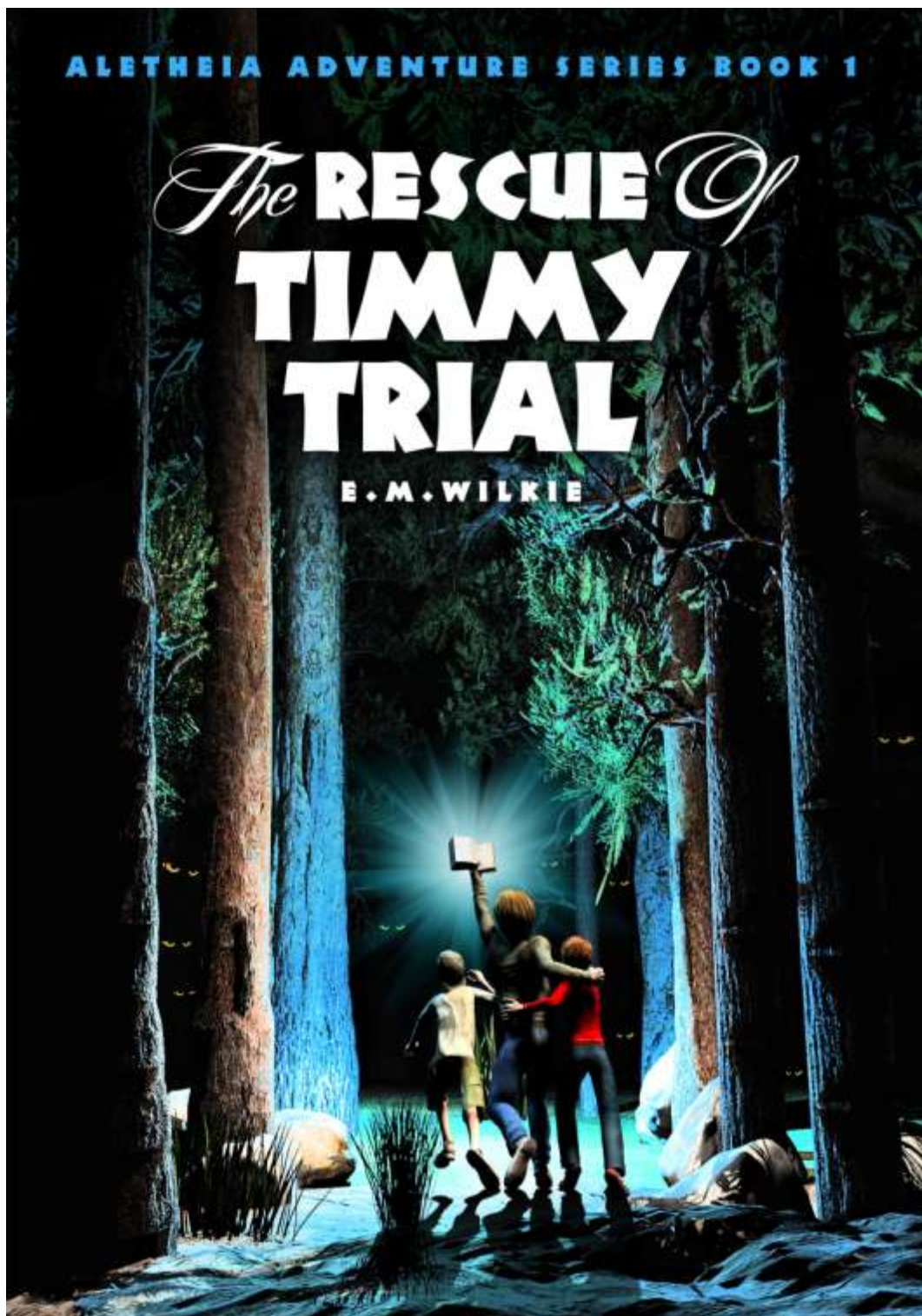


ALETHEIA ADVENTURE SERIES BOOK 1

The RESCUE *Of* **TIMMY TRIAL**

E.M. WILKIE



FREE DOWNLOAD!



BOOKS 2 & 3 of the SERIES

***Get your FREE COPIES of books
2 & 3 of the ALETHEIA ADVENTURE SERIES
and sign up for reader updates here:***

<http://www.aletheiabooks.co/free-books-offer/>

ALETHEIA ADVENTURE SERIES BOOK 1

The **RESCUE** *Of*
TIMMY
TRIAL

E. M. WILKIE

THE RESCUE OF TIMMY TRIAL

Aletheia Adventure Series Book 1

E M Wilkie

Written & illustrated by E M Wilkie

www.aletheiabooks.co

Copyright © 2013

Also published in paperback [ISBN-13: 978 1 909803 55 8] by
John Ritchie Ltd, 40 Beansburn, Kilmarnock, Scotland
www.ritchiechristianmedia.co.uk

This is a work of fiction. The characters, incidents, and dialogues are products of the author's imagination and are not to be construed as real. Any resemblance to actual events or persons, living or dead, is entirely coincidental.

All rights reserved. No part of this book may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording, or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the author, except in the case of non-commercial uses permitted by copyright law.

Cover illustration by Graeme Hewitson

Interior illustrations by E M Wilkie

Unless otherwise indicated, Scripture quotations are taken from:
The Holy Bible, New King James Version®.

© 1982 by Thomas Nelson, Inc. Used by permission. All rights reserved.

To Zach,
This story was written for you.

***“The snare is broken, and we have escaped
Our help is in the name of the Lord...”***

Psalm 124:7

Books in the ALETHEIA ADVENTURE SERIES:

THE RESCUE OF TIMMY TRIAL (BOOK 1)

THE PURPLE STORM (BOOK 2)

THE BROKEN JOURNEY (BOOK 3)

THE MUSTARDSEEDS (BOOK 4)

THE DEFENDERS OF ALETHEIA (BOOK 5)

THE RUMOUR MILL (BOOK 6)

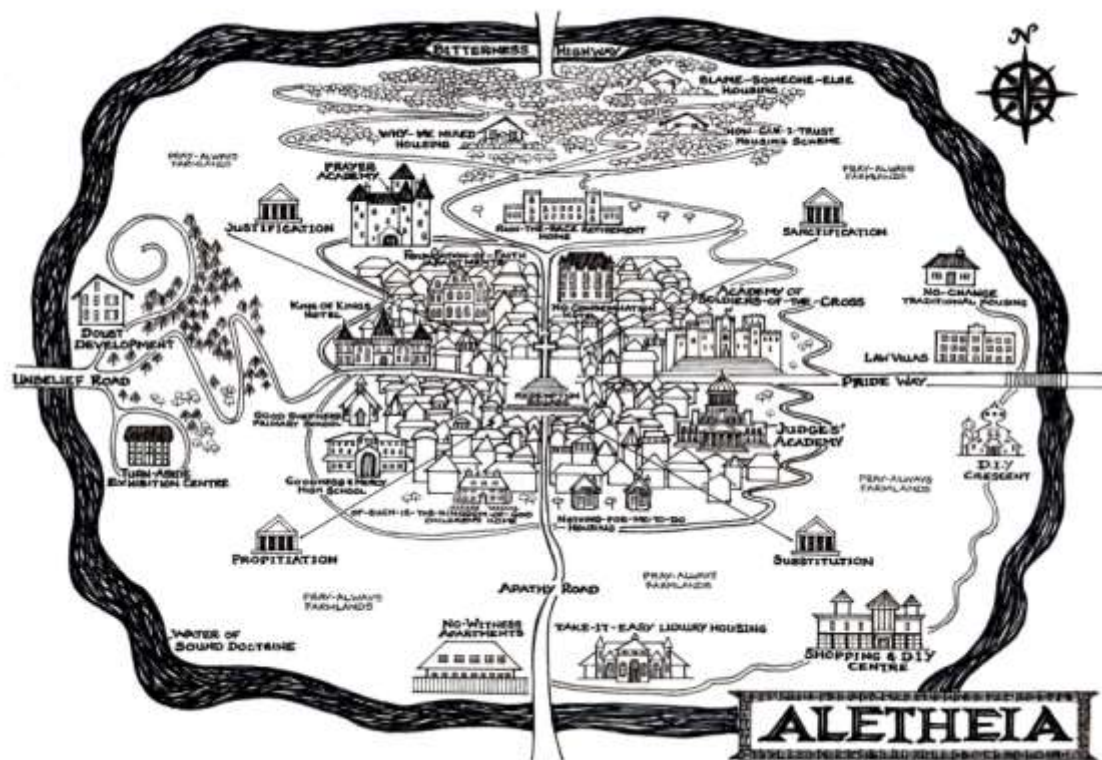
PREFACE

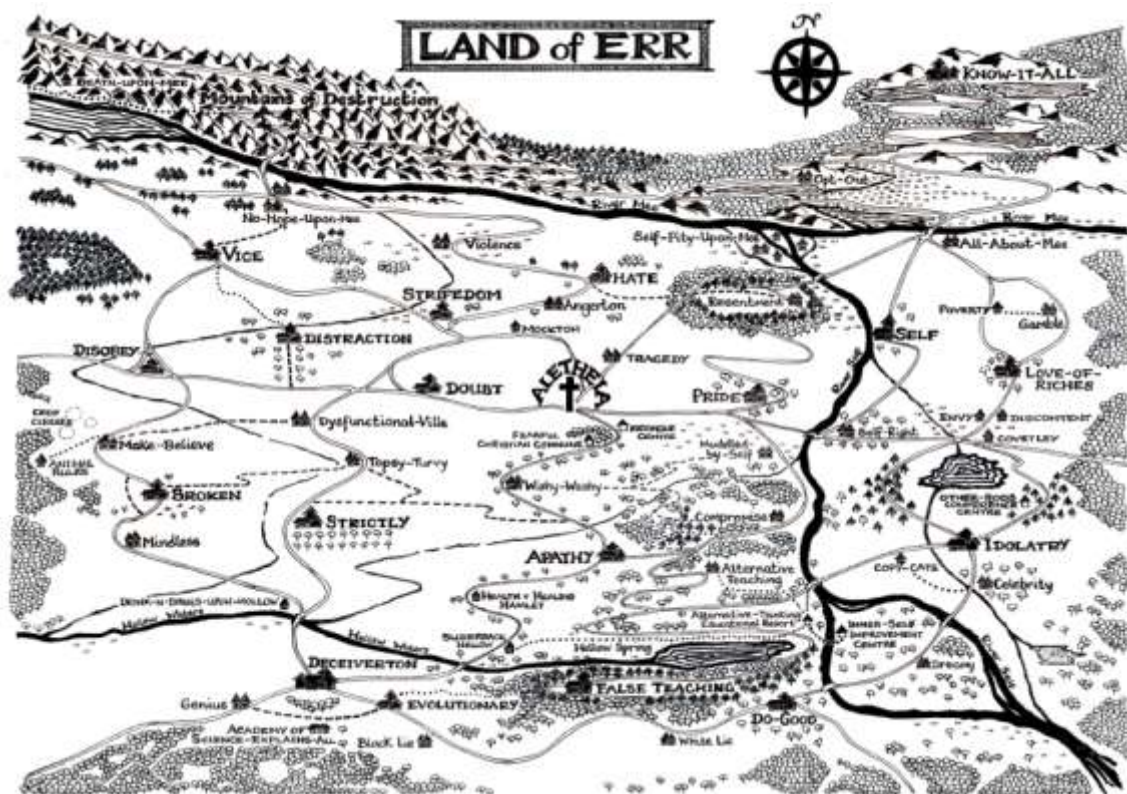
This story is an attempt to help and encourage young readers to develop an understanding of the truth contained in the Word of God, the Bible. However, all characters, places, descriptions and incidents are entirely fictional and this adventure story is not intended to be a substitute for the teaching contained in the Bible, but rather an aid to understanding. The illustrations and allegories used in this story are not perfect; and therefore, whilst it is hoped that readers will benefit from the truth and lessons developed in this story, they must be urged to develop an understanding of Bible truth and doctrine from the Bible alone.

The author would like to acknowledge the invaluable help and advice of the following people in the writing of this book:

M J Wilkie, R Hatt, S Mickow, and E Hatt.

Many thanks to you all.





CHAPTER 1

THE LOCKED SHED

Jack Merryweather was an ordinary boy to whom extraordinary things never happened. In fact, Jack had never had a proper adventure in the whole of his life. It wasn't that he didn't want an adventure: Jack wanted one very much. He read about adventures; he dreamed about adventures; he even tried writing his own adventures. Recently Mrs Bubble, his schoolteacher, whom Jack suspected didn't believe in adventures at all, had set an assignment entitled 'Description of Trees in the Summer'. Jack had managed to avoid the main subject of trees in the summer or winter or at any other specified time. Instead he had created an ugly, man-eating tree and a wonderful gory adventure. Mrs Bubble had written the remark "*Excellent imagination for adventures, although not much content about trees*" on the assignment. It was the first time that Jack had received an 'excellent' for anything and he was pleased it was for an adventure. He didn't mind the remark about trees at all; anyone could write about trees; not many people could write a good adventure.

Jack grabbed his spy watch from his bedside table as Mum once more called up the stairs. "Time for school, Jack," she said. "You really will miss breakfast if you're much longer!"

Jack stuck his spy watch in his pocket. He picked up his school rucksack and stopped only briefly to look out of his bedroom window. This was a habit of his. He liked to imagine that unknown creatures lived in the huge leafy tree outside of the window. He hadn't exactly seen any, but a couple of times he had climbed the tree, right to the top branches, and examined small holes and marks which might mean that *something* lived there. But today he could see no movement to indicate anything remotely unknown; he could only see rays of sunshine shining brightly from a cloudless blue sky, right through the green leaves.

It didn't seem fair to spend such a hot summer day at school when Grandad might be working on his combine harvester today. Grandad had promised Jack that he could help steer the monstrous machine through the fields of wheat and barley, where it gobbled up the grain and stripped everything completely bare. But at least it was Friday. All of Saturday Jack might sit with Grandad far above the sea of waving stalks, feeling like a king in charge of the world. And, if he managed it, at lunchtime today he could perhaps sneak away for a moment to the gap in the hedge at the edge of the school, where Grandad's fields and big sheds joined onto the playground. Perhaps Grandad was combining today.



It was day-dreamy kind of weather in the hot, stuffy classroom. The sun streamed through the windows and the teacher, Mrs Bubble, looked hot and cross and bothered. Nearly

everyone, apart from Marigold Goody who never did anything wrong, was restless, and two boys had already been sent out of the classroom for bad behaviour. Jack wondered what they were doing and if they had managed to sneak away to the big tree on the playing fields. Perhaps he should get sent out of the classroom too. He tore off a corner of his exercise book, which contained unfinished sums, and scrunched it up nice and small. He considered Marigold Goody's yellow pigtails and bent head. She was a very easy target.

Mrs Bubble, who even when hot and bothered seemed to have several invisible eyes in her head, suddenly materialised behind Jack. "It's nearly lunchtime, Jack," she said. "I don't suppose you would enjoy spending it indoors, would you?"

Mrs Bubble had a curious way of asking very obvious questions.

"No," said Jack, trying to squash his paper pellet beneath his hand. "No, I wouldn't."

"I rather thought not," said Mrs Bubble.

Mrs Bubble always knew the answer to her obvious questions. Jack didn't know why she asked them at all.

"Finish up to number ten in the book, please," said Mrs Bubble.

Jack sighed. Number ten seemed so far away, and he was not convinced of his need to know how many tomatoes he would be left with if he started with 57 and sold 29 of them at the market. He didn't like tomatoes, so he was hardly likely to grow them and sell them, was he? And if he did have 57, and sold 29, then he would give all the remaining ones to poor people or leave them in a ditch or something because he certainly didn't want to have any left. That would leave him with none at all. He wrote the answer in his book, along with his reasoning. It seemed to take up much more space than that allotted for a number, but he had learnt in the past that it was best to explain his answers. Mrs Bubble was sure to ask how he had reached a big fat '0'. It would save him explaining later.

The explanation covered the next two sums, which left only two more. They were about similarly irrelevant things so it didn't take long to finish. He was in the process of drawing illustrations along the margin of his book when the bell rang for lunch and Mrs Bubble began to say, "Alright, time to..."

Jack was up in a flash, part of the melee of boys and girls who were thrusting exercise books at Mrs Bubble, pushing pens and pencils into cases, and tripping over each other, desperate to escape, knowing that every precious second counted. Jack felt a slight misgiving as he thrust his own exercise book at Mrs Bubble and met her beady eyes.

"Thank you, Jack," she said.

Jack had an uncomfortable prickly feeling that he didn't actually deserve Mrs Bubble's thanks. He knew that he hadn't tried his hardest and that his answers, reasoned though they were, were not really what she wanted.

He picked up his rucksack that had his lunch – his favourite marmite and cheese sandwiches – inside and headed out into the sunshine. It was hard, this nagging prickling in his mind. It kept reminding him that he was a Christian and that he ought always to be trying his best because that's what would please the Lord Jesus. And ever since Jack had trusted in the Lord Jesus who had died for him, and asked for all the wrong things he had done to be forgiven, he had these funny nagging feelings that he ought to be doing the right thing to please the Lord Jesus.

Jack had told Grandad about Mrs Bubble and how hard it was to be good at school. Grandad told Jack that he should think about doing everything he did for the Lord Jesus¹. So you could be nice to someone, and it would be for the Lord Jesus; and you could be polite to

Mrs Bubble, and it would be for the Lord Jesus; you could do what you were told, and it would be for the Lord Jesus; and you could work hard on your maths sums...

Jack was walking thoughtfully down the path to the school playing fields when he was interrupted by a shout from a big boy called Timmy Trial. Timmy was not Jack's friend. He was older than Jack and in a different class: in fact, the oldest class in the school. But no one at school ignored Timmy for long: partly because he was the biggest boy in the whole school, partly because he had the loudest voice, and partly because he was the school bully.

"Merrywhatsit!" shouted Timmy. "Come here!"

Jack, who could be surprisingly courageous even when he trembled inside, pretended he couldn't hear Timmy. He wanted to be invisible and go to the secret gap in the hedge to see if Grandad was combining close to the big sheds. He might take his friend Alfie with him, but he did *not* want Timmy.

"I said Merry-boy!" Timmy was never long ignored. And if Jack didn't want a black eye after school when the teachers couldn't see and no one dared to tell, he had better comply.

"What?" demanded Jack as boldly as he dared.

"I said come here!" hollered Timmy.

"I've got things to do," said Jack, and he began to walk faster in the direction of the outskirts of the school playing field, wondering at his own temerity. He knew that he could just about outrun Timmy Trial. Although Timmy was much bigger than he was, he was much bulkier too and Jack Merryweather was one of the fastest runners at school. Perhaps, if he managed to avoid Timmy today, Timmy might have forgotten Jack's behaviour by Monday. And Monday seemed a long time away.

Jack set off at a run. He heard the roar of Timmy Trial; vaguely heard the laughter of Timmy's so-called friends who were all scared of him; and he knew that no one would interfere to stop Timmy. He did not falter or slow his sprint for the gap in the hedge until he reached it and then, without even a backward glance, he plunged through.

It was like a different world on the other side of the hedge. Of course, Jack had not intended to leave the school grounds: that was strictly forbidden. But the need to escape from Timmy had precipitated this disobedience and he stood, suddenly alone, on the edge of Grandad's field of golden barley which waved and rippled gently in the warm breeze. The big farm sheds were close by and, without another thought, Jack set off at a jog to reach them and rounded the first massive structure with nothing but safety in his mind.

It was nearly silent here. There was no combine harvester working in the field today; no reassuring presence of Grandad tinkering with something in the sheds; there was only the faint sound of children calling to each other as they enjoyed their lunch break in the school grounds, and the screechy call of a lone pheasant, hidden safely in the standing barley. The large sheds were closed and ominously silent.

Jack wondered whether he might hide with the pheasant in the field of barley, screened by the thick, standing grain. But the path he would make trampling down Grandad's crop would give him away. His only hope of hiding was somewhere in the big sheds which were stacked with all kinds of interesting farm implements and last season's leftover bales of straw. He was on familiar territory here, and, as the angry shout from Timmy got closer, he made for the big shed door and prayed frantically that it might somehow, magically, against all of Grandad's usual careful habits, be open.

And then he saw the chain and padlock hanging from the door.

It was big and strong and most definitely *locked*.



CHAPTER 2

BEHIND THE DOOR

"What do you think you're doing, Merry?" demanded Timmy Trial, as, panting and hot and flushed bright red, he stumbled around the corner of the farm shed and faced Jack.

Jack, trying to hide his dismay at the locked shed door, decided that a literal answer was his safest option. "I came to see my Grandad's sheds," he said. "I told you I had things to do."

Timmy stared at him. Timmy could talk a great deal about himself and how good he was at everything. He could talk a lot about how rich and important his Dad was. And he could beat up any kid in the school. But Jack had noticed before now that Timmy wasn't the best at dealing with cool, calm, logic. It was a convenient thing to remember.

"My Dad has got bigger sheds than these," said Timmy, looking around with a show of disdain.

Jack shrugged. Timmy always said things like that.

"You'll get into trouble for leaving school," said Timmy.

Jack shrugged again. "So will you," he replied.

Timmy was clearly startled as he realised, for the first time, this undeniable fact. It did not occur to him before now that they were both in the same predicament.

"I was following you!" said Timmy.

Jack kicked a small stone at his feet. He was glad that Timmy appeared to have forgotten that Jack was due at least one hard punch for ignoring him and running away. In fact, Timmy wasn't concentrating on Jack at all. He was looking at the second, smaller farm shed in some surprise.

"What's that?" he demanded.

Jack turned to look more closely at the shed that had drawn Timmy's attention. And then he looked again, moving closer, following Timmy, both boys drawn slowly and irresistibly to what should have been an ordinary farm shed. There was a strange sign above the door to the shed.

"What's Aletheia?" asked Timmy, peering at the sign.

Jack didn't like to admit that he had never heard of Aletheia. Since they were his Grandad's sheds Jack thought that he ought to know what Aletheia was and what it was doing there. "I think Grandad changed the shed," he said.

Timmy shot him an impatient glance. "I can see that," he said. "What does it mean?"

"It's the entry to Aletheia," said Jack.

Timmy snorted. "Entry to Aletheia," he said, reading the sign. "Well, that's obvious isn't it, Merry? It says that there!" He pointed to the large sign which was hanging above the door of the smaller farm shed, which unambiguously stated, '*Entry to Aletheia*'. "Is your old Grandad making money from it?" asked Timmy. "I'll ask my Dad if he's ever heard of a business called *Aletheia*." He sounded derisive, as if Jack's Grandad was stupid and not half as good as Timmy's Dad.

"Well, if you really want to know," said Jack, annoyed at Timmy, "why don't you go and have a look?"

Timmy looked uncertain and Jack was pleased. Secretly he was every bit as unsure as Timmy was about approaching the shed: it had changed so dramatically that it didn't look

like a farm shed at all. It not only had the strange sign about the unknown Aletheia above the door, but now it looked more like an odd sort-of office: with lots of windows, with people clearly moving about inside, with wide steps leading to the entrance door which didn't look anything like the entrance to a farm shed.

"Are you going in then?" asked Jack.

"Well, you go first then," returned Timmy, scowling at Jack, "otherwise I know it's a trick!"

Jack shrugged, as if it didn't matter to him one way or another; as if he were used to exploring the shed-office that was now called Aletheia. "Alright," he said.

And Jack led the way up the new entrance steps to the unknown door.

The entrance door clicked shut behind the two boys and their eyes gradually adjusted to the dimness of the office after the bright, hot sunshine they had left behind. At first it seemed that they were in a building not unlike a very ordinary office. Around them they could hear the murmur of voices, the faint hum of a machine, the tapping of keys as if someone was working at an old fashioned typewriter. It all sounded quietly business-like, as if the people working around them were meant to be there; everyone apart from them of course.

"Is Aletheia a business?" whispered Timmy. "Does it make lots of money?"

Jack was heartened by the fact that Timmy was whispering. He thought that now was as good a time as any to hint that he didn't have a clue what was going on.

"I don't really know," said Jack.

They were standing in the reception area of the office which was a bit like the one at school. There were sliding glass panels behind which were a large desk, a chair, and something that looked like a computer screen except that the writing on it looked like someone's handwriting. It said, 'Contamination Detector' in big letters which flashed on and off. There was no one in sight and on the glass panel there was a handwritten note which simply said, '*Dealing with Snares. Back soon.*'

Timmy stared at the note. "What on earth are...?"

"I don't know," said Jack, wishing Timmy would stop asking questions he didn't know the answer to.

There were pegs on the wall close to the glass screened area. The nearest one was labelled 'Mr Hardy Wallop, Supervisor', and there was a navy blue coat with lots of shining silver buttons neatly hung there. It looked like the posh uniform of a very important man. Timmy reached and touched one of the shiny buttons.

"What is this?" he asked.

"It's a coat of course," said Jack, glad he could answer at least one question.

"Well, I know *that*," retorted Timmy, his voice getting louder. "Of course I know *that*! I only meant that since we're in *your* Grandad's shed..." He made it sound like an accusation, as though Jack should know perfectly well what strange place they had come to.

"Well, *you* wanted to come," said Jack, sticking to the obvious and avoiding the unexplainable.

"Is it a secret?" asked Timmy, and his eyes gleamed. "I bet your Grandad isn't paying tax or is making something *illegal* here. Perhaps the Contamination Detector is about nuclear waste or something, right in our village!"

"Don't be stupid," said Jack, nettled at the accusation.

"Well, if it's not that, then what *is* this place?"

"If you really want to know, why don't you ask *him*?" said Jack, pointing at a closed door which was labelled in neat, gold lettering '*Mr Wallop, Supervisor of Entry to Aletheia*'. He watched Timmy hesitate. "Go on, unless you're scared!" said Jack.

Timmy glanced back at the entrance door. And then he made a sudden move. "Alright!" he said, "watch this!" and he darted to Mr Wallop's door and knocked three times: loud, sharp raps on the door which shattered the quiet of the office. Then Timmy flung himself at the entrance door with a triumphant yell.

Jack hadn't known that Timmy was capable of moving so quickly but he might have guessed that Timmy's plan was to leave Jack to face the consequences with the disturbed Supervisor called '*Mr Wallop*'. But, oddly enough, Timmy's attempted escape failed spectacularly. The entrance door stuck fast and remained immovable despite Timmy's efforts to yank it open, and the two boys faced each other across the reception area in sudden, disquieting silence. They both glanced at Mr Wallop's office door. And then back at each other again.

"It's stuck," hissed Timmy, pulling at the unyielding entrance door again. "Is it a trap? Why have you brought me here?"

"I didn't bring you," retorted Jack. "You followed me, remember?"

"What *is* this place?" demanded Timmy. "What *is* Aletheia? I know it's illegal!"

"You don't know anything," said Jack, feeling that was about the only thing he could be certain of at that moment.

Then both boys froze in sudden silence as the closed door to Mr Wallop's office slowly opened and a tall, stern, most forbidding man emerged.

"Aletheia is certainly not illegal anyway," said the tall man in a gruff, displeased tone. He had thick, dark eyebrows, a bushy moustache and a fierce look in his dark eyes. He wore a navy blue suit with bright silver buttons, just like the ones on the overcoat on the peg that Timmy had examined. He looked like a General in the army. He looked very important.

"*He* told me to knock," said Timmy, pointing at Jack.

Jack saw Timmy surreptitiously try the door handle again, as if he could escape from the office and leave Jack alone to face the consequences. But the door remained jammed shut.

"I see," said the tall man, Mr Wallop. "And do you always do what he says?"

"No!" spluttered Timmy, indignant at the very thought of following Jack Merryweather's lead in anything. "But...well, they're *his* Grandad's sheds!"

Jack could see that this did not make sense to the tall, stern Supervisor man. "I see," the man said, "that's how you came here, is it?"

Timmy hesitated, puzzled at the question. "Of course it is," he said, sounding, however, more polite than usual.

"We were at Grandad's sheds," added Jack.

The Supervisor, Mr Wallop, considered this. "I see," he said at last. "There are many ways to get to Aletheia from other countries and towns. I've never heard of Grandad's Sheds, but that's interesting, very interesting."

Jack wasn't sure how to explain that his own country wasn't called Grandad's Sheds. It was a surprise to him that this formidable man, who appeared to be in his right mind, was talking to them as if they had entered another place altogether: a place called Aletheia.

Timmy was looking at Mr Wallop as if he was certain the man was completely barmy. But he was clearly too much in awe of him to make such an accusation. "I think we should go now," Timmy said as firmly as he could. "We're going to be in trouble at school."

Jack didn't bother to say that Timmy had never before shown any concern for being in trouble at school. Timmy was always in trouble at school.

Mr Wallop did not appear concerned about them being in trouble at school either. "You'll be back at school in plenty of time," he said, as if he was quite certain of this. "Now, where's Tilly?" Mr Wallop looked at the vacant reception desk.

"It says she's dealing with Snares," said Jack, wondering whatever it meant.

"Ah," the Supervisor took a step closer, read the note, and nodded without surprise. "That explains it," he said. "We've had a run of contamination from Meddlers and Snares, and last week we even had a Sloth at work! We hardly got any work done that day! Well, I'll take you to get Checked In, although I really don't know why you couldn't find the way!" He still sounded stern, and Jack realised that there was a big sign on the wall behind reception which said, 'Checks Room this way,' with an arrow pointing further down the hallway.

Timmy was clearly incredulous, as if he was certain the whole conversation was gobbledygook. "Checked In?" he managed to splutter. "Checked In *where*...?"

The Supervisor interrupted Timmy sternly. "*Where*?" he repeated, as if he feared Timmy might be stupid or even mad. "Why, into Aletheia of course!"



Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

