

NINJAS WITH FEATHERS

THE SUPER-SPECIAL MISSION OF ANGELS



TIM SHEETS
JD HORNBAKER

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Written and Illustrated by JD HORNbacher

Based on the book Angel Armies by Tim Sheets

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INTRODUCTION

There is coming now a generation of young warriors...called My “War Eagles.”

They will not bow to the enemies of their God. They will not listen to the propaganda and insults of hell...They will wrap themselves to Me and I will fly with them.

They will bring deliverance to tortured captives. They will not surrender in fear though surrounded. Though odds may be against them; it will not rattle them. They will not give up though the facts look gruesome.

Tim Sheets, *Angel Armies*

Psalm 91:11-13 TPT

God sends angels with special orders to protect you wherever you go, defending you from all harm.

If you walk into a trap, they'll be there for you and keep you from stumbling.

You'll even walk unharmed among the fiercest powers of darkness, trampling every one of them beneath your feet!

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Ten years ago, God began to take me on a fascinating journey that led to the publication of my book *Angel Armies*. I am honored to introduce *Ninjas with Feathers*, which is based on that book.

The message of how Angel Armies assist us is vital for every generation, and it is exciting to be a part of this book, which is targeting our children and the coming generation. JD Hornbacher has done an excellent job of blending spiritual truths into an understandable and relatable format and interweaving them into a humorous, heartfelt, and lively storyline.

Your child will discover relevant truths concerning the wearing of God's armor, His purpose for our lives, and how to overcome their fears, just to name a few. These truths will remain with them all of their lives.

We encourage you to utilize the discussion questions included at the end of each chapter to open up dialogue with your child. You may even want to provide a journal for them to use as they read and answer the questions.

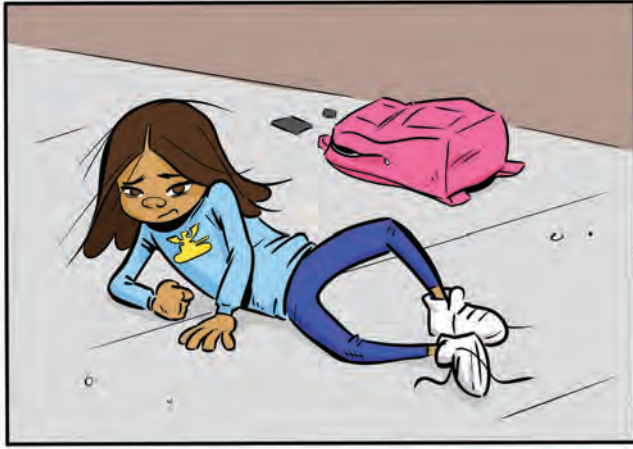
It is my prayer that this book encourages, sheds light on, and instills hunger to know more about the reality of angels and how they assist our everyday lives.

And by the way, I think even adults will like it!

Tim Sheets

Chapter 1

HEAVENLY HOMEWORK



It wasn't the sudden kick to my shin that stung the most. Or landing knees first on the school pavement. What stung the most was when Talia took a picture of me laying on the ground and sent it in a group text to the whole class which said:

Talia:
Zoe the Perfect's not so high and mighty
when she's laid out on the sidewalk lol

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I waited until Talia had strutted around the corner of the school building before I got up and brushed the dust off my new War Eagles hoodie. I considered fixing my tangled hair, but there wasn't a hairbrush in existence that could comb out my dark brown mess. I sighed. This was getting worse. Last time I tried to talk to Talia behind the school, Talia had just hurt me with words. Whoever wrote that dumb poem about sticks and stones had clearly never had a childhood. Whether Talia mocked me for going to church or for coming from another country, I had to admit—her insults were always very creative. “Your boyfriend is Jesus” and “I didn't know diarrhea was a skin color” were just some of the more memorable ones.

I sighed and grabbed the few things that had spilled out of my backpack—my phone, a pack of chocolate mint gum, and a few Lego pieces that had busted off the little treehouse I was building. Grayzon always teased that eleven-year-olds shouldn't play with Legos anymore, but my brother was a grump, so what did he know?

As I walked into the classroom, I made the mistake of looking Talia in her bright green eyes, which to me looked like pools of radioactive acid. Talia brushed her dark red hair behind her ear, and I noticed she had a fancy new watch on her wrist. She loved watches (especially if they weren't her own, I remembered). We were just pulling out our English textbooks when Mrs. Koopmans, our sixth-grade English teacher, announced our next big



assignment. “We have wrapped up our unit on myths and legends. You have one week to write a report on a supernatural creature of your choice.”

Aaliyah raised her hand. “Mrs. Koopmans? Can I do Bigfoot?”

“Why?” said Bennett from the other side of the classroom. “Because you think he really exists?” Some kids snickered. Aaliyah stuck her tongue out at Bennett. Those two made me laugh, which was why they were my best friends.

“You of all people should believe in Bigfoot, Bennett,” Aaliyah said. “After all, he looks just like your dad.”

The class burst out laughing. It took Mrs. Koopmans a few seconds to calm everyone down before she continued. “You can pick anything you want, whether it’s considered real or fair-ytale.”

“Fairy tales, huh?” Talia whispered to one of her friends, loud enough for me to hear. “I guess that means Zoe can pick God. Or his angels.” They both giggled and made “cute eyes” at me while flapping their hands like little wings. I ignored them. Be nice, be nice, be nice, I told myself.

“You have until next Friday to write your report and hand it in,” said Mrs. Koopmans.

The echoes of the final bell were still in my ears when Bennett bounced up beside me. Together we walked the crowded hall of Hamburger Middle School. “Friday! Friday! We’re free! Another wonderful weekend to do whatever we want!” he sang, blue eyes twinkling behind chubby, pasty-colored cheeks.

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“Oh please,” said Aaliyah, knocking off Bennett’s hat as she joined us, “you’ll be doing the same thing you do every Saturday. Sorting your baseball cards. Me, I’m going shopping with my mom for a new outfit to wear to church on Sunday.”

“Pink, of course.” I said. Aaliyah always wore pink, not because she was super girly or anything, but because that bubblegum color went so well with her dark skin.

Aaliyah shoved me. “Earth to Zoe! Did you hear me?”

“Huh? What?”

“I asked what you’re doing tomorrow,” she said. Bennett fixed his hat and promptly shoved Aaliyah’s backpack off her shoulder. Those two were ridiculous.

“I don’t know. Dad’s working, Mom has errands, and Grayzon just got the new Alien Exterminator game, so I doubt I’ll see him leave his room. I’ll probably just watch cartoons. It’s not like I have anything better to do.”

Laughter exploded from a group of my classmates standing by the front doors. They were pointing to their phones. I frowned, knowing what they were looking at. Something small buzzed past my ear, and I swatted it away. I stared at the ground as I passed by the kids, but I could feel their eyes on me. My steps fumbled as I suddenly felt another set of eyes watching me. But this felt different, more intimidating, more urgent. I whipped my head toward the dark corner by the water fountain.

No one was there.

Weird. I was sure I felt someone watching me. Bennett flung open the big front doors of the school and we were all blinded by the sun as we stepped out into the warm breeze. “Man! Summer is the best!” declared Bennett.

“No way,” said Aaliyah. “I’m more of a winter girl.”

“Well that makes sense,” teased Bennett. “If my dad is Bigfoot, yours must be the Abominable Snowman.”

I laughed and walked away toward the bike rack. “Have a good weekend!” I yelled to them. “I’ll see you guys at church on Sunday!” Bennett and Aaliyah waved goodbye and continued teasing each other, but I was already lost in thought.

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I hopped off my bike and entered the path that led through the forest of trees between the main road and my house. My phone dinged at me from my pocket, and I swiped through my phone to my message app, not even looking where I was walking. I could trot this path to my front yard with my eyes closed. Well, maybe not. I tried that once and smacked my head really hard on a branch, adding another scar to my collection of head wounds. Mom kept saying my head was magnetically attracted to hard objects. I read the message.

Skeeter999:
Can't believe Talia did that to you. What a tool. H8t her so much.

A tiny wave of anger washed over my thoughts. At least someone understood the frustration I was going through. I swatted at a circling mosquito and noticed I was passing through the small clearing on the path where my old playhouse still stood, covered in cobwebs and vines. I hadn't used it since...I shook my head free from the memory and tapped out a response.



I emerged from the woods into my front yard without head-butting any trees, so that was a win. The second I opened my front door, I was blasted by the muffled sound of gunfire. I rolled my eyes. Grayzon must have run all the way home from his high school, which wasn't easy for him with his limp. I was sitting at the kitchen table having a snack when Dad walked in the door.

“Hey, kiddo. Want to see something cool?”

“Let me guess. Another trick shot video?”

He grinned. Dad was an awesome basketball player, and every day on his lunch break he would go to the basketball court behind the warehouse and film sweet trick shots. He pulled out his phone and showed me his latest one, where he bounced the basketball off

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of a garbage can and the chain-link fence into the net. He was super good.

“Whoa! That was amazing! Send it to me, I’ll put it on YouTube for you.”

Dad sent me the video and went into the kitchen to help make supper. An hour later, my mouth was watering as delicious smells wafted through the house. I skidded into the kitchen before the words “Supper time!” had fully left Mom’s mouth. Not that rushing did me any good. I still had to wait for Grayzon to shuffle into the kitchen after Dad called him for the third time. My brother finally slid his skinny frame into his seat and started to shovel a forkful of rice into his mouth.

“Hey, Hungry Pants, you mind if we pray first?” said Dad. Grayzon grumbled something but put down his fork. What was Grayzon



thinking? Like most Filipino families, we all knew that suppertime was super important, because food brings a family together, and family is everything.

“Son, would you like to pray?” asked Mom. Grayzon shook his head, which made me frown. He used to want to pray all the time. Dad finally prayed and we ate.

“How was school?” Dad asked as I started to devour my chicken. Awful, I thought. “Great,” I said.

Dad raised an eyebrow and stared at me for a moment. Shoot. He could always see right through me. “I know grade six is a tough time, Zoe. Lots of things are changing. I went through the same things when I was eleven.”

I doubt it, I thought. “I know,” I said.

“There’s a lot of thoughts that can bounce around in that head, kiddo,” Dad said, tapping me on the forehead. I hated when he did that. “Just remember that you can capture every thought—”

“And make it obey Christ,” I finished. “I know, Dad. Sheesh.” Dad raised an eyebrow at me, questioningly. “I mean...thanks. Sorry.”

Mom turned to Grayzon. “What about you, son? How was your day?”

Grayzon gave a polite smile. “Grade nine, Mom. Homework, homework, homework.”

“How are you going to have time to do any?” I said. “You’re too busy playing video games.” Grayzon glared at me, and I slunk into my chair. “What? It was just a joke.”

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I finished eating in silence.



After supper, I turned on the Chromebook in the living room and opened a new Word document. I didn't like leaving assignments to the last minute, or I'd be scrambling to get it done. I may as well write down a few thoughts now. I typed out a title.

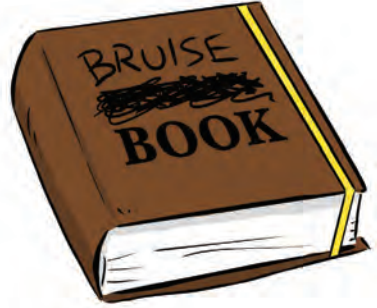
ZOE'S REPORT ON _

I paused. What should I pick? Dragons? Centaurs? Ghosts? Centaur-ghosts? No, that wasn't a thing. I tapped my fingers on the keyboard, thinking. Then a thought popped into my brain. Maybe I should do what Talia and her friend were teasing me about. I grinned. Yeah, I'd show them.

ZOE'S REPORT ON ANGELS

My grin faded as I realized I had no idea what to type. What did I even know about angels? I knew that the Bible mentions angels a lot, and I believed those stories really happened, but I wasn't really sure that angels were still around today. I didn't know anyone who had seen one. Maybe they were just legends. Wow, this was going to be harder than I thought. Annoyed, I saved the document and closed the computer. I'd start tomorrow.

I did my chores, watched some funny YouTube videos with Dad, played a card game with Mom, and then finally collapsed into bed. I swatted at a mosquito buzzing past my desk lamp, and then noticed the open drawer containing a brown leather journal with a golden strap.



Written across the cover were the words Bruise Book (plus some scribbles where it used to say something else). I pulled out the book, flipped to a blank page, and thought about what I should write tonight. A wave of frustration ran through me. It was obvious what I should write about—the same thing I wrote every night. I reached for a pen.

Ribbit.



I peered over the top of the Bruise Book, where a tiny blue-green frog was staring at me. “Puddles, you little escape artist! How do you keep getting out of your tank?” Puddles hopped onto my lap and flicked her long tongue at the mosquito, but missed. I gave her a quick pat on the head and started writing.

I am so sick of Talia. Today she tripped me and sent a picture of it to everyone in class. It was so embarrassing! I try to be kind to her, but it never helps. I wish she would move or go to a different school. I can't imagine 6 more years with her! She's the worst!

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That's why I called this journal my Bruise Book—it was the one place I could dump out all my hurt feelings, like bruises on my heart. My mind felt fuzzy. As I rubbed my head, I noticed something out of the corner of my eye. The picture on my dresser—did it just move? I frowned and stared at it. It was a picture of me, Bennett, and Aaliyah playing a stage game in Kids Church. The memory made me smile. I took a breath and looked back at my Bruise Book. I had filled a lot of pages in the last two years, which contained a lot of different emotions.

Pray about it.

The thought bumped to the front of my mind, as if someone had whispered it into existence. Where did that come from? I shrugged and put my pen to the page.

God, I hate these awful feelings inside of me. I don't know what to do with them all. And I don't know what to do about Talia. I want to trust that You are with me, but sometimes it's hard to believe that. I can't do this alone. Please send help.

Confident that I had poured out every drop of today's anger from my heart to the paper, I tossed the book back in the drawer, buried my head in my pillow, and closed my eyes.

DISCUSSION QUESTIONS

Zoe keeps a sort of diary—a journal where she writes down her hurt feelings. Do you keep a journal or diary? Do you write down hurtful things that happened to you or do you write down happier events?

Zoe’s friends, Bennett and Aaliyah, are Christians and attend the same church as Zoe. It doesn’t appear that Talia teases or bullies them. Can you think of any reasons that Talia targets just Zoe?

When Zoe wrote to God that she doesn’t know what to do about Talia, she ended her entry with, “Please send help.” Do you think Zoe meant for God to send an actual person? What ways, other than sending a person, could God help Zoe with her problem?



