**Angel by Heather Sherry 10H**

The smile lit up the cherubs face as she danced around the garden, her flowing mane of hair illuminated in the afternoon glow. Her bare feet were dirty with mud and grass as she ran free and danced around to the music, happy and content in her oblivious happiness. I sipped my drink quietly to myself, admiring the young girl, who was so lovely it was hard to hate her. The perfection of the child in front of me made me imagine her older. Long hair cut short but still wild as ever, eyes hidden behind ugly glasses but not even for a second dimming the mischievous glint in her eyes. She caught my eye as she danced past and I could’ve sworn I saw her wink. I chuckled to myself and shook my head lightly as I got up to refill my drink, thinking only of the love I felt for my little sister.

I smiled up at him; thanking God silently that he finally noticed me. He leaned down to kiss me and the door banged open. My sister, hair now longer and lacking her two front teeth, looked utterly adorable and glowing. Her face seemed to sag as she took in the scene, her blue eyes innocent and round like a baby deer. Her lack of smile seemed to age her years and I felt a jolt of pain in my heart as she left, closing the door behind her with a dull thud. I was growing into a young woman, far away from the cherubs we used to be.

I laughed happily as the warm summer sun tickled my face, greeting me softly, comforting me as I sipped my drink and feeling at peace. Then I saw the door open and my stomach jumped. My dear sister walked out the door on her special day, her hair shorter, ears decorated with many earrings. Her dress was an old one of mine I didn’t bring when I left for university. Her blue eyes locked with mine and behind her glasses, she gave me a small wink. The knot of nerves in my stomach unravelled out of me, filling the air and spreading all around. I no longer saw my little sister, who still had the mischievous glint in her eye, as a cherub. Not as a young, giggling mess who laughed at silly words and even sillier faces. Not a young girl with her long hair and dirty feet. No. Before me I saw a young woman, with an ability to do anything she put her mind to. A young woman with a gorgeous smile and eyes that lost their childlike innocence but never the glint they held within. It seemed to me, she was now an angel, finally fulfilling her birth name. Angel.