

**HEAVEN CAME DOWN**

# **THE OCULUS GATE SERIES**

**BOOK ONE: HEAVEN CAME DOWN**

**BOOK TWO: INVADING HELL**

**BOOK THREE: MY SOUL TO TAKE**

**BOOK FOUR: ON EARTH AS IT IS IN HELL**

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# HEAVEN CAME DOWN

BOOK ONE IN THE OCLUS GATE SERIES

BY

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Heaven Came Down

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## Chapter One

Summer shivered. Sitting on a rickety wooden pew, she stared at the carnage—her parents lying motionless in front of the kneeling altar, the shadow of angel wings spreading across their smoking bodies. The scene was surreal, impossible, yet the very outcome they had feared for so long.

The angel, blonde and beautiful, crouched in front of her, her face glowing. “I’m sorry you had to witness this.” Her pupils seemed to blaze. “It’s all for the best. If we are to live in perfect unity, all must agree to the common worship.”

Summer looked away. Although the angel spewed lies, disagreeing with her might incite another blast from her deadly eyes.

The angel set a hand on Summer’s knee. “Since, by law, you’re too young to execute and old enough to survive on your own, I will leave you here to fend for yourself. Just be sure to warn others to heed the instructions of the holy angels.” She rose, flew to the exit, and closed the door behind her.

Summer knelt at her mother’s side and lifted the cross she always wore, the coarse wood scorched by the twin lasers that drilled holes through her chest. She untied the leather cord and held the cross in her trembling hand. As she caressed it with a fingertip, her face warmed, then blazed. *Unity*. An angel’s buzzword. A patriot’s obscenity. What good was unity if everyone united around evil? It was all wrong, so very wrong.

The door opened again. Summer stuffed the cross into her skirt pocket. At the entry, framed by midday light, a man strode in and took off a military-style cap. Dressed in camo and carrying a rifle, he bent his lanky body and stooped at Summer’s side. “Do you know who I am?” he asked, kindness in his tone.

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She nodded. “The resistance commander.”

His eyes, as gray as his hair, sparkled. “I apologize for arriving too late. I came as soon as I heard from our regional watchman.”

“I understand. It’s not your fault.”

“What’s your name, and how old are you?”

“Summer. I’m seventeen.”

“Old enough.” He threaded his cap through his fingers. “Would you like to join us?”

“To battle the angels?”

“The so-called angels. No real angel would murder your parents.”

“I know.” She sniffed and brushed a tear away. “But why me?”

“I need someone to help me expose them for the monsters they really are, and you’re perfect for the job.”

“But I’m just a—”

“Just a kid. I know. But if you join us, we’ll make you into what you need to be. And even if you don’t, you’re welcome to live in our farming community.”

Summer gazed again at the faces of her parents, both noble, both peaceful. They were such good people—loving, giving, and kind. The commander was right. The angels were monsters. They had to be stopped.

“I’ll send someone to take care of your folks.” He rose and extended a hand. “Will you come?”

She took his hand, and they walked out together, leaving the carnage behind.



Summer stood in a line of ten new recruits, all dressed in boots and camo. She glanced at Jack Garrison standing at her side, tall and muscular, eyes straight ahead—the portrait of courage. How could she, a scrawny teenager, ever be a true soldier like him?

She clutched the scorched cross dangling at her chest. She could do this. She had to do this. Nothing else mattered.

Commander Barks stood in front of the line and raised his right hand. "Repeat after me."

The recruits raised their hands and recited the resistance oath, ending with, "And I swear to give all that is necessary, including my life, to rid the world of the angel scourge."

Twenty camo-clothed onlookers applauded. Handshakes spread all around. A few greeted Summer, though no one except Jack's sister, Trudy, asked for her name. After most had filtered out, Jack, Trudy, and their brother Ben remained, talking to Barks. Ben, speaking to the commander with a confident stance, was obviously the leader of the siblings. Although he and his wife, Kat, had been part of the resistance force for quite a while, he had joined Jack and Trudy in taking the oath. It seemed that this family trio did everything together.

When their group broke up, Barks strode to Summer and extended a hand. "Welcome to the resistance."

"Thank you, sir." Summer shook his hand. "So what's next?"

Barks glanced at the Garrisons, then looked again at Summer. "Follow me."

As they walked past the trio, Ben whispered something to Trudy. She stomped on his foot. "Don't be a jerk. She can be trained. She's the same age I am, so it's possible."

"Ignore Ben," Barks said as they walked toward a folding table with a deck of cards on top. "In his eyes, a female soldier has to ... well ..."

"Prove herself?" Summer asked.

Barks nodded. "And you'll certainly get a chance to do that."

They sat at the table across from each other. Barks picked up the deck and fanned the cards. "Pick four and place them face down."

Summer did so. "Telling my fortune?"

"In a way, but it's really a magic trick." He set a finger on one of the cards. "I need a spy who can memorize complex codes that will allow for secure communications. Therefore, this spy must become

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a jack of all trades.” He turned the card over, revealing the jack of spades. “You will need to be a quick study.”

He touched another of her selected cards. “I need a spy who can infiltrate angel headquarters and get close to the angels’ hive queen. She is the key to everything.” He turned the second card over, revealing the queen of spades. “You will need to learn extraordinary stealth.”

He touched the third card. “I need a spy who is beautiful, charming, physically fit, someone even a king would desire.” He turned that card faceup—the king of spades.

“But I’m none of those things,” Summer said. “I’m a skinny scarecrow.”

Barks smiled. “Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, and you’re certainly a lovely young lady in mine.”

Her cheeks warmed. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” He cleared his throat. “In any case, you will go to a training camp to develop whatever skills and fitness you’re lacking. My plan is long-term. It might take years to play out.”

He set a finger on the fourth card and pushed the others to the side. “Finally, I need a spy who hates the angels as much as any patriot in our fold.” He turned the card over, this time slowly, a slight tremble in his hand. The ace of spades now lay alone on the table. “Long ago, this card was considered a symbol of death. It means you must be willing to die for the cause, just as you swore in your oath. And since you have no living close relatives, I’m giving you the opportunity to become the spy I need.” He paused for a moment, a hint of wetness in his eyes. “What do you say?”

As Summer stared at the card, the church scene returned to mind—the angel flying into the sanctuary, demanding that those who stood with the angels exit immediately. Two dozen worshipers ran out, leaving only her parents standing firm. The angel shot both with her laser eyes, killing them instantly, a cold and callous execution.

Now it was time to pay them back.

She picked up the ace. “I’m your spy, Commander.”