TORI'S STORY

by Torry Martin

Adventures in ODYSSEY

Angel Heard on High

Wooton ran up to me backstage before the Christmas concert.

"Special delivery," he whispered, handing me a card. "I normally don't deliver at night, but I'm making an exception on account of you and Olivia fighting and all. Break a leg!"

I recognized Olivia's handwriting. Obviously, Wooton had, too.

Dear Tori, she'd written, *I'm sorry I said such awful things to you. Christmas is supposed to be about love and joy, but I haven't been very loving. I was jealous that you got the solo. Please forgive me. Your friend, Olivia.*

I smiled for the first time all week. I wanted to run over and tell Olivia everything was OK. Unfortunately, at that exact moment, Connie tugged a rope and I flew into the air.



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After a month of rehearsals, I was about to take center stage. Well, 20 feet *above* center stage.

I'd practiced holding poses in my angel costume so my body would stay perfectly balanced in flight. It required sharp mental focus, especially because my halo kept slipping. But now all I could focus on was Olivia. How could I show her I'd forgiven her?

Suddenly, I had an idea. I folded my sheet music into an origami swan. Tucking it into my gown, I waited to fly over Olivia's head so I could deliver my present via airmail.

The curtain opened as the piano started playing "Joy to the World." I flew across the stage, graceful as a real angel. I could hear my parents cheering. Then I saw Olivia looking up at me from the choir. I gave her a smile and reached for the swan. But when I moved my arm, it set me off-balance and I spun wildly out of control.

"Hellllllp!" I shouted. The microphone amplified my screams so loudly that I probably burst a few eardrums in the audience, but I didn't care. All I wanted was to stop spinning before I threw up on the shepherds. There was nothing to grab onto . . . except the top of the Christmas tree.

I grabbed a limb and swung straight into the tree with a *thud!* The audience gasped.

I tried to hide, but that's impossible when you're hanging from a Christmas tree like a giant, flailing angel ornament. I had never felt so low while flying so high.

Suddenly, a single voice rang out. "Joy to the world, the Lord is come . . ."

All eyes focused on Olivia. Soon the other shepherds joined in. I sang along as Connie gently lowered me to the ground.

When the song finished, I ran over and gripped Olivia in the biggest hug ever.

"So we're good?" she asked.

"Are you kidding?" I replied. "We're *great!*"