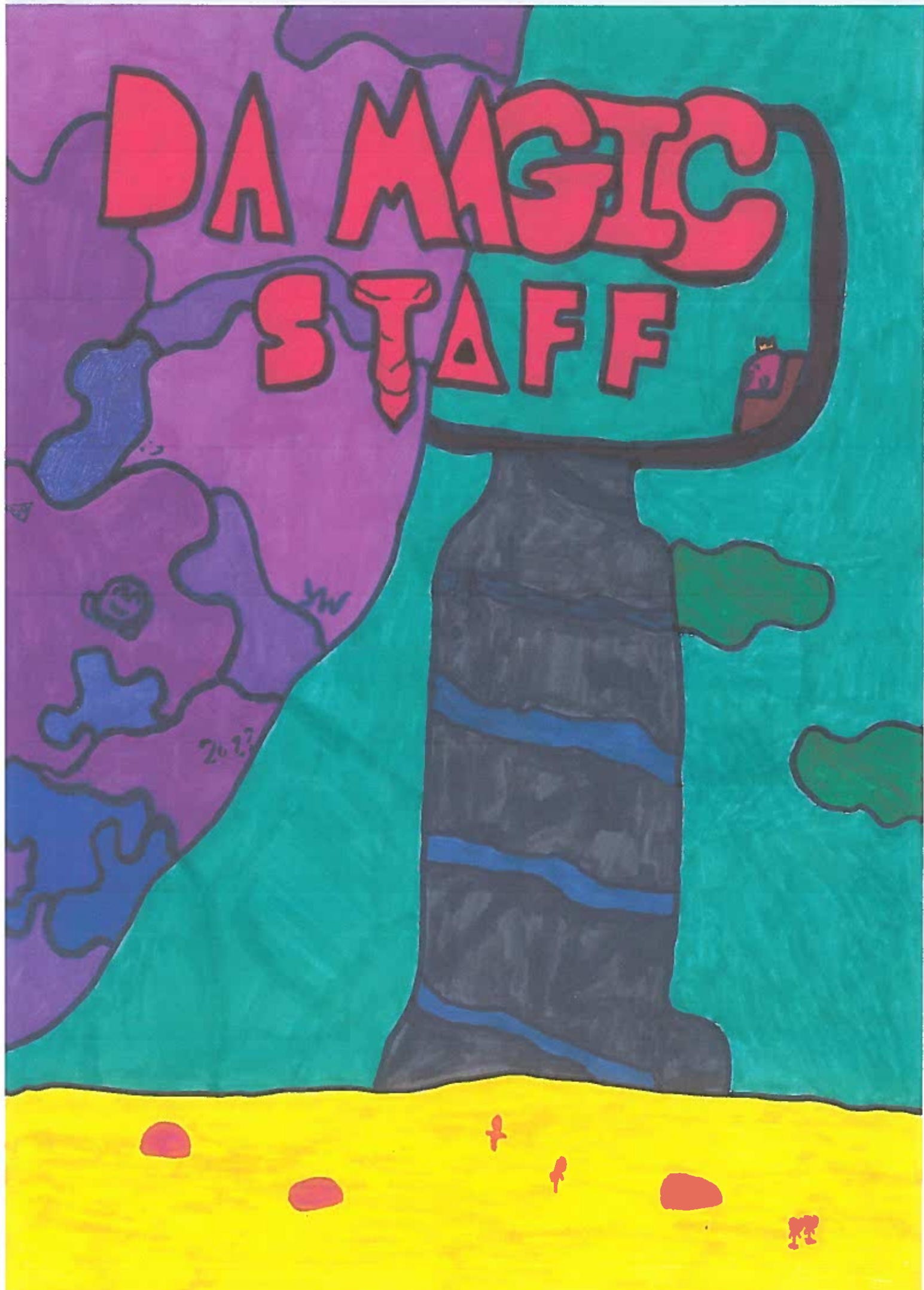


DA MAGIC STAFF



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Dir wance wis a boy named Jeemie an he hid a grandad named Jerry. On dis day it wis Jeemie's birthday, dis wis da perfect day tae hiv a birthday because it wis joost winderful wadder outside; it wis also brawly hot. Jeemie stumbled doon da stairs tae fin his mam, dad an grandad sitting at da table we a huge bright reydbanner abun dir heads saying "HAPPY BIRTHDAY JEEMIE". Jeemie turned tae his grandad an he slowly took something fae ahint his back. It wis an owld broon box which hid a peerie label stuck on tae it. The writing wis brawly scrappy but Jeemie could mak it oot. It said '*happy 11th birthday Jeemie*'.

"Here, tak it."

Slowly Jeemie gripped his hands on da box; it wis ston cowld and slightly damp. Carefully he opened da box tae fin oot whit wis in it. Whit could it be? In geed his hand and oot cam an owld shabby looking pair o spyglasses. "Tanks!"

Nixt he pood oot an owld book by een o his favourite authors.

"Oh, tanks!" he said,

Den he pood oot a map; a very ancient een indeed. Dir wis peerie rips an marks aa ower da map but it wis bon dry.

"Noo *dis* is interesting!"

Dat very afternoon Jeemie set aff wandering aboot trying tae mak head or tail o da map. Dir wis a red dot marked on een o da hills dat wis really buddering him. Whit did it mean?

Finally he wis able tae figure oot whar he wis an started tae follow da dot. He hid looked aa aboot whin he realised he should check da burn. Jeemie waded troo da burn which eventually opened up tae a cave. He wis waakin troo da cave whin suddenly his fit slipped.

"Oh blast!" he shouted.

On an on he fell doon da cave. On an on he geed but he niver hit da grund, instead he splashed right intae a mysterious portal.

Whoosh! Da portal spat oot Jeemie intae a patch o yallow girse. His blue jacket brushed the girse smoothly across da parks. As he got up tae his feet he realised dat he wis in a completely different world! Da sky remained blue but da clouds wir green, da plants wir orange an stons wir purple! He turned aroond tae go back troo da portal but it hid disappeared.

“*Whar* did da portal go?” Jeemie said in a gluffed voice. “Oh no, am I trapped!?”

“Hi!” squeaked a peerie voice on tap o a cloud.

“Um, whit *is* do?”

“Oh, is do a human?” said da voice.

“Yis, but *whit* is do?”

“Oh, I’m joost a binglebop!” continued da peerie squeaky voice. “Does do want tae cum tae my hoose an hiv a cup o tae?”

“Yis, dat wid be fine.”

Whin dey got tae his hoose Jeemie suddenly asked, “Does do keyn hoo I cood git back troo da portal?”

“I actually do...but it will tak some courage” squeaked da binglebop. “Do will need tae waak tae Bingle-city an clim da Elder Tower tae retrieve da staff dat will alloo dee tae conjure a portal tae dy world.”

“I’ll do whitiver it taks tae git back tae my ane world! Uh, by da way, whit’s dy name?”

“It’s Beepo!”

“Bye Beepo!”

Aff Jeemie set. He waaked fur miles until he finally reached da city. It wis so bright an colourful; reyd, yallow, green an blue wir splattered everywhar.

“Dis city is cool, I wish Lerwick wis lik dis!”

Dir wis tonnes o binglebops everywhar an in da distance Jeemie cood see da Elder Tower. Jeemie waaked an waaked until he wis right in front o da Elder Tower.

“Noo, time tae clim.”

Up he climmed...den he slipped.

“Aarggg!” shouted Jeemie.

He wis clinging on fur dear life.

Den it happened, he fell. Farder an farder doon da tower.

“AAARRRGG, HELP ME!!”

Farder, farder until...

“Help comes!” squeaked a peerie voice.

“Whit? Beepo, is dat dee?”

“It sure is, Elder Beeeeeeeeeps wants tae gee dee da Elder Staff as a hansel. Dis wis aa a challenge an do succeeded!” continued da peerie voice “I will bring dee tae his lair noo!”

Aff dey flew tae Elder Beeeeeeeeeps lair whar Jeemie wis gifted da Elder Staff.

“Tank you!” said Jeemie proodly.

“Do’s welcome.”

Jeemie conjured da portal den realised dat he hid da magic staff tae keep!

“Noo *dat* wis an adventure!”

Da end