



Asaliah was the only unhappy Guardian Angel of Paradise, so he requested and obtained from God to return to their robes half-human, to live his life with the neurosurgeon who had known, in that operating room where he was last operated. He married and had Yezalel, his daughter, but, unfortunately, his life was overshadowed by the presence of demonic entities that haunted her, coming to abduct her ...child, at the age of five years, to lead her to hell, where learned a terrible truth.

I want to give a small part of my book, for sale on the major web channels, will come home in paper.

The night is completely dark, void of the silvery paleness of the moon that has gone into hiding behind dark clouds, swollen with rain and covering the whole sky. Even the stars seem to have disappeared. A strong wind has risen, whistling threateningly. Suddenly, a lightning tears the air followed by a powerful thunder. The blaze has lightened for just a moment the charcoal black sky. More lightnings follow the first, and thunders so violent they startle most of the people sleeping, or at least trying to do so. Above New York and the north of Manhattan a strong spring storm is raging, as it hadn't done in years. Those who are still on the streets looking for some fun in the warm New York night cannot do anything but run, while it pours. They cover their heads with jackets or purses, and find refuge inside overcrowded bars and restaurants. Sheets of violent rain are pouring down, rattling loudly the windowpanes. The flare of another lightning tears the complete darkness of the angry sky and lights up Yezalel's bedroom for a moment. It illuminates two shapes, silhouetted against the window and slowly approaching the little girl's bed. A gust of freezing air wafts a strange smell of sulfur in, permeating the entire room. Kyra, who was sleeping calmly in a corner inside her wicker basket, is now fully awake and watches the two entities creep forward, waiting still for something terrible to happen. Her senses perceive the evil fluid they emanate. Just a feeble groan escapes her mouth. Altazar and Damien look Kyra in the eyes, striking a palpable terror into the cub, and then direct the flaming gazes to the little girl, who is sound asleep. Her face with perfect features is really beautiful: the red and well-designed lips are just like her father's, the big eyes with long eyelashes resemble her mother's. The fair golden blond hair framed the picture and little curls fall down her head to the brow, the cheeks, the shoulders, where the evil angels' piercing demonic eyes linger. The kid's angelic nature is coming to light, two little wings are growing and soon they will be impossible to hide. The time has come at last... Another blinding lightning radiates through the pitch-black room. Yezalel suddenly opens her eyes, as if some inner force had warned her of the immediate danger. For just a second she meets their dreadful eyes and she screams, she screams at the top of her lungs. "Mommy, daddy!" Asaliah and Mikael rush inside her room. The demons have disappeared and darkness has engulfed everything again. They turn on the light. The little girl has hidden herself under the sheets, scared to death and sobbing. "The monsters, the monsters," she keeps repeating through the tears. Kyra is frightened too, and is

shaking in her kennel.

“Don’t worry honey, there’s no one here. It was just a nightmare,” says her mother, uncovering her tiny blond head.

“No mommy. I really saw them,” she persists in saying in between the sobs.

“You know what? We are moving your bed to mum and dad’s room, so the monsters will not dare to come back.”

“Can we take Kyra too?”

“Of course angel.”

“They really did come inside. Yezalel wasn’t dreaming, the moment we entered her bedroom I sensed their presence, their smell,” whispers Asaliah to her husband, shaking upset. She knows the nightmare has just begun.