

# GUARDIAN ANGEL

by Deborah Berger

Do you believe in Guardian Angels?

I do; at least, I believe in mine. The question is whether my own guardian angel believes in me. Let me explain....

I was in a vacant classroom yesterday trying to get some work done. I say "trying" because pencil points were breaking, books were falling, ventilators were fuming, and eyes were going crossed. It was when I consigned the whole project to the infernal regions that my very own Guardian Angel appeared to me. I know she was my Guardian Angel because I don't know many other persons who look like a miniature Deborah Berger with wings. She also had positive identification--a G.A. badge and a visa to get into the country--so I have no doubts. Our conversation went something like this:

"You will be leaving Highacres soon, Deborah."

"I know. Listen, could you sit over there on the windowsill? I don't suppose anybody else can see you, so as it is now it looks like I'm talking to myself."

"In a way, you are."

"Ah yes, Well, what are you here for? I like the climate in Hazleton, if that's your business."

"You didn't sound like that a moment ago..."

"I repent! Please be serious."

"So be it. You have committed a multitude of errors here at Highacres, Deborah."

"So have you, or I wouldn't have tripped over my tennis racket last week. But give me a for instance anyway."

"For instance, you have not formed real attachments. The lives of some of your friends have become tangled like a dish of spaghetti, while you have remained a meatball on the side."

"Please! You take care of the guardian business and I'll handle the metaphors!"

"Ha! I've seen the stuff you come up with! Writing feature articles without morals is like making holupki without cabbage. I am here to do some moralizing."

"Well, stop trying to be eloquent. Have you got a culinary fixation?"

"That's another of your mistakes. You complain too much. Just because the Psy. 13 books don't have indices and the shortcut from the Bookstore to the Library was roped off..."

"Look here. That's all part of the Poor Student's Lament. We have a right to feel sorry for ourselves occasionally."

"Balderdash. Stop flailing your arms around like that. People can see. Now harken; for I have some sage ( and thymely) advice for you and all at Highacres:

"I give unto you the secret of a humorous feature--

begin with an absurd premise and get progressively worse.

"Remember that the computer has feelings, too. Do not kick it or swear at it unnecessarily.

"Do not hand out excuses when reasons are much more desirable.

"Students, please refrain from threatening the sanity of your profs by handing in, on a wet day, papers written on that parchment-like bond that sticks to the fingers and smudges.

"And profs, no matter how bad things get, resist the temptation to post the wrong office hours outside your door in order to obtain some privacy.

"And to all members of the Highacres 'family' I give the Eighth Beatitude: To write to the dormitory dweller.

"Amen."

And so I went away to seek my Methodist confessor.


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