accurate, lightning fast pitcher. Each were finding their baseball strengths and weaknesses.

Gabriel and Abigail had added a sprint to the old scientist's walk. He swore to anyone who would listen that he felt five-hundred years younger.

Goliath teased him that being a father was good for him. He in turn teased Goliath about their now disorderly household. No more rope-pulling in the morning. Instead Goliath went room to room yelling, "Soup's on! Move it!" Gabriel and Abigail had learned to speak fluently in a dozen or so Earth languages. They also had the entire baseball team using the many baseball slang words that Gabriel had found in the language library. 'Outta sight!', 'A Hummer of a Pitch!' and 'Safe by a Mile!' were some of the more commonly used terms.

The twins knew Earth history almost as well as Methuselah did, especially baseball. Both of them had learned to become invisible-at-will. They had also been flying with their energized wings for a few weeks. Gabriel still hit a few walls and trees, but he was trying hard not to let fear creep into his thoughts.

Methuselah's only real concern was the Wings of Gold flying test. The test was coming up soon. Too soon! Earning their Wings of Gold was the most difficult of all tests for Little Angels. They had to soar and maneuver through some very difficult obstacles perfectly. Abigail was a natural pilot and helped Gabriel immensely.

She shouted commands, watched him like a little hawk and was right there beside him to help pull him out of some of the more difficult maneuvers.

However, they would be tested for their Wings of Gold separately.

Gabriel would be entirely on his own. That's what worried Methuselah.



Could he fly without Abigail there to help him? He knew how badly Gabriel and Abigail wanted to be Little Angels for Little People. They would be devastated if Gabriel failed the flying test. And he had to admit he and Goliath would be devastated too. They wanted Gabriel and Abigail to be the best Little Angel twins...ever.

Chapter 10



An entire host of Angel World beings and an anxious Methuselah and Goliath were assembled at the Crystal

field for what had been recognized as “Angel Graduation Day”. Gabriel and Abigail had drawn the times for their flying test early that morning. They were scheduled for their Wings of Gold test at one and two o’clock. Abigail would be first.

The Angel Council Members were sitting at a long table at the end of the huge Crystal field. Each solemn-faced member had a piece of paper sitting in front of them. Today they were serving as judges for the Wings of Gold Flying Trials.

Gabriel and Abigail were sitting on a long plank-like seat along with three other pair of Angel twins adjoining the Council panel of judges. One pair of Angels had already been tested individually and had received their long awaited medals. Their “Wings of Gold” were securely pinned over their hearts on their garments of purity. The bright light of sunshine cast its rays upon their winged medallions, reminding the remaining Angels of the honor yet to be bestowed.

Methuselah and Goliath were not allowed to sit with Gabriel and Abigail. They had to content themselves with sitting in the spectator seats located across the large field from where Gabriel and Abigail sat. The old scientist had brought a pair of binoculars with him and he and Goliath were sharing them.

The Angel Baseball teams were sitting behind their coach. The Little Angels were aware of Gabriel’s flying problems and had brought signs that read: “You Can Do It, Gabriel” and “Home Run, Gabriel”. Many of them had

already earned their Wings of Gold and were awaiting their first Little Angels for Little People assignments.

“Is he ready, Goliath?” the old scientist implored. “I know Abigail’s ready. I haven’t been this nervous since I was awaiting special permission for you to come on this assignment with me.”

“You’re acting like a typical father,” Goliath responded. And with his usual practicality answered Methuselah’s question. “He’s either ready or he isn’t. Time will tell.”

“Oh look!” Methuselah exclaimed, peering through the binoculars.

“Abigail’s energizing her wings. Her name must have been called.” “Let me see! Let me see!” Goliath squawked, snatching the binoculars from his friend. Sure enough! Abigail’s angel wings were expanding, flowing out behind her like airplane wings. “Heeere we go,” he sighed, his little heart leaping into his throat.

Abigail walked with confidence to the center of the Crystal field. With a swoosh of her wings she was airborne. Up, up she climbed, gaining height.

Quickly leveling off, she began the required somersaulting aerobic turns.



Then coming in close to the field, she flew towards the obstacle course. She moved with perfect ease through the small circular openings, darting in and out, her garments of purity barely moving on her graceful body. Not one bell rang which would have alerted the judges to faulty movement. She was beauty in motion and the entire host of assembled guests held their breath in wonder.

Then with a loud swish of her wings, she began her final climb. This was the most difficult maneuver. She was to fly high towards the clouds, stop, turn and dive straight down toward the ground. She was to hug her wings close to her body and free-fall. At exactly twenty meters from the ground, she was to expand her wings and pull out of the dive. She was then to gracefully touch down, landing on her feet. This difficult test assured the judges that the Little Angels could overcome any airborne challenges that might arise during their worldly missions.

Methuselah was watching Abigail with the binoculars glued to his eyes.

She was flying fast, straight up. A huge fluffy cloud was situated between her and the blue sky above. Then he noticed something that caused a prickle of fear to quiver through his body.

Above the cloud was a huge Kandor bird.

The massive Kandors carried produce in from the Agriculture fields on the large carrier wagons attached to their backs. The carrier wagon was full of what appeared to be barley. Abigail and the bird were totally unaware of each other. A collision was imminent! Suddenly Abigail emerged above the cloud. She and the Kandor saw each other at the same time. The massive bird screeched and tried to get out of her way.



Abigail stopped in mid-flight and bounced to a halt, her huge violet eyes staring in surprise at the bird. At the same time the abrupt panicked movement of the Kandor

caused the contents in the wagon to spill into the air. Chafe from the barley fell, covering Abigail's head and body. Her eyes filled with barley dust, causing them to burn as if on fire. She couldn't see! Temporarily blinded, she lost her direction and began plummeting downward toward the Crystal field.

Methuselah reacted! He turned to the Little Angel Baseball cheering section and whispered quick instructions. In unison they began shouting, "Gabriel! Abigail's in trouble! She can't see! Help her!"

Gabriel was airborne in a matter of seconds. He shot straight up, somersaulting to gain leverage and speed. He sped up, up, straight towards his Angel twin. Abigail was falling out of control, trying to clear her blinded eyes. The Crystal field was quickly swelling up beneath her.



Gabriel knew that he could not make a mistake if he was going to save Abigail. He made a quick decision. He sped downward toward the Crystal field. He hovered, poised and stationary one hundred meters above the field.

With his arms outstretched, he caught the falling Abigail in his arms. He then allowed his wings to billow out above them like a parachute, easing them gently down toward the ground.

They stood together on the Crystal field with their arms wrapped around each other. Gabriel was dabbing at her reddened and swollen eyes with his white handkerchief.

“I’ve failed you, Gabriel!” she wailed. “I’ve washed us both up. I’m so sorry!”

“You didn’t fail me, Abby,” he repeated over and over, using his pet name for her. “I couldn’t have stood it if something happened to you. I love you, Abby. You’re part of me. You’re my twin sister.”

The field was suddenly filled with helping and concerned beings. A special ointment was applied to Abigail’s eyes and she and Gabriel were led back to their seats. Methuselah and Goliath were allowed to accompany the twins back to the test area.

A hush had descended upon the Crystal field. Accidents were very rare on the Angel Worlds.

The Council Judges were in a huddle. Suddenly they sat back. Apparently a decision had been made. The Most High Spokesman rose from his seat and approached the bench where the twins were sitting.

“Please stand,” he commanded, looking into the

worried eyes of Abigail and Gabriel.

Methuselah, standing behind the twins, gave an encouraging squeeze to their shoulders as they rose to stand at attention.

“Abigail,” the Wise One said, “Your performance was spectacular. We are genuinely sorry that you had to experience such a fearful accident. Since you were suddenly blinded, we understand the reason for your disorientation. In the future, the Angel Flight trainers will include extra training for such unforeseen accidents.”

“Gabriel, your heroic acts are commendable. You flew to your twin’s rescue without any fear for your own safety. Your flying and judgment skills were superb. We, the Wings of Gold Judges, proudly award to the both of you...your Winged Medallions.”

Reaching into his flowing robe, he extracted two golden medals. Then handing the medallions to Methuselah, he said, “We thought you might like to pin the Wings of Gold on your little twins.



You and Goliath have a right to be proud of them. They've proven themselves to be worthy candidates as Little Angels for Little People."

Chapter 11

A few days later, Methuselah, with an impatient Goliath looking over his shoulder stood deep in thought. He was staring at the back of a retreating uniformed figure through the open kitchen door. Gabriel and Abigail's first Earth assignment had been hand delivered by a special messenger.

"Open it! Open it!" Goliath squawked, staring at the gilt-edged envelope. "I can't stand the suspense."

"Please go and get the twins," Methuselah requested. "This is their big moment. They'll want to open it themselves." Goliath flew off squawking, "Gabriel! Abigail! It's here! It's here! Your assignment's here!"

The twins were in Gabriel's attic room, putting some pictures of their beloved baseball team in their scrapbook. Hearing Goliath's excited squawking. They ran to the bottom of the stairs to meet him.

"Your assignment's arrived," Goliath told them. "Methuselah says you'll want to open the envelope yourself. Hurry! Hurry!" he admonished them.

Gabriel and Abigail ran into the kitchen, bouncing with excitement.

"You open it, Abby!" Gabriel declared, looking at his twin.

“No, you open it!” Abigail declared.

“Why don’t you both open it?” Methuselah teased, handing them the envelope. “But for goodness sakes open it before Goliath pops a feather.”

Abigail held the envelope in her hands while Gabriel slit it open.

Abigail carefully extracted the paper. They both stared at the fine golden embossed words on the white parchment paper. Methuselah and Goliath peered over their shoulders, reading along with them.

At the top of the paper were the twin’s names “Gabriel and Abigail” and the designation, “Little Angels for Little People Mission.” Beneath were the details of their first assignment.



Gabriel & Abigail Little Angels For Little People Mission Gabriel and Abigail are to proceed to planet Earth for the following Little Angels for Little People Mission.

A child in the United States of America in a city called Milwaukee, Wisconsin, has petitioned the Angel World for help. His name is Michael Edwards, and he lives on 145 Wind Song Lane. He is a Little League baseball player. The baseball play-offs are coming up and Michael is afraid he will let his team down. His team has never won

a championship before, but this year their team has made it all the way to the finals. Michael's petition has been judged to be worthy of Angelic help.

Michael didn't ask for help for himself. He asked for his team. It seems that Michael is a poor hitter. He is afraid that his weakness will cause his team to lose the championship.

Gabriel and Abigail are to visit with Michael and help determine the very best decision for Michael and his team. We are confident that the outcome will be in the best interest for all the players involved.

Signed, Ancient Angel Council Members of the Littlest Angel World

Methuselah smiled to himself, He was as pleased with the outcome as any father could ever hope to be. Goliath's feathers were puffed out, as proud as a cockatoo! The two parents were indeed very proud of their Little Angels for Little People.

And they had a right to be! The Ancient Angel Council Members had selected an assignment that the twins were very familiar with. It would utilize and test all of their learned and earned skills. The two of them would surely pass this thoughtful mission with ease. Abigail would be able to provide the Angelic Goodness and balance. Gabriel would be able to utilize his Human Understanding and love of baseball.

They couldn't fail! Methuselah felt confident that Gabriel and Abigail were going to be the very best Little Angels for Little People... ever!

