

The Wurtherington Diary

Tammy and the Declaration of Independence

Restored 9-Adult Full Color Kindle Edition

Restoration and Story By Reynold Jay

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~Preface~

If by chance this is your first encounter with the diary of Ms. Wurtherington I can say that each part of it seems more remarkable as it goes on and her travels are no less than exhilarating. I can say that my part in this has been simply wonderful.

It seems that the first part of the diary has caused a bit of stir and shortly afterward I was visited by a motley bunch that I found wandering around my property late one night. My wife was frightened by a commotion in the back yard and I responded by calling the police and then carried a shotgun with me to see what was stirring. I discovered a television crew near the shed and could see they appeared to be harmless – or nearly so. One of the gentlemen explained that they wanted to check the grounds for paranormal activity and I told them I wanted them off the premises as it was upsetting my family, especially at the late hour. I felt uncomfortable dealing with these people and could see they really did not want to leave at all. One of the crew members was carrying gadgetry that reminded me of those irksome bearded scavengers at the beach who wander around looking for lost treasure. Fortunately the police arrived to settle the affair and made it clear that they were on private property and had no right to be there. I only mention this as the tale you are about to read may well appear to be a diary in which everything that occurred was a figment of Ms. Wurtherington's imagination. Others with an open mind will disagree and find that everything in it can be verified down to the tiniest detail. None of this is important to me as my role in this is to simply see that it is passed along to those who can get it before the public eye and then they may make of it what they will.

Professor Robert Landsbury

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Dear Professor Landsbury,

Thank you for passing the new found papers to me. I did take the liberty of reading the papers and, as I did with the first part of it, found it to be even more enlightening. There are parts of this that perked my interest in the American Revolution and I found myself going to the library and checking out some of the history books. I am not a history enthusiast at all; however I did discover that the events she describes in her diary appear to be accurate. I must admit that I never found history of much interest, but I see now that I should have paid more attention in school. I now see that history is not a dull subject at all and that our forefathers were truly a courageous lot and many were extraordinarily brilliant. If it had not been for the diary, I would have forever

missed out on the importance of the American Revolution. I can say that I now have a deep respect for the liberties we often take for granted. I now see that it may not have been the case if it had not been for Ms. Wutherington giving history a tiny nudge.

Sincerely,

Amara

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Dear Amara and Professor Landsbury,

Thank you for forwarding the second part of the lost papers to me and I can assure you that my team will do everything we can to restore the diary to its original beauty. I am sorry, Professor that you have trespassers on your property and can only hope that you are successful in ridding of them. An acquaintance of

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mine mentioned that she witnessed a television show that focused upon the paranormal activity on your premises. It could be that they had somehow managed to be on your property without your knowledge previous to you discovering them. She did say that the segment devoted to your property concluded that there may very well have been paranormal activity at one time and that there were strong traces of it in the old shed.

Let me focus on the new section of the diary that I am currently transcribing. I can only say that it as remarkable as the first story that emerged and then the reader will discover that there is much more to Ms. Wurtherington than we had originally thought. As this segment unfolds we discover that she is a remarkable little girl that possesses great courage and then a wisdom that far exceeds her age. She never mentions her own remarkable qualities and may very well be unaware that she must have commanded a magnificent presence that electrified everyone she encountered.

As to whether any of the events actually occurred in this part of the diary, I would not know, nor is it my place to speculate. It is wonderful, Amara that you did some digging into the accounting presented here and did find that it appeared to be accurate to you. I imagine that there are historians out there who may find all kinds inaccuracies or they may very well find that the accounting is enlightening. In any event, that is not our role to decide these things; we can leave that for others to discuss.

Sincerely,

Reynold Jay

To the Reader

This is part two of the 1883 diary. In part one Tammy describes her adventures that summer in Kira where she adopted a mongoose and an opossum who now live with her in River Falls, Ohio. Tammy lives with Aunt May and Lord Wixby, in a large estate at the edge of town.

~Chapter One~

September 23, 1883

Dear Diary,

There was no reason to believe that today was going to be any different than any other day.

I awoke as I always did with a knock at the door from Aunt May to get up and ready for breakfast and then off to school. In the event I did not respond quickly, Zeke and Cedric would always begin a ruckus that often ended up as a pillow fight with feathers flying all about. Apparently I was a tiny bit slow and both began jumping on me. "Wake up, Tammy! Rise and shine!"

"Shush!" I scolded. "Aunt May will hear you. You must remember your promise not to talk when others are around."

My pet mongoose, Cedric bopped Zeke on the head, "Yeah, Be quiet. What is the matter with you, mate?"

"There's nothing the matter with me," said the orphaned opossum while he threatened to wallop Cedric with a pillow.



I grabbed the pillow and sat up, now fully awake. None of this was unusual at all and was pretty much the way I woke up every morning since I had taken the pair of odd creatures under my wing. Sometimes I regretted that I let them live with me because of their crazy antics, but mostly I loved them both. They sat at my feet both wide-eyed with anticipation of the coming day. I gave them both hugs and kisses and told them to spend the day playing out in the backyard and I would play with them when I returned from school.

I took my seat at the breakfast table alongside my step brother, Mark. Lord Wixby gave me a kiss on the cheek as he always did and Aunt May served up

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steaming porridge and buttered toast. Soon Mark and I were off to school and we were interrupted by a group of armed soldiers that marched up the street in grand fashion. While we waited for them to pass by I mentioned to Mark that this was most unusual. I figured that they may have been preparing for a parade; however Mark looked at me strangely. "They pass by here everyday," he said. "Where have you been?" He indicated with a gesture to the head that he thought



I was tiny bit daft.

I paid little attention to him as he was a boy and most boys I knew were likely to say odd things to us girls. It was not until we stood to recite the pledge of allegiance that I realized that everyone was playing a joke on me or I was crazy. I stood with my hand over my heart and began the words I knew so well. "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the United States of America and to the...." Suddenly, my words were out of step with my friends. I stopped the pledge and took a close look at the flag and saw that it was not the usual stars and stripes that I was so accustomed to seeing each day. It was red, white, and blue, however there were no stars. I imagined that it could be described as a large red

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cross. Maybe we were going to study Clara Barton and the Red Cross. I had learned a little about the admirable Clara Barton briefly in third grade and I figured we were going to study it once more. I raised my hand. "Are we going to study the Red Cross, Mrs. Prescott?"

She told me she had no plans to do that and wondered why I would ask. I told her the flag looked like the Red Cross flag and then everyone burst out laughing. I must admit that I was very confused for a time as it was explained to me that everyone knew that it was the Union Flag. I felt that it was best not to inquire further and later I pulled Nancy aside. She seemed to understand that I was confused. We were out on the playground and more armed soldiers were marching up and down the street. I wondered why there were soldiers all about.

"They are there all the time."

I said, "I've never seen them before. Exactly who are they?"

She looked at me cross-eyed. "You really do not know, do you?"

I shook my head, "I swear that I've never seen them before. Pretend I was hit on the head and am daft."

She said, "They are Union soldiers and they keep the peace. They are always looking for rebels and flushing them out."

We had quite a discussion and she told me that we were subjects of England and we were living in the Common Wealth. I asked, "What about America? Are we not living in the United States of America?"

She said, "I've never heard of it." She did say I was living in Ohio and that England had installed lords and generals to keep a tight reign on its British subjects. She confided in me that she had aunts and uncles who were rebels and they would be hanged if they were ever discovered. She explained that they were hiding weapons in hopes that one day they could somehow fight the British and send them packing.

She said, "Uncle Howard says it should have been done long ago before the British army had gained so much power. He says there was a brief time in our history when the colonists greatly outnumbered the British and could have gained our freedom. The time has long past and now we are 'subjects of the Crown,' which is a polite way of saying we are little more than slaves. Not slaves in chains, mind you, but slaves by means of taxes. Aunt Henrietta says every time they earn the tiniest bit where they could buy something, the tax collector

comes around and takes it all away.”

All of this reminded me of my trip to Kira where the pirate, Captain Flynn had told me that his men had lost all their incentive to work because of the taxes and the dole. Now it was happening to me! I figured that I was going crazy within the span of a single day. Maybe I was either daft or had woken up in a different world. I found my way home. My head was spinning as I did not know what to make of the entire day.

I found myself in the yard out back and figured I could dress up Cedric and Zeke in some doll clothes. We could play fetch down by the stream. While we were playing, Alfred the mouse magically appeared. He brushed himself off as his clothes were covered with sparkle dust. “Well now—this is indeed a pleasure,” he said. “It beats that old wicker basket and the dunking we had on that last excursion!” He explained that Sorceress Lucinda had cast a spell and sent him here on urgent business. “She never told me that I would arrive as a mouse!” Of course we all knew he was King Alfred and ruled all of Kira. He was respected by everyone and considered to be a kind and benevolent person.

Cedric said, “It must be that Lucinda has not completely mastered her craft.”

Zeke shook his paw and gave him an embrace. “I like you better as a mouse.”

Alfred brought out a tiny hourglass and said, “It was a bit larger in Kira and has shrunk down to my size. This is our passport back to Kira and we must go now before it loses its power. I am sorry that I cannot explain further as I do not completely understand the urgency. Lucinda said it was important and that was all that need be said.”

I could see the sands ticking off the seconds and it was nearly to the last grain. Alfred said, “We must all hold hands and close our eyes while I say the magic words that will send us back to Kira.”

He saw that we were all ready for the trip and said,

“Magic sands of time, hear our words today,

And whisk us back to Kira, up and away!”

I did close my eyes so I can't say with any certainty what happened next; however it sounded like we were whisked into the center of a big wind and hurled up into the air. We seemed to float like angels for a moment. I felt my feet touch the floor and the wind was gone as quickly as it had appeared.

I opened my eyes. We were all in the queen's palace being welcomed into

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Lucinda's embrace. Alfred was now a full-grown King Alfred.

We were ushered onto the balcony that overlooked Capira and sat under scarlet parasols that shaded us from the afternoon Sun. It was a cool, clear afternoon, with a shimmering blue sky and a slight breeze drifted in from the north. Away to the east a distant range of snow-capped mountaintops undulated and swelled like a line of never-ending sandcastles.

We were served mint-tea and gobble berry pastries by servants that I imagined were Kakuna citizens from their shorter stature; however I was not certain. Lucinda saw that we were offered every courtesy. She said, "I'm sure you wonder why I called you here today. Before I tell you, I must inquire if you noticed anything unusual in the last day or so?"



I thought for a moment and then I said, "I had a very distressing day and I wonder if I might losing my mind. There were soldiers marching in the streets and a strange flag in my classroom. There was talk of rebellion. No one had heard of the United States of America and yet, I live in the center of it. It was

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much more than that, but it was as though the entire world had been turned upside-down.”

She said, “I hope it is not too late.”

“Too late?” I said.

“Yes,” said Lucinda. “...to turn it all around.” She saw that I was puzzled and continued. “What you saw was the result of a space-time continuum going astray. It can best be described as a hiccup in our past that went horribly wrong and the result is the future that you experienced today.” She brought a crystal ball over to us that had been sitting unnoticed on another table. “This crystal peers into the space-time continuum and helps to pinpoint events that went astray. I want to show all of you something now. We are going back to July Fourth in 1776.”

“That was the day the Declaration of Independence was signed in Independence Hall.” I remembered this from my second grade history lesson.

“We can see the Liberty Bell in the tower and then that the time is five in the afternoon. They should have been discussing the final details all afternoon and should be signing it about now. What do you see?”

Cedric said, “I don't see anyone at all.”

Zeke said, “They must be late. The hall is empty.”

“It was never signed,” I said. “Something terrible must have happened.” I looked to Lucinda for an answer.

“It goes far beyond a simple event and the one day. There were many things that needed to occur in order for the signing that was to take place in history as we know it. As far as I can tell it goes back to Thomas Paine and Ben Franklin meeting in England and Mr. Franklin insisting that Mr. Paine go to the colonies to begin a new life.”

I really did not remember Mr. Paine at all. “Thomas Paine?” I did not understand.

“She explained, “If Thomas Paine does not go to the colonies, then that would mean that he never wrote a pamphlet called *Common Sense*. This was the beginning of the colonists seeing a reason to create a break from England. They needed the reasons spelled out clearly as to why they should be a free people.”

Cedric and Zeke were a bit frightened and I was not sure they completely understood it all. They could see that I was distressed. I understood it very well.

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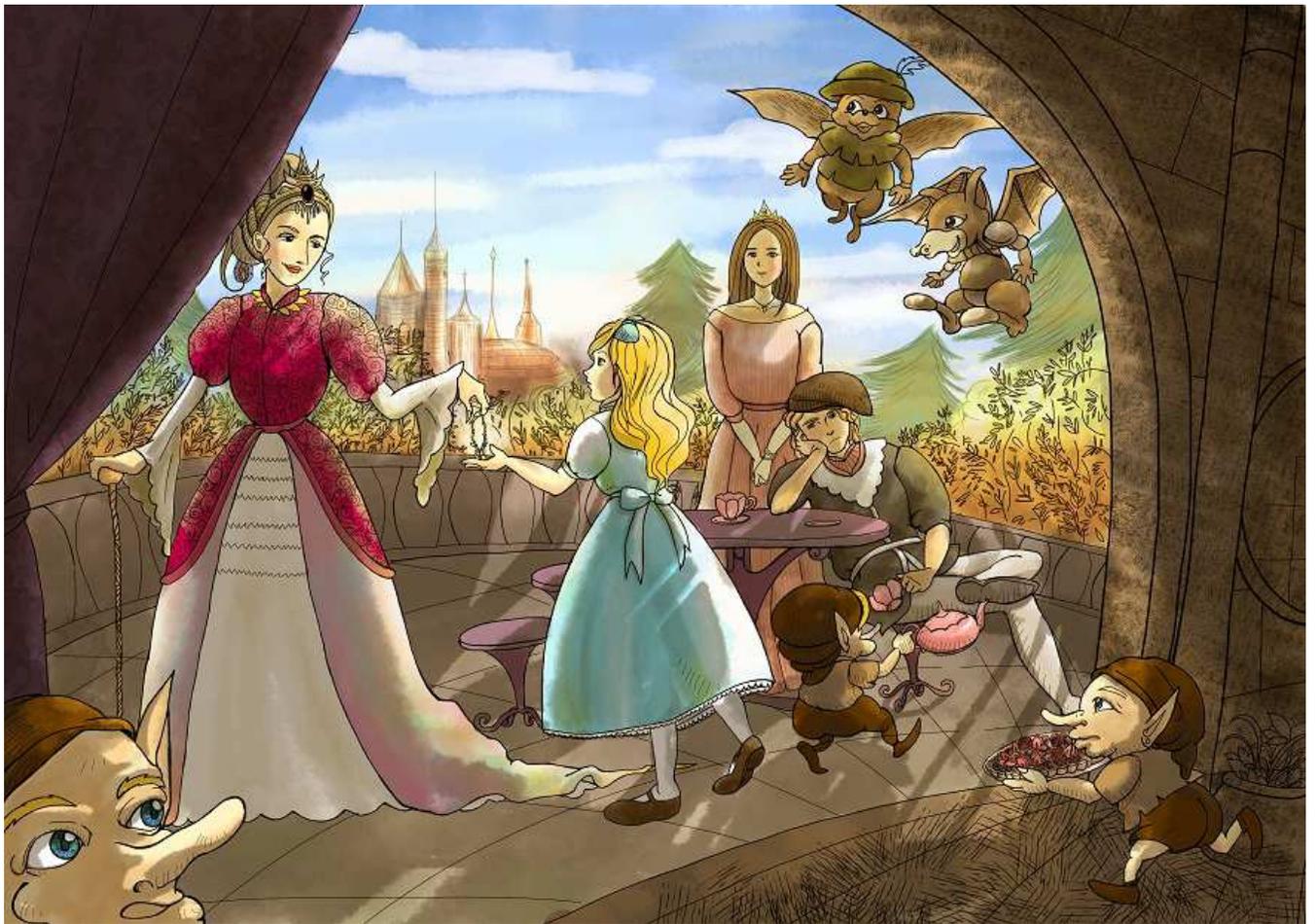
“Is there a way to fix any of this?”

“Yeah, Someone ought a fix this!” said Cedric. His wings began flapping much like a puppy dog would wag its tail. I gave him *that look*. He saw it and calmed down.

He always needed me to calm him down. I would have told him to go and find some snakes, however I knew this was not a good time to mention it. I could not imagine that there would be any snakes handy in the queen's palace.

Lucinda said, “It may be possible to do this. We need a time-traveler to go back and give history a tiny nudge and see that the events are set in place.”

Alfred said, “Where do we find this time traveler? It isn't like you could post a help-wanted ad in the newspaper.”



Lucinda said, “You are correct. These are rare individuals who can do this. As far as can be determined it is every thousand years or so until one comes along. I've never meet one, of course.”

Zeke said, “If one comes along, be sure and snap'm up.” He jumped from his

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chair as though he had an appointment and needed to be elsewhere.

“— Until now,” said Lucinda.

“Who would that be?” asked Zeke.

“It is Tammy, Zeke, Cedric, and Alfred,” said Lucinda. “All of you are very special.”

”What?” Zeke fell on his rear and then settled back into a chair.

Lucinda said, “Tammy, it all centers around you and you can take along anyone you wish. I suspected it the very first time I saw you.”

I said, “I remember that well. You were most unpleasant.” I recalled that day in Sakuna when she stood by while her sister Catherine had me dancing in the square and ending up in a pile of donkey dung.

Lucinda said, “We must put that behind us. It was a disheartening experience that we must admit was a mistake.”

I said, “I have put that behind me and do not hold any bad feelings for you. You know that, of course. I hold you dear to me more than you could imagine. You are a blessing to all of Kira.”

Alfred stood behind Lucinda and wrapped his arms around her. “She is my loving daughter. All of Kira loves her. Isn't that right?”

“That's right, Dad.” She accepted a kiss on the cheek. “You know I will never let you down. You can count on that.”

I realized how close the family was at that moment.

Queen Betty reached across the table and held her hand and gave it a squeeze. “I love you, Lucinda.”

Lucinda smiled, “I know that, Mom.” She held her mother's hand while she explained. “Tammy—you are the extraordinary person in the prophesy and I suspect you are much more than that. We will never know exactly why you possess these abilities any more than why I am a sorceress. I have accepted my role in the continuum and with it comes great responsibility. I can see the future and the past and somehow I must use all my resources to hold the world together as best I can. I cannot do it alone and need you as part of a team to see that the world does not implode.”

I was surprised by this revelation. I never thought of myself as little more than a girl from Ohio that loved to play with dolls. Down in my gut I sensed she was right about all of this and I knew I really had no choice in the matter. Certainly I was not going to let the world implode when I was the chosen one to turn it all

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around. She was right about this. I looked back on my life at all those moments when I felt that I was always slightly out-of-step with those around me, and now I was certain that this was the reason. I felt as though Lucinda had opened a door and was allowing me to crossover into a world for which I was always destined. I said, "I will do this. I sense that this has been my calling and everything that has occurred in my life tells me I have a new path before me."

The end of this sample.