

**“I WANT THE FEELS OF I BE ON TOP,” SAID LITTLE ANGELA  
BLACK**  
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Little Angela Black went through the toopsie-doopsie door to meet with a fairy. Little Angela Black had never met a fairy before, had never had the need to. Little Angela Black skipped and skipped her way through the long, long hallway with black and white tiles. The tiles were small and were arranged in no particular order or pattern. But even then, little Angela Black could tell that the white tiles outnumbered the black ones. She did not know by how many. She just knew they did. No one else noticed that the white tiles outnumbered the black tiles, she thought. No one else cared that the white tiles outnumbered the black tiles, she thought.

Earlier that day, little Angela Black was walking and walking to the big, big library. Little Angela Black wanted to read lotsa-lotsa books. Little Angela Black liked books a lot. The meanie-meanie librarian did not like Angela Black. He could not say why. But he did not. So little Angela Black could only read books inside the library, could never take even a teensy-tiny book home. Little Angela Black cried that day in the library. But little Angela Black was only skippy-skipping through the long, long hallway now. Little Angela Black still had the salty marks of her not-so-teensy-tiny tears. The meanie-meanie librarian had not seen little Angela Black cry. And had he peek-a-boo with his shiny little blue eyes, would he have had a warming change of heart?

Little Angela Black did not know what the fairy would look like. Would it be a teensy-little creature-friend? Or would it be a big meanie ogre instead? Perhaps a cutesy little old lady with a cutesy little old baton? Little Angela Black did not know. Little Angela Black had found the fairy's little comfy home by accident.

“And what do we have here?” said the fairy's voice. Little Angela Black could not tell where the fairy was.

“Where is you?” said little Angela Black. “I wants to see how is you look.”

“I look exactly like you want me to look,” said the fairy. “And I am just where your little heart wants me to be.”

Little Angela Black thought for a while about what she wanted the fairy to look like. And whoopsie-doopsie the fairy appeared, right in front of little Angela Black. The fairy could have taken any form. The fairy took the form of a cutesy little brown puppy.

“Why this form?” said the fairy in its cutesy little brown puppy voice.

“Because you is smaller than I,” said little Angela Black with a bright white grin. “And why is it that you have come here?” said the fairy.

“Because I could finds the entrance,” replied little Angela Black.

“What is your name, young lady?”

“My name be Angela Black,” sounded the voice of little Angela Black.

“And, little Angela Black, since you have come all the way through the long, long hallway to the big, big room, would you like for me to give you a gift?”

Little Angela Black was beyond thrilled. No one ever cared to give little Angela Black a gift. No one had ever given little Angela Black a gift. So little Angela Black nodded rapidly with her little head, shaking her tight little curls.

“Alright,” started the fairy in its cutesy little brown puppy form, “I shall grant you three wishes. Just ask for what you want, and that you will get. However, you can only ask for one wish every day. What do you want the first to be?”

“I wants the meanie-meanie librarian to likes me,” said little Angela Black, “so I can takes a book home.”

And *swoolie-toop* sounded the fairy’s wand. And little Angela Black left the fairy’s comfy home.



The next day, little Angela Black skipped her way to the library after school. She smiled and laughed and hummed a song that her sweet Mama always sang for her before bed.

*You are beautiful, smart, and loved.*

*More than anybody else.*

*Smile, baby angel, for the future is yours.*

*Others will try to soil your face, so you don’t look beautiful.*

*Others will hate you, so you don’t feel loved.*

*But worry not, for God is on your side.*

*And if everything fails, you can always punch back.*

Little Angela Black went into the library. It was dusty and gray. Little Angela Black greeted the man who used to be a meanie-meanie librarian. He greeted her back with a smile. Little Angela Black looked for a book she liked, and the happy-go-lucky librarian, who now liked little Angela Black very much, allowed her to check it out.

Little Angela Black was happier than ever. She skipped and skipped through the sidewalk, hugging her book close to her little chest. She skipped and hummed, and skipped and hummed some more. Then a meanie-meanie police officer came to her.

“Young lady, where did you get that book from?” said the police officer.

“I checks it out of library,” said little Angela Black. Little Angela Black was scared, looking at herself reflected on the meanie-meanie police officer’s black sunglasses.

The meanie-meanie police officer did not believe little Angela Black. After all, little kids are not allowed to check out books by themselves.

“You stole it, didn’t you?” said the meanie-meanie police officer with a meanie-meanie voice. Little Angela Black was scared. Little Angela Black began to cry. Little Angela Black shook her head from side to side, side to side, but the meanie-meanie police officer still did not believe her.

“Give me that!” said he, snatching the book from little Angela Black’s hands. The meanie-meanie police officer then pushed her aside, making little Angela Black fall to the floor, and went on to return the book.

Little Angela Black did not skip on the sidewalk anymore. Little Angela Black was shedding a river of tears now. Little Angela Black was not humming her Mama’s song anymore. Instead, she was singing out loud an imperfect version of the song with her little brown eyes fixed on the floor. In her Mama’s perfect voice, this is how the song went:

*You are beautiful, smart, and loved.*

*More than anybody else.*

*Smile, baby angel, for the future is yours.*

*Others will try to soil your face, so you don’t look beautiful.*

*Others will hate you, so you don't feel loved.  
But worry not, for God is on your side.  
And if everything fails, you can always punch back.*

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Little Angela Black went back to the fairy's comfy home. The black and white tiles were still on the floor of the long, long hallway. The white tiles still outnumbered the black tiles. Little Angela Black still noticed this.

"Hello again," said the fairy, adopting once more the form of a cutesy little brown puppy. Little Angela Black waved her hand. Under her eyes, there were salty marks highlighting that, again, she had been crying.

"Are you ready for your second wish?" asked the fairy.

Little Angela Black nodded. "I wants the meanie-meanie police officer to suffers like me do." And *swoolie-toop* sounded the fairy's wand. The fairy would make the meanie-meanie police officer suffer, just like little Angela Black had requested.

"It is done," said the fairy. The police officer had been fired and stripped from all ranks and benefits of his jobs. He had been sued by many a person that did not like him at all. The fairy also told little Angela Black that, in two days, he would die.

Little Angela Black wiped the salty tear marks on her face. Little Angela Black smiled. And little Angela Black skipped her way home, humming her Mama's song.

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Little Angela Black did not know what she wanted for her third wish. Toys, so many that she could play forever? Or maybe candy, so much candy she would never be able to finish? These things did not quite matter as much as they perhaps should have to little Angela Black.

Instead, little Angela Black thought about the tiles on the long, long hallway. Should she wish to even the number of white and black tiles? Maybe. Or should she wish that the black tiles outnumbered the white ones instead? Perhaps.

What did she want, little Angela Black? Money and riches she did not think about. *Tootie-oop* sounded the door as little Angela Black entered the fairy's comfy home. *Tootie-oop* it sounded as the door closed behind her. Just what in the world did little Angela Black want? Justice, perhaps world peace, as her smart teachers had preached were needed? Love for everybody, as her Mama always wanted? Soon it matters not.

Little Angela Black skipped her way to the big, big room. Little Angela Black was grinning and humming, that song from her sweet Mama.

"Hello, young one," said the fairy. Today, the fairy was not in the form of a cutesy little brown puppy. Today, the fairy was in the form of a little girl with golden curls. The little girl in front of little Angela Black had blue eyes and clear skin, seemed to be made carefully out of porcelain.

"Have you decided on your last wish?" sounded the fairy with a voice that was nothing short of angelic, eloquent as a saint's promise that everything and everyone will be alright. A gallant elegy of the divine rise of God.

"I haves," sounded a voice that should have been angelic as well. "I want the feels of I be on top," said little Angela Black.

"And what might that look like?" asked the fairy.

Little Angela Black thought about this for a while. Little Angela Black skipped in a circle for a while, then she stopped, and told the fairy what she wanted.

And *swolie-toop* sounded the fairy's wand. The last wish was complete, and the fairy went back to sleep. Before the night was gone, little Angela Black was no more. Her name was now Angela White.