

# Jake and the Widdershin Stone

A time travel historical novel



By Kerrie Marshall

BOOK TITLE

# Jake and the Widdershin Stone

## Extract Only

Kerrie Marshall

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Literacy tutor and storyteller Kerrie Marshall weaves adventure and fun into this dive back into history.

Join Jake as he experiences the lives of his ancestors as they faced deportation in the 1860's, ordinary men facing extraordinary life as a soldier in world war one, the children of the great Napier earthquake and more. Solve the puzzles to help him come back to the 21<sup>st</sup> century.

This book is written in a dyslexic font and an easy read format to tempt all readers.

Free Read Chapter one of this extraordinary book

More information on Kerrie's books available now on [www.brainasize.com](http://www.brainasize.com) or buy the complete book on Amazon







# 1 2023 JAKE FINDS THE WIDDERSHIN STONE.

Jake was a curious boy.

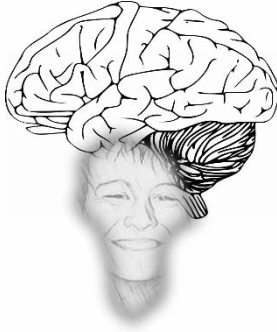
I wonder how  
that works.

I wonder if I  
could make  
that?

I wonder how my  
great, great  
grandfather lived  
without TV?

Being an only child, he was sometimes lonely, but he was good at entertaining himself. The one thing he did have that surprised everybody was his imagination. IT WAS HUGE!!!!





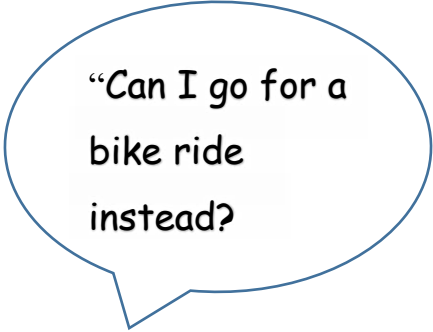
He could make things happen! Even a suggestion that something might happen would be enough to have him create a plan and be ready to go.

But on this particular day, his plan had fallen to pieces. Dad had hinted they might go fishing in the creek, so Jake had planned and was sitting on the step waiting.

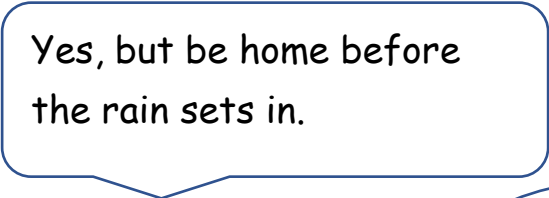
Dad came and sat next to him.

Sorry son. We can't go today.  
It looks like a storm brewing.


Jake was disappointed. He knew better than to nag so he asked his Dad.



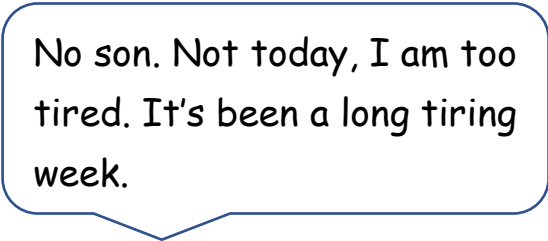
“Can I go for a bike ride instead?”



Yes, but be home before the rain sets in.



Do you want to come with me Dad?



No son. Not today, I am too tired. It's been a long tiring week.

Jake felt hot tears welling but got up, put his fishing rod back in the garage and climbed on his bike.

He was so sad he forgot to say goodbye. He missed the sad look on his Dad's face too. Dad knew his son was lonely.

Jake biked so fast the wind tousled his hair. Riding in the wind always made him feel better, as if the wind was his friend whipping his hair around and teasing him.

It wasn't long before he reached his favourite part of the creek where he was allowed to go to on his own. **This was a secret spot only Jake knew about.** Mostly it was rocks with just a trickle of water running through.

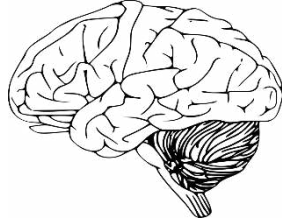


There were fun things to find, like strange rocks shapes, frogs and water insects.



Jake played around for a while then sat down to think.

I wish I had  
someone to hang  
out with that likes  
doing my stuff.



**Jake had friends but they didn't like doing the things he liked to do.**

He kicked a large rock in front of him which was half submerged in the water. A blue streak waved across the top of it.

That's  
strange.

Jake stopped feeling sorry for himself and bent down to pick the stone up, but it wouldn't budge.

Oomph!  
It's stuck.

He looked around and saw a heavy stick and pulled it over to the rock. Carefully he pushed the edge of the stick under one corner of the rock then tried to lever it up. **But it was still stuck.**

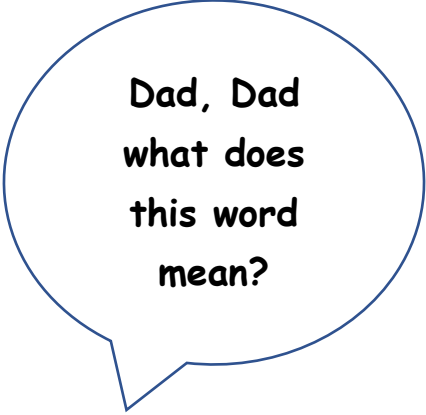


Jake dug around with his hands pushing the stick under in various places, but the rock refused to move. Giving up, he wiped the mud from the top and the rock glowed blue revealing some scratchy writing.

Although Jake was a pretty good reader; he didn't understand the word or the language it was written in. He wondered if it was a First Nation language. Luckily, he always carried a little note pad and a stub of pencil in case he heard something interesting. He wrote down the symbols very carefully.

P J M M R 4 N I T


Thunder rolled down the creek. Jake shoved the paper in his pocket, leapt on his bike and raced home just as the storm pounded down. He rushed in full of excitement calling out to his father.



**Dad, Dad  
what does  
this word  
mean?**



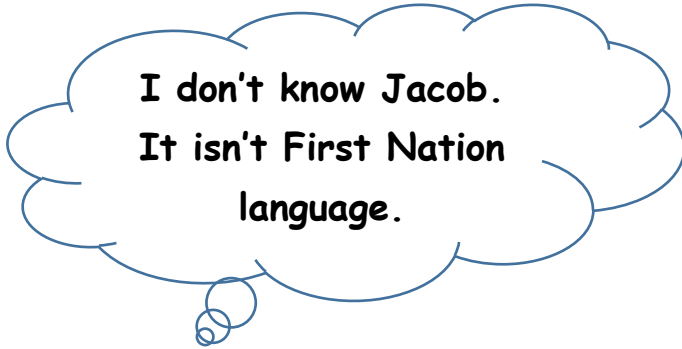
**I don't know son. Where did you see it?**



**Um, Just a  
sign I saw on  
my bike ride.**

**Jake didn't tell him about the stone.**

Next morning Jake took the word to school and asked his teacher.

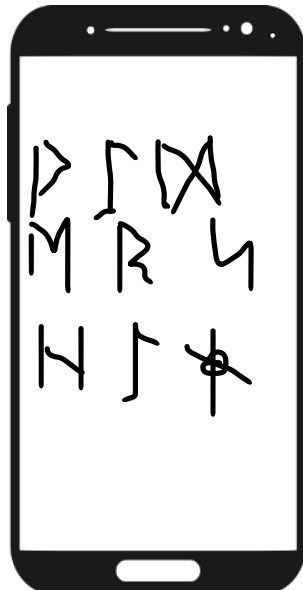


**She always called Jake by his proper name even though everyone else called him Jake.**

Jake decided he would ask his Aunty JoJo. She was very wise and knew heaps of fun stuff. That night he carefully drew the strange letters and texted them to her.

Aunty JoJo thought it might be an ancient form of runes.

***"Your grandmother understands runes, maybe she knows what it says."***



Jake sent the message to his grandmother and very soon she rang him with the answer he had been waiting for.

*"The writing is Futhark. An ancient Norse or Viking set of symbols used in Northern Europe hundreds of years ago. Translated it means Widdershin. In Futhark they don't use double letters so Widdershin would be spelt Widershin."*

"Wow, that is so interesting." Said Jake his heart racing with excitement.

"Are you learning about runes at school?" Ma asked.



"No, just found some on a sign and they looked interesting."

His grandmother laughed. "It is a strange thing to find these days, but they are fun to learn. I will email the alphabet to you, and you can write secret messages to me when you learn it. "

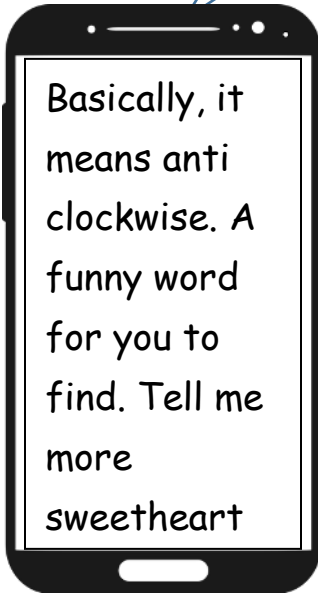
**Jake thought that was an awesome idea.**



**A secret language for just him and Ma.**

What does

anti-clockwise

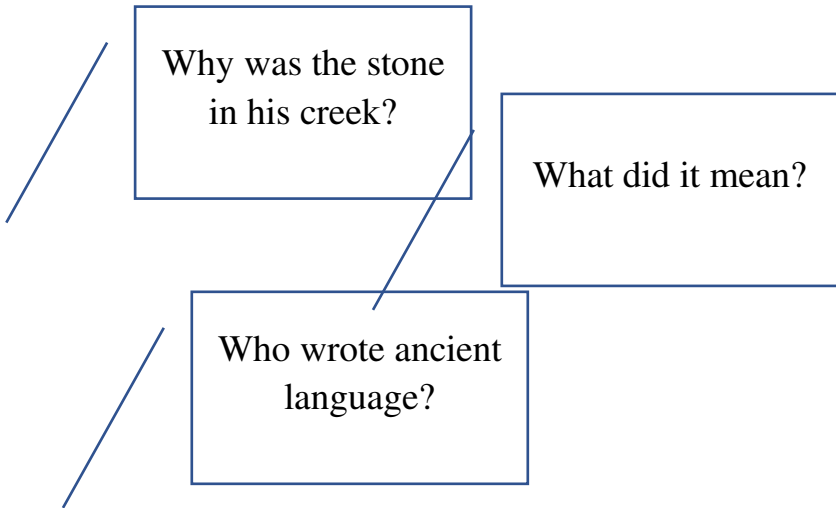


**But Jake didn't  
want to tell anyone about  
the stone just yet!**

**He did not sleep well that night.**

**His busy brain kept him awake.**





**He couldn't wait to get back to the creek and see the stone again.**

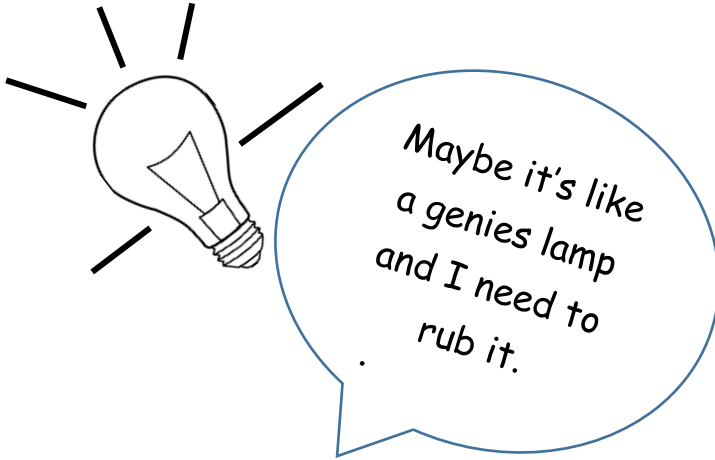
It was three days before he could get back to the creek. The rain had washed more of the rock away.

Gently Jake rubbed the dirt off the top of the rock and the word appeared again.

**"Widdershin" said Jake.**

**"What is a stone doing here with a word that means anticlockwise on it."**

**Suddenly his imagination kicked in.**



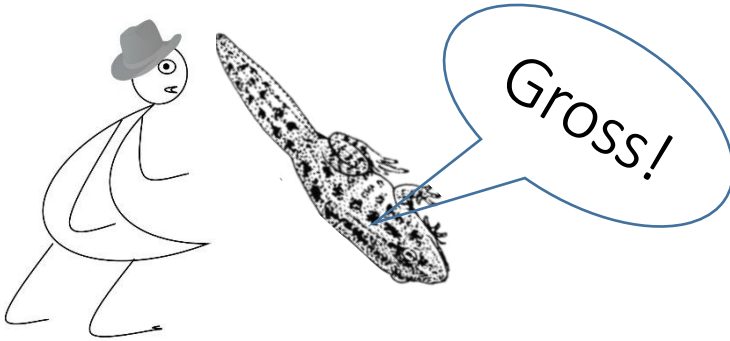
He rubbed the stone around and around, but nothing happened.

"Ah ha anticlockwise. **Widdershin**"

He laughed loudly remembering what the word meant and thinking.

**'It has been a long time since I believed in magic.'**

Still laughing he rubbed the stone anticlockwise and then fell back hard on his butt. A teeny, tiny opaque stick man in a grey fedora popped out from under the rock. He coughed loudly, spitting out muddy water followed by a tadpole twice the stick man's size.



**"What took you so long?" stickman grumbled. "Why didn't you pull the stone out of this mucky place before rubbing it?" and he burped loudly.**

**"BURP! That's better"**

Stickman looked at Jake whose mouth was hanging wide open in surprise.

**"Shut your mouth boy or that fly will go in."**

Too late! Jake felt the fly enter his mouth just before he snapped it closed.

Now he was hacking and coughing and finally spat out a very wet and cranky fly.



The stick man burst into fits of laughter.

**"Karma"** he said.

**"Who are you?"** croaked Jake still coughing a bit from the fly. **"Or what are you."**



**"I'm a stickman. Name is Foster."**

**"I'm Jacob but people call me Jake"** Jake said holding out a finger.



**Foster grabbed his finger and bit it with sharp little teeth.**

**"Ouch. What did you do that for?"**



Jake rubbed the bite mark on his shirt.



"What was I supposed to do? I thought you wanted me to taste you. **You taste awful by the way. Like fish.**"

Jake giggled. "I was going to shake hands, but you were too little, so I just offered my finger. That's the polite thing to do when you meet someone."

**"Shake hands?"** Foster jumped up and down shaking his hands in the air. **"Weird custom."**

Jake shook his head. "Never mind. Where did you come from?"



**"This is a Widdershin stone. Only people with special abilities can find it. I have been waiting for someone like you for a very long time to find it and use it."**

"What does the Widdershin stone do and what special abilities do I have?" Asked Jake feeling very puzzled. He didn't think he had anything special about him.

**"The Widdershin stone** takes special people back in time to hang out with ancestors for a while. You just nod your head and tap the stone three times in Widdershin to hang out with your ancestors."

**"HMMMMM"** said Jake not sure about the truth of time travel.

He loved hearing stories about his great, great grandfather, it would be awesome to meet him.

**"It sounds like fun. But can I ask a question? Is it dangerous? What special abilities do I need?"**

"So many questions." Foster laughed.

**"Is it dangerous? Well, it depends.** You have a special ability to feel the emotions of other people around you. You are triggered by their sadness, their pain, their happiness and all the energy surrounding those emotions. Am I right?"

Jacob thought for a moment. "I thought everyone felt like that."



"No just certain people." Answered Foster. "Some call them Empaths."

"I feel things with strangers I meet too. Sometimes it's embarrassing."

"Never be embarrassed about how you feel Jake. It's what makes you who you are. In these travels you will feel all these emotions, you will interact with what your ancestors do. **Sometimes you will face danger when they do**, but your brain and how you think will keep you safe."

"Dad says my brain thinks differently to other people.

**I feel like I don't fit in with my friends."**



"If there weren't people in the world that think differently there wouldn't be **space travel**, cars, boats that travel under water, **lifesaving surgery**, wonderful books to read."

I suppose'" said Jake thoughtfully.

Foster jumped off the rock onto the dry grass beside Jake. "There also wouldn't be people like you who can access the Widdershin stone and learn great lessons from the past. Being different can be used for good, but also for evil. I think you will be one of the good ones Jake."

**"If I go with you, will I return here when I am finished?"** he asked cautiously.

"Yes, I will be with you and bring you back. **BUT** no one can see me except you. Your ancestors will see you. They will accept you are supposed to be there but will forget you when you return.

**Remember this rule!**

The past cannot be changed even though you will experience everything your ancestors experienced."

"But what about mum and dad. If I am away too long, they will come looking for me."

**"Time moves fast in the Widdershin but stands still in the now." Explained Foster.**

If you agree nod your head three times, then tap the stone thrice as well.

**Jake was trembling with excitement.**



He nodded his head three times then tapped the stone three times as well.



**1,2,3**

Instantly he was sucked into an unknown space and spat out onto hard cold snow.

Buy the full book on Amazon and follow Jakes adventures into the past.