

Ffrith Le Firth
The Key and the Broken Wing

by
Jessabell Tales
SMASHWORDS EDITION

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Ffrith Le Firth:
The Key and the Broken Wing

“ This book is Dedicated to my Family and friends especially those who aren’t with me any more,”

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Prologue

In the grave yard, yet on a damp and murky day a wooden coffin lay on the ground. Many people had gathered around the coffin, dressed in black.

Tall, short, thin and fat these people looked like they had wings on their backs. As the minister began to say the last phrase all of the butterflies threw white roses onto the coffin.

“Can I stay behind?” The young women asked her parents. Both of them held her hands.

“We have to go, the minister will finish laying the flowers,” her mother cried.

“I want to say goodbye,” she tugged her parent’s hands.

“We have said goodbye to Uncle Cherrrome. Come on lets go get some food,” her father mumbled.

“But!”

“But I will sort Uncle Chrome’s Coffin,” the minister shook her mother and fathers hand.

Later that day when the flowers had been laid across the coffin, two figures stood next to the coffin.

“Where is the key? I can’t find it,” Kimberley went on her knees and started to lift the flowers.

“I don’t know. Perhaps we have to price it open,” he laughed.

“No, I am not looking at the butterfly,” Kimberley shook the bits of flower that had stuck to her fingers.

“Shush, lets hide she’s coming back,” he said.

“Oh, no, It’s Jezzabell,” Kimberley held his hand and they hid behind the between the patch of clover and dandelion heads.

Jezzabell, the same young women who did not have the chance to say goodbye to her uncle sat down next to the coffin. She pulled her own white wings off her back, pulled out a long piece of white ribbon. She tied the left wing onto the ribbon and wound the ribbon around the coffin. She did the same thing for the other wing and then she tied the remaining piece of ribbon into a bow.

“Good bye Uncle Cherrone,” she cried. The wings began to flutter up and down, in and out and then, the coffin began to rise.

“She’s taking our key away from us,” Kimberley whispered.

“Watch, it is the old trick. The one where every butterfly has no more secrets. He must have kept it to himself.” Krome explained.

The Coffin lifted into the air and a cloud hovered towards the earth. Jezzabell watched the cloud cover the coffin.

The sky turned black and it began to thunder. Lightning struck the cloud that had gobbled up her uncle’s coffin. Something fell onto her hair and it landed into her hands.

“The key, it”, Krome was about to jump out of the Dandelions when Kimberley pulled him back.

“Wait,” she hissed.

The key that lay in Jezzabell’s hand started to shrink. Its golden colour faded into black and white.

“Where? Why did you eat the Poison Ivy, Uncle”, Jezzabell spoke aloud. But the key would not answer her, it just carried on shrinking.

Krome could not wait any longer and he jumped out of the dandelions.

“Give me that key,” he demanded.

Jezzabell stood up; she clenched the small key in her right hand.

“This belongs to me, not you!” she snapped.

“Krome, leave her,” Kimberley walked towards them.

“I want the Ivy,” he stepped towards Jezzabell.

“Krome, Jezzabell stood back against the stone. “Why should I give it to you? You’re not related to him,” she spoke. Krome grabbed hold of her left arm and he forced her clenched fist open.

“No!” Kimberley squealed. The church bells began to ring. Krome put his hands over his ears; he pushed her to the ground. He Fluttered above her. Every second that Jezzabell looked up at him, he dived towards the small Key. Jezzabell ducked, she stood up. He dived towards her again and she ran in to the clover leafs. As she sat down, the patch of leafs started to cover her.

Krome blew heavily onto the ground above her. She was no longer covered with clover leafs. Jezzabell looked at the hand that held the key. The key that had shrunk in her hand left a black imprint of the key. She touched the key but it didn’t move.

“It knows me,” she said.

“You don’t know what you have done!” Kimberley shook her head in disappointment.

“What have I done? I had to send my Uncle away,” Jezzabell’s voice echoed around the yard.

Krome swooped down towards Jezzabell and Kimberley stood over her. His antlers touched Kimberley’s hair and she began to fly away from the yard.

“Come on!”

“She’s not worth it,” Kimberley flew around her. Krome flew around her several times. All of a sudden lightning struck the ground, which covered them in a bright light.

“Jezzabell, Jezzabell,” she woke up listening to the clouds rumble. She stood up and looked at her hand. There was no key, no mark or ridge on her hand that suggested she had a key in her hand. It seemed to have disappeared by itself.

“Time for home,” she grumbled at her watch and she wandered out of the yard.

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Chapter One

"That’s the tram to the summit," Daniel watched the tram move along the tracks and into the wooden shed. The tall, thin man dressed in black opened the little blue door and he carefully placed a wooden raft on the tram floor. He slowly unwound it across to the platform which covered the gap between the tracks and the platform.

"All aboard," he said and the passengers stepped across the ramp and sat down at the back of the tram. Most of the passengers apart from Daniel, boarded the tram.

“When will you be moving up the mountain?” Daniel asked the conductor.

"In five minutes lad," the conductor Wandered away from the platform holding a lighter in his hand. "He's having a Cigarette," someone chuckled. Daniel looked up at the passengers who were staring at the station walls and of course him.

He looked at the two young boys. It looked like they were twins fighting with each other over a camera.

"Behave yourselves or the conductor will chuck us off," their father said. Daniel looked at his watch

"Go on Lad. It will be moving when I finish this," the conductor tipped the ashes of the cigarette on top of the bin. He stepped on to the tram and sat down opposite a couple of woman at the front.

He began to lean his arm against the window ledge. There were no glass windows within the tram, so people could lean out and take photos of the journey up the mountain.

Minutes later an old man stumbled onto the tram and sat down next to the young lad with black hair. Daniel pulled his black rain coat over his shoulders. His face looked red; almost that he had been in the sun for too long. He rubbed his hands against his forehead. The old man leaned across to look out of the open tram.

"Excuse me lad. Can I sit there? It is just that when the tram moves I might fall off the seat", the old man said. The old man stood up and hobbled towards the two women who sat opposite him. Daniel slivered across the seat and the old man sat down.

"The married couple over there are in love with one another. It's like they are living in a fairytale. The nice weather helps us to cheer up in the good and bad times. Look at the Sheep and the lambs, they are enjoying the sunshine", the old man tried to make conversation.

"Yes, it is a lovely day, but I haven't enjoyed it", Daniel spoke.

"Why?" the old man asked.

"I have been in the sun for too long. It is hot down there, on the beach. My friend should have been their but he had to help his dad take his younger sister back home. She is only six and it is the first year she's been away from her mother," Daniel explained.

"Where is her mother?" the old man asked him.

"She couldn't get away from work. She had to stay over in York to get a bonus," Daniel answered.

"I take it Slinks is meeting you in the cafe after he has left his sister with her grandma," the old man whispered into Daniel' ear.

"Yes in the cafe at twelve," Daniel replied. He looked away from the old man. He looked back at the woman and smiled. "How do you know Slinks? He hasn't got a grandma. She's going to live with her uncle", Daniel mumbled.

"I don't know him. I passed him on the way home and his dad spoke to me. I use to work with his father," the old man answered his question.

"Why are you here are you on holiday like me and Slinks? Perhaps you can come to our caravan and see Slinks dad," Daniel asked too many questions.

The old man shook his head.

"Danger "he paused for a moment. She has the key. The key lives inside her. He paused. His eyes widened. "This mountain is safe from Krome but something, I think he is coming. Not only for the Ivy but to unlock the daisy chain that leads to strong powers. He held onto his walking stick. " I ask you not to go near him. He is vile and nasty," The old man warned him.

Daniel opened his mouth "Who is Krome? Why are you telling me that I should stay away from him? Why does she have the key? If he is a friend of Slinks dad, then why is he vile?" Daniel could not understand him. The old man shook his head and looked away.

"Sit down!" the conductor shouted. Daniel sat back down, near the old man. He pushed his coat between him and the old man.

"Where are your parents?" The old man asked him.

"No, I am" he gulped "old enough to go up the hill without my parents. Slinks will be waiting for me," Daniel protested.

The two women laughed.

The conductor that had let them on lifted the ramp up; he pulled it toward the glove box and fastened the door shut with a chain.

"Please stay seated throughout the journey," he said and he began to blow his whistle. The tram began to move toward the daylight where many could see sheep on the distant hills.

"Someone's running, mum the trams got to stop," yelled one of the twin boys.

"The tram has to move up the hill, he can't stop for one person. Anyway there is nowhere for her to sit," his mother replied.

"But mum," he protested. The little boy got up and ran towards the back of the tram," his mother jumped up and ran after him. Daniel jumped up and he quickly grabbed the boy with his two hands and passed him over to his mother.

"Sit down, it's dangerous to run here," Daniel quietly spoke to the boy. She looked up at him and smiled. "Thank you," she said and she sat down on the back bench with toddler on her lap. Daniel sat on opposite her. "She will be able to catch the next tram in half an hour," he sighed.

The young woman who had missed the tram was about the same age as the young lad who answered the old man's questions. The disappointed young woman started to Fiddle with a black strap that lay over her left shoulder connected to a black bag. This hanged from the blue coat which reflected her name onto the windows. The name "Jezzabell," written in black italics.

Jezzabell's disappointed face immediately lit the room with her dark blue eyes. She quickly ran behind a screen of moving pictures, threw her coat onto the dusty floor and gently tapped her feet against the silver platform.

"Oh, never mind, I will just use the other way," she said. The tall standing mirror that lay on the wall behind her began to reflect the back of Jezzabell's white Tee shirt. Behind her shoulder

blades formed a pair of wings covered in light blue ripples. White pearls slowly creating an edging around the wings making her glow like a fairy. Once the lower wings began to reveal their gems her legs began to fade into a black body and her feet started to turn into a butterfly's tail and then, just as her hands were turning into thin black legs a large shadow appeared onto the floor.

Jezebell quickly stepped back into the wall, her right forewing cracked like a broken glass bottle. Quickly she turned back into her normal self. She could hear the footsteps come closer to her and suddenly two black feet appeared next to her.

"Where do you work?" asked a tall woman in a dark brown suit. She looked taller and rounder than Jezebell, the small green eyes and scratched nose made her look frightful and angry.

"I work in the gift shop. I started last week," said Jezebell and the woman's frown turned into a smile. Her green eyes rolled up and down and then she looked at her brown cobbled watch. Jezebell picked her coat up and slowly put her arms into the sleeves.

"Jezebell," the woman read her name on the badge.

"Yes I'm Jezebell. Another thirty minutes and I will have to go home. The golden rule of Work, if you are later than thirty minutes, then there's no point being there," she said. Kimberley thumbed into her right pocket and she pulled out a set of keys which dangled along a green oval key ring.

"My car is in the drive over there, I live five minutes away from here, I can drive you up to the top," the woman insisted.

"Thank you, Miss err"

"Kimberley" she said.

"You own the White Hotel," Jezebell said as she stepped on to the grass.

"I am the manager there. It was my first investment since I finished the scholarship," Kimberley held her hand. They looked left and then right and crossed the road. Jezebell let go of the firm hand that had gripped tightly around her.

"Kimberley how did you own the other places. Mustn't you be in debt," Jezebell spoke.

"We never have money. Humans invented money where as we butterflies help one another," Kimberley replied. She opened the gate to let Jezebell in the car park. Kimberley closed the gate behind her. There in front of them was the back of the three storey hotel. Next to the closed gate Jezebell stood onto the empty parking space.

"The one on the far right," Kimberley pointed to her silver land rover that sat between a red Ford and a green fiesta.

"Do humans come to the white Hotel?" Jezebell walked towards the car.

"Yes, they pay money and we turn it into nettles," Kimberley pointed the key ring to the Landrover and the lights began to blink. Jezebell gawped at the scratches that lay along the land rovers wheels.

"I can sort them out for you," before Jezzabell could say anything else, Kimberly said.

"They are just designs for my taste. I like seeing silver scratches on my wheels," Kimberley opened the passenger door.

"I have seen you with Aunt Chemichalas" Jezzabell spoke and she stepped into the car.

"I know Chemichalas; she helped me to run my own hotel. I will have to visit her next week," Kimberly answered her as she watched the leafy seat belt wrap itself around Jezzabell's waist.

"Chemichalas talks about you. She loves the nettles you gave her for her birthday" Jezzabell said.

Kimberley slammed the door shut. She wandered over to the driver's side. She got into the driving seat, put her seat belt on and turned her keys in the ignition. As her feet moved over the accelerator she took the handbrake off and they began to drive out of the entrance.

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Chapter Two

The small shop where Jezzabell worked was being painted into wintery colours. Most of these painters were at the back of shop. They ripped the rainbow paper off the wall. All of the shelves had been moved into the centre of the room leaving the china dolls easy to reach. Many of them had reduced prices on them but the taller ones dressed in green robes sat next to the counter near the assistant who looked old and tired. The book mark stand carefully lodged itself between the figurines and the box of pencils, pens and rubbers lay on top of one another. In the right hand corner of the shop next to the office, the seaside images of posters and prints had not been moved and the flags rolled around the room.

"Sorry I'm late," Jezzabell came rushing in. The assistant brushed her long white hair to the side of her face and smiled.

"It's alright, I was late again this morning," she yawned. She picked up the green price tags from the back of the counter and started to write the date on them. Jezzabell glanced around the untidy shop and she picked one of the poster tubes up. She opened the lid to lift the poster out, checked the number and shook her head.

"Sarah, what happened to the shop?" she asked. Sarah had not heard her and carried on writing with her pen. Jezzabell walked over to the window, moved her hands around the box of tubes. She picked one up and sighed in relief.

The Office door swung open. Out came the tall fat boss with a piece of paper in his hand. His

Greasy Yellow hair curled down to his chubby cheeks, his white teeth were jolting up and down and then, as he came closer to her. A white button fell off his shirt. He picked it up and placed it in his black trouser pocket.

"Your late Jezzabell, here is the next shift. Tomorrow without pay as lateness will give you an extra day's work," he said pulling his grey tie towards the loose collar. He wandered over to the china dolls and picked the tallest one up. "Tidy this shop up, the painters had to take everything apart, it should have been you here earlier," he said. The painters put the brushes down into the pots and stood up to look at him. Two of them who were not wearing the shops uniform wore blue jeans and a black overall, but their pitiful faces appeared to look sharply at him.

"I missed the tram, I'm only ten minutes late," Jezzabell pointed at the green clock that hung on the wall behind him.

"And no more days off," he grinned at her. She pinched the shift pattern out of his hand and waited for him to go back into his office. He glared deeply into her eyes and then noticed Sarah leaning against the till.

"Get back to work," he said stumbling back to his office.

The painters carried painting and ripping the wall paper away from the wall. Sarah dashed over to her. Jezzabell huffed in sheer frustration and held another thin brown tube.

"He is right about you being late but the boss should be gentle with you, I hate him. I'll teach you how to use the till when he leaves at lunchtime. He managed to get the hotel manager to come and work here this afternoon. He claims to have a doctor's appointment," the assistant patted Jezzabell's shoulder. She went over to the counter with the assistant, sat on the small green bench that hid underneath the counter and placed her face in her arms.

"Don't cry," Sarah whispered and she gave her a tissue. Jezzabell watched the assistant open the till and passed a white envelope to her.

"Open it," she urged Jezzabell to open the envelope. Opening it, Jezzabell pulled out a couple of twenty pound notes; she wiped her eyes and blushed.

"I can't take this," she said.

"It's last week wages. I don't see why you should give up one week's wages because you had a holiday for two days,"

"He'll go mad,"

"No, he doesn't count the money in the till, he leaves it for me to cash up," Sarah sighed. Jezzabell glanced back at the painter's backs and handed the money back to her.

"I don't want his filthy money,"

"Ok duck, but if you change your mind, she paused letting the painter walk past her and out of the shop door." "See me at lunch in the restaurant," Sarah quietly spoke to her.

"Where are you?"

"On break," Sarah replied leaving the shop.

Later that morning when the painters were having their break, Jezzabell had neatly stacked the empty boxes on top of each other to make more room for the extra stands she had managed to find in the cupboard. She pushed the long narrow stand against the empty white shelf in the middle of the room; hooked them together with iron hooks which were out of old fishing rods and started to place the orange cat and brown dog figurines onto the middle shelf.

"I'll help you do the top shelf," Sarah said. Jezzabell bent down on her knees and pulled the tape off the edge leaving the rest of it to hang near the tiled floor. As she opened the box and tore the sides down to reveal a pile of round plates covered in green tracing paper. She lifted the first sheet away from the place and held it by the two tiny hooks that appeared to be stuck at the back with cello tape. Turning it round, the red and yellow trim with tiny words lay neatly outside the holographic picture. The words in the yellow and red trim were engraved in silver writing.

"The old Frithy firth lived in the valley below before the ants invaded them.

"Now it lies with the small town,"

Jezzabell picked it up and watched the picture of the flowery red rose and pink violets turn into an image of dry sand. She shook it to create the image of the garden and passed it over to Sarah.

"The old Frithy Firth use to be nice until the ants took over; the seagulls carried the seeds away from the valley below. They say it's in a lovely place but I just can't get there," Sarah spoke loudly.

"Where is the small town?"

"You do not want to know,"

"Why?" Jezzabell asked handing Sarah another plate.

"There is nothing to do but sit and relax. It can be found near the New Frith le firth Gardens that take you to the beach,"

"And Frith le firth is in," Jezzabell scratched her ear.

"It's in Frithstatyn, no it's called The Frithstatyn, yes it is a quiet town," Sarah replied and fixed the plate on the wooden dish rack. Jezzabell looked up at the plates that stood side by side, the holographic picture turned green due to the sun shining on it and then a tiny piece of writing flickered in the centre of the plate.

"When I finish this afternoon, I will go to Frithstatyn," she said.

"Hi Jezzabell," Kimberly walked in to the shop and headed straight into the office.

Minutes later she came back out with the mean, miserable boss who seemed to grin at them. His tie had slackened down to his belly and his light hair that looked clean and curly now seemed to be full of wet water. He completely walked past them and headed straight to the till. Kimberley stood in between Sarah and Jezzabell making sure that they couldn't have eye contact with each other and

then the till rung three times.

"The envelopes in," Jezzabell whispered.

"Shh," Kimberley replied. The till rang again and again, and the boss' grin churned into a nasty frown.

"I'll change the role for you sir," Sarah' eyes lit up as Kimberley grabbed her hand. The boss's clenched fist thumped the till and the money tray flirted out spewing coins onto the floor. He bent down behind the counter picking each single silver and bronze coin, he counted them into pounds and then as he moved near the glass counter a small white envelope slid under the glass that displayed white, green and blue shells. Sarah broke Kimberley' grasp and stepped towards the counter, she stood over the small white corner of the envelope that showed clearly against the mirror that the painters had put up. He peered over the counter and looked down at her feet, raised his eyebrows, blushed and leaned back onto the green stool.

"I will see you tomorrow Sarah," he smiled.

"Yes, Yes sir," said Sarah. He put the coins back into the tray and pushed it back in, went away from the counter to check the poster display that Jezzabell had sorted.

"Interesting, Jezzabell," he mumbled.

After he had left, Sarah picked up the envelope and placed it in her back pocket.

"What is in the envelope Sarah?" Kimberley asked.

"Nothing, it's just an empty envelope," she replied. Jezzabell gulped in shock ensuring herself that her aunts friend wouldn't bother the assistant. Jezzabell deliberately stepped back against the key ring stand and it wobbled. All of the yellow, green and white pens scattered across the floor, half of the rubbers snapped in half as they bounced off the china dolls and the plates that she had put up on display jerked against the wooden racks. Kimberley turned round to look at the mess and then as the long green pen rolled under her right foot, she began to slip. Jezzabell grabbed hold of her Kimberley' arm and pulled her back up. Jezzabell let go of her arm. She picked the pen up that had slid under her aunt's friend. Kimberley starred right into Jezzabell's eyes making her jump in fright and the last square rubber broke into tiny pieces.

"Jezzabell," Kimberley shouted in her long deep breaths. Jezzabell' face went white in fear; she slowly picked up the dust pan and brush and started to sweep the rubbers and pens together.

"You can work for me in the caravan park for the rest of the holidays; Kimberley swiped the brush away from her hands." I will tell the boss that you have quit due to the hot weather that has made you tired. You can meet me in the Butterfly park," she whispered into Jezzabell' ear. Jezzabell nodded in approval and Sarah handed the envelope over to Kimberley. She looked at the name on it and opened it up. Out came the notes and she ushered Sarah over towards the painters. Jezzabell stood silently waiting for Kimberley to talk to her but she watched her wander back over to the till

and put the money back into the till. Jezzabell ran up to her.

“Kimberley, I am sorry, it was my fault, I refused to have last weeks,”

"I don't want to know, now get out of my sight!, She slammed the till shut and dialled 40.00, pressed enter and the till jumped out, "Here, have twenty, it will give you a week's rent in one of my caravans now go and get ready for me," Kimberley spoke. Jezzabell's sour face and hurtful eyes peered over to Sarah, she waved at her to come near, Sarah shook her head in disapproval and she carried on flirting with the slim painter.

“Meet me in Frith le Firth,” Kimberley said. Jezzabell huffed and she ran out of the shop in tears.

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Chapter Three

As the afternoon sun had set in. It shone brightly down on the mountain, far away in the distant island was another butterfly. The dark orange wings laced with eight black rubies showed his cunning eyelets that lay against his two front wings. Each one of them had two small red and yellow streaks of fire to warn the night clouds not to disturb his flight pattern. His long thin legs stretched out towards the sun behind him. However his oval floppy ears looked like tiny antlers; which twitched to signal something coming near him. His pointed face smothered in brown dust, choked the cold air into claps of thunder. This butterfly' name was Krome Monarch.

Krome could see the big, bright, blue sea full of fine ripples. On the edge of the sea, lay a small island of green and yellow sand dunes, mini brown straw huts and white long vans that stretched along the grey paths led a safe route to the beach. To him they looked like mobile huts but to us humans these long, cream vans are caravans. The small street lamps, looked like they had been nailed to the ground. The paths looked dull and empty. There was no sign of humans. The moon shone bright over the hills and the moons grisly face began to smile at him. He counted the caravans that hardly had any life.

Another clap of thunder struck with small stripes of lightning that shone through the empty cars. Small white, brown and black people emerged into the caravan park and into their cars. Many looking up at the dark clouds, claps of thunder and then the cars drove into a line. The engines roared and children ran into the vans, each door clicked and the white windows shut with a loud bang. As he hovered down toward the park he could see many green flies dancing around the bright hedges, Blackbirds hopped around the small rose tree that lay next to a small lawn and in the middle of the car park, where a small light brown shed stood. Next to the shed lay a round circle of cut

grass. Inside this small circle lay a mixture of blue and white flowers. In-between the flowers were a small chipped path covered with dust with a large green bench that had tiny letters engraved on the arc of the arm rest. These letters formed two words of a famous family name he once knew. This was the 'Peacock family',

His eyes began to widen and his white cheeks began to glow like the moon. He picked up a tiny piece of rose and licked it up with his small green tongue. The petals colour slowly disintegrated onto the lawn and his antlers pointed upwards.

"The thunders gone, can we go and play at the beach," spoke an excited girl. She had a long brown top with blue jeans that covered her white flip flops, her long ears pointed at her father's black beard. He wore the same clothes as her and looked much taller and rounder, his right brown index finger held a gold ring with the initials. ILYF (I Love you forever) in his other hand was a can of pop; he lifted the lid and sipped the drink into his mouth. One eye was on his daughter and the other on the dark clouds, he really looked like an honest person.

"If the bad weather stays off, we can go to the beach later," her father replied.

"Mm, a butterfly," the young girl said. Before she could cover Krome with her medium sized hands, he flew onto the first bench that she could not reach. She ran over to him and grabbed his wings; he flew into her hands and lay on his side. The young girl poked his left wing and he lay still, she stroked his black rubies. Still he would not move.

"Dad, the butterfly is dead!" she screamed.

A bolt of lightning struck the butterfly and he flew around her head, she walked round and round in a circle smiling at him, her hands clapped together to try to get him and then as the rain hit down she ran back to her father.

"Dad the butterfly's made me dizzy" she said.

"Come on in," her father sighed.

The rain came down faster and faster for he needed somewhere to dry out before his next flight, he jumped onto the round green bin which lay on its side and glanced at the creak in the shed door. It was too small for his colourful wings to get into, he looked down and up, over and round and back at the creak. He flew right up to the shed door and examined the wooden panels which had been stuck together. At last there appeared to be a large black hole which would be small to the human eye. Next to the lock on the door that stopped others from getting in there was a hole. The hole sat along the join of the brown plank of wood that lay underneath the lock and he carefully squeezed his wings into the hole.

The rain began to patter against the caravan roofs and the park itself became black and deserted. A small but dim light shone into the tiny hole where Krome had got in. This revealed a large green lawnmower with three spikes that stood next to the old wooden rake, the rake itself looked old and

rusty but its next-door neighbour a broom lay with spots of brown mud and its plastic green handle looked larger than the old one. In the other corner where Krome was resting, he was lying on top of a small rose that was being held in a black pot of soil and odd streaks of moss covered the rim of the plant pot. Around the plant pot sat three empty pots inside each other. On the floor lay a ruffled up blanket that had not been used for years. He settled down into the middle of the pink rose.

Once the rain had died down and the late sun began to emerge in to the clouds. Krome popped out of the shed and flew away from the caravan park, past the small yellow barrier and over to the street. A few colourful cars and white vans drove along the busy road leading into a busy town. Behind him was a little corner shop filled with food, water, magazines and also an iron crate which held buckets and spades. A red car pulled up near him and he fluttered onto the grass verge at the end of the path. A black man walked out of the dark shop, he then locked the glass panelled door and ran straight toward the car. As the passenger door opened, a packet of loose crisp fell out of his pocket. Before he could pick it up a seagull swooped down to the ground and snatched it away from his hand. The seagull then blinked at Krome and flew high up into the sky.

"That was my snack," the man moaned and got into the car.

"Good day," said another man's voice. The engine roared and the car drove up the road.

Krome knew that the grass verge on the side of road was so dangerous that he thought about hiding back in the same shed, but he couldn't make any of his plans work because it would be too small for him; and then he saw the very same seagull that had pinched the man's crisp standing on the shop roof with another bird. Both of them looked very identical to one another apart from their beaks. The one that was standing on the right hand side of the roof had a streak of black running along the tip of his beak and the other looked perfectly normal. Their red eyes moved down at him, they looked over at the passing traffic and muttered to each other.

"Is that a bird?",

"It is a fly or a moth,"

"That is one big moth,"

"Let's get him," the other seagull cried.

Krome picked one of the stars that he had collected from last night's sky and he chanted the old time words. "Remember, remember, all birds and flying objects. Remember," These words helped him to remember his spells. He wanted to get rid of these noisy seagulls. Both like mates they hung around like vultures. He threw the star into the air and the white bubbles floated down from the night cloud and, and headed straight for the seagulls who were trying to catch him. He flew past the oncoming green van, up over the high lorry and across the pelican crossing. They followed him through the busy shrubs and trees. He swerved toward the sand dunes and then stopped in mid air over the calm sea. As each white bubble, touched the seagulls beak, it began to expand over the

bird's body. Krome could not hear the seagulls squawk and he began to laugh at the entrapped seagulls.

"Go away or become my team", he said. His eyes grew long with black dots and the tiny star he had thrown away made the sea ripples splash against the large concrete walls; as he ducked down to retrieve the star the seagulls followed him. Four more seagulls varying in size came to the rescue, as they pecked the bubbles; they quickly fell into the watery sea. They floated like ducks toward the flags that were blowing gently in the wind. ■

The three young seagulls watched the others fall into the sea, they hid amongst the sand dune that covered the green fence and then they rushed towards the butterfly. The star bounced them away from him. As they came back to grab him with their beaks, all three of them looked down at the swimming ducks. They soon absconded from him and the two trapped seagulls.

The two rebellious seagulls that were still trapped were well known troublemakers. They would pinch food from other humans, making the men duck as they swooped down towards the human's nose. They always got what they wanted but now, they had been caught by a butterfly that was supposed to have been their dinner. What else could they do but help him in order to get their friends and family free from being ducks in the watery sea.

"Thank you. Find me a big building to hide in", Krome ordered them.

"Over the sand dunes, to Frith Le Firth," the seagulls replied.

"Take me to the Frith and I will reward you as my guards. You will be given plenty of sea food and lots of chips," Krome said and he flew up the sandy trail between the two sandunes. The seagulls swerve back up into the sky, they flapped their wings as fast they could and the bubbles took them to their destination.

* * * * *

Chapter four

The sandunes lead to a green and gravelled path. Its mossy surface hid tiny grey stones and shells that the sea and wind had swept over last night. All of the shells, round, square, scalley and thick sat amongst each other as if nothing had happened. Alongside the path were plenty of empty and over grown fields. Not a single human or dog could be seen for miles. The only things that looked human to the naked eye were red and white bungalows, and still they even looked dark.

Further along this path was a white bridge which curved over to the other side of the lake. Underneath the bridge swam out three grey and feathered baby swans with their mother and their

father who looked completely white. It seemed as though they did not care who or what was looking at them and if someone stood near the bank where they rested they would waddle up to greet them.

The seagulls swerved down at the baby swans, they hovered back up and then they skidded into the lake. The baby swans waddled into the clear lake and all of them including their father began to swim toward the seagulls.

"Morning," they said.

"Moor-or-orning, Where can Master Krome live in?" both of the seagulls asked. The baby swans dipped their heads into the water to look for fish whilst their mother and father got closer to the intruders that invaded their lake.

"Try that old building, over the second bridge," the father swan snorted. The seagulls shook their watery wings over the swans making the babies cry.

"Ouch," cried the seagull with the black beak as the father swan nipped his right wing. He slid near the lonely baby who was swimming around his father.

"Get away from Chuckles," the mother rushed up to her son and covered him with her large wings. "Go get your own place, now shoo, shoo away from my babies," she snapped her beak.

"We need some water to bathe in and we will share it with you," the seagull said.

"No! Now go, go before I," the male swan flapped his wing out ready to break the seagull's neck and then the sky lit up.

"We will share it with you as long as you keep the humans away from our master," the seagulls squawked. The mother looked down at her young ones; all of them were swimming up to her.

"We can help you fight the humans off our land, but you will come to harm if my little ones get hurt," she replied. The male swan furiously swung away from the seagulls; he dipped down into the water and bounced back onto the surface of the water with a small gold fish in his mouth.

Krome soon caught up with the swimming swans and floating seagulls that he had captured. He fluttered quite low over the baby swans who were following their father underneath a wooden white bridge shaped like a horseshoe. It's damp, wooden floor boards appeared to be full of tiny grains of sand and shells. Out from the other side of the bridge the lake formed into a large circle. Its bed were surrounded by large grey boulders that had sunk deep into the soft floor; and its tiny grass heads popped up near the lily pads where frogs had been living. The boulders stopped people from slipping into the clear lake and also gave sight seers if there were any around to take pictures of the landscape beyond the lake. This showed the most important feature for Krome, a row of odd looking terraced buildings. Each of the four slanted roofs along the terrace dazzled with more white seagulls and pigeons. These buildings turned out to be a single shop. Lower down where the roof had curved in, three dark and empty attic windows showed plenty of floor space and green walls.

"My poison making laboratory, I will call it P.O.I; he looked at the lower half of the middle shop covered in yellow sand. Its oval window revealed a small pinball machine that looked old and tired. The Scratched score board fell to the ground and the green flies began to fly around the room. The other pinball games had broken screens and the round poker table had been scribbled on in black ink.

"This will go and I will have a rest room, it will be full of visible and invisible furniture, oh and of course a safe where my Key will remain. If anyone comes near the safe the floors will rock. "The other shops will become my factory, but what about that odd one." Krome spoke to himself. He leaned amongst the tall grass near the edge of the sandy path. He leapt up into the air to see the distant building.

The last shop was covered in blue and white stripes of metal, each one of these stripes contained a metal screw that held the place together. All of its doors and windows covered in thin brown boards kept the sand and wind out. Not even a soul or creature could get into it but then as he turned to his left to look at the open fields another building caught his attention. By the side of the main shop, this white round building had large clear windows. Next to the building was the small clean lake.

"The perfect place to keep Jezzabell" he said.

"Check out the fields, a sign post. I want to make sure that no one can stop me from getting the key" Krome ordered the Seagulls.

"There is civilization," the seagulls swerved towards the other end of the lake.

He stepped away from the building and listened to the bunny rabbits hop into their holes. Miles and miles of long green grass and small hills lay out to the passing traffic. The bungalows and semidetached houses on the other side of the road looked small, thin, fat and tall.

"Old Frithy Firth," he read the rusty sign being held by two long poles. A white rabbit hopped over to him and patted his head. He stroked his antenna into the rabbit's ear and listened to it cry. He sat on top of the brown rabbit's nose and suddenly it sneezed all over him.

"How dare you sneeze on me," he muttered flapping his ring. The rabbit sneezed on him again and he dug his antlers into the bunny's nose.

"Mum!" the rabbit cried and ran towards his burrow.

Seconds later his small black tail grew into tiny feet. Around the size of adults 8, his orange and white trainers began to flip onto his feet. He did not realize that he was transforming into a human until another thing disturbed him. His long muscular legs covered in orange and gold trousers. A necklace with the letter M and his two ankle Bands appeared to glisten amongst the pebbles. His upper body drooped in two colourful robes, red and orange with a tint of black. His orange wings slid into his long robe and his black rubies attached themselves to the shades of black that lay

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