

A Game of Jacks

(Word Count: 746)

Imagine finding it at the bus stop. A husky dog dragging a long leash. Jack Wolf thought the dog was lost and, as he grabbed the leash, he was magically pulled to a decrepit cabin, barely held together by mud and sap.

Inside was a humongous table made from bounded birch trees surrounded by mossy, mushroomed chairs. On the table were exotic fruits and a turkey. Jack, who could eat no fat, could not resist temptation. Unexpectedly, there was a booming voice and a towering old man covered with dirt patches shouted, "You, with that plumb on your thumb, ate all my food! I did not invite you into the house I built!"

Little Jack, chattering his teeth in a nervous whisper, cried, "I was really hungry. I can pay you on Sunday; I lost my money from Monday." The old man bellowed, "You thief! I am going to grind your bones to make my bread!" Jack replied, "You can't do that, it's illegal!" Jack was nimble and he was quick, he ran away knocking over the candlestick. Behind Jack was the dog and not too far behind the dog, was the monstrous man. He yelled "Fee, fie, foe, fum! Come back here you thief!"

Panting, Jack ran to a well he spotted at the top of the hill. He drank a pail of cool water before the happy dog tipped him down the hill. Jack fell down and almost broke his crown, but the dog broke his fall. They landed in a pumpkin patch. A pumpkin headed scarecrow with glowing eyes screeched, "Who dares to disturb me!" Suddenly, the pumpkins piled up, squaring Jack in. A ghostly husky emerged through the wall, terrifying Jack so much he sprung out through the box top.

While airborne, a frosty gale blew him to a black pirate ship flying the red, white and blue British flag. The ship seemed to be heading for an iceberg. On deck was a Samurai, a calico cat with an eye patch, a young man tagged Dawson and a sparrow playing cards. "Twenty-one! I win again!" cawed the sparrow. "*I'd better hide,*" thought Jack, sneaking below deck.

To his disbelief, there stood an incredible fiery lava baby! "Cookies!" screamed the infant. Wanting to appease the hungry baby, he searched his pockets for any stashed snacks. He found an apple slice. Holding out his hands, he offered it saying, "I wish it was the cookie you wanted." As soon as he said it, the slice became a breadfruit cookie, a favourite of Jack's father. Mystified by the transformation, he was further astonished to see the lava baby change its form to a face like his father's.

The infant spoke weakly, "You've broken my nightmare. After Halloween and before Christmas, I was cursed by the Skellington's scarecrow that protected my brother Cry Wolf's garden. Each seed was carefully sown, each stalk reminded me of Cry standing straight and proud. An amazing harvest to behold. But I was jealous of my younger brother. So I bullied and teased him. At the fair's baking contest, he won first prize for his exotic breadfruit cookies, which he made from the plants in his garden. Enraged with jealousy, I became a ripper to his plants. My anger boiled as I attacked the helpless stalks and fruit until exhausted. The glowing eyed scarecrow frightfully came to life, and a cold wind coated me in frost, which blew me down into this ship as a lava baby. This was my punishment for being selfish. I am trapped here until my family shows kindness to me."

Jack shook in disbelief "My father is James Cry Wolf. You're my uncle!"

Teary-eyed, he asked, "Could you forgive me for all I have done to our family?" "Yes, of course. My father has missed you!" Feeling his great pain, he forgave him with a hug.

Suddenly, there was a burst of light. Jack blinked and rubbed his eyes, he was back in the pumpkin patch. The giant old man looked dead at the bottom of the hill. Then smoke steamed from his body, which made the dog howl like in *The Call of the Wild*. When the smoke cleared, there was his uncle smiling. The uncle embraced Jack and whispered, "You killed the giant in me."

Jack, his uncle and the dog went back to the bus stop. There, they were happily reunited with the family.

The End.