

Matt Shea Books Presents

The Guardian Angel Report

&

Secret Radio Man

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AND

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The Guardian Angel Report

Golden rays channel through fluffy clouds, creating a prism of rainbows. Shimmering silver outlined a universe of crystal vapor as the earth turned below. Angels danced on an infinity of mist that was often referred to as 'cloud nine'. The heavenly crowd resembled playful otters at feeding time, with some doing cartwheels and somersaults. The festive moment began to change into one of concentration. Their jurisdiction on planet Earth was about to have light shed on it.

It was now time to get mentally prepared. These special angels were given the greatest task that our Creator could issue. They were anointed to spiritually guide and protect a specific mortal on Earth. Their efforts could sway one's path to Heaven. They are an elite force under our Creator known as the Guardian Angels.

Guardian Angel Sir Nigel Lennon was most fortunate. He got the 'pick of the litter'; he was assigned to Chase Mansfield. What a simple task! Chase was a superior being by many standards. He possessed a natural purity that spread compassion. He was above deceiving others and exposed his honest traits throughout every facet of life. The planet he survived on was greatly flawed and misled. It had a high population of misfits that invented a standard to be judged by. To many, acquiring possessions and establishing leverage over others gave the highest rating. It was clearly a case of 'the blind leading the blind'.

Guardian Angels were needed here, and they had to be good ones. It was their mission to strategically place these wonderful, sincere, caring souls throughout the planet. They would serve as a way to set an example for the many less fortunate. The irony was that there were those who viewed such wholesomeness as a weakness or handicap. Some even placed a stigma on it.

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Looking over a silver-edged cloud was the humble figure of Guardian Angel Sir Nigel. The four-hundred-year old soul was deep in thought as he glanced down toward the mortal population. Floating toward him was the illustrious figure of Guardian Angel Robert Hershel Hollingsworth IV. A soul that was once royal blood in a past life.

“Good morning, Sir Nigel,” greeted Robert Hershel Hollingsworth IV.

“Good morning, Robert,” replied Nigel.

“May I ask a favor of you, my good man?” asked Robert.

“Sure,” answered Nigel. “Anything you want.”

“I seem to be getting little progress with my student, Patrick Chesterfield,” said a dejected Robert as he looked down. “I realize that he usually means well, but he has this quirk about wanting to rule others.” Robert then had a frightening thought and looked up at Nigel. “I hope that I was never guilty of that when I lived down there.”

Nigel was quick to respond. “You were just like the rest of us when we lived there. It was all about living, learning and understanding that we were there to serve our Lord and help others. You made the grade, Robert; and that’s why you are now up here with us.”

Robert looked proud as he stood tall and puffed out his chest.

“Do you mind if I have my Patrick Chesterfield spend some time with your Chase Mansfield today?” asked Robert.

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“The lesson would benefit him greatly.”

“Forgive me for interrupting, but I was thinking the same thing about my foster human.” Nigel and Robert looked up to see Guardian Angel Philip Hydes hovering above them. The lanky street sweeper from the 1700s had been assigned to Earth’s Professor Richman.

Philip continued. “My project has the same character flaws as yours does, Robert. Why, he can get overbearing to the point of being pompous.”

The Guardian Angel team of brother and sister Malcolm and Grace Whitney glided in. They held a wonderful position, being guides for Chase Mansfield’s mother, Julia, and her brother, John. Malcolm and Grace glanced at Nigel, realizing that the immediate group would be spending their day together.

“Isn’t today their Friday?” asked Philip Hydes.

“Friday?” questioned Malcolm Whitney. “That always meant fish and chips in our neighborhood.”

“Isn’t there a quaint fish and chips stand in their town that Chase loves?” asked Grace Whitney.

“Why, I do believe so,” answered Nigel. “If I recall, it’s more than a stand – and they even went there for Chase’s birthday last year.”

“How about arranging a gathering there today and see how it plays out?” suggested Philip.

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“Splendid idea!” remarked Nigel.

An immaculate sensation was about to set in. One that would mysteriously round up a few needy souls and migrate them toward Chase Mansfield.

The objective? To be humbled.

The playing field? Wally’s Broiler, the town’s best fish and chips.

The time? Now.

Professor Richman sat at the breakfast table, wearing his majestic red bathrobe and matching slippers. His renowned silver hair and trimmed beard showed signs of a good night’s rest. The rising sun peered through the kitchen window, causing him to close his eyes. The soothing rays gave the professor’s body a tingling sensation.

Like a turtle on a warm rock, he directed his weathered face to the medicating light. His special blend of coffee would perfect the moment. Intellectual crystal-blue eyes looked over at the counter and saw that it was brewed, with its aroma enticing the entire kitchen. Looking at the stainless steel coffee pot, a forgotten memory of yesterday made its presence known.

The cupboard behind the pot was slightly opened, exposing a gift that his mentally challenged grandson, Chase, made in school. It was a thick, uneven coffee mug that was painted with the same craftsmanship. In bold mismatching letters was an inscription: “For Grandpa - Love Chase.” The grandfather was distracted by this hidden labor of love, as if it was crying for life.

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Instinctively, the professor left the table and walked toward the counter. He reached into the cupboard and took out the dusty mug. He felt guilty realizing that it was made just for him. Chase was indeed special to him. He was the only family member who never asked for anything. The only one who just wanted to see him whenever he could. Chase was handsome, with his blonde, curly hair and defined face. More important, he also inherited the blue eyes that personified the Richman trait. The grandfather felt a presence as he held the keepsake. He washed and dried it over the sink and poured his first cup of coffee into it.

There was a strength that accompanied Professor Gerald Richman at that moment. With pride, he admired the beautiful gift as his favorite drink gave steam off the top. The mug was heavy for its size, because the thickness would not allow its hot contents to burn his hands. “What an ingenious design,” thought the Rhodes Scholar. He cautiously sipped the hot coffee. His senses took over, serving testimony that this was the best cup of coffee he’d ever experienced in his life.

The prominent man expanded on this sensation by reflecting on his life with Chase.

He was more than just Professor Gerald Richman; he was also a grandfather. But not just any grandfather; he was Chase Manfield’s grandfather. The most respected person in that entire town. The professor took another sip from the earthy mug and grinned with pride. “What a legacy . . .” he thought to himself. “I think I will call my daughter Julia today. I want to take her and my grandson out for lunch.”

The morning sun cast its nourishing warmth through the windows of the Security Building.

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Patrick Chesterfield leaned over his desk to analyze documents with his back facing a window. Behind him, the radiant healing powers penetrated his spirit. The short, overweight man with black hair and bald head felt the heat relax his entire body. It was as if he was being massaged. Leaning back, he stretched and glanced straight ahead in thought. A candy stain on the far corner of his desk came into view. It jarred a fond memory that took his mind off his task. A memory that changed his life forever.

The stain was not a blemish; it was a trophy. The most wonderful person he had ever met left that mark there. Chase Mansfield remembered that Patrick didn't hand out candy on Halloween that year. The conscientious boy secretly placed some of his candy on Patrick's desk, to make sure that he was not forgotten.

That was the only time in Patrick Chesterfield's life when someone showed that they actually cared about him. When the building Patrick worked in upgraded with new furniture, he demanded that his desk not be replaced. He considered the discolored polish as an heirloom that marked a milestone in his life. It was his goal to take the desk home with him when he retired.

Patrick's expressionless face started to turn into a smile. It dawned on him that he could leave the office early and do something special. He and John Mansfield had been working many extra hours on a project that was completed the night before. They could work a half-day and go out to lunch with Chase. Patrick clasped his hands behind his head and looked at the discolored mark, marveling at his genius . . .

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John Mansfield sat attentively at his desk with the door slightly opened. This signaled that anyone was allowed to visit the middle-aged man with fine brown hair, matching eyes and mustache. The loyal employee was reviewing the latest project that he and his boss had just completed. A distinct knock pushed the door opened. John knowingly looked up to see his boss, Patrick Chesterfield, enter the room.

“And how is my good friend John Mansfield this fine morning?” greeted Patrick.

John was taken by his boss’s exceptionally good mood and leaned back in his chair. “Did you just win a lottery this morning?” asked John in a humorous tone.

The boss continued with his happiness. “You know,” responded Patrick as he placed an index finger on his chin, looking off into the distance. “Maybe I did!”

The jolly fat man continued. “First of all, I need to thank you for the long hours you put into our last assignment. You did the great job you always do, and again, made me look pretty good. We are ahead of schedule now and might as well reward ourselves by taking the rest of the day off.”

Just then, the phone rang. John maintained the festive pace by answering it through the intercom.

“Hello?” called out John in a laughing voice.

“Well, it seems that the entire world is happy today!” answered the voice of John’s sister, Julia.

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“Hello, sis,” responded John. “I am under the the impression that is not an emergency call.”

“Oh no,” said Julia. “My dad dropped by, and we were going to take Chase out to lunch. We were just wondering if we could bring you anything?”

“Why don’t you turn on the speaker phone so that we can all think out loud?” asked John.

“Okay,” volleyed back Julie. “Is this better?”

The background sounds from each phone could now be heard, with a considerable volume increase.

“Yes, much better,” said John.

Patrick’s eyes lit up. Going out with Chase and his loved ones would fill a void in his life. “How about all of us meeting somewhere for lunch?” he suggested.

“That would be great!” came the prestigious voice of Professor Gerald Richman himself.

“Is that you, Professor Richman?” asked a surprised Patrick.

“No, it’s not,” answered the regal voice. “Professor Richman is that man in the suit who gives lectures. This is ‘Gerald Richman’ and I want to go out with my grandson, Chase, and his friends!”

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Patrick was impressed with the professor's 'regular guy' attitude. "Do you mind if I tag along?" asked Patrick in a friendly voice.

"Mind?" questioned the professor. "Why, you are one of Chase's most favorite people, you'd better come!" he said in a definitive tone.

Patrick was further moved; he was just accepted by the famous Professor Richman. "Well, then I guess I'd better be there!" replied Patrick.

"Good show!" quipped the professor.

John openly asked out loud, "Where do we want to meet for lunch?"

There was a long pause, then all at once both rooms said, "How about fish and chips at Wally's?" The intercoms went silent as everyone looked around in shock. There seemed to be a touch of magic in the air.

Finally, John spoke up. "Then Wally's it is! We'll meet you there in half an hour."

"Okay," said Julie. The phones were disconnected, with lunch thirty minutes away.

"Since we're off work now," said John, "I'll meet you there."

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“Sounds good to me,” replied Patrick. John grabbed his coat from a coat rack in the room as Patrick walked down the hall to get his coat and hat. Within twenty minutes, they arrived at Wally’s and entered. They were immediately greeted by the hostess. “Table for two?” asked a young blonde-haired, blue-eyed woman dressed like a pirate.

“We’d better make it for five,” said John.

“Right this way,” replied the hostess as she grabbed five menus from a stand. She led the two men into the dining room and sat them down at a varnished table that resembled a door to a schooner of yesterday. Maritime memorabilia from the 1800s surrounded the dining room. Ropes on pulleys, nautical stained glass and brass candle holders gave one the feeling that they were on the high seas a century ago.

Moments later, Julia and her father showed up with the man of the hour, Chase Mansfield. It was plain to see the brother and sister resemblance between John and Julia. She too had beautiful thin brown hair with matching eyes and a medium build. Julia also shared his humbleness. A friendly exchange took place with handshakes and hugs. Immediately, all were strategically seated with the three men sitting together, facing Julia and Chase.

The server came by to take their orders. All were in agreement that nothing sounded better than fish and chips with a drink. The drink cups arrived first, with the party leaving the table to the self-serve soda fountains. Within minutes, the meals arrived in the traditional baskets lined with paper.

The ball was now put into play.

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It was now time to prove one's superiority. The food gatherers needed to provide the final ingredient to make fish and chips complete: tartar sauce. There was more to this task than just returning home with the bounty. It had to be presented in style!

John went to the condiment station first, with Patrick and the professor close behind. He saw the small paper trays stacked on top of one another that were used to carry tartar sauce. John took the top half portion of the tiny paper trays and started to pump tartar sauce into each one, until he could carry no more. It was obvious that he got enough for Chase and himself.

Competition had set in. Patrick upped the ante by bringing his hat and cleverly placing the filled tartar trays outlining the rim. Like a party clown, he wore the ridiculous hat and pranced back to the table.

Professor Richman raised the stakes with his ingenuity. He spotted a candle holder that held ten small candles that were the same diameter as the paper trays. He removed the candles and set them off to the side, replacing them with full trays of tartar sauce.

Like the three wise men, they returned to the table with their sacred gifts.

The audition was underway, with each witty candidate using his gimmick to win over Chase. The smiling threesome reminded the boy of television characters he always enjoyed watching: Curly, Larry and Moe.

Chase, however, didn't choose one surplus over another. He instructed his mother to take her basket and follow him.

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He led her to the condiment station and went to work.

Without thought, Chase meticulously parted the fish side by side and poured tartar sauce directly on top of the fillets. He then exchanged baskets with his mother and repeated the process.

Returning to the table, he saw his uncle with stretchedout arms that held a series of filled tartar trays, lined from his wrists all the way up to his shoulders. He noticed Patrick wearing his hat outlined with more paper trays filled with tartar sauce. A proud Patrick leaned his head forward to make the sauce more accessible. His grandfather conveniently held the candle holder with one hand, accompanied by his patented smug.

Chase looked at the adult males and shook his head in disappointment. Displaying his engineering talents, he placed his basket in front of them for all to see. “You should never use those small paper holders,” he scolded with authority. “Now you’re going to make a big mess and will have to clean it up!”

The *stooges* froze momentarily as they absorbed the advice. Slowly they turned to look at one another, realizing that they had some developing to do. Chase sat down with his mother and added another thought-provoking idea. “Let’s say grace before eating.” The mentally challenged teenager bowed and led the table in prayer.

“Oh, that Chase is a bright one!” cried out Robert Hershel Hollingsworth IV as his hands pressed against his stomach.

“He certainly has a way about himself!” giggled Grace Whitney.

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“Bravo, bravo, my good man!” shouted out Sir Nigel as he rolled through the clouds, shaking in tears.

A chain reaction of comments followed by hysterics raced across the sky.

Cloud nine shook the heavens with echoes of intense laughter. Angels from all directions turned and looked toward the jubilant eruption. A saintly voice could be heard off in the distance saying, “I don’t know what’s going on over there, but I bet it involves Nigel’s man, Chase!”

Secret Radio Man

Often an important person in our life is overlooked. They seem to be taken for granted as they consistently help others. Their meek manner hinders them from standing out. The average person will never notice this crime until it's too late. Sometimes, a greater force will intervene to highlight this injustice. Such was the case for Julie Smythe; a cheerful wallflower who lived out her high school years helping others.

Mike Arrington leaned back in his chair and said, "I get it." The tall, lanky seventeen-year-old with blond hair looked up with pride as he completed his homework assignment. Julie Smythe smiled back at her pupil and classmate.

"Let me double check it to make sure," said Julie. The short, overweight girl in the grandmother-type sweater peered through her glasses as she held up the assignment. Her thick black hair was shoulder length and seemed to be a style out of the 1940s. But Julie had charm. She was also very responsible and seemed to be more of a teacher than a student. After reviewing Mike's paper, she gave a huge grin and said, "A-plus!"

Mike was relieved. "I have to thank you, Julie," he said. "Because of you, I have a driver's license, can play sports and will graduate."

Julie gleamed back at him and said, "Well, you are well worth it, mister!"

Mike hugged his academic friend and left the room. Julie felt triumphant.

Secret Radio Man

Julie left and headed toward her locker. A familiar sight approached her as she walked down the hall. It was the unmistakable presence of Amber Write. Amber was the most attractive girl in school. She was a popular cheerleader and seemed to be asked out every night of the week.

There had been tension between the two girls. Amber once threw herself at a boyfriend of Julie's just to flex her muscle. The boy chose Amber's beauty over Julie's wholesomeness. When he realized that Amber had a shallow side to her character, he left her. Julie could never look as attractive as Amber did; but Amber needed more than that. She needed to develop as a person, like Julie Smythe. The hatchet was buried and a friendship was created.

Amber had Julie in her sights and fired first. "I like what you have done with your hair today, Julie!"

Amber had long, flowing blonde hair like Farrah Fawcett. Her body would make any model envious, and her face could cover a magazine. But she lost her arrogance when she was rejected by Julie's old boyfriend. She took a closer look at Julie, and realized that her character made her a winner.

"Why, thank you," said Julie. "I had to do something with it!"

"Don't worry about a thing, Julie. You are looking fine," said Amber. "You have a good day."

"You too, Amber," said Julie. The girls parted in opposite directions. Julie felt better with the most desired student befriending her. But still, something made her feel denied.

Secret Radio Man

The lunch bell rang, and instantly the hall cluttered with students going to their lockers. Soon the cafeteria would be full, with an empty seat at a desolate table waiting for Julie Smythe.

It was now lunch hour, and every student was listening to their favorite radio show: Secret Radio Man. This was the latest craze on the airwaves. Anyone who was a teenager wondered who he was, and idolized him.

This cosmic Wolfman Jack was surrounded with static and used Cape Canaveral jargon. A high-pitched, alien voice spoke in brief sentences and abruptly silenced. It was as if the transmission was over a microphone in outer space. He seemed to visit our planet via the radio, and called himself 'Secret Radio Man'.

He announced that he was on a mission to monitor the students from the planet Earth who '*were of a high caliber*'. His superiors would then give the order to have Secret Radio Man deploy his 'secret radio men' to invade a particular school where such an exceptional student came from. Pizzas, gifts and dances would be used as arsenal to conquer the school and claim it as new territory. The station he broadcast from also played the most popular hits on the charts.

How he gained his detailed information was a mystery to everyone. What was more amazing was that he pinpointed unsung heroes who had a history of helping others . . . only to be forgotten. Julia Smythe was such a person.

At that precise moment, the dining hall was stormed by the secret radio men! A small army of tall, athletic men wearing red jumpsuits with black appendages surrounded the students.

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Their outfits had thick black belts with the Secret Radio Man emblem in the center, with matching space-aged sunglasses. The invaders brought pizza and soda pop; and with authority began serving their *captives*. Large stereo speakers that were black and red with the Secret Radio Man logo rolled into the hall. The party was on!

The elated lunch hall cheered them on as warm pizza was distributed from table to table. Something strange was about to happen that was seemingly innocent. A pizza with tomato and olives mysteriously got placed in front of Julie Smythe; her favorite pizza. The coincidence was subtle, but still warranted a peculiar feeling.

The broadcast was now pounding the walls as music poured out of the gigantic speakers. The sound came to an abrupt stop as static hissed. This was the background noise that surrounded Secret Radio Man, wherever he was. The unknown extraterrestrial's voice controlled the room. "Attention, secret radio men, you must now apprehend our specimen and bring this earthling to me."

At once, the secret radio men displayed an eight-foot black pole with a matching disk attached to the end. It made a clicking sound that seemed to increase in volume when it got closer to its prey. The radio men maneuvered toward the direction that caused the sound to increase. Finally, the disk was directly on top of its gold: Julie Smythe.

Julie tensed up with the realization that she was the specimen Secret Radio Man came for. The radio men surrounded Julie and helped her out of her seat. The space-age special forces then abducted Julie and escorted their prisoner to the parking lot.

Secret Radio Man

The entire room followed the radio men and their prisoner outside. There, parked in the parking lot, was a forty-foot luxury bus that looked like a spacecraft. The only windows were for the driver's compartment. It was painted black and red with the Secret Radio Man logo on all sides. A speaker on top of the vehicle barked out a command from Secret Radio Man. "Please bring the humanoid to me."

At that moment, the back of the bus had a ramp fold down. Its upper half folded up like a clam shell, with steam billowing out of the entrance. "Please enter alone, Julie Smythe," came the voice of the alien disk jockey. "Secret Radio Man must meet with you." Julie slowly walked toward the bus. She began to climb the steps that led inside the spaceship on wheels.

As she approached the platform that entered the bus, she turned and looked at the crowd. All were in awe; one of them was going to meet Secret Radio Man! The crowd began to chant her name: "Julie! Julie! Julie!" shouted the masses in rhythm. She waved at the crowd and bravely stepped through the rolling steam. The ramp began to close itself like a human hand. Julie was inside the capsule as suspense mounted both inside and out.

A fog-like steam swirled within the capsule as she was surrounded by stars that seemed to go on for infinity. She walked toward the front, then heard the unmistakable voice of her favorite radio personality. Red eyes focused on her as the starry background showed movement.

"Greetings, Julie," said the host. "I am Secret Radio Man. I am glad that you could visit me in my spaceship. Please sit down."

Secret Radio Man

A black NASA-looking chair was positioned in front of Julie, facing the mysterious visitor. She stepped around it and sat down. “Pleased to meet you, Secret Radio Man,” she said. “There is something that I need to know,” she said.

“Why was I chosen to meet you?”

An answer came from the intense red eyes. “It has come to my attention that you help others. This school has more graduates because of your involvement as a tutor. The teachers have it easier because you volunteered to be a teacher’s aide. Many events, such as ice cream socials, book fairs and the debate team, have advanced this school and benefited others.” The compassionate spaceman continued, “ You also never gossip, and comfort others who are feeling bad.”

Julie absorbed the answer and began to thank him. “I feel that I am a new kid at school, and that you have just given me a great introduction.”

“Secret Radio Man does not introduce anyone to their community; he merely reminds everyone who they are,” came his response.

Julie felt warm inside. She was acknowledged for being a good person. That awareness was all it took for Secret Radio Man to track her. She slowly looked up at the red eyes that pierced through the steam and spoke. “You are all about honoring a good person, not a popular one.”

“Affirmative,” came the electronic answer. Then a quick smile flashed on and off in a split second. Steam continued to billow throughout the room. “But there is more to it than that,” the robot-like creature continued with its buzzing voice.

Secret Radio Man

“It is important to appreciate a pizza with tomatoes and olives, which is Secret Radio Man’s favorite!” Another quick smile blipped as Julie laughed back, nodding in agreement. The robot reciprocated, giving another smile, one that lasted much longer.

Julie was fascinated and asked another question. “How did you find out so much about me?”

The cosmic guru answered, “Your cell phone. You accepted it as a gift when my secret radio men handed them out at a shopping center.” Julie’s mouth dropped open as she felt violated. The alien voice comforted Julie. “Don’t worry. Secret Radio Man can only hear you when you are on campus, and never outside of that perimeter.”

Julie sat back in relief and said, “Thank goodness . . .”

“We must now destroy that instrument and replace it with a Secret Radio Man Model 5000.” Julie was in shock as she continued to stare. A Secret Radio Man 5000 was the most modern cell phone that had unlimited services for life. To own one always guaranteed a free replacement if ever needed. To some, this was more valuable than a new car!

An electric humming sound suggesting motion distracted Julie. Through the mystic steam came a black metal arm with two prongs for fingers. It extended itself, holding the state-of-the-art cell phone. Julie reached into her purse and placed her old cell phone on the table. The new phone was gently placed in front of her, as the old one was taken and retracted into the steamy unknown. She picked up the gift. It was black and red with the Secret Radio Man logo on it. But there was something that made it even more special; it also had her name on it!

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The humble youth held her prized possession and marveled at it. She then looked at the sophisticated Martian eyes and said in a soft tone, “Thank you, Secret Radio Man. Everyone in the whole world wants one of these!”

Through the steamy stars came a response. “You are welcome, my favorite humanoid.” A red smile followed. Julie smiled back knowing that he (it) meant it.

Secret Radio Man continued to speak. “ I must now leave your planet and report to my superiors.”

Julie giggled and replied, “Well you tell your superiors that they have made one earthling very happy!”

“Affirmative,” came Secret Radio Man’s final response.

Excessive steam began to fill the compartment. A black wall slowly lowered from the ceiling, separating the spaceage visitor from Julie. Secret Radio Man was gone.

The back entryway to the trailer slowly opened, with massive steam billowing out. Julie got out of the chair and turned around to see daylight through the mist. She cautiously walked to the outside platform of the trailer. When she broke through the swirling mist, the entire student body was waiting and gave a huge ovation with cheers and whistles to their hero. Julie was now the most popular student at school.

Secret Radio Man

It was a traditional Friday night at Daily's Malt Shop. Steven, along with Mike, Ben, Sarah and Amber sat quiet in their regular booth. The radio was playing the Secret Radio Man broadcast. For some reason, the group had lost interest in it. They asked the server to please turn down the volume on the radio.

They were somber as each reflected on what happened that day. Guilt-ridden faces stared at one another. All knew that it shouldn't have taken a momentous occasion to notice Julie and accept her. She was there the whole time.

Sarah finally broke the silence. "What do you think about Julie?" she asked the table.

Immediately, Ben spoke out. "Julie was the reason why Secret Radio Man came to our school. It was like the fundraisers and other events she would organize for everyone. We have always had it better because of her, then we never include her with our activities." Ben looked up and saw blank expressions looking back. They nodded in agreement.

Amber took her turn. "I remember when Julie had a crush on Tim Johnson. They started going out together. It was cute. I got jealous because I was a cheerleader and he was our best athlete. I couldn't accept him being with a girl who was short, fat, and not popular. I stole him from Julie. He later dumped me for someone else, and I cried. Julie comforted me as a friend and made me feel better. She wasn't vindictive, only compassionate and understanding. She knew pain. I wish that I never did what I did to her. Today everyone received plenty because of Julie, then we forget all about her."

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Mike leaned back and clasped his hands behind his head. “The only reason that I will graduate is because Julie has helped me study for exams,” he said. “I wouldn’t have been eligible to play sports if she didn’t tutor me. I guess that I am as guilty as everyone else.”

Steve sat up and in a calm voice and said, “Why isn’t she here with us right now?” At that instant everyone stood up, put on their jackets and rushed out to the parking lot.

“We should have been doing this the whole time,” said Sarah.

“At least we started now!” exclaimed Mike.

The carload of classmates drove to Julie’s house and ran up to the front door. They knocked rapidly until Mr. Smythe opened it. The group of five barged into the house, with Steven announcing that this was a friendly takeover. “All we want is your daughter, Julie. If you cooperate, no one gets hurt.”

Mr. Smythe smiled at Steven. He knew the boy and was aware that he hung out with the best kids in school. He was also happy that his daughter Julie had friends after all. Good friends.

Steve and Ben saw Julie at the dinner table and walked up to her. They grabbed her by each arm as Ben said, “We don’t want any trouble, you’re coming with us!” The parents were amused! Julie laughed with her family and cooperated. She grabbed her coat from the living room closet and went out the front door with her abductors. Steven left last, saying, “Don’t worry, Mr. and Mrs. Smythe, your daughter is in good hands. She’ll be eating dinner with us tonight and will be home before midnight.” He then gave a beautiful smile with a thumbs-up sign and left, closing the door.

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The parents looked out the living room window and saw the excited students climb into an old station wagon and drive away. They turned and hugged each other. The missing piece to their valedictorian was put in place. She now had a social life with her peers. They cried in gratitude that their daughter went out on a Friday night.

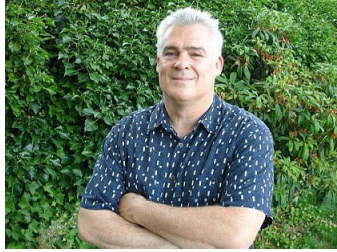
They remembered their high school years and what Friday nights meant. It was to go out aimlessly with your friends to a malt shop or a drive-in movie. Those were some of the best times of their lives. It didn't matter what the activity was; it was all about being with your friends and the adventure that goes with it. They smiled in approval as they watched the old Pontiac drive around a corner and vanish. Julie Smythe was with friends now, and tonight she would have fun!

This story is dedicated To 'This Week In America's' Ric Bratton for being the absolute BEST RADIO MAN EVER!



This Week In America.US

Matt Shea Author Biography



Mathew Joseph Shea is one of many authors from the Puget Sound area in the state of Washington. Like many from that region, he appreciates a misty rainy day, Mt. Rainier, and a good cup of coffee. When it comes to his writings, one doesn't have to read very far to understand where his passion lies.

It's people! Everyday people like you and me with this message being sent: *The simpler the better.* AND: *It's a good thing you are the way you are!* It's that common man (and woman) who keeps our country flowing and compels Matt to write his stories. A spotlight for the many unsung heroes who go by unnoticed until their character receives its *spiritual calling*.

The former Catholic altar boy is no stranger to the concept of being self-sacrificing. Later in life, he would become a Campfire dad and volunteer for seniors as well as other worthy causes. Matt always knew that this *right path* would come with its own blessings. What he sent out as a labor of love, always seemed to returned in the form of nurturing shortcomings of his own.

"I caught on years ago that when you follow your heart and crusade for a good cause, you can only 'then' receive what you actually need . . ." says Matt.

Matt Shea Author Biography

Matt believes in the power of prayer. Like many timeless classics of someone yearning to find love, he wrote a secret prayer story of his own titled: *Secret Radio Man*. A message in a bottle to get a knight in shining armor by means of a radio personality. One who would grant him an interview.

Prayers do get answered and dreams often come true. At age sixty, author Matt Shea had an important discovery: His special prayer story had already been answered *several interviews ago* by legendary talk show host Ric Bratton and his multi-award winning talk show, *This Week In America*.

"Ric became such an instant friend that I forgot he was a delivery from our Lord; the answer to my secret prayer!" said Matt.

Matt's story about the radio man finding an unknown, is on a publication that Ric Bratton himself interviewed! So far, Matt Shea has published eleven books with many, many more to be added. All of which encompass the common man/woman: people we see every day. This includes at work, in our neighborhood; and who you see when you're brushing your teeth in the morning . . .

Matt loves feedback and encourages anyone to write him. His website not only has many free stories, but a place where you can write him. Matt promises to do everything he can to return your message. He does this so he can thank you for taking the time to digest his writings, ask you for ideas- and, most importantly, to say, *"Hello!"*

Thank you and may God bless.

Matt www.mattsheabooks.net

Matt Shea Author Biography



Matt Shea and his Daughter, Laura

Matt Shea Presents

The Guardian Angel Report

&

Secret Radio Man

for more information visit

mattsheabooks.net