

THE WURTHERINGTON DIARY



TAMMY *And* THE CALIFORNIA GOLD RUSH

TAMMY
WURTHERINGTON

Transcribed By Reynold Jay

Tammy and the California Gold Rush

**This is the Fully Restored Color Kindle Edition
For 8 to Adult Readers**

“This book is available in print at many online retailers.”

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The Wurtherington Diary: Tammy and the California Gold Rush

Book Four in the Series

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The Wurtherington Diary
Tammy & the
California Gold Rush

by

Tammy Wurtherington

Introduction and Notes by

Robert Landsbury, Amara, and Reynold Jay

Art Restorations by

Duy Truong

~Preface~

(If reading this to a younger person, skip the preface. Go to Chapter One)

Dear Amara and Reynold Jay, There will be no more letters from Professor Landsbury as he has been relieved of his duties. I am Patricia Tanner and have taken over the task of forwarding the diary to you.

Enclosed is the fourth installment of the Wurtherington Diary. Forgive me for taking so long to get it to you; however much of it was stuck together and it was a painstaking operation to remove each page without destroying it. I imagine that glue spilled upon it. After reading it over, I can tell you it was well worth the effort as it appears that Tammy was summoned to return to 1848 during the gold rush in California. Those were exiting times during our American history and Tammy brings it all vividly to life.

I imagine that the professor told you he was looking forward to being the mayor. We had our annual meeting and we did vote him to that office. All seemed to go well for a short period and then he began spending monies on things that were not approved by the council. He set up a speed trap in order to raise more monies for an amusement park that he wanted to construct. None of this was approved by the council and he nearly bankrupted our little town with his extravagances. In short, he became a maniacal dictator who lost all sense of reason. We battled with him for some time and he now resides in a mental institution in Columbus. All of us regret what has happened to Professor Landsbury and pray that he will recover from his illness.

As he mentioned in his last note to you, the entire town of River Falls (now Wurtherington Falls) is experiencing a robust tourist trade

because of the publication of the Wurtherington Diary. I can only hope that others will enjoy the Diary as much as I have.

Sincerely,

Patricia Tanner
Secretary of Wurtherington Falls

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Dear Ms. Tanner,

Thank you for forwarding the fourth installment of the Wurtherington Diary to me. I do see the glue on many of the pages and can appreciate that you took the time to separate all the papers so carefully. It is unfortunate that Professor Landsbury is doing so poorly. It makes one wonder how anyone can arrive at such an unfortunate state of mind. Perhaps he would have been better off continuing with his job as a school teacher.

As for my own writing endeavors, I do plan to write a fiction book one day. When I read the exciting exploits of Ms. Wurtherington, my life seems incredibly dull in comparison. Hopefully I'll get started on it soon.

Yours truly,

Amara

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Dear Amara and Ms. Tanner,

Thank you for forwarding the next part of the Wurtherington Diary to me. I wish you, Amara the best in getting started on that fiction book that keeps you awake at night. As for myself, I'm happy to keep

busy working with the restoration staff in preparing the Wurthington Diary for publication.

It is quite shocking that Professor Landsbury has been relieved of his duties. Let us hope that he recovers from his mental lapse and returns to Wurthington Falls soon.

As with the other parts of the diary, I did a bit of fact checking and it appears that everything is historically accurate. Much of the town she mentions is now a tourist site. Of course, the original buildings she mentions are long gone. One can imagine what an exciting time in our history it must have been to roam the California countryside panning for gold in 1849.

Sincerely,

Reynold Jay

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~Chapter One~

October 5, 1883

Dear Diary,

I woke up this morning with feathers flying all about my bedroom. Zeke, Cedric, and Polly had started a pillow fight and were whacking each other over the head with pillows. Polly's pillow had torn open and it was as though it was snowing in my bedroom.



"That is enough out of all of you," I said. "Shame on you, Cedric and Zeke. You are teaching Polly some very bad habits." I waved my finger in their tiny faces while they both hung their heads in shame.

I pointed to Polly who was holding the torn pillow in her beak. "I can forgive you, because you are new here; however these other two know better."

Zeke and Cedric wrung their tiny hats and hung their heads. "Gosh, Mistress Tammy," said Zeke, "We didn't mean to do it. Please don't be mad at us."

I could never be mad at any of them—disappointed maybe, but never mad. I gathered the trio in my arms and gave them all hugs and kisses. "You are all precious darlings. Clean up this mess and then go outside and play. I'll play with all of you after I get back from school."



Up until that moment I figured that it would be just another schooday. The first I suspected all was not right was when Aunt May gave me a coupon. I read it. "California Food Coupon. Good for One Meal." "You looked surprised, Tammy," she said. "Do not lose it. You know you will need it for your lunch at school." I could see other California coupons that she was sorting out on the kitchen table. It took me about a minute to figure out she was planning to use those to shop for our groceries. I inquired why she did not use money like she always did. She said that money was better used for other things. Mark and I gathered our knapsacks and headed off to school. As we approached the village, I could see that the buildings were not the same. Most of the stores were gone and ramshackle dwellings were all about. People were huddled around burning trashcans warming

themselves. I imagined that the village was very much a shantytown.

The church was gone. In its place stood an office building that looked new to me. A sign hung out front, *California Gold Rush Headquarters*. I could see that it would not be open for another hour. About a block from the school I noticed several gentlemen dressed in silk suits and patent leather shoes smoking cigarettes on the corner. Mark told me that they were the *California Gold Rush* workers and that they always dressed like that. I asked him what happened to the church and he shrugged his shoulders. He wasn't much of a talker.

The classroom looked somewhat bare. Gone were the blackboards and books. I opened up my desk to retrieve my books and discovered that it was nearly empty other than a pencil and a scrap of paper. I was about to claim someone had stolen my books; and then I came to the



conclusion the the space-time continuum had been disrupted. Nope, I would keep my eyes open and my mouth shut. Hopefully, Lucinda the sorceress would call upon me to set the world back in proper order. I did notice that the United States flag was up front next to the teacher's desk; however there was another flag alongside. We said the pledge of allegiance like we always did. That was when I noticed it was one star short of thirty-eight. I counted the stars twice in order to be sure. Yes, it was missing one star. Then everyone began pledging allegiance to the other flag. "I pledge allegiance to the flag of the California Gold Rush Company...." Around noon one of the pin-stripped men came in and gathered the coupons and left us a loaf of

bread and some apples. The teacher said nothing and the man left us. My classmates lined up for their lunch and each of us was given a slice of bread and an apple. Everyone sat quietly at their desks and then we were allowed to run outside and play for a half hour.

I asked Nancy Finklebinder about all this and she told me that California was not a state at all. It was such a huge success during the California Gold Rush that it declared itself an independent state. The people in charge were so generous they formed the California Gold Rush Company and offered all kinds of benefits to those who joined. "It began in California and did so well it reached across the West and moved eastward. Everyone thinks it is wonderful. If a daddy is out of work, the family is given food and they are given a place to live too if they have no money."



I must say that I was not impressed at all. The free shelters were shanty towns and the food was a scrap of bread at noon. That afternoon it began to rain and water poured from the ceiling in buckets. Apparently this was a regular occurrence and we sat with umbrellas over our heads trying as best we could to do our lessons. We ran around the room moving buckets to catch the water and then would run

outside and empty it into the yard. The storm became fierce and much of the ceiling collapsed. Our poor teacher, Mrs. Prescott eventually gave up trying to teach anything and said we could go home early.

I hoped that Lucinda would soon call me to Kira and explain what had gone wrong with the space-time continuum. I told Zeke, Cedric,

and Polly that we could anticipate a visit from Alfred the Great soon and they were excited at the thought. I dressed them all up in new clothes and we played fetch down by the stream. Soon, Alfred came running out of the shed. He said, "Hurry, Lucinda says we all must hasten to go to Capira!" He told us that she seemed alarmed and had no time to explain. He brought out the magic hourglass and said the words that would take us to Kira.



He said,

“Magic sands of time, hear our words today,
And whisk us back to Kira, up and away!”

Cedric said, "I hope this goes better than the last trip!" I hoped so too as it was a terrifying ordeal. A whirlwind swept all about us and the shed hurled into the air as though we were in the center of a tornado. When I opened my eyes, we were all standing on the balcony of the palace that overlooked the city. We all let out a sigh of relief that the trip went without any problems. Lucinda and Queen Betty greeted us. Alfred became a human as he always did when we returned to Kira.

Kakuna elves served us gobble berry pastries and lemonade while we sat under scarlet parasols. Lucinda asked, "How was your trip today? I hope it was not the dreadful affair you encountered the last time."

We assured her all went well. She appeared to be relieved at the report. She said, "Did you notice anything unusual in River Falls this morning?"

I told her that River Falls had become a shantytown and that

everyone was living as poorly as church mice. She brought out her crystal ball. She said that a powerful signal had suddenly appeared and the space-time continuum had taken a nasty turn. "It begins in 1848 and as far as I can make out, it has something to do with the California Gold Rush. Exactly what occurred I cannot tell. It could be that gold was not discovered at all or that the event brought about an unspeakable evil."

I said, "My friends at school told me that the California Gold Rush Company had spread across the United States and that it was a wonderful thing. However; I could see that it clearly was not."

Alfred said, "That is an important clue to the mystery. We can look for anything that sounds like the California Gold Rush Company and



know that we have found our adversary."We talked for an hour and

decided that we would go to Sutter's Mill where gold was first found. We would see that the gold was discovered properly and did not fall into unscrupulous hands. Lucinda said, "This was a very dangerous period in American history. The lust for gold brought out the very worst in people and killing one another was not uncommon. The Mexicans were the land owners at the time of the discovery and it was two weeks later that the lands were turned over to the Americans. It was chaotic in that no one really owned anything with any certainty. To discover that all this land was filled with gold turned honest men into greedy scoundrels who would do anything to own it. I want all of you to be very careful as your very lives are on the line here."

One of the Kakuna brought us a map from the wall of scrolls and we could see that Sutter's Mill was about thirty-six miles from Sacramento. Alfred said, "More than likely the road from Sacramento to Sutter's Mill was used to transport gold shipments and I would imagine that stagecoach robberies were a common occurrence. We should be able to contact the marshals in Sacramento as that is where law and order would prevail. We will need a way to get to Sacramento quickly."

I wondered if Lucinda could create a spell to make Polly large enough to ride. Polly had been part of a vulture army that had been under a spell for a time. The army was returned to normal size when the wizard was killed. Polly helped us fly from place to place. I asked

Polly if she would like to give us rides again. "Caw, caw, caw!" She flapped her wings. It was easy to see she was very excited.

Lucinda thought for a moment. She said, "I know I can do this for you." She pulled a *Magic Incantations* book from her library and leafed through it. "I think this will do it." She handed me the book and asked

me to read the words.

I said, "Turn around three times and close your eyes
And soon you will be close to the skies.

Make that which was small,
Grow and be so very tall.

Alakazim, Alakazam!"

Polly circled around three times and grew larger with each turn. On the third turn she was as large as ever. Lucinda gave me an amulet made of red jasper and gave me instructions not to lose it. "Wear it around your neck and rub it while you say the words. You can make Polly large or small whenever you wish."



We decided to do a test run and soon we were all flying around Kira. We decided to land in the center of the village. Chief Wanakuka and his wife, Lanacua ran down the balcony to greet us. They were amazed to see all of us flying upon Polly. She was a hit among the

Kakuna and a large crowd gathered to admire her. Polly, of course, loved every minute of it. Lanacua said, "You must stay and have a luncheon with us." Zeke and Cedric were hungry (they loved to eat all the time) and we agreed to stay. Picnic tables were set in the middle of the square and we found ourselves being entertained by singers and dancers. We were served gobble berry sandwiches and tuna fish croissants. No one was sure if Polly would eat this food. The children took turns tossing her sandwiches and she gobbled them down. She said, "Caw, caw, caw!" Everyone took that to mean, "Thank you and could you toss me another?"

That afternoon we flew back to the palace and made preparations to time travel to 1848. I was able to reverse the spell on Polly and returned her to normal size. We sat in the shed and Lucinda cast a spell that sent us back in time. It began to spin around and we were hurled into a turquoise vortex for a brief moment and then we came crashing down at Sutter's Mill in 1848.

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~End of sample~