

In the beginning, God created the earth and dumped two lousy angels in the woods next to my house...

The Fire Sermon

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They weren't your usual sword wielding variety either.

I only wish they had been, then maybe things would have turned out differently.

Truth be told, those two could have made a fortune in corporate banking.

But somebody else was already shaking that tree.

So they chose me instead.

Up until last week, we got along just fine. We had a pretty good deal.



It started with a simple trade.

I give them chocolate and in return, money falls from the trees like leaves in a storm.

Like I said, it was a good deal, but the angel that saves your life on the battlefield is a demon to your enemy.

Or something like that.

I stopped at a newsagents on the way home from work to boost the kitty.

There wasn't a single Yorkie on the shelf.

Patience is really not my forte and that murder mystery weekend on the Orient Express seemed so far away.



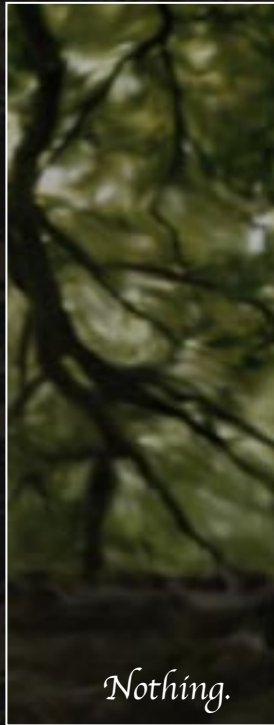
I honestly thought a Dairy Milk would be just as good.



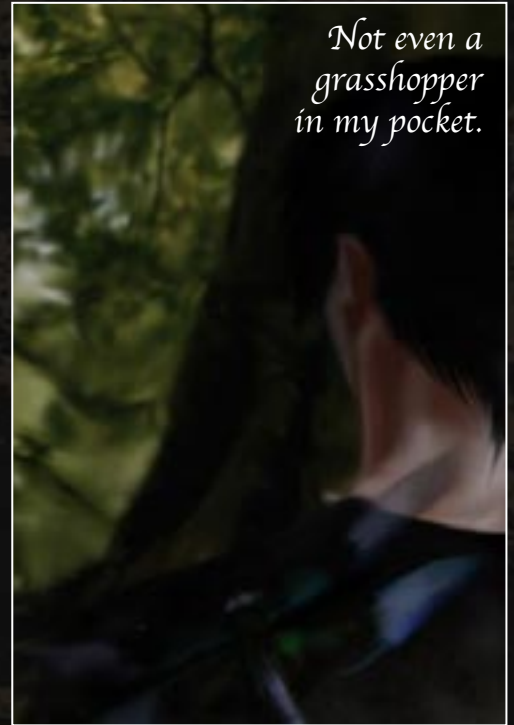
When there was no response, I thought they might simply have left - gone back to wherever it is that angels go when they start to put on weight.



Normally there would have been a sign.



Nothing.



Not even a grasshopper in my pocket.

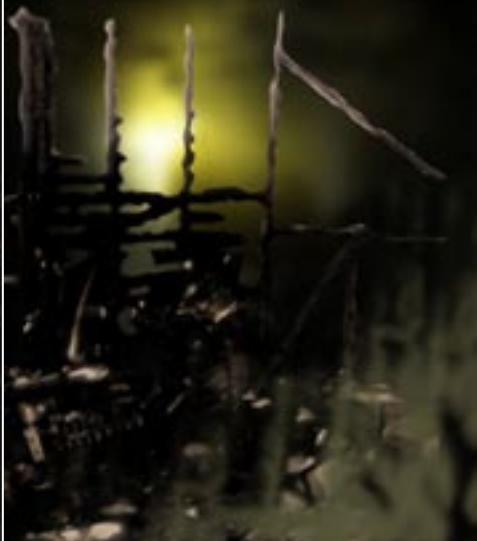
Later that night, I woke to find the sun had risen outside my window. I got out of bed and went downstairs to make coffee - which is when I figured out it was still dark on that side of the house.

Seems foolish looking back that I actually thought that. But not as foolish as I felt standing outside with half a bucket of water.

They had turned the back of my house into an inferno.



Within an hour, everything was gone.



Eventually, the roar of the flames and the sirens of the fire engines subsided.

That was when I heard the rustle of feathers and empty Yorkie wrappers.



I felt like running across there with a Toblerone, shouting "If you think you're getting this without putting that back together, you've got another thing coming..."

But that's not the way the world works is it.

