

House of the Archangel

The house of the archangel had a well inside it.

Don't fall down

House of the Archangel

What was in the well?

Magic.

House of the Archangel

For what purpose?

To heal.

House of the Archangel?

It's just one.

One archangel.

The well inside the house of the archangel.

Drowning.

No one drowns in there...

But... Someone did fall down there.

How did they get into the house?

The archangel let them in.

Who were they to the archangel?

A beloved.

Anything else you can tell me?

About that person?

I can tell you quite a bit.

The one who fell into the well...

What was his/her name?

Harizon.

Who were they?

Just a human being.

But you wouldn't know it from looking... From being with them.

What do you mean?

You might mistake them for another archangel.

I'm assuming, dear reader, that you're human, of course.

Because an archangel—

Well, even an archangel might temporarily mistake them for another angel.

Tell me what it's like.

What what's like?

What being an archangel is like.

I will try to tell you.

Being an archangel.

It's filled with sapphires. Really?

I'm not sure how much I can tell you about being an archangel generally.

But I can tell you about this particular archangel—what it may have been like to be them.

All right.

Go ahead!

This archangel was in the business of healing others.

"Business".

Did the archangel get paid for it?

I don't know.

Go ahead.
I'm listening!

About the beloved, though...

I said I could tell you more.

Harizon, as we said, was their name.

And

they wore a necklace.

It had a long cord. Tied around a shark tooth.

So they said. A very large tooth.

And...?

And I mostly heard the story from Harizon and from the archangel. I did not witness much myself.

I don't know what the tooth was for, but it was very sharp.

The archangel took the tooth
and cut a line in the beloved's arm.

Why did the archangel do that?

Maybe I could tell the story with minimal interruptions now.

Were they in the house of the archangel at the time?

No. They were just outside.

In the yard.

Well, by the side of the house, with some trees nearby—a semi-enclosed area.

The house was made of brick.

It was about 80,000 years old.

Just kidding!

It was made of brick, though.

Red brick, brown brick, reddish-brown brick. Occasional blue brick.

And with windows. Of course.

...Yes. There's something about the windows.

Would you believe me if I told you...

Someone fell. Out of a third-story window.

It's not a place you want to live—the house of the archangel.

Tell me more about this house.

I will.

Do I have to do something?

No. You can just listen.

The house.

What shall I say?

Shall I tell you there were photographs on the table?

Shall I say the house was filled with emeralds?

Shall I tell you the furniture was made of diamonds?

Shall I—

I'll tell you: I want to know

—I want to know about the photographs.

Okay.

I can't tell you about them.

It's too private.

Sorry. I just realized that.

[disappointed.]

Well,

there was one photo of a clown.

Yeah—really.

A clown?

Why?

You would have to ask the archangel.

Could I?

Could you connect me?

I'll try to.

...

* * *

Hello.

You wanted to speak with me?

Amalgamation renicula reniculio.

Pensatorial.

Hello again.

Wow.

I feel strangely... better.

Yes.

(Just breathing.)

So,

I heard that your beloved fell down into a well in your house.

Is that true?

It certainly is not.

Kidding.

Hahaha.

(Chuckling...)

Really, though.
What happened?

I'll try to tell you what happened.

My beloved was in need.

So she (/he) came to my... house.

We hadn't met.

You hadn't met each other yet?

No.

Amalgamation. Renicular. Reticulon.

You like these words. You should remember they can unlock something in you.

I do like them.

What do you mean they can unlock something, though?

Reniculio.

Tartraphon. Renicular.

Enigma plastic.

Saddo susquetorially. And enigmatic... Do you know?

Do you know the words to your own song?

Or shall I tell you?

I don't think I have a song in the sense you mean.

And in what sense do I mean it?

Like, a theme song?

Even better.

A lifesong.

What is—

I think you know what a lifesong is.

But I can remind you...

Why don't you tell me more about you and your beloved instead?

Are you still there?

I think the archangel left.

* * * *

Hello.

You're back.

Yes.

I'm not the archangel.
Just the narrator, again.

I'm not sure what to make of that visit.

The archangel didn't answer your question?

I forgot to ask it.

Well, maybe next time!

So...

What's up with the archangel's house, for the love of God?

Funny you mention God.

Why is it funny?

You know angels are the bridge between humanity and divinity?

Well, they are.

I had to think for a moment.

Divine, angels, humanity.

Exactly.

You know the person I mentioned who fell out the window?

Yes.

They didn't just fall.

What happened?

The house didn't like them.

Oh dear.

And then they fell out a window.

Did you say the house is three stories tall?

I didn't.

It's actually seven stories tall.

And on the seventh floor is a library.

Tell me about it...

Library of the archangel.

Sparkling shells.

Big, spiky shells.

Small, spiked shells.

A collection of shells yet to be sorted.

The library is open to any who need it.

Blue shells,

coffee-colored shells with swirls of darker brown.

Yellow shells.

Pale and vibrant both.

And in one shell... is a message.

A message?
Who's it for?

For you.

The message says:

"Don't worry, my dear. I am safe.

I have been fine all these years.

I have lived life to the fullest.

I have lived and died

but have found my way

to the dark terrain,

the dark patches of the night.

Do not worry.

I am all intact.

They could not harm me;

though I suffered, it turned out

all right.

I send my heart and mind,

I send my spirit

guiding you,

and my laughter for every lonely day.

Don't despair of us never having met.

We will meet again.

I send much love.

And light.

Au revoir.

For now.

I won't forget.

I won't forget us!"

But... who was that from?

It sounds like you have a beloved person on your side.

Even if not in this life.