

*Angel Wars Book I:  
Light vs. Dark*

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# I. Prologue

Present time

Whenever we imagine it, it seems to be beyond reality as we know it. Wishful thinking makes us hope that we be extinct long before the day ever arrives. Some imagine the doomsday through a nuclear war, some through another ice age. The environmentalist talk of Greenhouse effect and resource depletion, the religious fanatics speak of God's hand. But is the doomsday really such a hypothetical concept? What if the sun is extinguished in one swift hand of God or rather a creature of God. Every day we hear conspiracy theorists explaining in details how the governments of the world are actually planning the downfall of the millions of humans. Bio engineered warfare, fusion energy weapons, artificial intelligence replacing humans, so many ways are there to eliminate man or to bog down his significance on the face of the earth or in the eyes of God. What if God preordained the doomsday and wrote it down to one event or handed the responsibility to one creature? It sounds preposterous that one creature could bring about the downfall of an entire planet, an entire ecosystem but why not? If Man can destroy the habitat of other creatures to display his own power and accomplishments why does it feel that he would not be subject to the same when a more powerful creature decides to visit earth?

God is a myth or perhaps the all encompassing reality, but whatever be God, the concept, has made provisions for every situation. The Revelations talk of the Angels coming down to earth to destroy those who are not of God. What if the angels do not come from God but from somewhere far away?

It all started as a scientific expedition. A celestial artefact had been found at a meteor site. Scientists of the world joined hands to decipher engravings on the artefacts. That artefact was in reality a beacon and an inter-dimensional teleporter that brought doomsday closer than it was ever before. The Angel of death and darkness had come down on earth and his passage through the earthly realms had been assisted by mortals. With the dark angel came fumes of darkness that engulfed space and light. Everywhere there was mayhem as people ran for their lives with nowhere to run to. The darkness had by then submerged the horizon into perpetual gloom. The sun rarely managed to peep onto the mortals below through the thick cloud of smoke that remained due to Angel's prolonged stay on earth. Man killed man in an attempt to flee but failed. There was fear and hopelessness everywhere and that hopelessness fuelled the darkness that surrounded the earth. It spread like a toxic gas in tiny tendrils and fed on the negativity of the people. Soon sunlight was hard to come by. The darkness was suffocating. People started to die in their sleep as fear engulfed them. Mundane life came to a standstill. Most of the people lost

their eyesight due to the absence of light and that absolute blindness brought on rage. Vandalism and riots became rampant throughout the world. Then the blizzards started, ice cold winds brought snow that seemed like frozen blood in all the darkness. The energy reserves of all the nations on earth were fast depleting just to keep the inhabitants warm and sane. Only a small group of people struggled on to find light. The scientists that had once summoned the doom now fought on to avert it. They had little to go by but they had their will which was a strong light to reckon with. With them they had the will to live on and the faith in redemption.

The battle was finally at hand when the mortals faced the immortal. Samael, the Dark Angel brought no army with him for he fancied that he needed none. He knew that the coward that man was would fall at his feet at the slightest sign of complete annihilation. He wasn't completely right. The battlefield that greeted the Dark angel was in reality an abandoned football field. All the lights in the field were full ablaze; the light intended to weaken the alien. However none of it was any match for the creature who controlled darkness. One by one all the stadium lights started going out. Chaos ensued among the ranks. The leader of the army tried to bring back order but he knew that fear was a weapon of the dark. He would very soon lose the men that succumbed to it. Suddenly the black smoke slithered along the now brown grass of

the field and Samael appeared before them. As soon as the dark winged creature took shape from the smoke the cowards in the troops broke rank and fled for the exit. Away from the assembly of the mortal army the darkness caught up to them and suffocated them. The General saw his men suffocate in their own fears. His jaws twitched. Nothing was visible save for darkness.

Suddenly lights attached to their helmets lit up. Samael tried hard to extinguish it but failed. The General took a step towards the winged creature. Finally Samael recognized the mortal General. "But how?" he seemed baffled. This creature should have been lying in a thousand pieces in the middle of a desert if he had to have his way with it for this was the scientist that had assisted in his passage into this world. This was the man he had thrown from over a hundred thousand feet above ground and yet he stood in one piece in front of him.

"I brought you here Samael; it is time I sent you home"

## II. Duty Calls

Six Months back....

It was night outside and the trees held a halo of moonlight around it. Cassandra was standing in the balcony ready to launch into the damp night air when she felt the heat and the light of the flame. It hurt or it was supposed to. She screamed in fright only to wake up in half transition on her bed. It had been the same nightmare for the past one week and she saw no reason it should stop. She was condemned for eternity.

She had a seemingly normal life as a typist in a construction company run by a man in his late fifties. Mr. Sutherland was genteel and caring and run by the dictates of his business-minded wife Clara. She liked Clara because she was not pretty or vain. She was nice to look at for her age with a round figure and a freckled oval face. Her brown hair with interwoven greys always tied in a bun gave the impression of woman content at home but she was the worldly wise of the couple. When news came of her passing away in her sleep Cassandra was the person to weep beyond her senses. She was suffering from a loss, she had lost her sense of purpose and she for the first time regretted taking on the assignment she had five years ago.



Old Mr. Sutherland had stopped living with his wife passing away. Gossip circulated among the employees of him suffering a stroke and being paralyzed from neck down. She knew no better save that his son was to take over. Ray Sutherland was not the sort of man one would imagine in a construction company. She had never met him, nor had she seen him with his parents. He was a ‘mad scientist’ or so his mother fondly recollected and was rumoured to be working for NASA. He had however just taken early retirement at the age of forty six and had agreed to look after his parent’s business, of course how he would manage something so out of his field beat the most out of his employees.

It was a few hours before dawn and she needed to go back to bed. She needed to look fresh and active for her genius new boss who would hold the only job she had left in this world now. Typing letters to his clients or tenders to the suppliers wasn’t a sense of purpose but it paid the bills.

When she opened her eyes she cursed herself. She was late for work. Despite the fact that she had worked in the same company for the past five years it was like a first day at work with a new employer. Though Mrs. Sutherland favoured her most the topic of her enigmatic son was a taboo to be discussed with her. It had something to do with the fact that he did not approve of her worldly ways. She had etched up an image of Ray Sutherland in

her mind which suited his personality perfectly. Medium height with shaggy brown hair, thick glasses, and a goofy smile dressed in a knitted sweater and flannel pants. So when she finally wrenched open the office door and saw her peering into the light blue eyes of a six foot something blonde haired Greek god she felt her mouth go dry.

“You are late Miss. Angel.” He pointed out looking at the ID card hanging down her neck. So saying he went back to the motivational speech he had prepared for the staff without missing a beat. She felt her heart thudding in her chest, both from the fact that she had climbed eight stories missing the elevator and was in a hurry, and because she had never seen a more perfect face in her life. Ray Sutherland was nothing like his parents, didn’t look half his age and he was all man.

“As I was saying, I am not a construction person but I have built many things in my lifetime, most of which are classified information. However I can tell you that under my instruction everything you will be doing should be innovative. I do not want our company to be known for being economical; I want it to be known for its expertise in what we do. I am a perfectionist and I settle for nothing less than perfect.” So saying, he ended his speech. She managed to breathe finally and got a word out of her mouth, “Perfect.”

He finished giving instruction to a horde of people who thronged him, mostly female, before he turned to her. “Miss Angel, do meet me in my office right now.” Everyone who surrounded him turned to her and she felt like digging a hole in the ground and she could, she definitely could but given the marble flooring and the seven storeys below it would be a giveaway.

She soon found herself sitting in old Mr. Sutherland’s room which had been completely refurbished. The old dusty cabinets were gone and so were the ancient computers and printers. What struck her the most was the amount of light in the room! The heavily curtained windows were replaced with clear glass. The dark carpet replaced with cream ones. The man wasn’t joking about going cutting edge. Every appliance in the room was the latest technology but for a person from NASA perhaps they were all old fashioned. His voice brought her back to the present and she noted arrogance in it. The man definitely knew what he was made of.

“You have been working for my father for the past five years as a typist. I did a back ground check on all the current employees and found you have no record whatsoever. May I know, why that is?”

Involuntarily she smiled imagining his expression at knowing the real reason for her non existence in his world.

“What do you find so amusing Miss Angel?”

She was at a loss of word as to what to say. “I am not from around here and my records got lost while coming.” She explained.

“Could you not obtain duplicates?” He asked.

“Mr. Sutherland, your father, never asked for them and I believe now it would be simply a waste of time.”

“I see, Are you an illegal immigrant?”

“No I am not.” She tried to answer with as much a straight face as she could manage given the fact that he kept running his long slender fingers along his upper lip. Boy! Was it distracting!

“I do not have a use for a typist Miss Angel.” He paused and leaned back into his chair his brows slightly frowned looking upward. Cassandra assumed that to be a dismissal and was contemplating on standing up to leave. Then he looked back at her and reconsidered. “I need a secretary however who is capable of handling a computer and well versed in the latest technologies. I have reservations regarding whether you would be suitable for the job. But since you have worked with my father I find myself obligated to give you the benefit of the doubt. I myself need time catching up with the business and I give you one month to get

acquainted with my ways. You may simultaneously start searching for a job that may suite you better.”

The girl nodded. He had no idea what her capabilities were so she chose not to take offense at his under-estimation. Simultaneously she knew it was a good idea to get a job far from this intimidating man. However she knew herself and knew she wouldn't be going anywhere. Dr. Sutherland was in for a rude shock the next morning. Truth is she never enjoyed being underestimated, not in the world She came from and especially not here.

The woman straightened herself on the chair let him know of her approval as he instructed her in her immediate duties, in arranging his planner to maintaining documents on his desktop, updating files and typing the required documents. She also had to perform the calculations and drafting required for his projects. “Are you good with number Miss Angel?” He asked.

“I am good enough” She answered truthfully. She was good enough for the best of this world.

“Do you mind if I time you while you do some calculations?” He was smirking.

She so much wanted to wipe that smirk of his arrogant handsome face. “Sure. Go ahead.”

She saw him program his stopwatch on his multifunction digital wristwatch which had a holographic projection screen. It was one of his invented prototypes, no doubt as holographic projectors were not there in the general market yet.

“Let’s start with simple stuff. What are seven to the power four?”

“2401” She answered immediately. It was simple stuff but not for the general public. Her quick response got him to raise a brow. What an exquisitely crafted arch it was but she couldn’t let it distract her.

“If the market sells an item at twenty percent mark up and if the selling price exacts a forty percent profit, what is the cost price of the item if a ten percent discount makes the item available at \$756?”

She felt like giving him a direct answer would make him suspicious so she counted till five before giving her answer. “The cost price is Five hundred dollars.” From the expression on his face she guessed she should have counted till ten.

“Why are you here?” He asked. She assumed that he took her for settling below the work of her capacity.

“I am here to work Dr. Sutherland.” She assured. He looked amused but then something flashed in his eyes.

“As long as you don’t bring to work whatever you are hiding your talents from, I don’t mind having a gifted assistant. I hope your way with computers is as good as your way with numbers. I warn you I keep long hours and may even work weekends so you won’t have much respite from me if you want. Now if you would like to take the rest of the day off I will understand but you shall have no mercy from tomorrow. Do I make myself clear?” There was something in his words that penetrated her bones. Was it his gaze or his voice she did not know but his last question snapped her out of her distraction. “Crystal” She managed to say.

The next morning she chose to dress differently. She wore a knee length summer dress with high heels. She tied back her waist long honey blonde hair in a plait and tried to be as refined and sophisticated as possible. She reached earlier than usual and took her seat hoping to finish a part of the backlog before her boss arrived. She had actually been the only employee in the office at that hour in the morning. She was dismayed to find him sauntering into the office with a cup of coffee in hand and a file in another. When he saw her at the computer his face lit up like that of a child on receiving his favourite toy from Santa Claus. “If I knew you would be on time I would have got you a coffee.” She wondered

what his 'on time' meant as it was clearly an hour and a half before anyone else would show up through the office door. Gratefully Dr. Sutherland was busy pouring into his file and she was busy updating the files on the office desktop. By the time that she finished and looked up she realized her boss's gaze burning through her skin. She turned to face him to see his files closed in front. "It is lunch time. Want to come with me?" During lunch Ray Sutherland was more animated than she had ever seen him before. He explained his plans with the company and what his projections for progress were. To her he sounded overconfident but somehow she knew that the man didn't need to bluff. He was aggressive about what he wanted and he knew how to get it.

The day ended much later. The entire office was vacant save for the security. Ray Sutherland finally got up to go and she realized that this was going to be her daily routine of life from now on. Not that she complained or regretted missing out on some social life which she did not have, still spending from dusk to dawn with a whimsical boss with electric currents running between the two is not healthy, especially when you belong to two different species from across dimensions. By the end of the first day she knew she had it bad for Ray Sutherland. By the end of the month she ensured that nothing could get worse.



### III. Opening the Gates

Two months later...

Stanley was worried. His partner was always a workaholic but he never worked himself to death. Ray Sutherland was getting worse by the day. Project Black Star was a dead end. It seemed like a bad joke played on them. If it was proven to be authentic it could be the first recorded extraterrestrial lithography. However the energy signal that it continued to give off was the reason that they were there, working their bones off in the desert with the piece of black unknown metal.

General Windsor was in-charge of the research facility and supervised the works regarding Project Black Star. Though not a genius when it came to science he had his fair share of MITs and research in various fields. Ray Sutherland and Stanley Pfeiffer were to brief him on their progress. He was a large man with bushy eyebrows and a fatherly smile. “So scientists, how far have you reached from calling quits on this project.”

It was Stanley who spoke. “The steady energy signal that comes from this metal piece is a time varying high frequency periodic disturbance of the nature of a pulsar radiation. Dr. Sutherland feels that it may be an intergalactic transmitter. It

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