

JUMBLED

By Amy Molyneux 7RO 2020



He had only been away for a short time.

Upon returning to his hometown, Jake found that it was no longer there: something terrible had happened. After eventually locating his house (it had moved several hundred miles from its previous location) Jake stood on top of it and surveyed the calamitous scene around him. What could have caused such a thing to happen? As he was standing on the house staring into the distance he thought to himself, hey those mountains look a bit different than the ones I can usually see. Confused, he stood there staring at the mountains for a bit.

Suddenly Jake heard a noise coming from inside his house. It sounded like people talking. Edging closer to the window he could just make out some voices, some familiar voices. "Mum! Dad!" he screamed as he clambered down the drainpipe towards the front door. Flinging it open he dashed inside to what he thought was his house. But to his surprise instead of the white walls and glass vases that he remembered. There was rubbish piled high around him and stained walls with scribbled pictures drawn all over. This can't be right he thought to himself as he waded through the dense piles of rubbish. Mum would never let the house get into this state. She was always a very tidy person and hated even the smallest crumb. Maybe she had gone mad? Well, madder than usual.

The still recognizable voices grew louder around him as he continued to make his way along the long gloomy corridor. As he approached the end of the seemingly never-ending hall he came to a door. The door, like the walls, was covered in childish scribbles and stains of who knows what. But under all of that Jake could just see the door he remembered, the kitchen door. Leaning in and placing his ear to the door the voices became clearer than ever. "We can't take Jake out of school" "We have to, we can't afford to send him to the public school anymore". "We will have to send him to the private school. The costs are nothing compared to the costs at the public school" Jake was confused public schools were usually cheaper

than private schools. "Jake come here" called his Dad, Jake was just about to open the door into the kitchen when he heard something horrifying "Coming Dad". Jake froze, he didn't have any siblings and that voice, there was something that he recognized about that voice.

When the person who had been called didn't come Jake's Dad shouted again "Jake if you don't get down here this instant you will be severely punished" "Fine" called the voice A few seconds passed then thump, thump, thump went the worn out stairs. Suddenly a figure appeared at the end of the corridor, a boys figure, his figure. Jake was in shock and it seemed the boy was too. They stood there staring at each other for a few seconds but it felt longer. Suddenly there was a call from the kitchen "JAKE come here this instant!" "Sorry dad, I just feel sick at the moment and I don't feel like coming down" "Ok son, well you get some rest and come down and talk to me when you're ready." The boys stare slowly drifted from the kitchen door to Jake like a lion about to pounce on its prey. Then suddenly the boy started charging down the hall towards Jake. Jake didn't know what to do, he could run but where would he run to? He was at a dead end. The boy was suddenly face to face with Jake, grabbing at his wrist, scraping his crusty bitten nails against Jake's skin and pulling him towards the stairs. Jake tried to resist but the boy was strong and with ease, he pulled Jake through the piles of rubbish and up the stairs towards a bedroom. Jake knew exactly what room they were going to as he had been there many times himself, it was his room.

The door was covered in signs saying all sorts of things that his Mum would never have approved of, things like 'Go away I don't care!' Jake looked up trying to catch a glimpse of the boy's face but it was hidden behind a curtain of dark brown hair just like his own. The door to his room slowly opened revealing a bomb site. The room looked like it hadn't been tidied in years with piles of everything you could think of as far as the eye could see. The bed was drenched in rubbish and stains (just like the hall) you could barely tell that this room was a bedroom. The boy dragged Jake over to a random chair sitting in the middle of the room and forced him onto it. The boy then started to viciously tie him up until Jake could barely breathe let alone move, Then in a calm but strong voice the boy spoke to him for the first time "Who are you, and what are you doing here?" Jake opened his mouth to speak but no words came out "Just as I thought you're a clone, aren't you? You have come to take my place." "No, I haven't" Jake managed to whisper. "What was that you fool?" yelled the boy in his face "I'm not a clone" Jake managed to say a little louder this time. The boy stood back and admired Jake for a few seconds, then much to Jake's surprise the boy started to laugh. It started out as just a small laugh but quickly grew into a loud bold laugh. Jake was confused "You're right, how could you be my clone? I mean look at you, you don't have a single piece of muscle all over your body you wimp" Jake, still too much in shock to be offended, looked up at the boy in confusion "Silly me I haven't even introduced myself, I'm Jake" said the boy holding out his hand for the boy to shake. "Ummmm," said Jake looking down at the vast amount of rope that was covering him. "Oops!" said the boy chuckling to himself. Jake didn't understand how this was even the slightest bit amusing but still, he played along. After being untied Jake was offered a glass of water and he took a seat on the filthy bed. The boy sat next to him and took a deep breath "So what brings you here, I mean it's not normal to just show up in someone's house with no explanation whatsoever?" "So?" said Jake "So tell me why you're here stranger?" "It's a long story" said Jake "I like stories," said the boy, So Jake told him everything about how he was away at college and about how he had heard his parents' voices and entered the house. After finishing the story Jake said quietly "It was like I was in another world." The boy had finished his sentence "How did you

know?" said Jake staring at him, the boy clearly excited walked over to his bookshelf which was piled high with books and picked out a single book. "Jake this book might just have all the answers" ' Jake began to read the book it talked of other worlds where everything was the opposite and how the other world was just beyond some mountains. "Do you think you accidentally came home to the wrong world Jake?" asked the boy. Jake slowly looked up from the book "Yes, yes I do think that" said Jake. The boys started to pack, they knew that the journey ahead of them was going to bring great danger, but they were determined to do whatever it took to bring Jake home. The rest of the story is a mystery, no one knows if they ever did return home or even if they survived the vicious snowstorms but they say on a quiet day you can almost hear the calls of Jake longing to find home because Jake had definitely gotten himself jumbled.