

# The Wurtherington Diary

## ~Tammy Meets Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves~

Restoration by Reynold Jay  
**9 to adult Color Print Edition**

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The Wurtherington Diary: Tammy Meets Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves

Book Three in the Series

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Flesch-Kincaid Reading Grade Level is 4.6 suitable for 9 to adult readers. This edition is the full length 18,500 word edition. An abbreviated edition for 9-12 is available with 12,600 words. Another edition for 9-10 age readers contains 4100 words.

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~Preface~



*The Wurtherington Diary*

*Tammy meets*

*Ali Baba & the Forty Thieves*

*by*

*Tammy Wurtherington*



Introduction and Notes by

Robert Landsbury, Amara, and Reynold Jay

Art restorations by Tenda Spencer,

Duy Truong, and Nourhan Hassan

Cover by Duy Truong



Dear Amara and Reynold Jay,

Since my last letter to you there has been a bit of interest in the house and the grounds out back. With the publication of the diary and the airing of the television program a great number of people have come to view the property. It began with an older couple from New Jersey that knocked on my door and inquired if they could view the shed and Tammy's room. I was happy to show them around and they were delighted that I would allow this. From there it became a regular occurrence and soon there was a flood of curious tourists.

I decided to accommodate these visitors and, to make a long story short, I have several employees that operate a tourist site on my property. I could see that the grounds could be spruced up to make it more presentable and ended up erecting a tent near the river to sell refreshments to the guests. The town council could see that the entire town was becoming quite prosperous accommodating the influx of people and decided to change the name of the town to Wutherington Falls. Many of the shop owners put up new store fronts and changed the names of their establishments to anything that included the word *Wutherington*.

Most claim that "Tammy was here!" and draw in customers. A woodworker set up shop selling the dolls and nutcrackers that Tammy mentions in her diary and is doing a thriving business. He says he must expand his operation and sell world-wide with franchised locations. I imagine that we have a "Tammy Phenomenon" well under way. I have no idea where all this is headed or how long something like this will last, however the Tammy diary is certainly giving my entire life an unexpected turn. There is talk of making me the mayor! I may very well accept the position, although it will take some consideration as I never envisioned myself being involved in community affairs.

I'm forwarding the third part of the diary to you and, as you would expect, I did read it over carefully. It is another great adventure of a totally different sort

that I hope others will enjoy as much as the first parts of it. Several titles come to mind as I read it over and I will leave that decision, of course, to you. I wish the both of you the very best and can only say "Thank you" for all you have done to bring the diary before the public eye.

Sincerely,

Professor Robert Landsbury

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Dear Robert,

Thank you for forwarding the third installment to me and I will see that Reynold Jay receives it without delay. I greatly anticipated reading it and I must say that it more than lived up to my expectations. I am happy that the diary is making your life a bit more profitable and wish you well with your endeavors. It sounds very exciting. I'm sure Tammy would approve if she were alive to see it.

Yours truly,

Amara

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Dear Robert and Amara

Thank you for sending the third part of the diary to me. It will be another exiting project for my restoration staff and they are already restoring the marvelous drawings. I did a bit of research on Mansa Musa. I must admit that I had never heard of him. The history is a bit sketchy as to what exactly occurred and, for the most part, it is mentioned only briefly in modern texts. Ms.

Wutherington's account of the trek appears to be accurate and could very well be one of the most important documents that mention it. In that she had discussions with Mansa Musa and Ali Baba is quite amazing to me. I did discover that "Mansa" means "king" when translated and that would make his official title "King Musa."

I believe I will call this part of the diary, "Tammy meets Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" since most have heard of Ali Baba and a few may be like me; and have never heard of Mansa Musa. I imagine that the distribution of this part of the diary may very well change all that.

Sincerely,

Reynold Jay

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## ~Chapter One~

*September 28, 1883*

*Dear Diary,*

*An entire day passed that was totally uneventful—*

That was yesterday.

Little did I suspect that today would be the beginning of an exhilarating new adventure!

I woke up and anticipated that the exciting part of my life was probably over now that the space-time continuum was settled. The world appeared to be back on track once again. Zeke and Cedric were wide awake ready to begin a new day.



"Good morning, Mistress Tammy!" they said in unison. They both were holding their note pads in anticipation of a writing lesson. I had taught them the letters, A, B, and C and showed each how to write their names. Ben Franklin had invented a pencil holding device for each of them so that they could write with their paws. Otherwise, they would not have been able to write at all. They were proud of their progress as both were fiercely determined to read and write. After all, Zeke had been proclaimed, "The

greatest writer in the entire world!" by Thomas Jefferson.

I made them promise not to start a pillow fight the night before and threatened not to give them a writing lesson in the morning.

Zeke said, "No pillow fighting, this morning, Mistress Tammy." He gave me that smile that reminded me that he was the last of the flying opossums.

His entire life had been stolen from him when his village was destroyed and his family murdered by a korgoyle. Cedric came from Mongoose Valley and

simply liked Zeke and me enough to live with us in River Falls, Ohio. I taught the pair the letter D this morning and told them to play in the back yard until I returned from school.

I ate a breakfast of bacon and eggs prepared by Aunt May. I gave Lord Wixby a kiss on the cheek as I always did and noticed that he was not reading the newspaper, a rare event. I seated myself next to my step brother, Mark. We both enjoyed the blueberry hotcakes that Aunt May had especially prepared that morning.

When I opened the front door, I knew that something was terribly wrong. All the houses were gone! There is no other way to say it. We had neighbors and now there was only an empty field sprouting yellow grasses and patches of weeds. I walked a few steps and saw that we were the only house around. It was as though we lived in a remote valley like forlorn hermits. I asked Mark where we might find the school and he just looked at me. "If we are not going to school, where are we going?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders and said he had never heard of a school. He said we usually just walked around and didn't do much of anything. I ran back inside and asked Aunt May and Lord Wixby where I was supposed to go and they said I could go anywhere I wanted and looked at me strangely. I decided to find Zeke and Cedric out back and we played in the shed. I began making some new outfits for them on my sewing machine and Zeke pointed out the window. "Come and look!" he said.

"There are empty fields out there, mate," said Cedric. Reluctantly, he glanced out the window. "Mistress Tammy--you must see this!"

I opened the door and stepped outside where this gigantic bug-thing was staring at us.

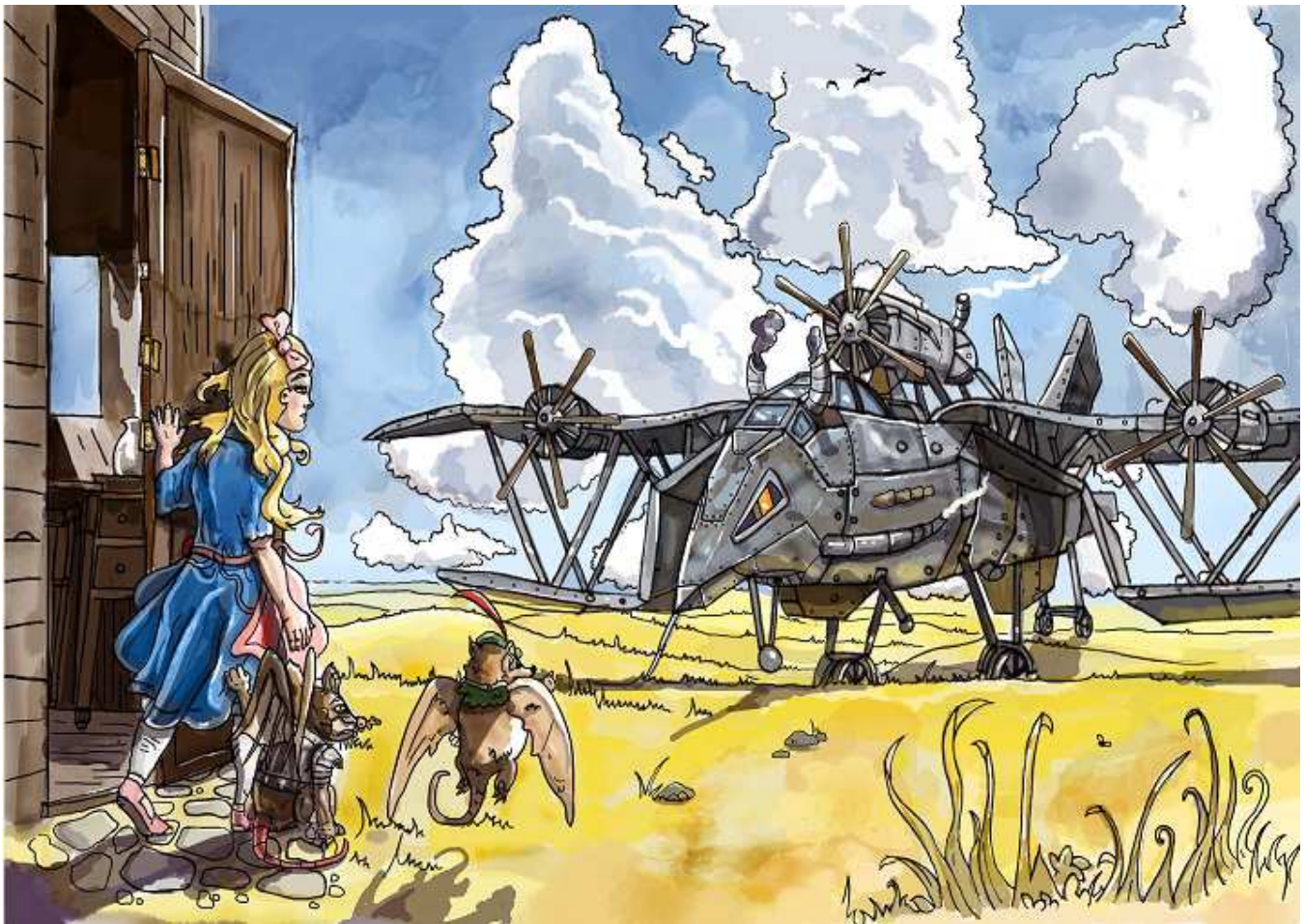
My first reaction was to turn and run screaming into the house. I could see that it was not moving and did not act like it wanted to eat us. Zeke grabbed my knees and began trembling. "Mistress Tammy," he said, "I am afraid. What is this?"

I told him I had never seen anything like it.

Cedric said, "It's a thingamajig, mate!"

Zeke said, "Oh yeah, smarty-pants – what does it do?"

I wanted to know. I said, "Dear, Cedric – do tell us." I figured he had no idea what it was (how could he?) and was about to make up something.



"It makes pancakes, mate. That spiral thing up there turns around and these wheels here run over the skillet and squashes the dough. The head chef sits up there looking through the window and then he warms up the oven. Then they squash it." He pulled out a toothpick. He crossed his arms and picked his teeth as though he were an expert on the thingamajig.

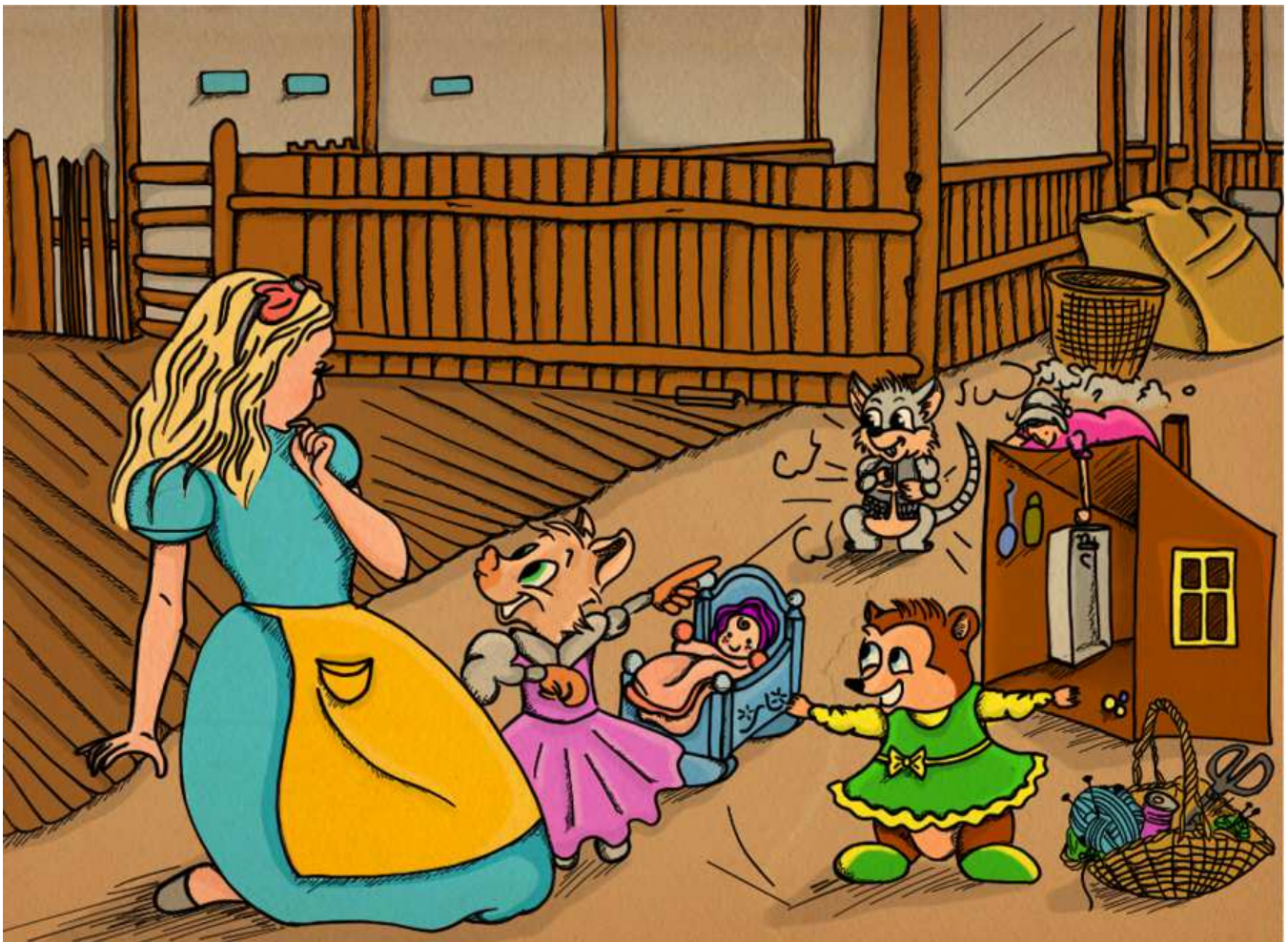
I said, "It has wings like a bird. Maybe it can fly too."

Cedric said, "I can't imagine a heavy thing like that flying. Nope – not a chance."

Zeke wanted to go and so did I. We went back into the shed. I thought that it might be possible that the space-time continuum had taken a nasty turn and had turned my world upside down, just like the day British soldiers were marching up and down the street. I gathered Zeke and Cedric at my side and we played in



the shed while we waited to be contacted by Lucinda the Sorceress. At least I hoped she would send for me as I could not take another moment of this! The thingamajig frightened me although I did not let on that I was terrified.



We did not need to wait long as Alfred the Great appeared in a cloud of sparkle dust and brushed it from his clothes. "I am glad to see all of you!" he said. "We do not have a moment to lose!" We gathered around him while the hourglass ticked off the final moments.

He said,

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

Something went horribly wrong with the trip and the entire shed was picked up and we were hurled into a giant whirlpool that spun us 'round and 'round. Alfred held on for dear life. "Oh, oh!" he screamed. "Hold on tight." It was not that bad as the whirlpool was very wide, however it sucked us into the center of



it. We began spinning around so fast we became dizzy and Alfred turned green. He yelled, "Lucinda! Get us out of here!" We were hurled to the bottom of the ocean and then high up into the air. We pitched over the side of a mile high waterfall and back into the water. We acried, "Help!" and figured we were about to drown. Water was pouring in from the walls and we were sinking at an alarming rate. I peered out the window and a hungry whale was headed straight for us, apparently happy to find some unexpected tidbits to chew on.

Zeke and Cedric took one look out the window and shivered in terror. "We are about to be lunch!" they shouted as the whale took a leap into the air and lurched upon us!



Suddenly, a tornado lifted the shed high into the air. We all became dizzy and suddenly there was a "THUD!" and we stopped whirling around. I was almost afraid to peek out the window. Alfred was the bravest and strolled out the door. He called us out and told us that it looked safe enough. We found

ourselves in a large metal room that reminded me of the lobby in the capital building in Columbus. Cedric flew around the room and found a tiny door hidden behind strange machines in a far corner.

"Over here, mates!" he called to us. We stepped through the door and saw that we were floating in the sky with a gigantic submarine hovering over our heads. I imagined that something terrifying dwelt inside it and would come after us. Zeke and Cedric flew up to the deck while Alfred and I stood on the dock. Zeke stomped around on the deck as though he were an admiral. He said, "Yoo-hoo, is anyone home?" He began knocking on the hull. "Yoo-hoo!"

"Come back here!" I shouted to him. "And be quiet. There might not be friendly creatures inside."

Cedric agreed. "Let's get out of here, mate before something really nasty comes out the hatch."

"I had not thought of that!" said Zeke. They flew down to Alfred and me.

I led everyone back to the shed as we all felt safer there. We had no more than stepped back inside and the shed began to shake as though an earthquake had struck. We were shot through the roof of the building. I could see strange spider-like creatures crawling out of the submarine as we hurled off into space.

Alfred saw them too. He said, "We got out of there just in time."

A wave of water swept over us. Seconds later we found ourselves settled in the palace garden in Capira where apple blossom drifted lazily in a cool autumn breeze. We were all drenched and water spilled over the ground. Poor Alfred had returned to his human form with a fish in his mouth. Queen Betty came running over and assisted him to his feet. The fish dropped to the grass and she said she planned to cook it for dinner. Zeke and Cedric spit up water. "I never want to go swimming again, mate," said Cedric as he helped Zeke to his feet. He looked at Lucinda. "I hope you have an explanation for this!"

Lucinda apologized for the unexpected turn of events. "It is the space-time continuum that did this to you. It is affecting everything and my usual spells have bad side effects." We settled under scarlet parasols where she explained that something had gone horribly wrong in the year 1324. She unveiled her crystal ball and we could see a string of camels winding through a desert. She

said, "This is the caravan of Mansa Musa making its historic journey to Medina." She explained that Mansa Musa was an African king who owned the North African gold mines of Timbuktu and decided he wanted to make a holy journey to Medina. He always thought big and wanted to make an impression upon the citizenry, so he took one hundred camels with each carrying three hundred pounds of gold. When he arrived a royal wedding in Medina was abruptly cancelled. An evil empire ruled from that moment and the entire history of the world took an ugly turn.



Lucinda said, "Somehow the space-time continuum was interrupted and Mansa Musa never arrived in Medina. You must see that he arrives with his gold and that Princess Jasmine marries Prince Ahriman."

Zeke said, "That sounds easy enough to me."

Zeke flew up to the throne room and fetched a map from the wall of scrolls and laid it on the table. We traced out the route and noted that there was a lot of

ground to travel. Alfred said, "Camels will be cumbersome. We need something fast so we can get from place to place quickly."

Lucinda thought for a moment. "I had not had time to think of this. In Kira we have the bees. That will not do at all."

Alfred said, "1324 was the age of magic and sorcery – magic lamps and flying carpets."

Lucinda said, "A magic carpet will do."

I said, "I always believed that was only in fairy tales."

She said, "Anything is possible in Kira." She led us up a spiral staircase to the throne room; and then found a Persian carpet in one of the bedrooms. She asked me to sit on it. She waved her wand and said,

"Carpet made of Persian thread today  
May you become alive and up and away.  
You shall answer to Tammy's every whim,  
And fly her up and away upon the wind."

Suddenly the carpet began to rise from the floor.

"Oh, oh," I said. This was a bit scary – and exciting too!

Lucinda and the others sat beside me. "You are the master, Tammy," said Lucinda. "Fly us over the city if you can." She guided me through it and soon we were flying over the rooftops of Capira. She said I should give the carpet a name and I decided to call her Roxanna. I found I could point where I wanted to go or give an instruction. "Fly us over the Oxboar forest, Roxanna!" Within minutes we were flying over the heads of the mighty Hoarggs who inhabited the forest. Then we flew on to Polynesia and waved to the bee colony that filled the skies. Soon we were back in the palace chamber. I rolled up Roxanna and placed her under my arm. We were prepared to travel through time and space to the land of enchantment. Lucinda had us hold hands and cast a spell to send us on our journey. I hoped we would not land in a whirlpool. So did the others.

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End of sample