

The adventure of Jim

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*Jim is a poor kid who works his fingers to the bone every day...
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1. The Well

The adventures of Jim

Chapter 1

The Well

Jim was a young boy who lived with his mother. Every day brought back breaking labour. Soon this was all going to change after what he was soon to find. Jim and his mother owned a small farm just on the outskirts of the village. The farm was only the 5th food source of the village so Jim didn't understand why his mother worked him so hard, the village would have plenty of recourses without their small farm, but his mother always said that the small village will at some point be a thriving town. Of course Jim never believed her, there hadn't been any newly built house in the village since he was born.

It was the crack of dawn. Jim had the most wonderful of dreams; he was a powerful and greatly known wizard, people he passed in the street bowed to him for his greatness, he had saved the

town from the complete devastation of a dragon, after this brave, selfless act he was elected mayor. He was just about to make a few new laws to make life easier for the townsfolk when he was awoken by his mother shaking his shoulder violently.

Wake up you lazy arse! She bellowed while pulling away the thin, torn sheets which were keeping him the slightest bit warmer.

Breakfast is gonna be in five minutes, then you can do your chores. She said into his ear which was now infected from her spitting while she speaks.

He started to get up off the beaten, splinter infested bed. He lifted his legs up and swung them off the bed as to not get his feet caught on the springs which had escaped from the inside of the bumpy mattress. His feet hit the floor with a dull thud and he was now sat upright on the edge of the bed stretching his arms out and releasing a small yawn. He quickly slipped into his working clothes and made his way out of his small leaky room.

Right, today you can milk the cows, fetch some water from the well at the back of the field and brush the pigs' teeth with your toothbrush and that's just this morning's chores. She said while eating her porridge.

But mum & Jim started to protest before something hit him across the cheek.

He looked at his mother who had her hand raised ready to slap him again.

Jim felt his cheek with his hand, it was stinging badly and it had gone bright red

Don't think I won't do it again! She said with a furious look on her face.

You dare to answer me back! She screamed whilst spit was flying into Jim's porridge.

Go do your chores! She screeched while more spit flew into Jim's porridge.

You can fetch the water first, I need to wash the milk bucket! She shouted after him.

Jim picked up the water bucket and headed toward the well.

After crossing the field he finally reached the tall, old, dark, deep stone well. He reached out for the rope to tie the bucket to it, but he couldn't reach it. He hopped up on the wall of the well and reached for the rope just as he was about to make a grab for the rope the stone his feet were on broke off from underneath him. He just managed to grab hold of the rope before falling.

Oh Crap! He screamed as it echoed down the well.

Jim wasn't fine yet, he still needed to get out, but as he started to pull himself up the old rope he started to hear loud cracking and creaking noises. Jim looked up at the wooden beam holding the rope which Jim was clinging to had a great crack going right through the middle of it. Jim knew it was only a matter of time before it broke. Still gripping the rope tightly in each hand he, he protected his face with his arms while curled into a ball.

Jim got so preoccupied with protecting himself, that without realising it he had let go of the rope and was starting to fall.

Soon enough he hit the water with a great splash, but to his surprise, it was only up to about his elbows. He crouched down in the water so he could calm down. As he did so, one of his feet hit something at the bottom of the water, it was not a fish or anything because it did not swim away.

He felt around for a while until he felt something, he lifted it out of the water, it was a book, but at the very instant it left the water it was as dry as a bone.

That s odd Jim thought to himself.

He looked around for light, there was a fraction of sunlight at the other side of the well. He went to the other side and held the book up to the light. There were some weird symbols on the front. Jim opened up the book and there were the same weird symbols, but somehow he could translate them to English.

Jim flicked through the pages, but there was one that caught his eye, at the top it said self heal, underneath that there was some sort of incantation. Jim read it aloud, as hi did he felt a sort of flying experience like he had never felt before. Afterwards there was a weird tingling in the cheek his mother slapped, when the tingling stopped he felt his cheek with his hand and it was fine, it didn t sting or hurt at all.

This must be a magic book! Jim thinks to himself with a great big grin on his face.