

The Messenger

DJ Kane

My name is Timothy, but you can call me Timmy. I live in Brooklyn. I haven't told this story to no one, but decided to tell only you. It was on a Monday that I was released from an orphanage in the care of Mr. and Mrs. George Philips. I was seven years of age, and this was the first foster home that I had been placed.

The Philips had a son, John, two years my junior, a child they hadn't planned for I would later learn. I was their first foster child they had fostered, and in all reality, I was only to be John's playmate. Never a brother in any sense of the word. I would always be John's foster brother, to fill the void his life.

I was myself was always depressed, and an introvert, a mix surprisingly had led to my

encounter with the Messenger. I longed for my parents and hated my life as it were proceeding thus far, as short as it was. Hate, I accept being a very strong word to use, as I tend look back now, but that had been my reality then, and I strongly retain the word and its full meaning, as I reflect back. Fortunately, it does not represent the picture of my life as it exists today.

In my new family I had the responsibility of walking the family dog each morning, before school, after I had breakfast. I would walk lucky to a grassy spot, in front of the Brooklyn Phone Company located at the end of the block, passing many manicured lawns, lined on both sides of the street.

Every morning, after I had reached the phone company, I would stand outside the fenced area, waiting for the dog to do his business. While I watched the employees gathering behind the fenced in area, before entering the

building. I often wanted someone to talk to, tell my troubles to, who can lend an ear, someone who'll understand and render me advice.

To my surprise and delight it happened one day, a woman came close to the fence and asked me my name, "My name is Timmy mam" she answered, "Timmy's a nice name, and what's your dog's name?"

"He's not my dog mam, he's my foster parent's dog and his name is Lucky, I walk him each morning before I walked to school."

My name is Angolese, Timmy, but you can call me Angel, everyone does. I'll tell you a little secret, I was a foster child long ago, and I know how it can be at times. So, you hang in there, and maybe I'll see you tomorrow." A loud horn sounded from the building, and Angel followed every one inside.

I walked briskly home, while sometimes skipping, savoring my encounter with Angel. I just couldn't wait for tomorrow to come. Arriving home, I unleashed Lucky, gathered my books, and went off to school, today was one of my best days.

The following day when I walked Lucky, I looked for Angel, and she was not there. I even asked a co-worker for her, and he told me he didn't know anyone by that name, and he had worked there for many years.

I left feeling greatly disappointed as I returned home. The next day was the same, and the feeling of disappointment persisted. The following day as I was leashing Lucky, I spotted a pack of matches on the kitchen table, I grabbed them as I exited the house.

I'll get even with this world I was thinking, as I walked holding my head down, and my fingers

striking matches, and dropping them as I walked on the manicured lawns. Small flames had begun to turn my excitement on but did not appease my appetite, until the flames climbed higher displaying their capable destruction as I hurriedly made my way down the block surrounded by smoke and smell of my destruction, hopeful no one would see me as the flames blanketed the surfaces, thus consuming my nightmares of the past, and my disappointment of yesterday.

Suddenly a voice newly familiar to me called out my name. "Timmy what are you doing?" And as I turned to look back behind me, it was Angel walking behind me. The lawns that were once flaming, were no more. Manicured lawns had returned, showing no distress, and to my dismay my matches were gone from my hand.

"Timmy, "Angel continued, "The last two days I was busy at home and couldn't be at work.

Promise me that you won't play with matches again, you can hurt yourself or someone else badly." I promised Angel.

When we arrived at the Telephone Company, I asked her why no one knew her when I asked. She just smiled, turned around towards the fence and addressed the first person passing our way, "Good morning Michael,"

And he replied "Good morning Angel, and who's your friend."

"His name is Timmy, and Timmy visits me most mornings, with his dog Lucky."

"Glad to meet you Timmy and Lucky until we meet again," and Michael walked away, entering the building. Angel then asked me if I remembered the promise that I had made her. I replied "Yes," as I lowered my head with some embarrassment.

Angel then replied, "Tomorrow Timmy when I arrive at work, I will bring you a special gift that will change your life as it had mine. It will be your companion as long as you need it to be, maybe forever, and that's a long time. Timmy, I'll see you tomorrow."

I replied, "I'll see you tomorrow Angel." Angel walked through the gate entrance and entered the building.

I couldn't hardly sleep that night, thinking of what Angel had for me. I hurried with my breakfast and made my way with Lucky. I arrived early and waited by the entrance of the fence, hoping not to miss Angel, when she arrived. The Phone Company's, horn sounded for the employees and they started to file in. I felt disappointed again, but not as before, I had promised Angel. When I started crossing the street on my way home, a familiar voice called

to whispered in my ear. “Timmy, where are you going?”

I turned back and I saw Angel, who handed me a wrapped package as she said, “Timmy take this gift and hang it in your bedroom, that’s all you have to do.” Angel then ran across the street, as I returned home to unwrap the gift, and hang it on my wall. The picture was of a marching band of clowns.

Late at night I was woken by loud music, and when I looked at the picture, the clowns had left and were marching across the floor to the bottom of my bed. When the Majorette asked me if I wanted to take the take the lead. I without any hesitation answered, “Yes” and began leading the band throughout the room.

When I awoke the next morning, I looked closely at the picture and to my astonishment I was now in the picture as a little boy who fell

asleep and dreamed, he was the Majorette leading the band, just as I had done, and there was a poem bringing to rhyme my adventure last night.

Next morning, I waited for Angel to tell her what had happened last night. Upon seeing Michael, I called out to him. "Michael Did you see Angel."

"Angel who young man, there's no Angel who works here. I've worked here for many years. How did you know my name?"

"That's ok Michael, I've got to go."

Yet today, I still have my friends I received from the Messenger whom I never met again.