

GUARDIAN ANGEL

By
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“Oh do stop doing that George,” she said for the tenth time that morning, as two and a half year old George opened yet another cupboard and began to empty it. He had entered the terrible two’s with a vengeance and was running her ragged; especially now she had his baby sister to care for too. George looked back at her, the picture of innocence, with his large brown eyes, black curly hair and butterfly mouth; he was a handsome boy only with the devil inside him. He had so much energy he did not stop from the moment he woke up until he went back to sleep. He knew from her expression she wasn’t going to let him continue so he sighed and moved away to find some other mischief to get into to.

Sarah hid her smile but she knew from experience if she didn’t get him to the park soon, to use up some of his surplus energy, he would drive her mad. She quickly finished dressing young Molly and went in to the hallway to get the pram and found George with his head inside the under stairs cupboard.

“GEORGE!” she exclaimed loudly and his head shot out and turned guiltily towards her. “Close that door,” she told him sternly and even if he wasn’t sure what the words meant he understood her tone of voice and meekly closed the door.

“Good boy,” she said, “Now come and put on your coat and shoes as we are going to the park.”

His little face lit up at the mention of the park and happily co-operated, much to her relief.

Soon they were on their way, walking the short distance to the park. George had his reins on as he wouldn’t sit in a pushchair any more; well not without a fight, and as their destination was so close Sarah didn’t bother to make him. They made very

stately progress, going only as fast as George's little legs could manage. Sarah had to keep calm at how slow they were going and she tried hard not to show her impatience's as George was so proud of how well he could walk now. A sudden crash followed by a sharp cry from her daughter diverted her attention from George and on to Molly.

"Hey Molly what's the matter," she said as she looked down on the pavement and saw the remains of her favourite rattle. "Oh no," she cried as without it Molly wouldn't go to sleep.

She bent down to pick up the pieces to see if it could be repaired and in doing so George's reins became free from the pram handle. Sarah was too busy to notice but George did and he wasted no time in making use of his new found freedom. There was a big interesting world all around him and he meant to go exploring it. He looked around for somewhere to go first and he spotted a big tabby cat fast asleep on a wall across the street. He toddled to the kerb and managed to scramble down it on to the road. He glanced back at his mother but she was still occupied picking up the rattle and Molly was now screaming her displeasure. George turned back and smiled at the object of his desire.

"Pussy cat," he said as he began to waddle towards it oblivious to the danger he was in.

Around the corner a white van appeared, its driver talking on his mobile and so not concentrating fully on the road. He didn't see little George until it was much too late. George looked up at the sound of the van and watched in horror as it hurtled towards him. He was too frightened to move or even to cry out as the van bore down on him, getting bigger all the time. The driver slammed on his brakes but he knew he wouldn't stop in time for the kid in the road. A blur of colour past in front of him as he grabbed

the wheel in the van attempt to miss the child but all he did was to swing the back of the van around.

Sarah looked up at the sound of screeching brakes and to her horror she saw George standing in the road with the van only feet away.

“GEORGE!” she screamed in despair as there was nothing she could do to save him.

From out of nowhere a slim figure appeared and ran towards George. Sarah watched in disbelief as this person began to cross in front of the van even though it looked impossible for anyone to out run it. The figure ran faster than she had ever seen a person run before and scooped up George as he passed him and then kept going without missing a beat. They both arrived at her side just as the van swept past the spot George had occupied just moments before.

“Oh my God,” Sarah whispered as she stared for a second at George; miraculously alive and unhurt.

“George!” she wailed and engulfed him in an embrace, the intensity of which scared him and made him cry.

The van door opened and a slim scruffy man ran around it towards her.

“Is he O.K.?” he asked, anxiously. “Does he need an ambulance?”

Sarah let George go enough to check him over and found he did not even have a scratch to show for his close call. She looked up at the man and shook her head.

“No he’s fine,” she told him, still unable to believe it herself.

She looked up to thank his saviour but no one was there.

“OH!” she exclaimed, as she looked up and down the street but he were nowhere to be found.

“Did you see him?” she asked the driver.

He frowned and looked down at George.

“No not George. The person who saved him; did you see where he went?”

He shook his head.

“No he was just a blur,” he said, “look I’m so sorry, I really am, but if he is O.K.....”

She nodded a little distracted and watched him return to his van and drive off.

She took a firm hold of Georges reins and looked him in the eye.

“Don’t ever go into the road again George,” she told him sternly and he nodded.

She then smiled and added, “I love you sweetheart,” and hugged him again.

It was only then she noticed the glitter on his arms and the back of his coat. She frowned and wondered where he got that from as she was sure it wasn’t there before as his coat was his clean one. She pursed her lips but then dismissed it as irrelevant as she got to her feet.

“Well George lets go to the park shall we.”

He smiled up at her in delight.

Somewhere not too far away an Angel smiled and watched them safely on their way.

Another job completed successfully although he had a feeling George was going to keep him on his toes.