

The background of the entire image is a repeating pattern of red roses with black outlines, set against a white background. The roses are of various sizes and are connected by thin, black, curving branches with small, pointed leaves.

Elena Esaulova

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# Angels turned around

Heavenly escort

16+

Elena Esaulova

**Angels turned around  
(Heavenly escort)**

«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

2018

**Esaulova E. V.**

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Mr. Brainy is looking for a heart for his daughter. Angels talk to his daughter. Elizabeth falls in love with Mr. Brainy. Angels say they are not meant to be together. Elizabeth's father Mr. Cantone works as a judge and restores the Constitutional Court. Angels praise her father and give him another 20 years of life. Elizabeth gives her heart to the daughter of Mr. Brainy, who is sentenced to death. Elizabeth's father innocents Mr. Brainy in court. Angels come to the father and say that Elizabeth settled in the body of Mr. Brainy's daughter. She will always be next to him. The angels leave, but one of them turns around...

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# **Elena Esaulova**

## **Angels turned around (Heavenly escort)**

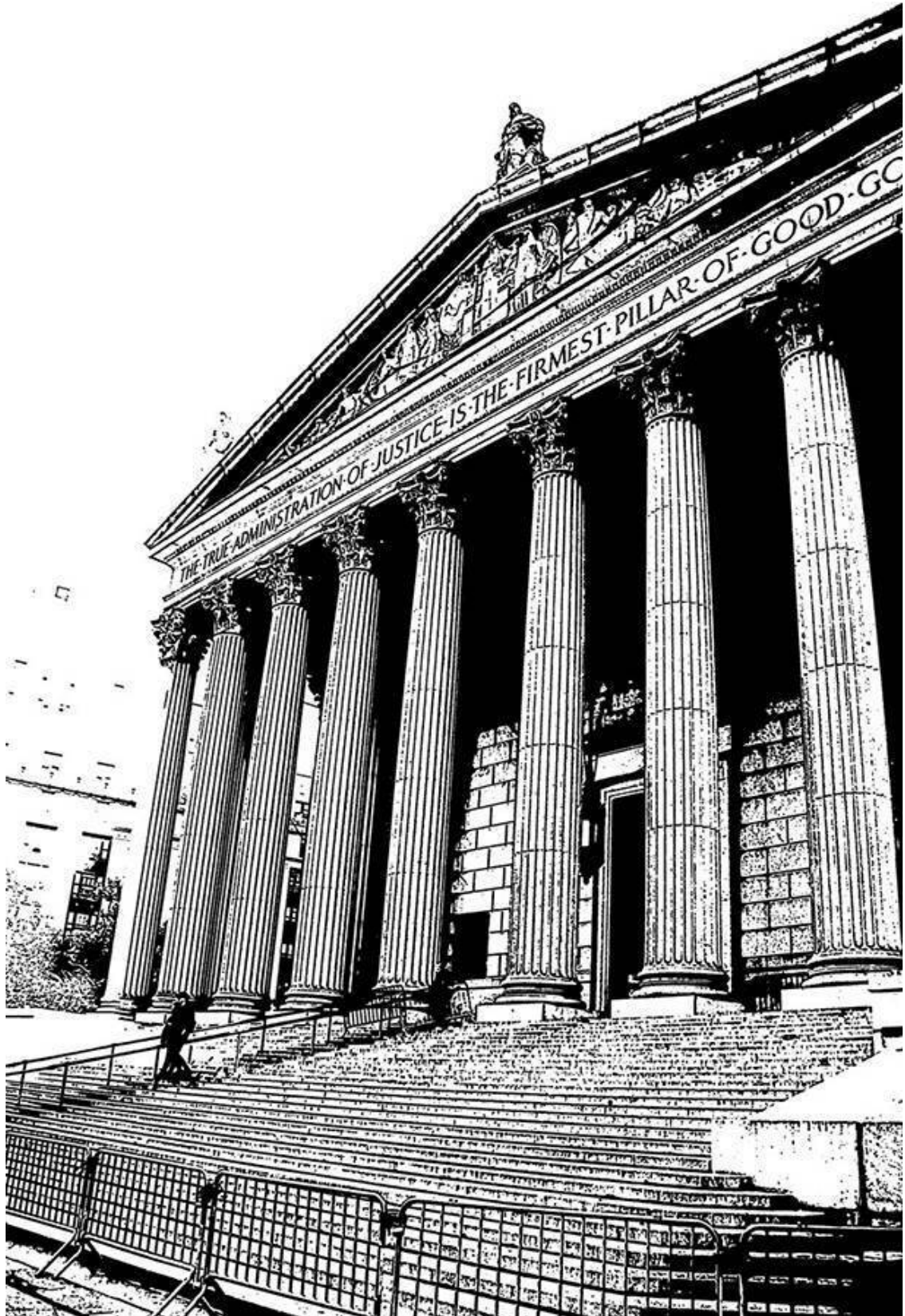
**Angels turned around (Heavenly escort) @2019**

**Author-illustrator Esaulova Elena**

*...They turned to me. I completely lost my strength, and my spirit forced me to pray. Fear, tears, monstrous pain. To survive all this is impossible, if there is no protection. Oh, my God, how many angels are trying to reach YOU for protection? And you are blind, deaf, dumb... Sparks from the eyes and a strong yearning. Do you want to go there? Then they turn around. If they turn around, then it's time. It's time to act. Having reached the point, you can finally surrender to their hands. Eh, how I would like to see them. Touch them, communicate with them. They are the messengers of heaven. Or are they...us?*

Mr. Brainy and Elizabeth (the names of the main characters of the book) knew each other only because of the society of writers, in which Elizabeth was called to read poems on Saturday in the old abandoned building of the Constitutional Court it was closed due to its failure to protect citizens during the Civil War, which began in 2025. Mr. Brainy did not believe in miracles, but for him it was always a mystery how people suddenly escaped from disasters, tragedies, illnesses, and at the same time they could explain what was really the power in a person, with which they could save themselves?

On another Saturday, Elizabeth got ready to read, taking a small canvas bag with turkey sandwiches, slices of melon, and a cranberry juice cooked by her mother for a sick father who had been ill for several months. Elizabeth was 35 and she no longer believed that there was love in the world, since the last decades of her life were connected only with the struggle for her own importance and beauty, which she did not receive from nature.



Mr. Brainy sat away from everyone, his glasses were lowered to the edge of his nose and he was looking into the huge window of the court, from which was seen the multiple roads of the city named M – a huge metropolis that is mired in the struggle for the control of everything that at least somehow would prolong the life of man spiritually and physically. Even such things as transplantation of organs

for those who needed it, were banned 40 years after a successful heart operation. The daughter of Mr. Brainy, 12-year-old Stephanie, needed a transplant. Her heart failed to cope, because she had a deformity in the area of the blood pumping valves, and Mr. Brainy, and he was a world-class surgeon, was looking for a way to eliminate the ailment, but the only salvation would be a transplant.

Elizabeth read the poem about April, and drew attention to a man with a nose clip near the window, who looked at her with a sad and far from reality look.

When everyone sat down to drink tea with biscuits (which was the tradition of the literary club), Elizabeth went to Mr. Brainy and held out a melon, saying that she could not imagine her life without this fruit. He invited her to a park in which the trees had already begun to turn yellow, and some special species of maple were covered with a bright red fire color.

His wife died during the birth of Stephanie, and he did not have time to enjoy family life, having remained at the age of 33 a widower. Since then, he has never had a serious relationship, since it was necessary to engage in Stephanie from birth. There were women who could give birth to him, but he remained true to his wife and daughter.

Stephanie liked to cut beautiful dresses and shoes from fashion magazines, and paste them in her notebook, signing the events on which she was supposed to be present in these outfits. One day a dragonfly flew into the window, and Stephanie stretched out her hand to pat it. Suddenly a boy appeared in her room and told her to not be afraid. He is an Angel and came to tell her that if she ever wants to go there with him, to heaven, she just has to think about it and then he will turn around and come for her.

Stephanie told him that he can come to her when he wants, that she is interested in stories about heaven, and about how everything is arranged there, and if there are schools there for people like her.



Elizabeth bought a new dress for the next Saturday meeting at the Writers' Club. She put on makeup and lipstick. She looked much older, although she was far from 20. When she did not see Mr. Brainy among those present, her heart pounded slightly and she realized that she felt affection for Mr. Brainy. She had not liked men for a long time, after her divorce she had no serious relationship, although for sex she had a couple of brutal men, but brainless and muscular. Basically, she called them friends, with whom it was impossible to go to an event, to the theater or even for a walk.

She came home and called Mr. Brainy. He answered the phone and said that Stephanie was in the hospital. Her heart condition was worsenerly. She is on drugs and very weak.

Elizabeth came to his house and, in the midnight corridor of his huge apartment, her eyes began to burn so brightly that Mr. Brainy became silent for a minute, just staring at her. He wanted to warm up the kettle; he had a towel in his hand. Elizabeth went up to him, lowered her bag to the floor, and clung to his lips. He did not know how to kiss, but his plump lips left no choice for her and she took a decisive step, saying that she would teach him how to kiss.

He was sitting on the couch, she was lying on his lap, a little bent legs, and he was holding her hand. Elizabeth became frightened that it would soon end, that only now she had found a man with whom she was so well, and who at first sight became her own. She thought about two months, through which all will end, and her chest squeezed sadness. But, she quickly drove these thoughts away, telling herself that everything is the Will of God, and we do not know how much is prepared for us, we do not need to limit the dates.

The next day, Elizabeth called her father and asked why the law was passed prohibiting organ transplantation. Her father worked as a judge and was one of those who protested against the abolition of the onstitutional Court. His colleagues in the referee chair behaved less positively, so as not to anger the leadership. Mr. Cantone, Elizabeth's father, was also sick (he suffered a micro stroke), but supportive therapy and the lack of alcohol and cigarettes did their job, he felt comfortable.

Elizabeth came to the nearest school, where she worked as a caretaker of the extended day group, the school was not far from her house. In the drawing class, she asked the children to draw a heart to see if the children know what the main organ of a person who supports their life looks like. The drawings were different, and Elizabeth collected them all to take Stephanie to the hospital.



Mr. Brainy once again received a written refusal to transplant the organ, the signature was Mr. Cantone, the father of Elizabeth. He drew attention to the name, remembering that Elizabeth had the same name on the badge on the first day of her acquaintance at the Writers' Club.

Elizabeth sat in a cafe and drank her favorite cappuccino, when next to her was a very handsome young man. Incredibly heavenly beautiful eyes. He sat beside her, with a mug of tea, and smiled at her as she turned her head slightly frightened.

- You scared me.
- I know, but do not be afraid. I only protect you.
- Me? From what or from whom? I do not need protection.
- You have a great kind heart.
- Yes? Thanks for the compliment.
- Can you give it away?
- I do not understand. What should I give? My heart?
- Yes. You can save her.
- Oh, my God, are you talking about Stephanie? But, how do you know her?
- I spoke with her Angel. She did not have much left.
- God, but why me?
- You are not meant to be together anyway.
- With Mr. Brainy?

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