

Ffrith Le Firth
The Key and the Broken Wing

by
Jessabell Tales
SMASHWORDS EDITION

* * * * *

PUBLISHED BY:
Jessabell Tales on Smashwords

Ffrith Le Firth:
The Key and the Broken Wing
Copyright © 2011 by Jessabell Tales

Smashwords Edition License Notes

This ebook is licensed for your personal enjoyment only. This ebook may not be re-sold or given away to other people. If you would like to share this book with another person, please purchase an additional copy for each person you share it with. If you're reading this book and did not purchase it, or it was not purchased for your use only, then you should return to Smashwords.com and purchase your own copy. Thank you for respecting the author's work.

* * * * *

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,”

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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.

* * * * *

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 hope 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 rabbits 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

round, across and behind his other robe. It formed into a black ruby belt that held his two robes together. More Black gems grew along his arms and in his bare hands were five white nails that clung onto the tips of his fingers. These nails reflected his green eyes that glowed like fire inside a mirror.

His antlers dispersed into two long, pink ears which of course reminded himself of a Human. His mouldy brown hair curled towards his chin and many strands of his hair appeared to be tied up into knots, knots of yellow, orange and red hair that lay over his shoulders and his back.

"I am going to make Old Frithy Firth into a Monarch base, others will join me and then we can create our poison," he excitedly yelled.

"Get off the land, Private land," spoke a voice from behind him. He turned round to watch the small round policeman pick up his radio control. "Control, Control we have a trespasser,"

"Take him away to the other custody suite. No need to take him to base, we cannot cope," another voice from the black radio spoke. The policeman clipped the radio onto his belt and grabbed hold of Krome's left arm.

Krome stared into his blue eyes and the small radio shivered in the sea breeze, another voice chirped out a major incident along the highway and he let go of the arm.

"Go to your precious call," Krome snapped. The policeman pulled out a pair of handcuffs from his back pocket and slipped it onto Krome's hand.

"I am arresting you for trespassing," the policeman replied. Krome stuck his long fingers out and the bunny that he had bitten jumped out of the burrow, it hopped towards him and grabbed the policeman's radio.

"Oui, that my radio," the policeman spoke. Another rabbit jumped onto the policeman's back making him stumble onto his knees.

"Ha, ha, ha," Krome laughed. He watched the man stand back up and limp over to the white shop. "Arrest me," Krome taunted the policeman. The policeman stared into Krome's evil eyes. He limped towards the white shop. Krome followed him into the patio over the hard decking and the policeman pulled a key out of his front pocket to open the door. All of the grey shutters rolled up and he immediately walked into the dark room.

There in the middle of the room stood three sturdy deck chairs with eight bottles of water. The rusty wooden window frames gathered bits of dust. Krome watched the policeman sit on the chair and take his black shoes off. There was no blood or sweat but a massive bruise on his feet.

"Give me the keys," Krome demanded.

"Stay back or I will stun you," the policeman thumbed behind his back. "My Gun, you pinched it," he accused Krome. Krome grabbed hold of the policeman's hand.

"Give me the keys," he demanded. The policeman threw the keys onto the cold floor. Krome

picked them up and opened a couple of windows to let the cold air in. He moved away from the policeman and locked the door behind him.

"Help," cried the policeman whose foot was swelling up.

* * * * *

Chapter five

The sun reflected its rays into the cold dark room where the policeman was a sleep on the floor. His head leaned against the red chair that he had turned upside down with its four feet in the air. He used it for leaning his bad back against it, and then the water splashed far away. The rays flashed into his closed eyes, waking up and wiping his eyes with his loose shirt he blinked at two blurry figures. These were humans, well we can guess that one of them was Krome, for he was holding a small postcard pictured with the words of the mountain that Jezzabell had been working in. The words were jumbled up and as he flicked it over, more sentences joined together to make a descent paragraph about himself.

I have gone away for a while to the mountains to explore the dangerous lands above the sea.

A tip off from an old friend of mine told me that eight pirates are setting up a watch to steal gold from the local mines.

Meet me in nine days when it will be set up.

Yours Sincerely

G. Regy'

"Let me go," the policeman spoke aloud. He got onto his knees and swivelled his arms to get himself up, a hand lay on his shoulder to stop him from standing. Both of his swollen feet now consisted of red lumps of skin. He picked the tanned skin off his ankles and rubbed his hand against the dusty carpet.

"Kimberley, we have to get rid of him," Krome said.

"Sign this, the others will search for you there and we can continue to use our plant," Kimberley remarked. She took the postcard off Krome and placed it on the floor. The policeman read it over again.

"Help", he spoke aloud.

"Sign it," Krome urged him and pushed a pen into the policeman's left hand. He jolted the initials G.Reg. Hg' and he ripped the card into tiny pieces.

"My mates will find me," he laughed. Kimberley undid the small net in the top of her scalp and the long hair fell to her shoulders. She helped the policeman up and dragged him towards the window where the swans and ducks were asleep. All of them had their little heads tucked into their own wings, the grey necks were bent round and their farther lay still on the bank. They looked safe and well, like if there was no wind or rain.

"We can use the swans to make coats," she sniggered.

"Regy will never allow you to kill an animal," Regy spoke. His face turned white with fear and sickness. The air went cooler and goose pimples showed up on his bare feet. Kimberley let Krome place the chair behind them and he fell into the chair.

"The swans belong to me, they are my spies," Krome shouted. He got the policeman to sign a duplicate copy of the card.

"Jezzabell is late, she didn't arrive at the park," Kimberley spoke. Krome's eyes rolled. He snatched the postcard out of Regy's hand and held Kimberley's right arm.

"She will be the first Peacock to poison and I will get Cherrone key," said Krome

"No, we cannot poison her, we can get her to extract the key out of her own hand and then we can turn her into our slave," Kimberley replied. Krome kissed her hand. He stared deeply into Kimberley's eyes. Her eyes revealed a reflection of a shipping boat, two lads and one butterfly. But it only had one wing.

"She's lost her wing. Go collect Jezzabell, she will be in Frihyl harbour," Krome demanded.

"Frihyl Harbour, there is no harbour,"

"Yes, a quiet one, she will arrive in an hour," Krome answered her. The image of a small fishing boat rolled across her clear eyes. The policeman stared at her and her eyes turned into green gems.

"I can see it, a small place where boats stop off," Kimberley let go of his hand.

He watched the swans disperse into a line of five babies and two parents. All of them were talking to each other like something or someone was coming near their territory.

"Humans," Krome sniffled.

"They will get rid of them and then we can plan our trap to lure Jezzabell into the circle of rock and she can make our poison before she becomes a Monarch. She turned the old gas lamp on and placed it near the policeman's feet.

"Jezzabell," Regy said and closed his eyes.

"Our Peacock will become a monarch," Kimberley laughed.

"Let's go for a walk," Krome suggested. Kimberley hooked her arm over Krome's elbow and they skipped along the skirts of the room; they dashed out onto the deck to keep an eye on Regy and leaned over the rail to talk.

Although the window was open, Regy could not hear a single word that they were saying apart

from the word, Jezzabell, beach and shops.

"Those girls he sighed at the wandering pigeon that had a metal tag on its front foot.

Kimberley threw two rounds of white bread into the lake for the birds and swans to eat; many of the babies swerved fast and fought over the food. Their father cried for attention only to see them fighting for bread. The seagulls swooped up and down around Krome and then hovered over to the calm sea.

"She'll be here soon and I will get her to do some collecting, she thinks she is working in the
"She isn't too clever to realise that you're working for me," he said.

"Hello," yelled a voice from the other side of the building. Silence grew thicker and thicker, then all of a sudden the same male voice said it again. Kimberly stopped laughing whilst Krome clenched the metal rail only for it to fall off and land on the decks.

"Ha-eel--ooo, anyone-there," chirped a femine voice.

"Jezzabell," Kimberley grumbled walking over to the other side of the building.

As Kimberley got round to the back end of the four lit shops, she soon realized that the voice came from the bins behind the tin shed. Once used for laundry and waste it had a large green padlock on its wooden door and the yellow card boarded the only window to stop animals from nicking the left over's.

"Any-o-ne- there," squawked the seagulls.

"No one to torment at the beach, this place is dead. We need a fair," they squawked. Kimberley stretched her arms up and a thick cloud of black smoke filled the car park below, out from the smoulders came small roundabouts with eight sports cars, two dart boards, a large Shute with scales on and a couple of red tents. The seagulls nodded their heads in approval and a few minutes later a brown maze of feathers a little bigger than them but smaller than a hand appeared in front of their beaks.

"Get us out of here," they said.

"Get them out, they are helping me," Krome said and he lifted them out of the maze.

"They got on my nerves," Kimberley snapped.

"Go, get Jezzabell ready for our plans," Krome yelled. Kimberley kissed him on the cheek, his face blushed pink with fever and then, then his wings flapped in happiness.

* * * * *

Further along the mountain near the west side of the valley stood a long network of thin wires in the middle of the air. Two wires lay side by side ferrying people up and down the hill in cream cable cars. All of the cars had the owners name on T.K.H.L.R cars. Inside one of the cars which headed down to the seafront were two lads. One of them, Daniel who had been talking to an old man on the tram and the other looked like a friend of his.

Daniels mate Slinks, tight sporty blue jumper showed his round figure around his waist. His long arms and legs made him look like a giant with a small body, but in fact he was no taller or shorter than Daniel. His long whiskers at the edge of his chin helped his small brown eyes to glow and his tiny ears shivered whenever he looked down. He sat opposite Daniel and slowly smiled at him.

"The views are wonderful, it's just, and he paused to look at the shrubs below them." "It is full of grass and flowers, why can't they add some rides?" he said

Daniel stepped towards the safety door that had a great big bar across the large window to keep them in. A small window at the top began to open and shut fiercely making the cable car wobble. He jumped onto the bar, fumbled into his light green coat pockets to unwrap a piece of chewing gum; he put it in his mouth and blew out a pink bubble. After it popped he took the wet gum out of his mouth and placed it between the grooves of the ledge and some on the bottom of the window. It flapped out once and then as it started to swing shut it stuck against the large ball of gum leaving a small a small breath of sea air to slide in gently.

"The car only has to travel to the front of driveway before we head for the pier. I want to go shopping for my family as they will be thinking of me. Thanks Slinks for letting me join you on your holiday," Daniel said.

"I cannot look down anymore, I think I'll close my eyes," Slinks stuttered in fright. Daniel walked over to him and smiled.

"Don't be silly Slinks, It takes plenty of guts and effort to come on the car, you looked at the plants below and you haven't,"

"I haven't been sick because I did not think about it," Slinks interrupted him.

"The valley here is full of people sunbathing, look," Daniel urged his friend to look down again. Slinks turned round to see what other people were doing. Quite a few people sat down on the grass and eat lunch and drank what looked like to be glasses of wine, three young men on the other field kicked a football around and then a few of them lay flat on the grass that overlooked the Victorian pier and off course the horse shoe shaped sea.

"It looks beautiful from here," Daniel sighed. Slinks opened his mouth in amazement for he could not speak about anything or anyone; he acted like a five year old who had never been anywhere like this before. "Slinks," Daniel whispered. His face followed a tiny thing that was

following the cars, its pale blue and emerald green wings swung up and down, up and down, back up to the same car they were in.

"The butterfly's wings are cracked," Slinks finally answered him. Daniel shook his head and laughed, he stepped over to the other side and again the butterfly had just come closer to the cable cars.

"Wait!" Slinks shouted at the top of his voice. A large, round and fat cable car came opposite and the butterfly ducked.

The couple who had got married on the mountain sat in this cable car with their hands held tight, their smiley face and jarring looks of love and lust made them want to look at Daniel.

"Wave to them," Slinks mumbled. Daniel waved to the misses and then smiled at the man in the small black jacket. Both of them waved back and then the car moved up away from them.

"They killed her," Slinks croaked.

"Her, how do you know I'm female, you shouldn't have been looking at me. I was flying perfectly well until someone - cars are so filthy," she said. Slinks turned round. He clung onto Daniel's coat and knelt before her. Her wings stopped flapping, and the length of them touched the floor making her feet float off the ground. Her white and blue top dazzled with sequins reflected the sun away from the car altogether. Her work trousers now appeared to have nine strips of blue paint.

"We are in danger, the angels come to take us," Slinks sobbed.

"Slinks," Daniel laughed as he looked back, his face turned white.

"Bow down, she will go if we don't hurt her," Slinks mumbled.

"Don't, get up, I won't hurt you and I am not from the clouds above, she paused." "I'm not an angel," she gulped.

"Jezebell, you're the angel from the shop at the top of the mountain," Daniel said.

"Jezebell," she said pulling the pin out of her top.

"You are one, why are you flying?" Daniel asked.

"Ha, I am not an angel, I'm a butterfly," she replied.

"Where are your tail and your antenna?" Slinks curiously asked. He began to walk around her like an inspector asking one hundred and one questions. Jezebell jumped over to Daniel. Her miserable face told it all; she blushed at him and carefully stepped over to the locked door. She pulled the window further along to reach her right arm underneath the pane and then as she was about to shrink Daniel grabbed her waist and pulled her back into the middle of the car.

"Get off me," she yelled. She kicked outwards to the sky; forcing her wings to move back towards Daniel's face and all they did was slide back into her spine. Jezebell's frightened face looked out at the valley in horror. Her eyes blinked at the other seagulls that also squawked at the

cable car and dived down at the figures below who seemed to be carrying food. Only one can guess that it was chips that these seagulls smelt and now alone with two boys the same age as her. Her feet landed onto the tiled floor and as Daniel let go of her she turned round.

"You have a broken wing," Daniel said.

"So, At least I can be safe flying," she spoke aloud.

"Butterflies can't fly very well if their wings snap and then they can fall into the hilly rocks," Slinks protested. She gazed down over the edge of the mountain and saw the waves crash against the jagged grey rocks. The sea threw itself up over the cliff and back down bringing small grains of pebble and sand down with it.

"How do I get to Old Frithy Firth?" she silently asked. Daniel put his arm over her shoulder and patted the broken forewing that lay out of her spine.

"The pier has many fishing boats, they come every hour but we need to go shopping first, I can't wait to go to the shops on the pier Jezzabell," Daniel said.

"What about the amusements, I have to win an owl for my little sister," Slinks sighed.

"First of all I need to get to Frithy Firth!" Jezzabell said. Daniel held her right hand up, as he touched her hand she let go.

"Don't be afraid of us. I am Daniel, my mates Slinks love amusements but I, and I don't care for them. I always loose on the money grabbers," Daniel assured her.

"We can do everything on the pier," Slinks mumbled. Daniel stood back; he let Jezzabell flick bits of green grass and sand onto the cable car's floor.

"Okay, but I need to get to Frithy Firth," she sighed.

"Why do you want to go to that boring place?" Slinks Laughed. Daniel put his hand on her shoulder and he rubbed the sand off onto the floor.

Jezzabell took Daniels hand off her shoulder, picked the gum off the window and its ledge; she rolled it up and blew on it. All of sudden a strong gust of wind pushed them back onto the bench, the piece of gum flew out of her hand and it washed away into the sea.

Ping!," went the car and the door opened up onto plain white tiles which lay adjacent to the open driveway that lead to the front of the long pier.

Two cafe assistants dressed in blue pinafores opened the gates to let the tourist into the shops and the cafe's that lied on the tarmac put metal round tables and chairs out to invite customers in.

"What happened to the wind, it's gone, We can visit the pier, we have to go to the amusements and shops; plenty of fishing boats coming out," Slinks excitedly said.

Chapter Seven

once the three of them had passed the blue gate Slinks picked a camera up off the empty shelf of the white stall which also held pegs of black, blue and green handbags; fit for all occasions in different shapes and sizes. He went into the door way and passed two pound over to a middle aged woman with long green hair. She smiled at him and handed ten pence over to him and then he rushed back out where Jezzabell and Daniel stared in.

"The sales person is awful, let's go take some pics of you, Jezzabell," Slinks said. He ripped the plastic sheet off the orange square camera, turned the round knob three times and pointed it at her. The bright blue flash lit the whole of the piers white fence and Jezzabell crossed her arms over her eyes.

"Leave her alone, Slinks you cannot take pictures of her," Daniel took the camera off him.

"She is a butterfly and when I get back home I can show it to my sister,"

"No, You cannot take any pictures of her, do you know that butterfly's hate bright flashes?"

Daniel asked.

"They like to fly when it's sunny," Slinks remarked. What you are doing," Daniel mumbled as Jezzabell got hold of the camera and then, then she ran over to the fence where the small sandy beach lay and leaned her arm over the edge.

"That is my camera," Slinks cried.

He ran over to her and leaned his arm over; the more he tried to grab the camera the more Jezzabell moved her hand upwards.

"Jezzabell, stop it, he is very sensitive and you are making it easier for him to play silly games," Daniel spoke aloud.

"I do not want my face in this camera, you really hurt me," Jezzabell sighed. She just let go of the camera and a white seagull clasped it in his beak, he came from underneath the wooden pier. It swung over their heads and onto the stall's slanted roof.

"Come here, pidgey, give me the camera," Slinks whispered.

He picked up a small warm chip from the full blue bin and stepped to the seagull. Again reaching it out to the seagull's beak its jaw loosened leaving the camera to wobble out of the dry mouth and in went the chip. He caught the soggy wet camera and wiped it with his long sleeved jumper.

"It pays not take pictures of me," Jezzabell grumbled.

"Stop it, both of you are really annoying me, let's just go and sort out what toy you can win for your brother and then we can help Jezzabell to get on one of them boats," Daniel said. The seagull

squawked the same words as him and nodded his head in approval. His eyes glared at Jezzabell, almost like a fish who wanted to be freed from the ship's net. He wandered up onto the stall acting like a bird who was scrounging for food.

"Daniel, I'll feed the seagull with some chips, you two go enjoy yourself in the amusements," She ordered them.

"We made a deal, all of us will feed the seagull and go to the amusements," Daniel replied. Jezzabell shrugged her shoulders at the wandering seagull who did not take any notice of her.

"Ok," she sighed.

After they had fed the lonely seagull it came up to Jezzabell and pecked her dull black shoes.

"Thank you," it squawked at her.

"What's it saying?" she could hear Slinks talk to Daniel. The seagull then pecked at Daniel's foot and gave a huge yawn at Slinks. Its wing opened out half the width of the tall fence that stopped people from falling into the sea, padded his feet along the opening of the decks and swerved away.

"Amusements," Slinks cried.

The amusements were full of old and young people. There were many people playing bingo at the back of the cabled hut near the old pool table which needed replacing. The four dance machines dressed in pink velvet blurted out popular pop songs for kids to dance to. The green and white arrows on the big screen helped them to move their feet on brightly lit pads. Two at the front and two at the back and one diagonal in the middle to make the dice number five.

Further along the dark room were whack attack games to deal with stress and frustration, more adults than kids played with these and friends laughed and egged them on to win the star prize; the prize of a hundred pounds. These machines did not interest Slinks at all, for he simply wanted to find a toy grabber and pick out what he might win for his sister who was at home with his mum and the local babysitter.

The machines that held soft toys only held cuddly owls and tigers, the toy grabber mechanical red keyboard pointed at the slim money slot. Out came three ten pence's and as they clunked down the slot and into the machine below a yellow light lit up the toys cage. In here were only three large owls and two small tigers. Slinks would have to guess what control to press to pick up the toy and bring it back into the chute to win it within a minute.

"Right, left, back, there," Daniel screamed in excitement. The metal grabber zoomed down at the tiger and as it clenched the tiger's neck the light went off.

"No!" Slinks thumped the machine and it came back on.

"Here let me have a go," Jezzabell said. She took control of the arrow pads, moved up and right and aimed down toward the lonely owl that lay on his side. The grabber caught hold of its fat fluffy body and up it came in the miniature hand. She tapped the back button quickly to the drum beats of

the national anthem.

"No!" slinks mumbled. The grabber let go, all of them thought they had lost the toy owl and then, something strange happened.

Two tall men had thick grey coats over their thin faces to ensure that no one could see their features, the one on the left held a Child's toy gun; he pointed and waved it around and told everyone to stay away from him. Kids cried, screamed and ran away from the dance machines; all of them wanted their mummy and daddy. The other guy walked out unnoticed and then as he begun to knock the rusty locks of the change machine, two security guards pushed him onto the toy grabber that lay four cages away from Slinks. As they tried to handcuff him all of the machines started to wobble and the grabber let go. The toy slowly bumped down onto the back shelf. It bounced forward and straight into the shut.

"Boing! Well done, please give us another go," the machine stuttered.

Slinks picked up the Fluffy Owl from the winners slot at the side of the machine and hugged it.

"He's a happy lad, Thanks," before Daniel could finish Jezzabell interrupted.

"Anything to get slinks off my case, Shall we go around the other end of pier where the shops are," Jezzabell whispered.

Daniel bent down to pick something up; a whole piece of forewing leaned against the palms of his hands. Now as it had shrunken, it also lost its colour and a few gems slid away from him.

"Jezzabell, the wing has shrunk," Daniel whispered.

"I will have to let another wing to grow before I can turn back to butter," she sighed. Daniel opened the plastic bag that contained a book of plain paper; he pulled the paper out and carefully covered the broken wing with the empty bag.

"Where is he? I'll borrow his large blue bag he filled up with books," Daniel said. Jezzabell eyes squinted at the blue sky and she looked out at the sea.

"There is a fishing boat. It's coming to the end of the pier," she spoke aloud. In the distance, a small white and black trawler floated along the tall ball points. Little smoke came out of its round funnel and the sea ripples were bringing it closer to them.

* * * * *

Chapter Eight

As the boat drew toward the pier; a small fisher man threw the rope over to the attendant who tied it around the pulley. He opened the gate so that the other fishermen could carry small boxed crates of fish into the store room. Eight of them left the trawler to have their lunch and four more stepped onto the boat to clean it up ready for their next fishing trip. The smell of dead fish and raw eggs

made Slinks throw up over the rails. The attendant patted him on the shoulder and handed him a sick bag.

"Thanks," he mumbled and threw up again, only this time in a brown paper bag.

"Err, Mate,"

"Mate, Me, the captain of this trawler," the man with green eyes and a bald head spoke.

"Captain, Can we get to Old Frithy Firth by your boat?" Daniel asked. Jezzabell clenched the plastic bag tight and squinted toward the bright sun.

"Oh, Miss, Do not look at the sun," said the captain.

"Can we travel with you," Daniel asked in a raised voice. The captain stepped back onto his boat; he whispered into the Fishermans ears like he was trying to tell a rude joke. The fisherman in the white jacket took his blue cap off and bowed down to them. His eyes glared at Jezzabell's plastic bag. She placed it under her arm, just as anyone would carry a folder and then the Captain stepped back onto the pier.

"You can come onto my fishing trawler, my very own Vickedge," he waved his cap at the plain white decks where the fishing nets were kept.

"Mind the crates," spoke other fishermen wearing a long green ponytail with eight rings on his index finger.

"You will have to help catch the fish," he said.

"Yes, you can take us to old Frithy," before Daniel finished his sentence the captain began to speak.

"The wind turbines make it dangerous for us to cross, there's no harbour which means you will have to swim. You young lady, we can take you to Krimnel, a quiet town for people like you,"

Slinks ran up to them and passed the captain the brown paper bag.

"We will go into your Vickedge and catch your fish," Slinks mumbled.

"Last trip, no turning back," Jezzabell smiled at Daniel.

"Slinks have you finished shopping? We cannot come back here till Wednesday afternoon," Daniel said.

"Yes," he answered and jumped onto the white decks.

Jezzabell slid onto the wet deck, both of her shoes crinkled up at her toes and her heels flipped out of the shoe altogether. The fisherman who had been interested in the plastic bag managed to catch her which helped the plastic bag to fall onto the soggy nets.

"My bag," she said. The fisherman kicked the bag away from the nets; as he picked it up the wing flipped onto his muddy boots. He picked it up again and placed it back into her bag. Jezzabell snatched it away from his hand and sat down on the cold bench that overlooked the blue ocean.

"These boots will stop you from falling," the captain said and he brought a pair of strong leather

boots over to her. Jezzabell got in them and tied the laces into a single bow.

"Thank you," she sneezed over the dead fish that were stuck in the nets. The fisherman gave her a yellow coat to put on and then he told her to go to her friends who were unreeling the anchor away from the sea bed.

"We are doing this for Jezzabell," Daniel turned the wooden screw round three times.

"That fisherman is after her,"

"Slinks he is just helping us, now help me!" Daniel spoke. The rusty anchor seemed to be very big for Vickedge, the seaweed stank of old food and the curved shape looked as though it had been attacked by a shark.

"One good ship," Jezzabell sighed. She held onto Daniel hands, pressed her finger against the wood and both of them pushed the stiff screw round and round. It creaked and jerked at the force that all three of them were turning it at a steady pace. It jerked again and the rope twined itself against the wooden wheel. The anchor moved up, over the ledge and the other four fishermen held the battered end so it would not brush into their arms that were doing the heavy work.

"Two more turns, you can do it," the captain said. They turned the screw again and then Slinks let go, Jezzabell leaned on Daniel's back and gripped his light fingers that were loosening off the cold screw.

"We can do it! She said. The other two fishermen who were doing nothing stood near Slinks. He put his hand back onto the other end of the wheel where the screw was and winked at Daniel.

"Pull," they cried. Within two pulls the anchor lied flat on the rectangular decks and the fishermen threw their hats up into the air. Vickedge the boat they were on, floated away from the pier.

The fisherman who became intrigued with Jezzabell's bag decided to take a sneak peak as to what was in it. He untied the two knots that stopped him from putting his hand in it, unravelled a piece of white ribbon that held the bag together and then he leered at the contents.

"That is Private," Slinks said. He held the bottom end of the bag and pulled back only to help the broken wing fly into the Fishermans hands.

"Jezzabell it is time to say goodbye to your wing," the fisherman spoke.

Everyone stopped unwinding the long nets on the other side of the boat, the small engine chunnered and halted with a creak and then up from the cabin came the captain. His beard had grown yellow and a large pair of white wings rose from his back. The orange tears drooped away from his eyes and as soon as he wiped them off with a brown handkerchief more drops twinkled down onto his cheeks.

"They're," put his hands over his red cheeks.

"Butterflies," Daniel emerged from the control deck that lay above the cabin.

"I need it to repair my structure," Jezzabell turned to the captain who began to drink a glass of wine.

"When you throw it away," he wiped the last drops of tears. "Another wing will grow," the captain said. Jezzabell glared at the wine glass, she shook her head in disapproval and brushed a long strand of hair away from her left eye.

"The captain knows what is right and wrong," the fisherman who held her wing spoke gently. She edged away from the captain and leaned her face against Daniels' shoulder.

"We can do it together," Daniel held her hand.

"No! Daniel she has to do it herself, all young ladies have to leave their wings behind," the Captain butted in.

"He is asking for a punch in the face," Slinks murmured.

"I'll punch him first, so full of it like a,"

"Daniel, Slinks, I want to do it properly," Jezzabell interrupted them.

She took the wing off the Fisherman's hands, jumped onto the rim of the boat where the others would stand to throw the rope over the pier hooks. This thin edge held her two feet firm and her arms began to wave in the cool, calm wind. The ripples below her flowed quietly like a stream. All of the crew lined up behind her, they took their caps off to salute her and the two friends she had met stood beside her.

"You cannot throw the pearls away," Slinks said. She turned the wing upside down so that the pearls were sticking up; she rubbed her nails along the centre of the split and stepped closer towards the rim of the boat. As she tapped the pearls one by one, her feet hovered above the thick ropes.

"Help," Slinks said, he and Daniel began to float.

"Hold me," Jezzabell spoke to Daniel. Daniel could not reach her hand as she was too far up but he stepped onto his tip toes in mid air and held onto her waist. He too, flew up and let go, she grabbed his right hand and leaned it across the back of her neck, over her shoulder.

"Float away to the queen," she kissed the wing and let it float down onto the soft ripples of the sea. The pearls dropped off her wing and landed into her hands. She helped Daniel back onto the rim and all three of them watched it float out into the huge sea.

As soon as the wing had floated half way across the ripples, away from the boat a bright shooting star fell in the centre to relieve a huge dust of green smoke. The wind blew the dust back into the white clouds which revealed a tiny yellow star. It hopped onto a gem at the far end of the circle and then moved onto another. The star went anti clockwise in a circle to collect each gem, its brightness faded into a shadowy figure. Its arms and head emerged and the long wings on its back fluttered toward them. The shadow pranced around the wing; it jumped up and down and carefully bent down on its knees to make its wings shine. Waves splashed against the shadow and it lay down

to look at the person in the middle of the row.

"She looks like you," Daniel said.

"It's your imagination," Jezzabell sighed. The shadow that lay in the centre of the wing drew further away from them and it appeared to look smaller and smaller.

Honk! Went the funnel and the crew went back to work.

All three of them stood watching the wing disappear into the sunset.

"What is she doing?" Slinks asked her.

"Resting in the middle of the sea," Daniel said.

"She is guiding it to the nearest butterfly base;" she scratched the back of her neck and yawned.

"The processors will recycle it for new borns to practise with," she said.

Daniel looked puzzled.

"Practise to fly but they have wings of their own,"

"It takes time to grow and giving them wings to flutter with helps them to develop the glide technique," she said.

"Wow," Slinks said. She laughed at his remark.

The wind began to drop and the nets unwound back up releasing tiny fish into a large wooden crate. By now Jezzabell had got bored of watching the distant shadow turn away from the boat and she jumped down onto the deck where the fisherman were carrying the crates into the captain's cabin.

"Slinks," Daniel stepped down near the crowded boat that was filled with empty crates. Slinks stepped back.

"Slinks you will fall," Daniel said and Slinks slid down into an empty crate.

Two fishermen helped him out and he brushed the wet slime off his trousers.

"In sixty minutes we will reach Krimnel port," the captain shouted.

* * * * *

Chapter Nine

Krimnel Port lay around a small bay of hard sandunes that lay streamered with many birds. The soft coloured sand drifted over the top of the concrete ramps joining the clean estuary where many fishing boats came in to land. A small bright sun dazzled over Kimberley who stood against the wall that was separating her from the bay and its coastal sand. She put her dark black sun glasses

on and looked at the white boat that had come in.

"Jezzabell," she spoke with open arms. Jezzabell ran up to her.

"Kimberley, I had to leave my wing behind," She said.

"You're late and who are these lads, Kimberley glared into Daniels' face.

"This is Daniel," Jezzabell smiled at him, "And this is Slinks his friend. They stopped me from flying with a broken wing," She said.

"You cannot fly with a broken wing; you silly thing. Thank you for looking after my cousin,".

Kimberley pulled a note out of her pocket and handed it over to Daniel.

"I cannot accept,"

"Please, take it to the Geshmermaids fish farm and buy some food," Kimberley spoke.

"Kimberley, Aunt Chemichalas will be furious with you." Jezzabell paused. "She was going to use it for the ceremony in winter,"

"What ceremony?" Daniel asked He folded the note back up and he scrunched it into his coat pocket.

"We have to go to the caravan park," Kimberley grabbed hold of Jezzabell's left arm and started to pull her away from him. "Jezzabell, you will have to work as soon as you get to the place. You're really late," Kimberley abruptly spoke. As they walked away from them, Daniel and Slinks slowly followed them. "She's in trouble,"

"Shut up Slinks," Daniel snapped.

"Leave us alone," Kimberley shouted back.

"Hey, wait, what about the gifts!" Daniel said.

"I'll see you again," Jezzabell said. She did not pull her arm out of Kimberley's arm, her calm fast footsteps along the quiet and deserted promenade began to slow up as more people came along in both directions.

"No you won't, you have too much to do," Kimberley let go of Jezzabell's arm. She turned round to see other people walking down to the captain who had been laughing at them. Daniel and Slinks had dispersed out onto the promenade where plenty of cyclists were going past them. The backs of their heads dispersed amongst the dog walkers who appeared to be wet and damp from waddling in the low tide. A large black and white whippet shook itself near her and the wet drops hit her face. She wiped them off with a white tissue and she stroked the dog.

"Lucky," a man whistled and the whippet ran toward its owner.

The evening sun shimmered over the low tide that seeped in. Its little waves hardly crashed the large sea walls and there right in the middle of the sandunes laid the very same path that Krome had

flown through. This time everything looked different, the cheering rabbits with their children stood in a straight line, their whiskers twitched as the smell of the sea air breezed past them and their wide brown eyes winked at the swerving swans who were settling in for the night. Its bushy shrubs and spacious flowers had shrivelled up into mangy black and yellow leaves. Not a single one looked bright enough to entice Jezzabell in and she stepped back.

"Come on Jezzabell," Kimberley pulled her inwards, away from the dead flowers and they entered a gravelled circle. Around them were five jagged stones, all tall, large and pointed up at the dark rainy clouds that were coming in. Their dark grey and tinted brown ridges revealed more dark patches of stone but then, then the two large seagulls who worked for Krome squawked high up on the curved rooftop. These stones appeared to be in a zig zag line. As the pair of them moved along the path they could see a heap of sand that the sea had brought over the sea defence from its stormy days. Every step they walked, more and more clouds covered the blue sky.

Jezzabell's face began to turn white, her arms began to shiver in the cold and she jumped over a small rabbit whole.

Ring, Ring! Went two cycles that rode straight past them over bridge and into the land where they could see the two men cycle into the busy road. Jezzabell stood and watched the cyclist disappear across the road that lay far away.

"I can't work for you, Aunt Chemichalas doesn't like me working in dark places," Jezzabell said. Kimberley went behind her and pushed her over to the white, wooden bridge.

"You will work here, and Krome," Kimberley paused pushing Jezzabell onto the bridge. Jezzabell didn't want to move any further, for her eyes were beginning to awake to fear, a fear that was going to land her into danger but, then the mother swan glided over her head and landed onto the soft lake that was beginning to turn green. It bowed its head at her and swam towards the curved building.

"Monarchs Stings, venom and power," Jezzabell read the sign that Krome had painted.

"Krome developed this base, we had to change the name." she looked up, down and pulled Jezzabell closer to her. "Us Monarchs are trying to create a formulae to turn everything dark," she patted Jezzabell's shoulder. "Just like them plants, I cannot have cheery flowers on his base, but we will keep the green grass to fool the ongoing fair and their silly yobs," Kimberley finished her sentence. Jezzabell was about to stamp on Kimberly right foot when she herself pushed Jezzabell onto the old bench that lay with gold cloth.

"I will complain to my aunt about you," she said

"Your Aunt isn't coming, we sent her on a wild goose chase," Kimberley laughed.

"Help!" she screeched. The background noise to the large generators that hosted the noisy rides filled the sound with boisterous music and her voice got drowned out with the yelling teenagers

who were being thrown up into the air by the tall sky machine.

Jezebell leaned her feet up on the bench and curled under her coat, she began to shiver.

"Ah, you brought a slave for me,"

"Krome Monarch, this is Jezebell," Kimberley stood looking at her cold face.

"Bring her in, she needs to be warm, all butterflies need to stay warm, even us," he waved his arms up and down. "Get up young one," he ordered her. Jezebell lifted her feet off the bench, stretched her back against the bench and leaned herself up. Still her cold hands and feet prevented her from getting up and Kimberley pulled Jezebell off the bench quickly grabbing hold of her waist so she would not fall onto her knees.

"No Help, she must be tired. Take her to the Monarch rest room and let her sleep," Krome said.

"Daniel Slinks," Jezebell's eyes closed. Krome's puzzled face lightened up and then the stars that had appeared dropped into his hands.

"I'll tell you about them after I have finished putting this slave to sleep," Kimberley said and she dragged Jezebell into the building.

"Now, you can't escape Jezebell, the building is surrounded by water,"

"I can't fly," Jezebell protested sitting down on the warm carpet.

"You will escape and our plans will not start, I will pick you up tomorrow morning, as long as it isn't raining,"

"Raining, its cold, how can I work in this cold,"

"I am not arguing with you Jezebell, get some sleep!," Kimberley spoke.

Clunk, chink, Clunk! Went the keys in the door and Jezebell listened to the fading footsteps.

"Help!" she banged the door.

"Ah, ouch, my foot, turn the light on, please," spoke a man voice. Jezebell jumped away from the door. Slowly she placed her hand onto the warm dark wall and stepped sideways. Her hands went up and down the smooth dry paint. She and the other man in the dark room, were unable to look at each other because all of the towns lights were out, even the building that they were in was pitch black, not even a shadow from the glass windows helped to give them little time to see what they were doing.

"I found, oh, wait, it's a pipe, round, a switch,"

"No, do not touch that, you will get us killed, it is a switch to explode the dull place up," he replied.

Jezebell let go of the tiny knob and slid over to the other wall where a small corner hid a large a glittery door. It began to lighten its small narrow and round outline. She placed both of her hands onto the door and slid down onto the floor. As she got on to her knees her wing pushed one of the light tables away from her.

"Door handle is not there," she mumbled.

"To your right, the builder created a door with a right hand lock, the key should be in it," he said. She moved over to her right, she grabbed hold of the freezing key and twisted it clockwise. It would not move and parts of the glitter that was glued to the door stuck to her hands, created a streak of light. The light moved up and down, around clockwise and anticlockwise and then, she looked at her hands. She placed her hands over the spot where the lock was and gave out a sigh. The key that she was trying to turn had another small key attached to it with string hooking it up in the middle of the U shaped space of the old, rusty key. She pulled the jagged key out with brute force and caught it before it dropped. She placed the other key in and gently turned it anticlockwise. She pulled the thin white handle down and moved back.

"What's in here?" she asked.

"Store cupboard with lighting system," he said.

"Ah, I am too young to touch that system,"

"where are you? I can't see you., My foot's broken," he spoke again.

Jezebell crawled into the narrow space that the door had jarred open. She found the small gap between the door and the floor. She then pushed the door wide open until it wouldn't move.

"It's jammed, If it closes on me, get me out of here quickly," she spoke.

"My foot hurts, I can't walk on it but I will crawl towards you," he agreed.

She went further into the small cupboard and gazed at the green glitter, it was everywhere. On the burnt out shelves of books, toys and games; blue and green pens were dazzling around and underneath the small shelf of notebooks lay an open box with black square switches. She lay on the floor of glitter and looked up at the system. Its four switches were down and the last round switch was up. She squinted her eyes trying to read the words pasted above each switch.

"Which one is it?" she shouted.

"Not sure, I am not an electrician," he replied.

Jezebell whipped the remaining glitter of the top of the box only to get more on her and her hair flipped in front of her eyes. She huffed in sheer frustration and pushed it back. She leaned up against the cool wall and looked at the tiny lines of writing.

"Hurry up," he said.

She lay back on the floor, closed her eyes and pressed the only switch that was up, down.

"No," she hummed to herself as none of the lights came on. She flicked all of the switches back up and then the small cupboard brightened up.

"Turn them off, you have just turned the outside lamps on," he spoke aloud.

"Outside, inside and middle," she read the writing on the top of the box lid.

"One, two," she whispered and the outside lamps went off.

Jezzabell came out of the cupboard and pushed the door back into its original groove. Panting she looked up to see Kimberley staring at her.

"Get up, away from that cupboard," Kimberley spoke. Jezzabell stood up and she ran over to the policeman who was leaning against the boarded window. His left boot lied next to him and his foot was red and swollen. As Jezzabell sat on the chair he quickly moved his bad foot away from her. Jezzabell watched him frown as his foot touched the floor. She picked up his boot and placed it on the table making sure that he could not put it back on.

"Give me my shoe," he said. Jezzabell began to rub her hands against the untied laces. The loose glitter that had stuck to her hands fell in to the rest of the boot. "The other boot, I need to heal the other foot as well," She demanded. He pulled the boot off and threw it toward her. As she jumped up to catch it he pointed his finger at her long sparkling wings and then he pointed at Kimberley.

"Yes We are butterflies. Some of us make a living being evil and others like Jezzabell, here like to be sensible, pretty and of course helping to save Frith Le Firth. It's such a shame that we aren't related. Kimberley laughed.

"Kimberley, if he tells the others, we are,"

"He won't be alive for when you turn into a Monarch you can destroy him," Kimberley stepped away from them.

Jezzabell shook her head.

"We aren't doomed, we are Monarchs, the more dangerous species of the butterflies, she walked toward the door holding the keys that once lay in the cupboards keyhole.

"Let him, go," Jezzabell said

"He cannot walk, he will not be able to go far in this windy night, look, the swans and the rabbits are hiding behind that bush," Kimberley protested. Jezzabell nodded her head, she continued to rub her hands against the other boot and the remaining glitter that lay on her hands fell into the boot. She gave them back to him and was about to run for the open door when Kimberley flew over to her; she placed nine green stars in a line just above Jezzabell's Head. They lit the room up even more and then she gasped at Jezzabell's faint wing.

"Growing wing dust, you used all of it to heal yourself, she tried to grab Jezzabell's arm and the stars bounced her back toward the open door.

"I don't know what you're talking about, if you want to find some, it, it's inn that cupboard," Jezzabell spoke stepping away from the stars that were multiplying around her and the policeman.

"How can I, I cannot touch you because the stars forbid you to go out of the line and now I will have to get you to work tomorrow morning," Kimberley moaned. Her furious face turned away and the arched shoulders slid into her body. Next thing they knew that the lights turned back off leaving

the noise of the door to slam again.

But, but they were no longer left in the dark as the policeman's boots shined amongst his uniform and Jezzabell's healing wing lay in dazzling, green glitter. They could see each other; still the policeman looked terrified of her.

"Your feet will heal, my wings will take a while to heal, "

"Jezzabell, Kimberley spoke about you and your Auntie," he interrupted her.

"Yes and your," she needed a name

"I'm the policeman, call me the policeman," he muttered.

"Why didn't I just stay with Daniel and Slinks," she sighed looking down at his shiny boots.

"Daniel, are they your Friends," he asked.

"Yes, I hope they find me, she paused and jumped onto the table that was near the top window.

"You will fall," he urged her to come down.

"No, if I get some of this wing to the birds, perhaps they will bump into Daniel, Daniel will know I'm in trouble," she tugged at her wing. The policeman slowly stumbled up to her, He picked a small pair of brown safety scissors he held his body against the old cupboard and cold radiator that had not been used for years, and then he cut a tiny triangle shape out of her glittery wing. The scissors fell out of his hands; they bounced off the floor and slid under the cupboard door. He placed it into Jezzabell's hands and wiped the odd bits of glitter that lay on his hands against his shirt. She folded the wing in half and kissed it.

"Please," she paused closing her eyes. "Take this growing wing to Daniel and Slinks," she opened her eyes and kissed it. The wing howled and she slid her open hand out of the window and let go of the broken wing.

"What, the animals might eat it," he spoke abruptly. She jumped down off the table and walked into the centre of the room.

"One of them will fly off with it," she said in enthusiasm.

* * * * *

Chapter ten

Jezzabell sat cross legged on the floor, her cut wing slowly slithered in and out of her back. It looked like she was asleep but next to her lay the peaceful policeman who lay over three chairs. The chair next to her supported his glittery green feet, his body slumped in the centre and the one furthest away rested his weary head. His eyelids twitched at the hoping shadows of rabbits that appeared to be eating the grass outside and the swans began to waddle up toward the window.

Quack, Quack, Quack," she could hear the ducks landing into the pool and then the policeman's

chin began to wobble.

"Quiet, he's sleepy, some use he is without his feet," Jezzabell silently said.

"La, La, La, "Jezzabell looked at the resting swans who were looking in at her. Their sour faces turned down onto the young babies who were tattering to them. "La, ah, La," spoke a familiar voice and the door creaked opened.

Kimberley took a few steps into the round room; her wings had almost dispersed into the sun's rays that made her look like a normal woman. In her left hand were a Black Metallic bucket and a plastic spade, the one you would make sandcastles with. She put them on the floor and glared at Jezzabell.

"Up, it's been two days since you cast the spell," she said.

Jezzabell sat back down, cross legged in refusal and folded her arms.

"I am not doing your dirty work!" Jezzabell replied

"Aunt Chemichalas is not coming and I sent her on a wild goose chase", Said Kimberley

Jezzabell stood up, with her arms still folded she kicked the air with her loose shoes. Both of the laced shoes flew into the air narrowly missing the window, both of them bounced back towards her. Jezzabell jumped away from the shoes.

"Get Krome Monarch to dig your sands," Jezzabell protested.

"Jezzabell, you will do as I ask you," Kimberly placed the bucket onto the floor. Jezzabell turned round to look at the restful policeman, "We haven't got time to watch him, when he wakes up he will be seeing you again;" Kimberley interrupted Jezzabell's thoughts.

"Alright, Kimmy, Err I mean Kimberley," Jezzabell wandered over to the bucket. Before picking it up she pretended to scratch her back, her wings slid into her spine and with a second, one of the gems that had been sewn on came off.

"Shoes, I can't let you go Bare foot in the hard sand," Kimberley said.

As Jezzabell slid her shoes on, she leaned onto the edge of the chair near his hands and secretly hid the gem that she had torn off her wing into the policeman's clenched fist which covered his bad ankle.

She tied her laces and quickly ran over to the bucket. Once she had picked it up, she went up to Kimberly, her captive and smiled.

"Ok, let's go and search for the raw materials," Jezzabell sighed.

As they reached the sandy shore, it stretched right across the pebbled banks and into the soft ripples of the sea. A few of the wind turbines slowly rotated clockwise towards the streaks of waves and the boat that had been there the day before could not be seen.

"Don't go near the Wind machine, it'll blow you away," Kimberly said as she sat down on the long seaweed bench covered in sand and shells.

"I won't" Jezzabell spoke. She carefully stumbled along the pebbles that had been washed up in last night's storm. She could see a handful of sea shells, sparkling brown and white.

"Which ones do you want me to put in the bucket?" Jezzabell asked.

"Brown and white, don't be long, I've got to go to an important lunch," Kimberly said folding her arms.

Jezzabell put the bucket down onto the sand and grasped the spade in her right hand. Slowly she grooved a large circle around the sea shells aiming for the spade to pick them all up and then she dipped it into the sand. She shuffled the shells into the middle and lifted them carefully so they would not fall back into the sand and shook them into the bucket.

"Good Work, Keep doing the brown ones, more brown ,less chance of making the wrong venom," She heard Kimberly giving the orders. Jezzabell looked up at the blue sky and then quickly looked back down. The sun shone straight out of a white cloud. Again more sparkling shells appeared into the top surface of the shore. A mixture of brown and white shells seemed to point towards the ocean that was too far out for her to reach. Jezzabell stepped away from the tiny hole that was filling up with sand and she spotted a tiny handmade sand castle with many shells within the grains of the lighter sand. She took the spade out of the bucket and began to dig the shells away from the light grains of sand and she poured the mixture of brown and white shells into the bucket.

Four hours had passed quickly and the clouds began to cover the sun, the sand decreased to more ripples of the quiet ocean and the wind machines began to spin faster. As soon as she dug into the sand, her ears began to twitch.

"Jezzabell, Jezzabell" someone quietly whispered into her ear. She turned round, there in the middle of the oceans, next to the machines was a shadow sitting on a large leaf shape which crinkled in at the edges.

"The white shells will help you to turn things back to normal. If one breaks then the past will reappear with all of us. No one will die but no one will be able to rule and, and consequences of returning monarchs will become harder to pass," the shadow spoke to her.

"Pass what; what are you trying to say?" Jezzabell let go of the spade.

"Promise that the white shells will not be thrown away," the shadow echoed into her ear and the ripples splashed onto Jezzabell's shoes.

"Jezzabell, run, the seas coming in," Kimberly shouted. Jezzabell looked back to see Kimberly running over the pebbles and the soft sand where a small pond of water had resided from the wave. Jezzabell quickly grabbed a large handful of brown shells and chucked them into the bucket, she knelled down into the shallow water where many white shells sparkled and hid them in her pockets, the pockets grew bigger and bigger, as she couldn't fit anymore in she dipped the remainder of the shells back into the sea and stood up. Another tiny ripple splashed over her feet and Kimberly

grabbed the bucket and pushed Jezzabell away from the sea. With her spare arm she clenched Jezzabell's hand and they flew high, into the sky and watched the multiplying ripples carry the spade towards the machines.

"I told you not to go near them!" Kimberly said landing back onto the promenade.

"She spoke to me again,"

"Who, There no one in the sea," Kimberly mumbled. The ripples slowly churned the pebbles from the concrete blocks that prevented the land from sinking. They ran back into the Firth where a huge green, blue and black bubble overlapped each other.

"We will go back and sort them out with Krome,"

"Yes Kimberly Monarch," Jezzabell yawned at the stormy sea.

As the storm became persistent within Frith Le Firth, the swans, geese and ducks flew over to the oval building where the policeman slept inside. He Himself had woken up to hear the gale force wind blow the small animals away from their nest which sat on the grassy bank behind the hedges. He rubbed his weary eyes and pushed the window that had been left wedged open by a small tear of a green leaf. The wind blew the leaf out of the ledge and into the water, running further into the stream the leaf sunk into the lake.

He growled as the window smacked shut and he fell back onto the chair. The ducks tapped onto the sides of the window with their beaks hoping to be let in but the policeman looked puzzled and then he rolled his eyes. The sparkling gem that Jezzabell had left him rolled further into the chair that he was sleeping on. He picked it up and headed for the window, pushed it open with his left arm and he wedged the gem between the frame and the glass. The wind howled in fury and the ducks flew in with piercing quacks.

The father swan waited for the cygnets to walk up his back. As he lowered his neck the first cygnet leapt into the policeman's hands which appeared to be dangling out of the window in a straight line.

"Here you go, Charles, Clarice, Amber, Paul, Tim," the policeman named them as they looked a little bit different from each other. He lifted them onto the floor and they waddled toward the centre of the room. One more cygnet stood on its father's beak. Its shivery grey feathers swerved left and right and the eyes looked like it was going to cry.

"Come on Babsy," the policeman said as he put his arms back out.

The nervous cygnet would not attempt to jump into his hands.

"Jump, the storm can't harm us inside the store room," the mother swan cried.

"Go in and he will follow," the father swan spoke.

She unruffled her wings, stepped up on the shallow bank, stretching her neck she took a deep

breath and leapt into the policeman's hands.

"Wooh," the policeman grabbed hold of her with his arms, she walked over his head and leapt down next to her babies.

"Mother, Mother," the cygnets cooed.

The Nervous cygnet opened his wings and flew right up above the shallow water and the rabbit that had frightened the policeman; jumped off the bank and in the cygnet's flight path. The cygnet swung left to avoid the rabbit's sharp teeth which hung out of its mouth; and flew down into the prickly hedges. The hedges moved with the wind and their young cygnet wasn't in front of it in the water. There was no movement of the little ones ripples and the rabbit splashed back into its burrow.

The father swan looked at the ruffling hedges, flapped its wings towards the policeman's arms and safely landed into the store room.

"We lost him, our nervous son", he wiped a tear from the groove of his eyes and huddled the rest of the cygnets into the palm of his wings.

"He couldn't have survived," the mother swan slid her head behind her right wing.

The policeman pulled the gem out of the ledge and pushed it out of the window. He leaned back onto the chair and sniffled.

"Babsy, will be here, he might be nervous but I know he can fly" the little cygnet said as he waddled to his mother.

"Jezzabell must be in this storm," the policeman looked at the swans.

* * * * *

Chapter Eleven

Once the storm had cooled off and the dusk turned into dawn, the sun emerged out of the white clouds. It brightened the valley of smiles which lay covered with green and white berries. A small portion of rotten bench overlooked the pier and the outstanding town full of shops and houses, even small dots walking along the beach made it worthwhile to sit on the grass and watch the world go by. There behind the benches and two steep steps lay an old picnic table and along each side of it were two lads. It looked as though they were shading away from the strong blue sky and their noses seemed to be red.

"Daniel. Do you think Jezzabell was a butterfly?" Slinks asked him.

"I think she is, she acted like a human,"

"Do you," Slinks lifted his legs over the seat and held his face with his elbows on the table. "Do you fancy her?" he asked again.

Daniel opened his eyes and let out a big yawn. As his face went red he wiped his dry nose with a tissue.

"Nah, she reminds me of a friend I lost years ago. We were only nine years old. It was a small A fishing trip. Once they had entered the boat she seemed to be alright but once we had reached the edge of the harbour and in to the sea she appeared to be going white and then, "he stretched his arms.

"An hour later when we reached dry land in the south part of the country, she collapsed, "he quietly spoke.

"I remember, I was in the caravan when your mum rang and told me dad, she was allergic to Salt water and the fear of sinking. I wish you had both turned the fishing trip down," Slinks described the event.

"Ah, Kate was a great friend," Daniel closed his eyes.

The small tree that sat next to the rotten bench began to rustle, not only with noise of movement but also its green leaflets started to float into the hedges that lay behind them.

"Someone's spying on us," Slinks turned his head round. The howling of the wind suddenly appeared and then, something quickly fell into the hedge. The tree stopped swaying and a small grey object started to pull the hedge apart.

"Crunch," went the hedge and the parted leaves jumped back together to form the same old hedge. "No!" Daniel said as he dived over to the hedge narrowly missing the nails that could have harmed the cygnet. He put his left hand over the cygnet's body and ran back to picnic table. He took his right hand which was on top of the animal he had caught and uncovered the animal. It hobbled into the centre.

"oh, you poor thing, the storm must have brought you here," Slinks said and he picked a small round of brown bread from the empty loaf bag and started to break it up into tiny squares. The cygnet hobbled over to him and it began to take the small pieces out of Slinks Hands. After the cygnet had eaten the last piece of bread, it lay down to peck the grass grains off its right wing.

"It will never find its parents," Daniel watched it peck the last bit of grass out of its wing.

"Perhaps we can give it a new home, The Larks n Wishful lake, that one on the mountain," Slinks patted the cygnet head.

"Firth, Frithy firth," Daniel glared at the cygnets closed wing. "That's where Jezzabell went with wicked Kimberley," Daniel rubbed his wary eye.

"Something's wrapped round its right foot," Slinks said as he unwound a shiny ribbon. He held it up into the light and streaks of thin lines began to glisten.

"Jezzabell' in trouble," he stuttered. Daniel snatched the ribbon off him and placed it next to the cygnet. As he unravelled the ribbon the thin streaks dissolved into tiny dots which formed the shape of a butterfly.

"It's her other wing, she been hurt," Daniel stood up and the cygnet nodded his head. The cygnet began to quack silently, as it ran toward the edge of the table Slinks placed his hands in front of the cygnet making the young one step back into the centre of the table.

"We have to rescue her," Daniel spoke as he placed the tiny ribbon into his pocket. The cygnet looked up at him as he was about to leave the bench and it gave out a loud cry.

"Come here, Babsy," Slinks folded his arms and the young cygnet trampled over his hands and into the crooks of his arms.

As they walked down to the pier, they noticed a small green sign on the amusements window; its black typed message had been scribbled out with white glue. A dog barked at them as it ran past with its large owner, and the shop keeper who owned the bag stall came out to hang a couple of beaded green bags onto the empty hooks which stood behind them.

"The sailors went away yesterday evening, they were leaving town to catch some thin and slimy fish with square eyes," the shop keeper said aloud. Daniel turned to look at her and the bags that she was hooking up on the stalls wall.

"When will they be coming back? he asked. She shrugged her shoulders and walked into the shop' doorway.

"EeeOr, Cried the donkeys on the other side of the beach.

"Donkey rides, they can take us to Firth, "Slinks pointed his hand towards them.

"Duck, the donkeys are only for small children," the shop keeper came out with a handful of black leather bags.

"Quack, Quack, Quack,"Babsy cried. She glared into Slinks arms and he smiled.

"Is there any way of getting there by boat?,"

"No, Cruises don't go that way, they head up north and south, but you can use the buses but, that would take about two hours," she started to hang the other bags up.

"Quack,"

"EeeOr," the donkeys yelled. Slinks wandered over to the bag stall and leaned onto the piers blue rails.

"Them donkeys are making a noise," the woman moaned.

"Quack," Babsy spoke to the donkeys.

"The jetty, we can run down the jetty and use Babsy to fly us to Jezzabell," Slinks suggested. Before Daniel could say anything Slinks had rushed past the woman and wandered down onto the jetty.

"He's weird," the woman sat down onto the sandy blue bench.

"He's not weird, he is my," Daniel walked away from her. "My helpful Friend," he finished the sentence as he had passed the pier's gates.

Daniel leapt onto the seashells that the high tide left behind and climbed onto the long jetty. His black shoes slowly turned soggy as other sailors and surfers had used it to ride along the quiet waves.

Slinks on the other hand was sitting on the edge of jetty, his head held down with a sad face and his grey socks which covered his feet dangled in the water.

"Slinks, you cannot fly, we are not like Jezzabell," Daniel said.

"Babsy wouldn't fly; I think he is scarred," Slinks kicked his feet in the water and the wave splashed back into the ocean.

"Babsy, Where,"

"Quack," Babsy answered him swimming around the jetty.

"We will have to wait for it to grow," Slinks sighed. He picked a small round pebble up from the sand and threw it into the water.

"We have to get there, Jezzabell needs us. If anything happens to her, it'd be like,"

"I know, Kate again," Slinks slowly created a ripple of circles in the water. Daniel sat down near him and the Cygnet; Babsy began to swim in the same circles as Slinks had made. Daniel laughed and then Babsy began to quack. It was like he was speaking to the lads but infect he was quacking to the distant noises. Daniel grabbed the last and lonely pebble that lay on the end of the jetty. He swerved his arm towards the pier and let go of the stone. It bounced across the sand and landed into pile of white seashells which lay on the clean sand. Many of these shells broke in half and two of them slid back into the ocean.

"EeeOr," Daniel jumped onto his feet.

"Quack,"

"EeeOr, OR,"

"EeeOr," a small pack of donkeys spoke.

Right next to the Jetty were a herd of donkeys. They formed into three lines of three, the first row of donkeys furr were grey and white and the other two lines were a mixture of black, white and brown and a couple of them standing next to each other were white. Their white and green harnesses had their names printed in gold and the saddles lay flat against their back. In the middle of them was an old man, again he looked like the one that Daniel had spoken to on the tram that went up the mountain. He tightened the reigns in his hand and wrapped the excess of thin green rope off the sandy beach to stop the donkeys from trapping their feet into the deep sand. The old man stumbled across to the second row of donkeys. Charles quickly kicked his back legs in

frustration.

"No, No, Charles, you're going to have to ride," the old man grasped the reins. The donkey shook its head and flicked the excess sand up into the other donkey's faces.

"EeeOr," the other donkeys spoke.

"Quack," Babsy waddled next to the noisy donkey. The old man rolled his eyes, he peered down at the cygnet that waved at him with its left wing and then looked back at the two lads.

"EeeOr," and the donkey kicked back.

"Stop it or else," the old man shouted.

"Excuse me. Where do you get the bus to Firth," Daniel asked the old man. Babsy waddled slowly underneath Charles Back legs and Charles let out a piercing cry.

"Shut up Charles," the old man mumbled.

"Quack," Babsy spoke. Charles took a deep breath in and kicked his feet up high, as his left foot came down Babsy pecked the small splinter out of the donkey's mule. He pulled the end bit out of the ridge and hopped over to the jetty where Slinks and Daniels were standing still.

"Quack," Babsy spat it out in front of Slinks foot.

"The bus station on Monoion Street," the lad replied.

"Sorry about this but can you move in five. We are going to practice with our new boat," Called the coast guard who was opening the stations door.

"I don't know but you could use a map. It will help you find the bus station," the old man looked at the cygnet.

"Babsy found this underneath Charles," Daniel passed it over to the old man.

"Your baby swan was kind, Thank you," the old man clunked the reins and the donkeys trotted away from them.

"Quack, Quack," Babsy quacked to gain their attention and the lads began to follow him.

Down the small, narrow and thin promenade they passed many hotels, each one of them coloured in a different colour to stand out to the large amount of tourist. This of all was many people carrying suit cases across the road and down the entrances of the famous blue faded Band B. Those who were not looking for a place to stay ran up towards the pier ready to watch the pumpkin and twilight show that hanged around for days. No one was worried about Daniel and Slinks, the little cygnet that they were following carried on quacking to the rushing feet that merely missed him.

He stopped right in front of a blind man making the white border collier sniff at him. The man who wore dark green glasses, a brownish grey duffle coat and brown gloves to match his chocolate shoes covered in candy and his blue jeans that crinkled along the edge of his ankles made the impression that he was not here for fun. Babsy looked up at the Blind mans smiling face.

"Quack, Quack," he said.

"Woof," the Border collie barked.

The blind man stood still, he reached out for the invisible lamppost that should have been there, and then, all of a sudden he looked left.

"Hey, Babsy, Don't play with the man's shoes," Daniel shouted and the man looked at him.

"Quack," Babsy replied. The man's dog sat upright along the flat tiles of the promenade and it began to sniff Slinks feet. It quickly pulled its nose away from him and whined.

"Excuse me, sir; do you know where the bus station is?" Daniel asked pushing a small map of the street at him. The blind man ripped the map into two, he patted the dog and slowly dropped the two halves in front of the dog's nose. The dog began to shred the left half of the map that contained the main streets apart into strips. Slinks quickly picked the other half of the map up before the dog could eat it and he hid it behind his back.

"I cannot see, the dog will tell you where it is, I also need to get on a bus, to get into the other town, and He paused to award his dog for good behaviour. The dog looked back at Babsy who was also trying to chew a strip of the map that lay on the floor.

"Woof, the dog licked the candy off the man's right shoe and stood up.

"We have to go to the valley of smiles, the bus station is in the cave," the blind man said. The dog barked in approval.

"That means we have to walk up the steep bank," Slinks pulled his face.

The old man smiled.

"Slinks we need to rescue Jezzabell," Daniel nudged him.

"Why is she in trouble?" the blind man wanted to know.

"We don't know but I have a feeling that she could end up doing something she doesn't like," Daniel answered. Babsy opened one of his wings and jumped onto the dog's tail. He crawled along it until he reached the dog's back and hobbled over to his head.

"Daniel! Why did you have to tell him? She's only a butterfly" Slinks crossed his arm.

"She needs us," Daniel yelled at him.

"I'm not going up the bank again, it's hot,"

"Slinks we are a team. If it was your sister you would want to find her," Daniel screamed back.

"I think Jack knows where we are going," the old man stopped them from arguing. Slinks let go of the map he soon had forgotten about and he patted his mate's shoulder.

"Quack," Babsy quacked at the lads. Slinks shook his head and blinked at the cygnet; he held the Blind man's hand and they followed the dog along the promenade.

* * * * *

Chapter Twelve

As they had reached the valley of smiles, Babsy leapt off Jacks back and fell into Slinks arm. He rested his head against the brown coat that had been worn for too long and his feathers rustled up in the wind. The green grass that they had seen changed into yellow seeds of hay being strung up by local farmers. These farmers appeared to be too busy to notice what Daniel, Slinks and the Blind man was doing. Although the trees were green their wooden stumps were scratched with names 'lieu Evan and Neil' with a heart that made Daniel laugh. He trampled along a small cobbled path that went, passing many healthy trees filled with pink and white blossom, red poppies which fluttered against the light wind and plenty of goats who were eating hay in an iron trough. It seemed as if everyone living in the valley was too busy to meet, greet and help each other.

"Quack," Babsy yawned. Slinks eyes rolled round and then he squinted at the large stony cave with three ripples of pebbles along it.

"Woof, Woof,"

"Jack's found the bus station," the blind man spoke, before Slinks could venture into the dark entrance of the cave he let Babsy onto the grainy floor, he placed his left hand around the blind man's wrist and carefully guided him away from the poppies.

"In here, where are you going," He asked pulling him in. The Blind man swirled round and with his available left hand he touched the rim of the cave.

"Thank you," he smiled.

Off course the light was on to keep the cave lit in the daytime as there were no windows. The orange signs spelt in odd letters created the tone of vandals, but the other signs that lay on the cave walls were engraved deep into the limestone walls. Each sign was about eight inches tall and five inches wide, wide enough for people to queue. The queue started from the first letter of the sentence to the last full stop. Over the other side were iron girders that held the cave up, each of them had been bolted and screwed into the top of the stalactites, glistened the other hanging lanterns. Below them was a small platform with an iron railing, this prevented the buses from riding into the locals who were in the cue.

The further along the cave they went, the brighter and dusty the road looked. There was hardly a bus in at all and then as they came to the end of the engraved signs, a loud rumble of thunder shook the lanterns.

"Frith, Firth, Frityed," Slinks spoke aloud.

"That's the one we need," the Blind man said. There was no one in the queue for this bus ride which made Daniel feel more at ease. His pale white face slowly turned back to colour and the

dogs tail began to wag again. The Blindmans' face had aged and Daniel winked at the long curvy Beard.

"Have we seen each other, no, I must not have seen your beard," Daniel shook his head.

"I go up the mountain every day," the Blind man replied.

"Give him a rest, his dog helped us to find the bus station," Slinks protested. He leaned against the engraved rocks that formed as a bench and sighed.

"I'm sorry," Daniel whispered. The Blind man did not reply, he arched his back against the sign and nodded at the other locals who were waiting for Llaniduricabe.

More people began to arrive into the cave and they headed towards the same queue that Daniel and Slinks were sitting at.

"Is this to Frityed," a young lady with a toddler sleeping in a blue pram asked them. Daniel nodded his head as to say yes and another lot of people came up to him. Before they could ask him the question he nodded his head in approval and they went behind the lady and her son. Again another lot of locals came and asked Daniel the same question but this time they were footballers. They looked like they were ready to start a match.

"It is raining again, on the last match against Firth, we nearly scored and then the thunder moved the ball off the line," the eldest member moaned.

"Raining," the Blind man sighed in Relief. Daniel pointed towards the back of the queue and the noise of their football boots echoed across the station. The rumble of thunder shook the stalactites apart from the ceiling and large rain drops landed onto the dusty road. It poured like a river falling down the hill and then more crystal stalactites fell onto the road. A puddle slowly formed along the centre of the road and the platform they were waiting on began to wobble.

"We're going to sink, and drown oh, Daniel, let's get out of the cave," Slinks panicked. Daniel stood next to the edge of the platform and looked down.

"It's flooding," Daniel spoke aloud. Everyone in the station ignored his remark. Even the Blind man took no notice of him. Daniel and Slinks stepped back against the wall and clung on tight to the rocks. The cave wobbled again and the last two stalactites in the roof fell into the road. The small puddle of water rose along the cave and out of the entrance and then it, began to rise.

"Reminder, Reminder, cookoo, cookoo," an electronic voice spoke from the iron girders across the road. Daniel leapt forward.

"The cave entrance has been closed due to the valley bursting its banks, please stay calm, the buses will arrive in a minute," The voice spoke aloud. Daniel stepped backwards towards the Blind man and leaned against the letter F. Everyone apart from him and Slinks were smiling.

"We didn't see any river," Daniel quivered. The Blind man let the dog rub its face against his arm and then the platform began to rise. It jerked, wobbled and jerked until it was tall enough to become

a small bar where the remaining waters that seemed to be coming from the ceiling poured into the road below. A minute had gone as Slinks was keeping an eye on his watch. The thunder rumbled again and the rain began to come down on them.

"We are going to," before Slinks said anything else, twelve grey and red buses floated past them like a steam train and they quickly lined up into the correct bays. The bus had no wheels at all; above the tall windows at each side were three paddles that were meant for canoes. The driver in his seat turned the price list upside down and pushed the door open.

"All aboard, bus leaves in five minuets," the driver spoke to Slinks.

"Wow," Slinks finished the sentence and the other locals at the bus stops began to board the buses.

Slinks stepped onto the metal ramp and walked up to the bus conductor who was speaking to the driver. As he tumbled for change the conductor turned round and handed him a green ticket, he punched it five times and ushered him to the middle of the bus where there was one paddle. The bus conductor allowed the Blind man and his dog to sit near Slinks but as Daniel charged on the bus, the conductor pushed him back.

"I'm with Slinks and the Blind man, look, it's only a baby swan," Daniel protested as he stroked Babsy.

"Swans can swim to firth," the conductor rudely answered him. Daniel pulled a sour face and winked at the driver who was writing a list of names down on a white pad.

"I am from animal protection, you see this baby cygnet has lost it sense of direction, look at its bad wing," Daniel quickly ruffled Babsy right Wing with his arm and passed the cygnet to the conductor. "You cannot expect it to swim with one bad wing. It won't survive without his mother," Daniel lied. The conductor wiped his tears onto his tissue and handed Babsy back to Daniel. He punched a hole in the green ticket and pointed towards Slinks. Daniel sat down facing Slinks, the Blind man and his dog.

"How did you manage to lie, I usually say things like that," Slinks whispered. Daniel pretended to cuddle the cygnet as if it were in pain. The lady pushed her pram on and leaned against the soft green headboard that turned into a seat.

"Hope he gets better," each of the footballers spoke passing Daniel.

Five minutes were up and the electronic voice began to echo

"All buses departing are not to return until Saturday, please find another bus stop," and the other two conductors stepped off the bus. They slammed the door shut and walked away from the railings.

"The paddles need to be used, please put the gloves on and start rowing backwards," the bus conductor ordered the passengers who were sitting next to the paddles to use them.

Slinks put the orange glove on, he squeezed the blue belt that held his hand onto the paddle, lifted the row from the hook it rested on and began to row backwards. The bus' horn began to alert the others that it was reversing; Slinks closed his eyes and rowed. He opened them and he began to move his arms backwards without hesitating.

"Ok, Forwards," the conductor instructed. Slinks pushed his shoulders up slowly pulling a face he let go of the row and it banged onto the metal floor.

"Pick it up," the conductor shouted. Slinks lifted the paddle back up, he slid it into the groove that took it back into the water and with both hands clenched against the top he pushed it forward. The paddle swished violently and the bus wobbled towards it right.

"Woof," Jack barked.

"Quack," Babsy flapped his wings in fear. He straddled around the dogs back and hopped onto the old man's walking stick that lay titled against his arm.

"Throw the star," a voice appeared into Babsy ears.

"What," the old man coughed. He lifted Babsy off his walking stick, making sure that the top of the arch was clean he pushed Babsy into his large coat pocket. Babsy flicked his small neck in furry and there in front of him lay three white stars. These stars leaned against the loose copper coins the man had put into his pocket and a small green gem shaped as a semi circle reflected his brown beak into the chrome bars. Babsy looked up at the old man who was surveying his movements through the reflective bars; he looked down at Jack and smiled.

"Quack,Quack," Babsy quietly spoke. Jacks ears pointed up, his face still underneath his front paws began to move to the sides of his long body and he shuddered as the paddle bashed against the bus.

"Woof, Woof," Jack barked. As the old man glared at him, he quickly pulled his two paws over his eyes.

"It's ok," the man patted Jacks' back. Jack abruptly jumped up like he had been startled and he started to bark.

"Quack, "Babsy ordered him. He whimpered as he jumped down, again he covered his face and as the bus toppled to the left, he jumped up and slid across the aisle. The old man pulled the lead in and Jack came walking back towards him. Babsy knew that the old man's eyes were attracted to his best mate, Jack. He waded over to the gem, using his beak. He picked it off the stars and tossed it over his head. Not knowing where it landed he felt the old man's hand rummage around his feet, he pecked the chubby finger and the hand went out.

"Woof," Jack barked. In one sweep Babsy lifted the stars into his mouth, he closed his beak and within a small fraction of a second, he waddled next to the opening of the pocket, dropping them he used his right foot to kick them towards Slinks hands. Babsy lost his balance and he fell back onto

the green gem that lay deep into the pocket.

"Thank you Babsy, The boating bus which floats along the stream will flow steadily and quicker to reach our Jezzabell," the voice spoke. He sat down onto the cold gem and gazed at the two lads. Slinks paddle slid up and down his hands, He had no control over the one paddle which seemed to row back and forth.

"Quack," Babsy leapt out of the pocket and fluttered on to Daniel's Knee.

"When they leave, fly fast away from them, collect the white shells from her helpers but" the voice paused as the old man who acted like he couldn't see, sat down to stroke Jack. "Do not meet Krome," she whispered.

"Why? What will he do?"

"Find Jezzabell at the Frithy firth grounds, maybe the Triancircle," her voice became course.

The stars were beginning to fall onto Slinks knees and a faint image of the blue butterfly flew across the aisle, it pushed the stars away from him and aimed a tiny white stone at the window. The stone smashed through the window and she flirtd out before the lads could see what she had done.

Each star spun round after each other and as they hit the paddle Slinks arms began to move around allot quicker and his pulzled face faded into a smile. The bus stood still letting the last wave splashed over the bus.

"I can move it," Slinks yelped. Babsy shed a tear; he shook his head and hid his head into his wing.

"Frithy firth will be here in a hundred and eight minutes, two seconds and one mili waters," Daniel sighed.

"How long? My arms can't row for that long?," Slinks mumbled.

"You can row, it will go quickly," the Blind man laughed.

Jack waged his tail in excitement; he sat up and whined at the old blind man. The old man passed a white chewy to his mouth and he sat back down to eat in delight.

Daniel unfolded his arms, he scratched the back of his neck as the tiny flies wandered around the open window and he closed it shut.

"Have we got time to rescue her, I mean what happens if she is," Daniel spoke directly to the old man.

"She will be alright; we have got plenty of time. You have to think about rescuing her. The seagull's are mean things, they enticed the swans to fight trespassers. The rabbits hop in and out and their teeth get sharper, but the message is to reach out for her when she falls. Her growing wings will not be there to save her," He gave his wise words to Daniel.

"I will save her, she reminds me of Kate. I can always hold my arms out, if you can help Babsy to grow bigger, I can ride on him, he can fly," Daniel answered the wise mans thoughts.

Chapter Thirteen

Towards the Frith beach but between the overgrown seeds and soft gravel laid a butterfly. Beside the butterfly's open wing, lay a circular path of white and brown seashells. The circular path had four circles of shells surrounding this butterfly. As the butterfly was small, its only wing made it impossible for her fly again. Jezzabell had not realised that she had shrunk in size, she hobbled to her right, as her wing touched the inside of a brown sea shell, and she leapt back onto her feet.

"Ouch" she shouted in pain and she began to grow into the form of a human being. The frosty fog of green mist that surrounded her hid her creature legs that were forming into thin and narrow feet. The green mist twisted and twined itself around her, covering her skin. As it covered her knees the rest of the jeans showed up the dusty sand. It almost looked like she had fallen into the sand.

As the green mist flew up her body, her worn top had faded into a loose rag, its arms covered her sparkling hands and her nails turned grey. It was almost as if she was dying.

"Stop!" shouted a man's voice.

"Krome, it would have stopped. She could hear us," Kimberly kissed him his hand. His green and white sleeves hung onto his Stripped robe, covered with three silver chains revealed three separate pendants, a heart, leaf and of course a butterfly dangling around his neck. The middle of the heart glow bright orange making the other pendants shiver amongst the silent breeze. It was almost like he had gained more power. His eyes glared right into Jezzabell's face. Perhaps he wanted to take her life.

"It is only until we become more powerful. We can always get Jezzabell to work in the human land for us whilst we hide in our new domain," Kimberly remarked. Both of them watched the final transformation of Jezzabell's black round head turn into a pale face. Her sleeping eyes lay closed amongst the purple eye shadow and her antenna's formed into little ears.

Once the mist had gone, Krome looked at her, it was almost like that she was pretending to sleep, but when he touched her sparkly hand she did not flinch.

"It will be time to turn her into a Monarch," Krome spoke.

"When the sun begins to move in the clouds, we can perform our chant," Kimberly suggested. She held his hand.

"What's up?" Kimberly asked. Krome began to sniffle; it was like that he could sense someone or something. He grabbed Kimberly's hand tight making her cringe and he sniffed.

"Someone's been busy healing," he mumbled. He glared at Jezzabell's sad face.

"She can't heal, she has one wing," Kimberly spoke aloud.

"That Peacock is cleverer than she thinks, but it won't save her," Krome sniggered.

"You, you cannot kill her, she's only a young peacock," Kimberly let go of him.

"She is well known, killing her will make the Peacocks weak," he said.

"No, you said you were going to turn her into one of us," Kimberly pulled the heart shaped pendant away from him. Before it could snap he pushed Kimberley onto the floor. "If you want to be a peacock then go into that circle," Krome yelled.

"No, I am a Monarch," Kimberly stood back up. She looked away from him and clenched her hands.

"Don't," Krome warned her as she was about to thump him. Kimberly's clenched hand fell into Krome's side pocket. As she pulled out a small piece of paper she began to read it. In green glitter, the healing glitter that Jezzabell had found was written in letters. These letters said that 'Kimberly was a nasty person who needs to be challenged'. Kimberly screwed it up and she threw it into the circle of shells.

"Go, on, let's see what energy we can drain from her," Kimberly grumbled.

Whilst they were waiting for the sun to go in, the round glassed room that held the sleeping policeman had been a sleep for two days. The light breeze blew the unlocked door open and a waft of green grass travelled across the room. The policeman's nose, shivered as the smell of grass travelled up his nose. His weary eyes blinked. He opened his left eye and then he closed it. He opened his eyes and he jumped up from the chair. The green gem that Jezzabell had given him rolled towards the windows.

"My foot," he sighed. He looked down, only to see two black boots, with shoe laces and the bad foot that had swelled, had grown back to his normal shoe size.

"It worked, the healing potion worked," he cheered.

"Quack," said the eldest swan. He looked at the upset swan and its cygnets.

"I wish your little one was here?" he cried. He walked up to the father swan and it widened his wings.

"Ok, I know you want to protect them." he said. He walked over to the windows, one of the young cygnets who had wandered away from its mother and father picked the green gem up. Holding it in its beak the policeman grabbed the young cygnet and the gem fell out of its mouth.

"Quack, "it screeched running towards its mother.

"Sorry, but I have to save Jezzabell," the policeman apologised as he ran out into the small rain shower.

Minutes later, or rather half an hour later, once the rain had gone, he hid behind a bush, Over there near the white bridge, sat two rabbits, One which had made him fall over and hurt his foot. His happy face turned sour, he watched them chatter to each other.

"Where is Jezzabell?" he asked himself. Again the rabbit's ears twitched. He opened the palm of his left hand and he looked into the green gem. Inside the gem he could see a picture of Jezzabell sleeping amongst a circle of shells. The gem wiped the image away to reveal two other characters.

"Where is she?" he asked, the gem revealed a plot of long grass and soft sand.

"OK," he sighed.

He threw the gem across the small lake, both of the rabbits eyes glared at the bouncing gem. As it skimmed the water next to the ducks, the gem landed into a set of wild bushes.

"Gem," the rabbits said and they hopped towards the bush.

Just as they had turned their back towards the bridge the policeman ran over the bridge. He stopped halfway and said "I cannot see them awful rabbits.

"Go, we will keep them from running towards you," the father swan answered him. The policeman peered over the bridge, he could see the swan out on his own, the young cygnets wandered underneath. He shook his head.

"Quack," the swan spoke to him.

"I will rescue Jezzabell, the two yobs won't get away from me," the policeman made a fist and he continued to run onto the other side of the lake.

"Quack, Quack," the father swan spoke swimming under the bridge.

The cloud just gathered around the sun. It seemed as though the sky had turned to Dusk. Kimberly picked up the first circle of White Sea shells. As each White Sea shell had been taken out of the circle, Jezzabell started to wake. Her weary eyes opened and her sleepy smile turned into a frown.

"What, What are you? Leave me," she yelled.

"Shut up," Kimberly ordered.

"Daniel, Daniel, Slinks," Jezzabell shouted. Her sparkly face shined against the last part of the shining sun.

"No one will save you. Why did you have to heal that policeman?" Krome asked. Kimberly poured the White Sea shells into the bucket. Krome picked a couple of Shells up from the bucket

and he blew onto them.

"No, don't do that," Jezzabell screeched in pain. Her left foot turned white.

"Where did you get the healing potion," he asked her.

"It's none of your business," Jezzabell answered. He blew onto the same shells again and her other foot became white. Jezzabell could not move, she wanted to walk near the shells but she couldn't.

"No one answers back to Krome," he yelled.

"Stop it, we need her," Kimberly knocked the White Sea shells out of his hand. Before he could catch them Kimberly caught them in her right hand and she closed it tight, crushing the shells into tiny pieces.

"How could you," Jezzabell slightly shook her head.

"I have to let him kill you," Kimberly shouted.

"She will be better off dead, her uncle Cherrome will become weak and then I can rule the butterfly world," Krome was determined to kill her.

"Kim, Please, Please," Jezzabell begged. Kimberly stood back. She picked another sea shell up, held it up to her mouth and blew into its hole.

Jezzabell's feet lifted off the ground and she began to shiver. Shivering in the cold, her pure white face turned into tiny wrinkles, she started to cry.

"Now blow into the brown one," Krome ordered.

They both picked a brown Sea shell up. Holding it together, counting to three, they blew the shell away from them. As it struck Jezzabell she slightly lifted. Again they blew another brown shell towards her, she lifted higher and her arms turned white. The third brown shell fell into the circle and her emerald wing smashed onto the ground.

"One more and she will," Kimberly cried.

"I'm sorry mum, dad," Jezzabell whispered. She had stopped crying, her lifeless arms, hands and feet would not move. Slowly the white shells that lay on the inside of the circle helped her to reach down. She just managed to pick a single white shell up,

"Ouch", she cried as she rose from the ground. She lifted her left arm up. The shell that lay in her hand made her arm stay still. Again she could not move.

"When trouble brews and you are not happy just blow," She murmured her mum and dad's old sayings.

Krome and Kimberly blew their last brown shell out of their hands. Once the shell was heading towards her, she blew hard on the white shell. It dispersed into tiny grains of sand, leaving the little bit of shell on the floor. With the brown shell aiming towards her heart, Krome and Kimberly were clapping their hands. She closed her eyes.

Whoosh," the wind blew Krome and Kimberly onto the floor. The Sea shells slowly edged towards Jezzabell and a large grey swan, larger than an average adult swan picked her up. It whisked her body onto its back, where a young lads hand held against her waist. The swan looked down at Krome and Kimberly.

"Gotcha", said the policeman as he pushed Krome back down onto the ground. Kimberly threw a white shell against the policeman's head. The shell shattered into pieces. The policeman cuffed Krome's bear hands.

"Watch out," a ribited voice warned him. As the rabbits were about to kick the policeman, he jumped as high as the tallest boulder making the rabbits bump into each other. They fell into the circle and they quickly became stunned. Each rabbit stood still for a second and then they ran into the bushes.

"Come here, you witch," the policeman egged Kimberly.

"No, I am not a witch. I am a butterfly," She said and she turned into a small creature with orange and green wings. The policeman tried to clap his hands over her, but she was too fast for him. He knew that he couldn't catch her. He turned round to find an empty pair of handcuffs on the sand.

"They got away, I'll catch them next time," he mumbled.

"Where is Jezzabell?" he asked himself. He looked down and grabbed the small green gem that the rabbits had chased.

"I need to return it to you," he shouted running after the flying swan.

Jezzabell was leaning along the huge Swan, one not as white as an ordinary swan but light grey and swirls of black feathers. Her lame body felt the cold sea air fill her cold face with warmth. She opened her eyes.

"Daniel, Daniel, you saved me," she cried, Daniel brushed her hair away from her face. He smiled at her and starred into her eyes. Jezzabell smiled back, She grabbed hold of him and shuffled herself upright. His eyes blinked every time she starred back at him.

"We saved you. Babsy saved you," he stopped her from falling into the soft sand.

"The missing cygnet, we thought we had lost him," the policeman chuckled. Daniel let go of her.

"Your wings have smashed to bits. I am sorry Jezzabell, we couldn't save the wing," Daniel looked away.

"Slinks has got two butterfly wings, he is on the beach," Babsy spoke aloud. Jezzabell sighed. Her feet began to turn back to its original colour and her winkles faded into the wind. Her face lightened up.

"Come on," Slinks shouted. Babsy landed onto the sand. He skidded into the ocean. Daniel leapt off into the shallow sea and helped her off the huge back.

"Thank you Babsy, Do you want to see your family?" Jezzabell hugged the large swan.

"Yes, I miss them," Babsy cried. Jezzabell blew him a kiss; All of a sudden he began to shrink back into a cygnet. The force of the kiss made Babsy skid into the water and his family flew above him. He had turned back into a normal cygnet.

"Quack," he said in amazement.

There was one thing that they had forgotten and that was the nasty seagulls. The two seagulls that were under Krome's control, dipped down near Babsy and as they were going to bite his little neck, the mother swan swung her left wing out and battered them with one heavy blow.

"Ouch," they screamed bouncing in and out of the water. Both of the seagulls flew away into the sunset "We will protect you Babsy," his mother quietly spoke. The other cygnets that had missed him swam up to him.

"Jezzabell," Slinks waved her new emerald wings.

"The butterfly queen gave them to me, she told me that you needed them," Slinks handed the wings over to her. Jezzabell held them up to the sun and she tossed them into the air. They carefully slid down and attached themselves onto her back. Each wing had the exact number of gems and pearls on each wing. Their emerald glow sparkled across the water.

"That butterfly, I mean your queen told me that these wings will protect you for seven blue, brown and white shells. I don't quite understand it," Slinks passed the message on. Jezzabell's wings began to flip in and out.

"He can't kill me, until the shells with gems in are split." she said.

Chapter Fourteen

The sun came out. It was neither hot nor cold.

"Hold my hand," she told Daniel. He held her left hand and they began to fly. Through the old sandy beach, overgrown gardens, passing the bridge, the swans bowed down to them. The circle of stones lay quiet and an elderly couple dressed in warm clothes skipped around the mini golf course.

"The Peacocks hotel," Daniel pointed his right hand, Jezzabell whisked him up again and they landed near the building. It's long, squared windows painted white, jotted around the first and

second floor of the building. The building itself replaced the tatty iron and metal buildings that once had arcades now became a beautiful white porch. Its shape could be described as a long, wide sandcastle with a few pointed flags, dashing around the castle tops. Yes, the Peacocks hotel looked like a sandcastle but it did not contain any sand at all. Its front wall had white sparkly coating with dashes of green gems that sparkled in the dark. However there was one part of the building that did not change and that was the circular glassed room that overlooked the lake. Its white beams and clear windows reflected the clean blue lake that had many green, blue and red shrubs. These shrubs provided protection for the swans, ducks who wanted to shelter.

As they got closer, the waters reflection disappeared. In the room lay white chairs and blue tables. Many of these tables stood next to the window. Three to four lots of tables and chairs sat in the middle of the room.

"Diner," Daniel said.

"Yes, the cupboard is still there, under lock and key," Jezzabell answered him. This cupboard now had a small golden padlock on its silver handle. Jezzabell flew down onto the soft white pebbles that curved around the sandy borders of prickly red roses. There in front of the Peacocks hotel stood a double door dressed in white paint. Its blue handles grew into the shape of a butterfly.

"Why can't we hear the fair?" Slinks shouted, Daniel looked back at him and then he shrugged his shoulders. He smiled at Jezzabell.

"You look sixteen," Daniel said.

"I am twenty one," Jezzabell answered him.

"No, you are sixteen, it says on that plaque," Daniel pointed at the lilac rose that stood next to the entrance.

"Butterfly birthday, happy sixteenth," Jezzabell read the writing on the plaque.

"I don't understand," Daniel rubbed his chin. Jezzabell's face began to fade with fear.

"The past, It has taken us back. If you are twenty one then now you are sixteen." she sighed. She knelt down at the lilac rose and touched the top leaf.

"Jezzabell, it is time for tea," shouted a man's voice.

"The past is mixed up with the modern day. I can see mama and papa," Jezzabell's face lit up.

"Have we past our G.C.S.E.S?" Slinks asked. Out of breath he stood in between them.

"I don't know. We don't do them. We are butterflies, we spread our happiness and revive spring and summer to the country side, seaside and suburban areas. I haven't heard about this G.C.S.E.," Jezzabell told them.

"Never mind Slinks, we are in August, so we will find out when we get back home," Daniel shook his head.

"Excuse me," a large round woman with long brown curly hair interrupted them. Her purple

and blue robes showed her old white wings.

"Aunt Chemichalas," Jezzabell hugged her.

"Yes, Do you know that we are crowning Cherrrome, in three months" Aunt Chemichalas asked

"No, "

"He will be crowned the next butterfly of great shells," Aunt Chemichalas replied. Daniel and Slinks shrugged their shoulders.

Jezzabell pulled on Daniels left arm.

"Look, the long grass is gone. It is a," Slinks excitedly spoke.

"What. Aunt Chemichalas, What's going on? Uncle Cherrrome passed away" Jezzabell asked as she turned round to see what was going on.

"Cherrrome hasn't passed away. He isn't old," Aunt Chemichalas interrupted.

There, near the other side of lake stood many picnic benches, next to the benches unwinding paths of colourful pebbles. Two of these pebbled paths led to a small circuit of straw market stalls. The stall nearest to them was made from straw and grass. This held a variety of food and a man dressed in green top and grey trousers started to talk to the wondering customers. These customers, tall, small, young and old began to buy fruit from the stall. The other stalls that lay in the other circles of pebbles sold fine bone china, purses, bags and hats, a small half stall selled items of fake flowers. It looked like a market.

"Tea will be served in an hour, don't be late," Aunt Chemichalas sighed and she wandered into the hotel's entrance.

Jezzabell grabbed Daniel's hand and they both began to raise a few inches away from the ground. Peering over the clean white bridge the other side of the empty lake that had overgrown bushes were now trimmed down. In the lake were mothers, daughters sons and off course father's peddling around small boats that formed the shape of a huge swan. These swan like boats imitated the colour of Baby's mother and father. As they flew further up towards the sky, they could see a small wooden train with an old man; He was pulling the controls up and down. Daniel pulled and both of them lowered next to the boulders. The boulders that stood opposite each other now held a set of tracks that allowed the train to pass over the walkway and they wove around the outside of the mini park that housed red and blue swings, a small roundabout and of course a tree house with a slide that joined the parks soft sand. Daniel pointed towards the moving train, they followed it. The rabbits that had turned nasty changed into timid creatures. They would not go near the humans or the butterflies but they would stand behind the bushes and watch.

"Jezzabell, it is the blind man, he helped us to find you?" Daniel spoke aloud. The old blind man looked up, he smiled and then the train hooted at him.

"Let's go back to the hotel," Jezzabell said.

"No, I want to say goodbye to the blind man," Daniel let go of her hand. He quickly dived down; Jezzabell grabbed him by the waist and safely whisked him down near the train station. This small station, situated near the beach, lead the train to a stop. It hooted three times, steam arose from it and the Blind man stepped down onto the wooden platform. Jack, his dog wandered over to them.

"Jack," the blind man said and the dog went to its master.

"Thank you for saving me and thank you for bringing Daniel. He saved me," Jezzabell shook the blind man's hand.

"No, you saved yourself by breaking that shell," the blind man put her right. Jezzabell frowned.

"The past and the present are mixed, but for now you have full health, you have the chance to see your family again," the blind man stoked Jacks ear.

"How do we turn it back?" Daniel asked him.

"You can't," he replied. The blind man picked Jacks lead up and he began to steer him away from them.

"Wait, you can come to our hotel," Jezzabell shouted, the blind man laughed, he carried on walking. "The ceremony in three months, I will be there to see Cherrrome," his voice faded in the distance.

"What about Krome and Kimberley" Jezzabell fretfully said. She did not want to see them again. The Blind man said "They will be back for the key," his voice drifted. Someone's finger touched Jezzabell's shoulder.

"Aunt Chemichalas, you scared," before Jezzabell could finish Aunt Chemichalas started to talk.

"He'll be back with other recruits but he can't hurt you,". Chemichalas stood between them and she held their hands.

"Time for tea Aunt Chemichalas," Jezzabell sighed.

--The End--

* * * * *

