Angels Don’t Know Karate

by Debbie Dadey and Marcia Thornton Jones

illustrated by John Steven Gurney
To Jared Thornton, Allison Thornton, Nathan Dadey, and Rebekah Dadey — four very special angels!
—MTJ and DD
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Angels, Angels, Everywhere

Melody fell back on the ground and waved her arms and legs in big arcs. When she jumped up, there was a perfect angel in the snow. “Watch out,” she hollered to her friend Eddie. “You almost trampled one of my angels.”

It was a few weeks before Christmas. Melody and Eddie and their friends Liza and Howie were on the Bailey School playground playing in the fluffy snow. Other kids had built a snowman and Eddie was in the middle of bombarding them with snowballs packed extra hard.

“How do you expect us to have a decent snowball fight?” Eddie grumbled. “There are angels everywhere.”

Melody smiled. “Of course there are.
We all have guardian angels. That’s what my mother told me when she gave me this.” She pointed to the little gold pin on her coat’s collar.

Howie laughed. “Everybody but Eddie,” he said. “No angel would come near Eddie!”

“You better hope your guardian angel is paying attention,” Eddie warned, “because you’re about to get creamed with this snowball.” Eddie took aim and let the snowball fly.

“Duck!” Liza screamed. But Howie didn’t move fast enough. The snowball smacked him right in the chest.

“Howie’s angel must have gone home for Christmas,” Eddie said.

Melody grabbed Eddie’s arm before he could throw another snowball. “Don’t you believe in angels?” she asked.

“Everybody has a guardian angel,” Liza said. “Even you.”

“Then I hope that new crossing guard
has one,” Eddie said. He jerked his arm away from Melody and pointed to the street.

A stranger wearing a bright white cape and gold earmuffs was bending over in the middle of the street. Near her was a bright orange sign that read CROSSING GUARD. With a fat paintbrush, she was repainting the faded crosswalk stripes.

“She better be careful,” Liza said. “A car could run over her.”
Eddie agreed. “She’d be flatter than a dime on a railroad track.”

“She needs a guardian angel,” Melody said as the stranger set her can of paint down on the sidewalk across the street. “If she spills paint on mean Mr. Mason’s sidewalk she’ll be a goner.”

The kids stared at Mr. Mason’s yard. It was the only one around without any Christmas decorations. Everybody knew about mean Mr. Mason. It was said he cooked kids in his stew if he found them in his yard.

“Maybe somebody should warn that stranger before Mr. Mason catches her,” Liza said.

Eddie opened his mouth to speak, but before he had the chance a snowball bopped him right in the mouth. “Ow!” Eddie screamed.

“A direct hit!” a boy named Ben yelled loud enough for everyone in the school
yard to hear. Ben was in the fourth grade and liked to bully third-graders. Especially Eddie.

Eddie grabbed a handful of snow to throw at Ben. “I’m not going to let him get away with that,” Eddie said. “I wish I knew karate. I’d sidekick him all the way to Sheldon City.”

“Don’t worry about it,” Howie said. “It was only snow.”

“Eddie’s chicken,” Ben yelled and flapped his arms. “Bok! Bok! Bok!”

“I’m not chicken,” Eddie blurted. “I’m not afraid of anything.”

“Yes, you are,” Ben shouted. “You’re afraid of a little snowball fight. I bet you’re even afraid of climbing trees.”

“Am not,” Eddie sputtered.

Ben walked up close to Eddie until their noses almost touched. “I dare you to prove it. I double dare you!”

Eddie put his hands on his hips. “I’ll prove it,” he said. “You just wait and see.”