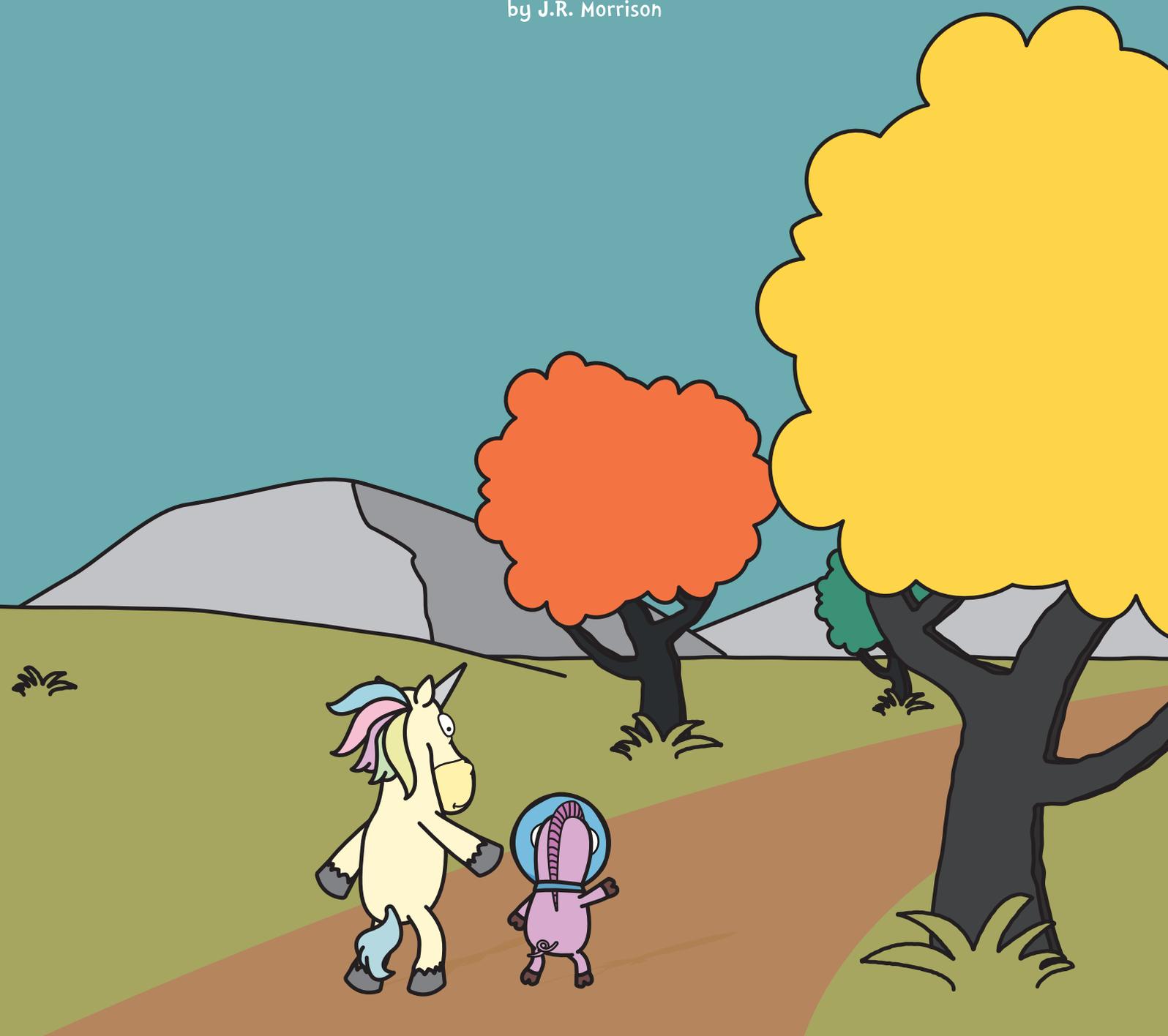


A  
WELCOME TO  
YONDER  
Adventure

# The Journey To Mystery Mountain

by J.R. Morrison



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The Journey To Mystery Mountain

Written and illustrated by J.R. Morrison.

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A Welcome To Yonder Adventure.  
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# Chapter One

Are you awake?

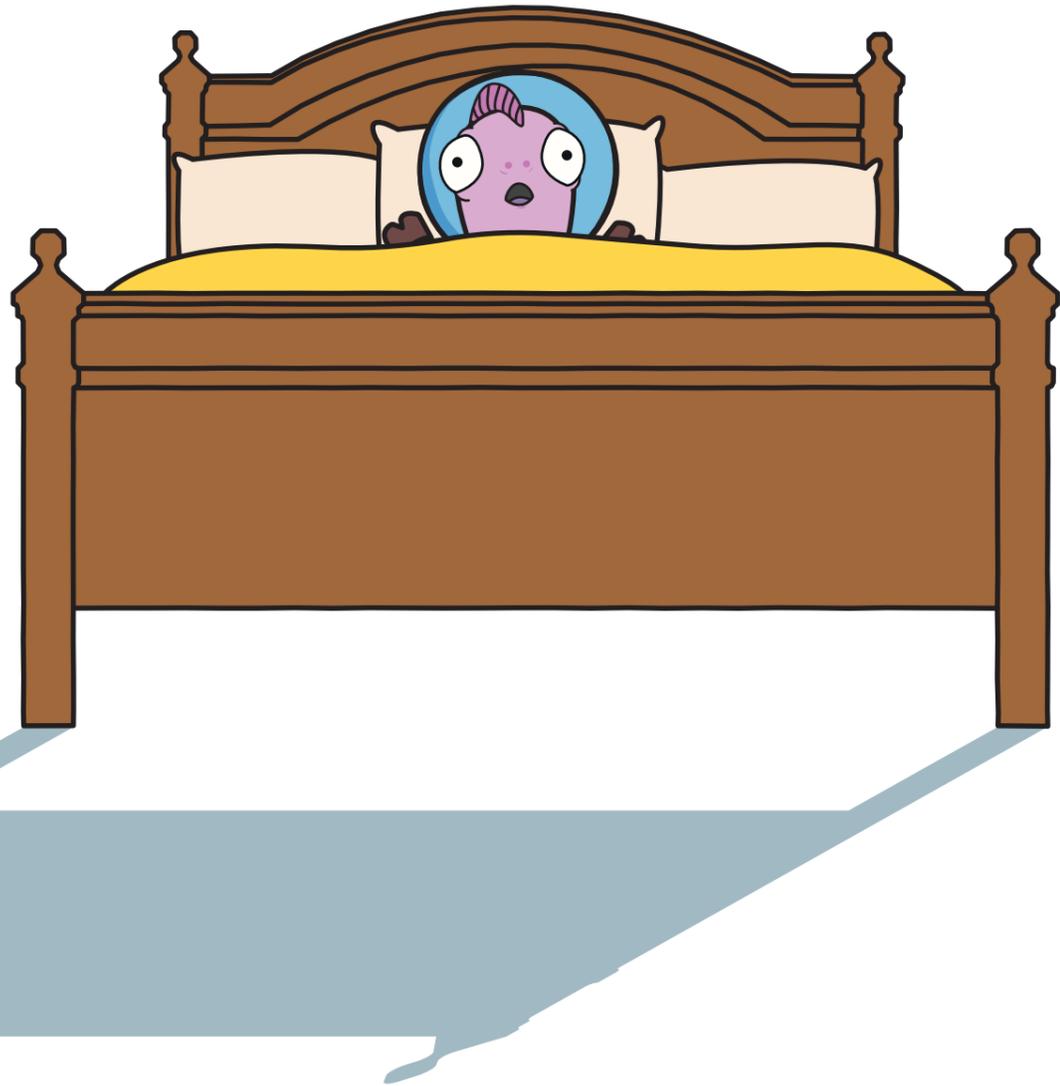
“Are you sleeping or are you awake?”



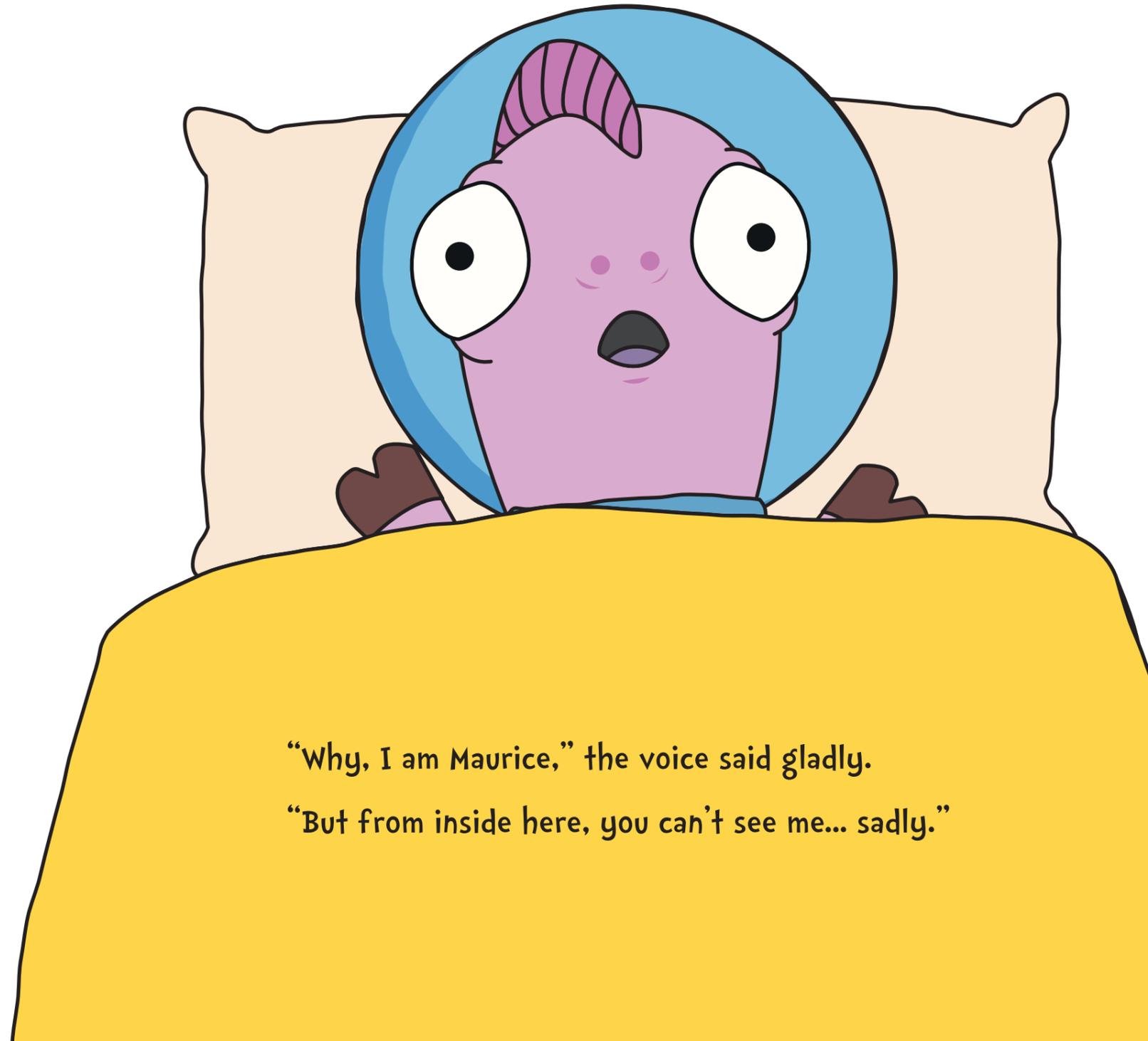
What a curious question,  
the voice did make.

The creature awoke, all in a worry.  
“I think I’m awake,” it said in a hurry.

The creature sat up, in a very strange bed,  
with so many questions,  
running through its head.



“But who are you?” the creature asked,  
“and where are you?” the creature gasped.  
“And where am I?” it asked itself,  
“and who am I... am I myself?”



“Why, I am Maurice,” the voice said gladly.  
“But from inside here, you can’t see me... sadly.”

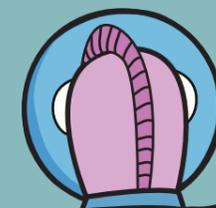


The creature ran outside, as timid as a mouse,  
to see a giant mushroom tree, as big as a house.

“You see, little one, you have nothing to fear,  
I’m just an old tree that you can see here.

“I wander across Yonder, like a travelling B&B,  
and I’m not hard to miss, as you can clearly see.  
I travel at night and I glow in the dark.  
I must have some sort of magical bark.

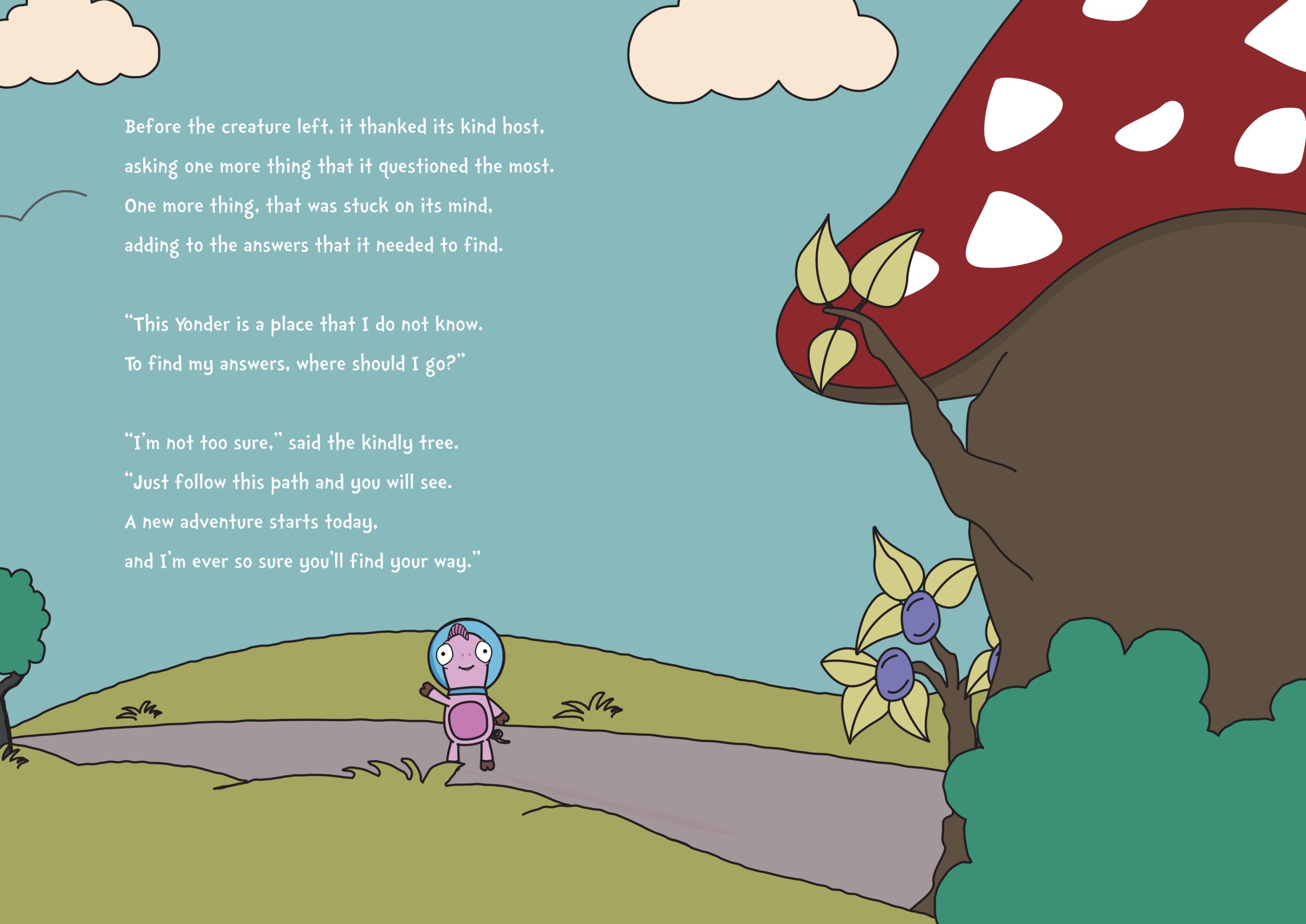
“I only know what comes into view.  
As for you, I’m afraid, I haven’t a clue.”



Before the creature left, it thanked its kind host,  
asking one more thing that it questioned the most.  
One more thing, that was stuck on its mind,  
adding to the answers that it needed to find.

“This Yonder is a place that I do not know.  
To find my answers, where should I go?”

“I’m not too sure,” said the kindly tree.  
“Just follow this path and you will see.  
A new adventure starts today,  
and I’m ever so sure you’ll find your way.”



Into the deep dark forest  
the creature did walk.  
Hearing distant whispers,  
as if the trees could talk.

“What is that thing?”  
“What is that there?”

The whispers kept asking,  
and the creature grew scared.



Then suddenly,  
with a WHIZZ and a WHOOP,  
and a BANG and a CRASH.

In the trees above, there was a great SMASH.

As bits and pieces fell to the ground,  
the creature hid...  
...until there was no longer a sound.

Once the forest quietly calmed,  
the creature could finally see,  
what looked to be a unicorn, stuck in a tree.

Deciding what to do, the creature did wonder.  
What a weird place this is, this place they call Yonder.

But getting over its fear, and doing what's right,  
the creature called out, to the unicorn's delight.  
“You appear to be stuck... that I can see.  
Would you like some help,  
getting down from that tree?”



“Thank you!” said the unicorn, catching its breath.

“You saved me from, I’m sure, a complete and certain death.

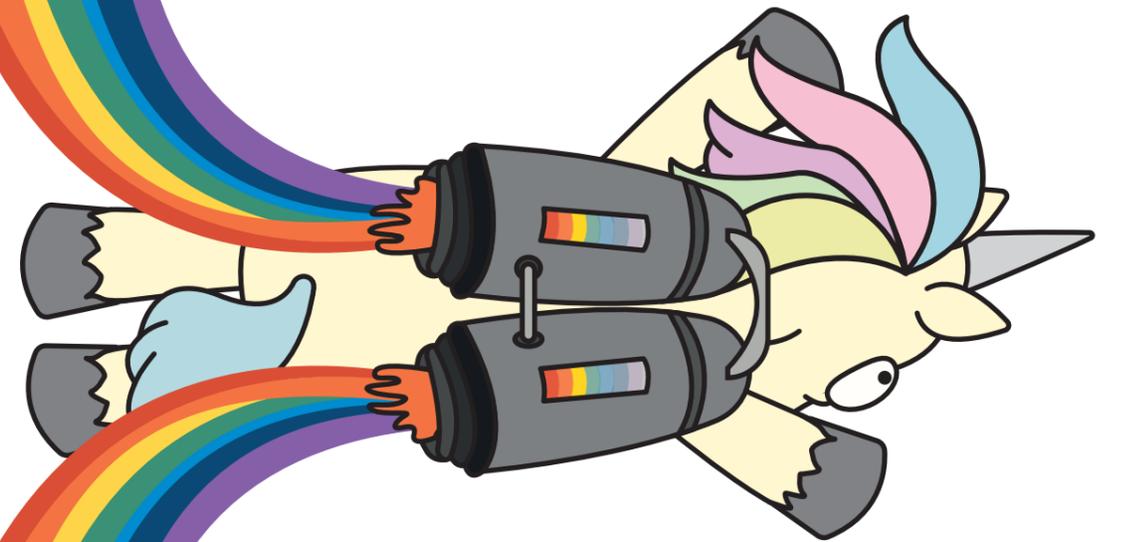
“I was being chased by a big and terrible beast.

That’s eating all of Yonder, like some sort of feast.

“I managed to escape on my rainbow-powered jetpack.

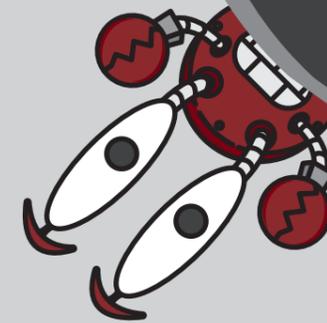
I was on my way home... now I really must get back!

“You see, we are losing our rainbows, and I ran out of fuel,  
as The Gloom continues its terrible rule.”



“This monster, this ‘Gloom’, it is made out of smoke.  
And is a danger to all of the poor Yonder folk.

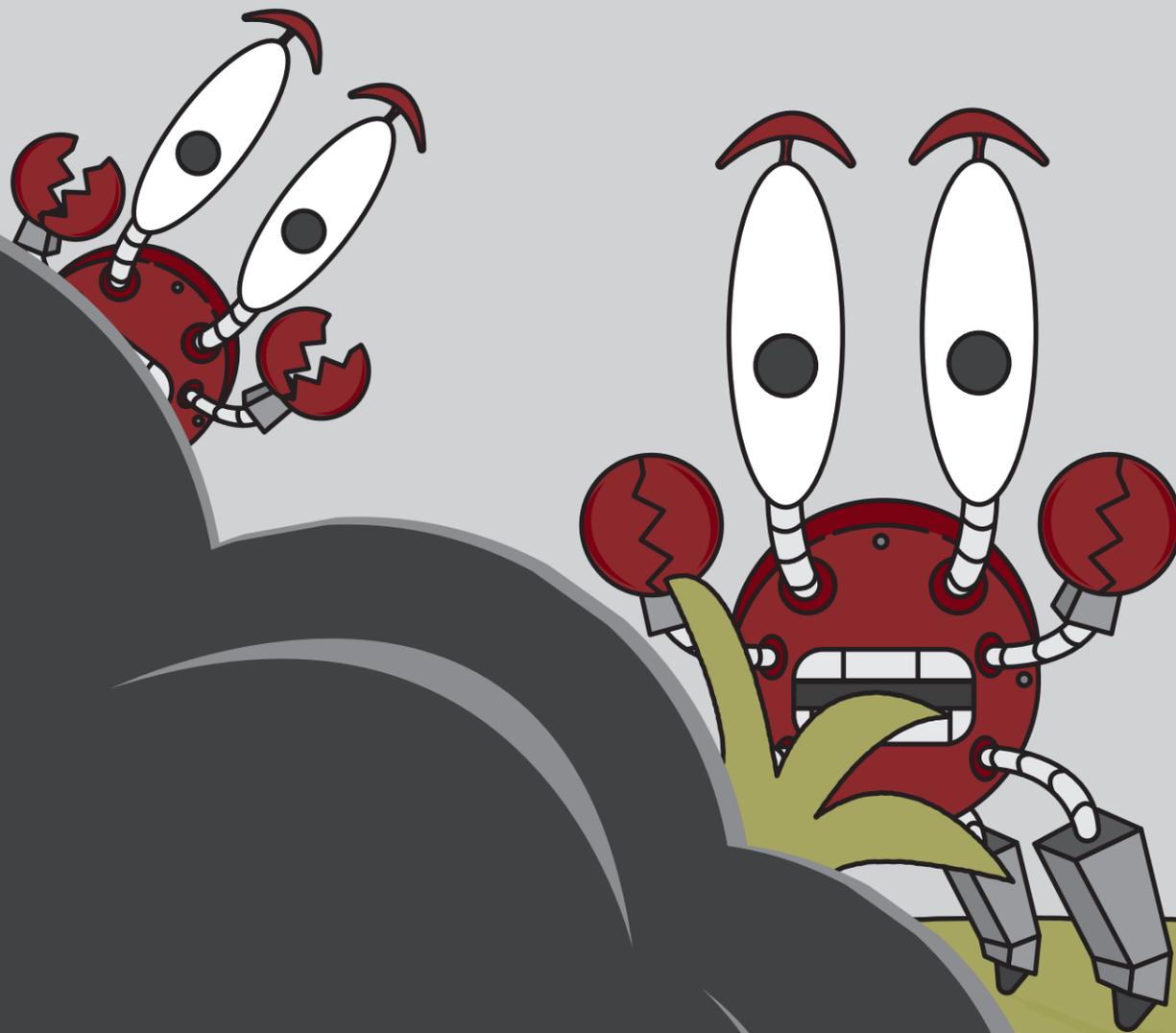
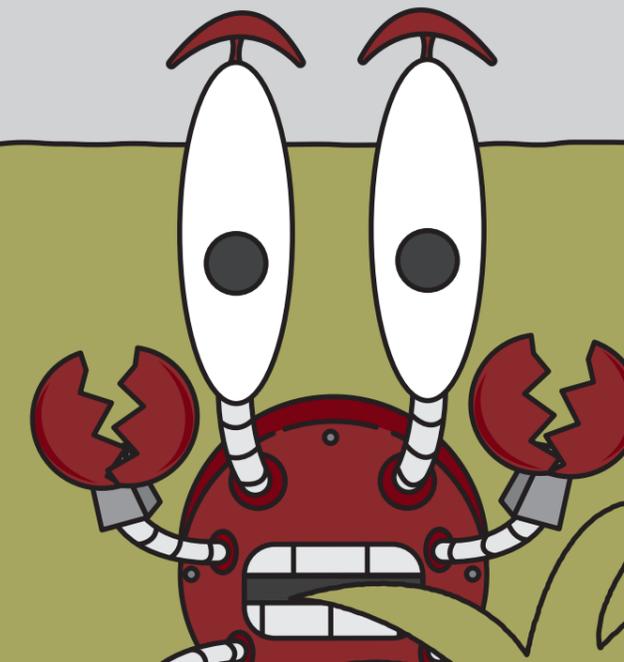
“It has an army of robots, the bad Robot Krabs.  
They eat all of Yonder, destroying our land.



“Now, I really must get home  
and help my friends in need.  
For surely The Gloom will get them indeed.

“But for where I am now, I don’t have a clue.  
And forgive my manners,” said the unicorn.

“I’m Terry. How do you do?”



“Nice to meet you, Terry,”  
said the creature with a smile.

“But that’s a question I’ve been asking  
for the last fifty mile.

“For I do not know how I got here,  
or what I really am.

I was hoping to find  
someone to help.

Or at least, that was the plan.”

Terry then had an idea,  
since both our friends were lost.

“We could help each other out, at no extra cost?”

“If you help me now,” said Terry,

“find my way back home.

I happily promise to help,

make all your answers known.”

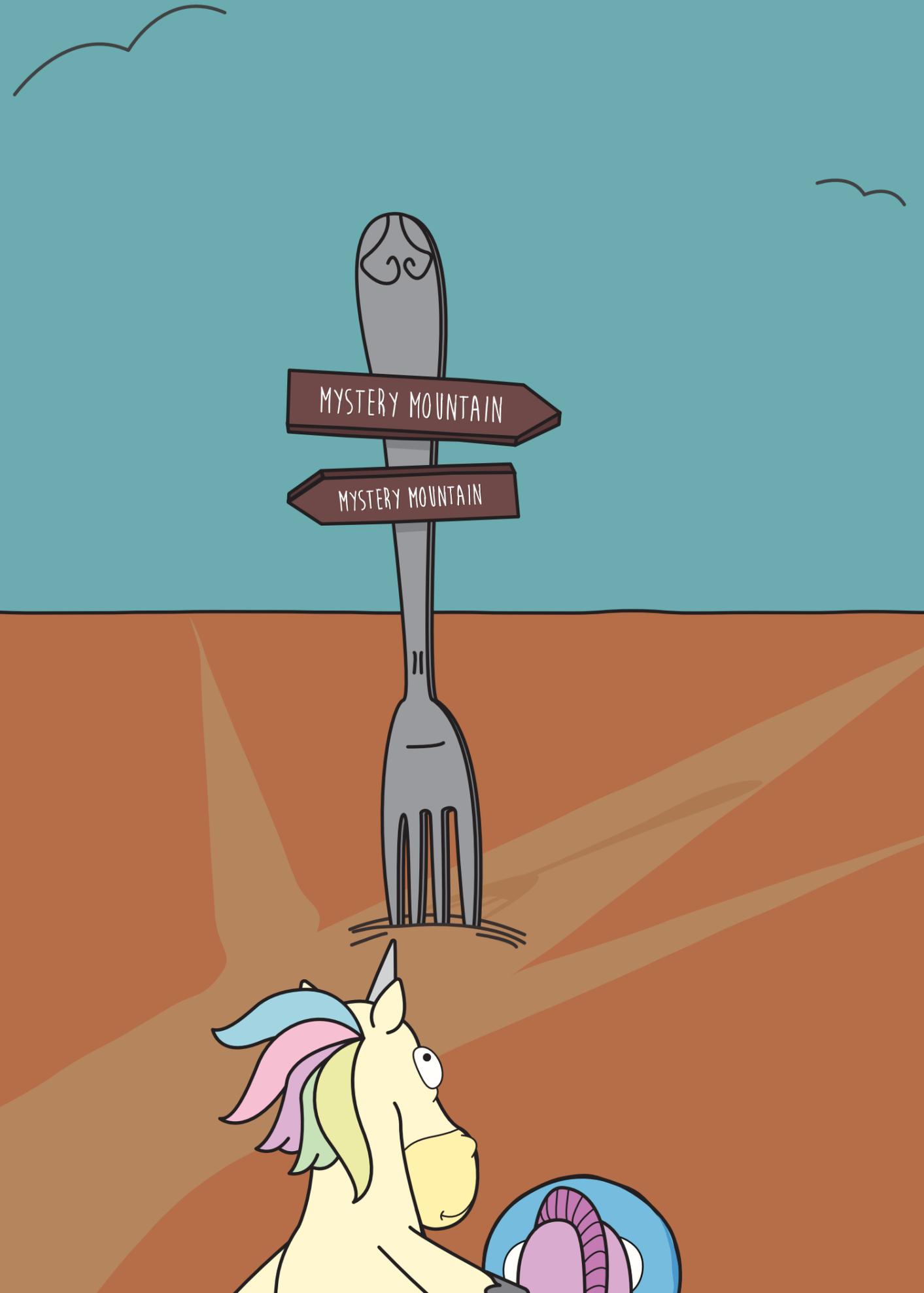


The creature and Terry,  
they walked for some time.  
In the distance an object,  
sparkled bright with sunshine.

As they got closer,  
they could see something old.  
An old silver fork,  
In the middle of the road.

In the middle of nowhere,  
in the middle of the day.  
The signs for Mystery Mountain,  
they pointed both ways.

Our friends had a choice.  
Which direction to go?  
Would they go the right way?  
They really didn't know.





“Welcome, dear strangers.”

The snake hissed, with a gaze.

“I am the keeper of this magical maze.

“A maze with no end,  
unless you find all the treasure.

Your courage and thinking,  
this magic maze will measure.”

After walking for miles, there appeared a great wall.

As wide as the view, and as twice as tall.

As our friends got closer, the wall started to shake.

It wasn't a wall at all, but a giant snoozle snake.

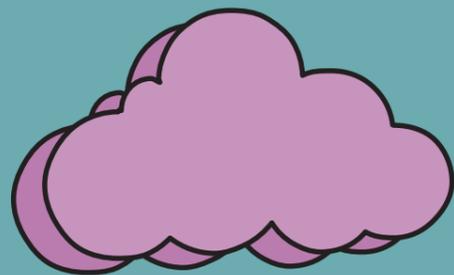
So with no other choice, our friends walk in.

To find the hidden treasure, somewhere within.

The creature and Terry, now stuck inside.

Will they find their way out... to the other side?





# Chapter Two

Head in a cloud.



As our friends escaped the magical maze,  
they entered a strange and unusual place.

Far in the distance,  
standing graceful and proud,  
a giant giraffe,  
with its head in a cloud.



Just past the old mountains  
and coming into view,  
The Gloom peered over,  
as the Yonder winds blew.

The Gloom moved closer,  
crossing the land.

A clickety-clacking,  
followed in hand.

The sound of Robot Krabs  
scurrying about.

Eating everything in sight.  
Not a thing left out.



Our friends rushed towards,  
the giant Giraffe.

They climbed up its neck,  
as The Gloom drifted past.



After some time, they reached the top.

On the candy floss clouds, our friends did drop.

“Good Evening,” said the giraffe,  
with a wink and a smile.

Turning its head, every once in a while.

The giant giraffe ate, so very loud.

While munching down on a candy floss cloud.

“This is a surprise, for I don’t think we’ve met.  
I was just about to watch this beautiful sunset.”





“Do you have a name?”  
asked the creature, to the giant giraffe.

“I have many, many names... now that you ask.

“Many different people,  
have called me many different names.  
Now I go by Godfrey, across the Yonder plains.”

“Do you know about The Gloom?”  
Terry asked, with some hope.  
“Why yes, I do indeed. That is a slippery slope.”



“It started in a factory, all very innocent indeed.  
Building Robot Krabs, to help everyone in need.  
To helping at home, and cleaning the streets,  
Robot Krabs were all very tidy and neat.”



“But something went wrong, and the Krabs took over.  
Making more of themselves, over and over.  
Eating all of Yonder to make even more Krabs.  
The Gloom is the smoke that now follows their path.”

Godfrey ended his story,  
as night turned to day.  
A sound of something getting close,  
was not too far away.

Looking around  
and up to the skies,  
a pirate ship, made out of wool,  
floated right before their eyes.

As it dropped its anchor  
there began to unload,  
a parade of pirate kittens,  
all courageous and bold.

The kittens hurried over,  
waving their tiny kitten swords.  
Pointing to the pirate ship,  
making our friends look towards.



Then out stepped a figure,  
who was feared across the skies.  
Who would easily put you in your place,  
with one stern look of her eyes.  
With a peg for a leg, and a hook for a hand.  
She sailed the high sky, across the Yonder land.

“I am Captain Granny,” said with such a firm kindness.

“This Gloom, those Krabs, are ever so bad.

What they’re doing is utterly mindless!

“We are here on a mission – to find magic treasure.

And to stop this Gloom and this madness forever.

“Will you join our quest, and take the heroes way?

To finally stop The Gloom...

...and hopefully save the day!”





Up through the blue skies, our heroes did float.  
With Yonder below, looking all tired and choked.

Across the Custard Desert and The Lands Before Time.  
The Gloom covered everything, in a thick dark slime.

“Fingers crossed,” the captain said,  
“that we are not too late.  
If we can’t stop this terrible Gloom,  
this will be all of Yonder’s fate.”

When all of a sudden,  
from a great height above,  
arrived a group... of cheeky little pugs.

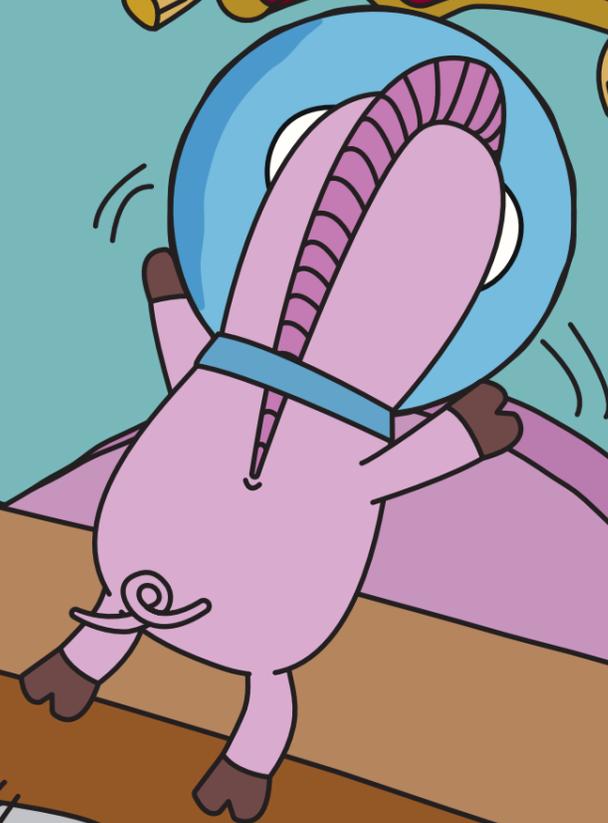


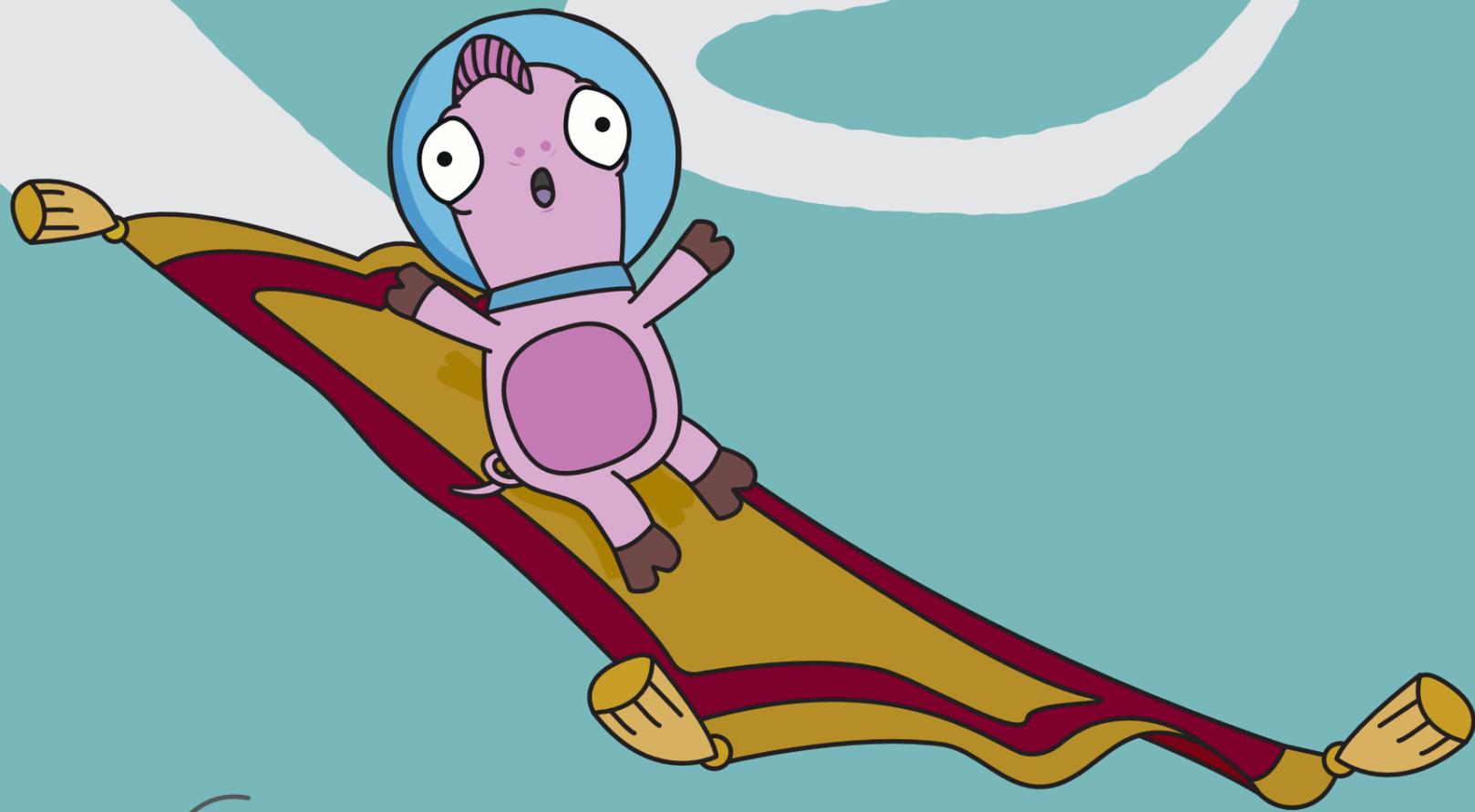
The chief pug calls out,  
“Get ready! Get set!”  
Throwing balloons filled with water,  
making everything wet.



The creature jumped up and knocked a pug off its rug,  
that was floating in the middle of the air.

But the rug took the creature,  
on a whirlwind flight,  
giving its rider a scare.





Through the skies, the magic rug fell,  
getting further and further away.

The creature hoped to see its friends again,  
and help them save the day.

With a WHIRL and a WHOOSH, the magic rug flew.  
The creature, still holding on.

Where in Yonder would its journey end?

What land would it come upon?



The rug finally landed,  
with a bit of a thump.  
Giving the creature,  
a bit of a bump.

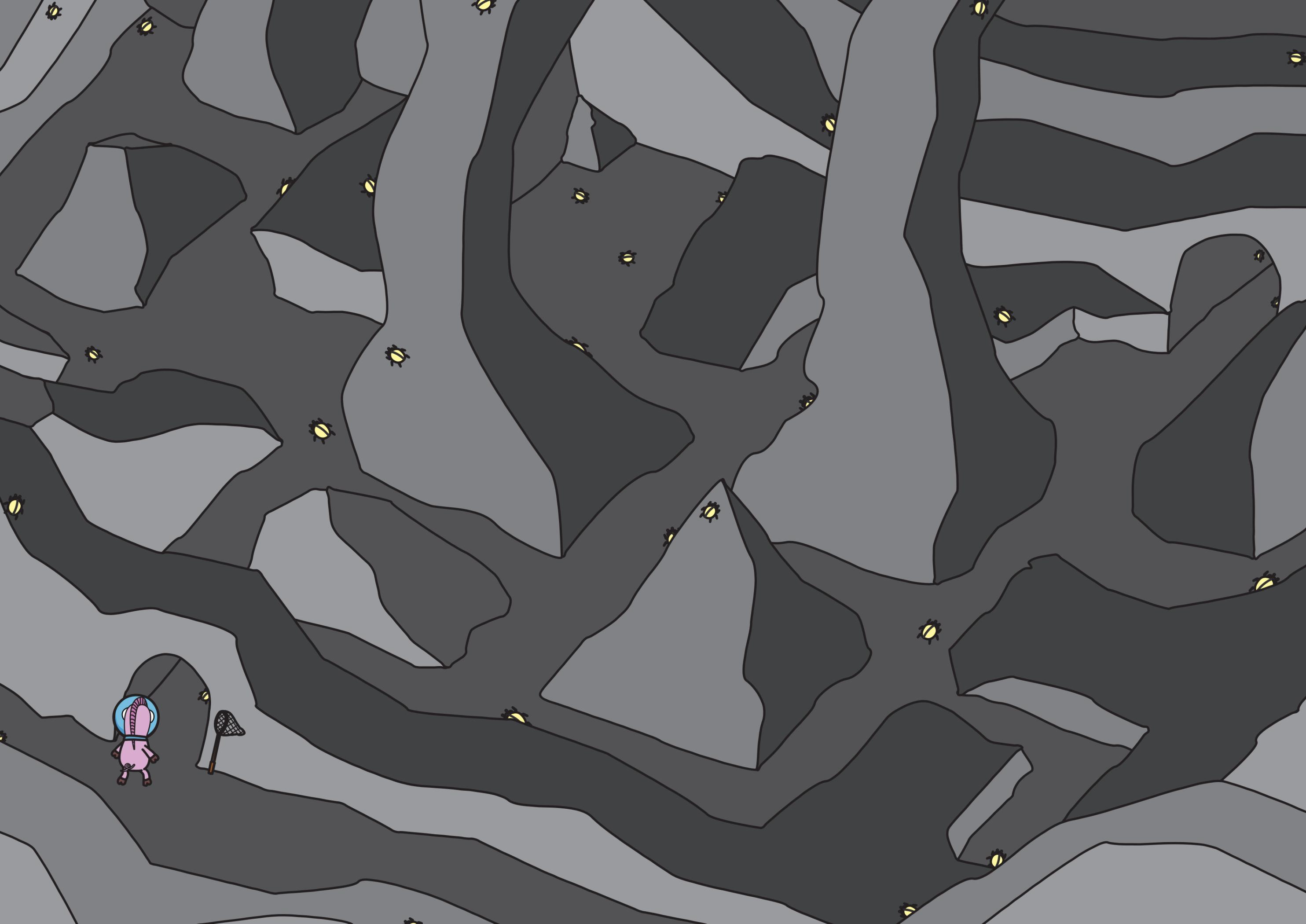
Little did it know  
the creature had come to be...  
Outside the entrance  
to the Mountain of Mystery.



Inside the cave,  
it was all dark and scary.  
The creature was brave,  
but had to be wary.

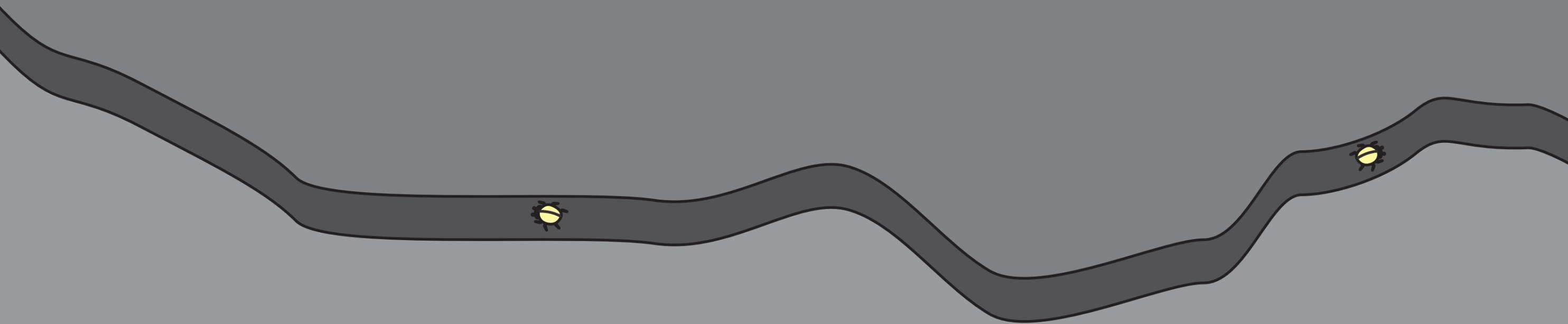
The deeper it went,  
the darker it got.  
Was this a good idea?  
The creature thought not.

A dim light appeared,  
rising up all around,  
with glowing glugs squirming,  
all over the ground.  
“If I catch these glugs, without a delay,  
they would surely help  
light up my way.”



# Chapter Three

No matter what the cost.





The bookworm led the creature over,  
to a hooded and shadowy figure.

The figure looked up, from its head in a book,  
and its grin could not have been bigger.

“Hello, little one,” said the grand old sock,

“I’ve been waiting for you for some time.

I’ve been following your story,

like the hands of a clock.

This story of adventure and rhyme.

“I have read all these books  
to help give you the answers.  
But can only provide you with one.

For we don’t have much time,  
as The Gloom moves closer,  
and Yonder is completely over-run.”



“You must choose, you must choose,”  
said the grand old sock.

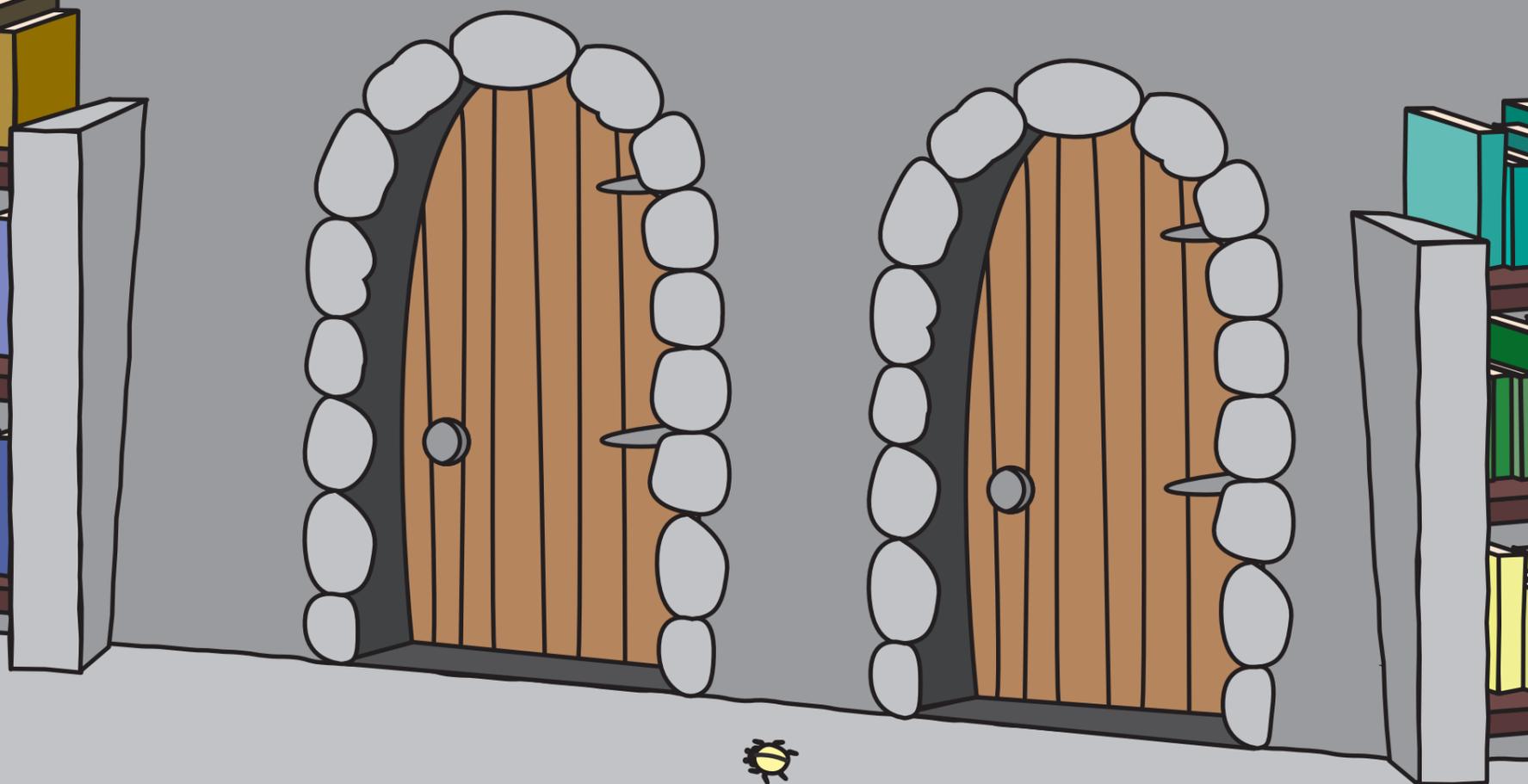
“But you must choose quickly... tick tock... tick tock...”



“Do you choose your new friends,  
who have helped you this far?  
Or choose to find out...  
'who' you really are?”



“For one door leads here, and one door leads there.  
But you must choose quickly. Oh I know it's not fair.  
The choices we make, they tell us great things.  
Who we are as a person, and what life may bring.”



“So now you must choose, before it's too late.  
Or time will be the one that seals your fate.”

So without a thought, a word or a whimper.  
The creature chose.  
It could not have been simpler.



Choosing a door, the creature did walk,  
into a deep, dark tunnel,  
that echoed your talk.

“Hello,” said the creature.

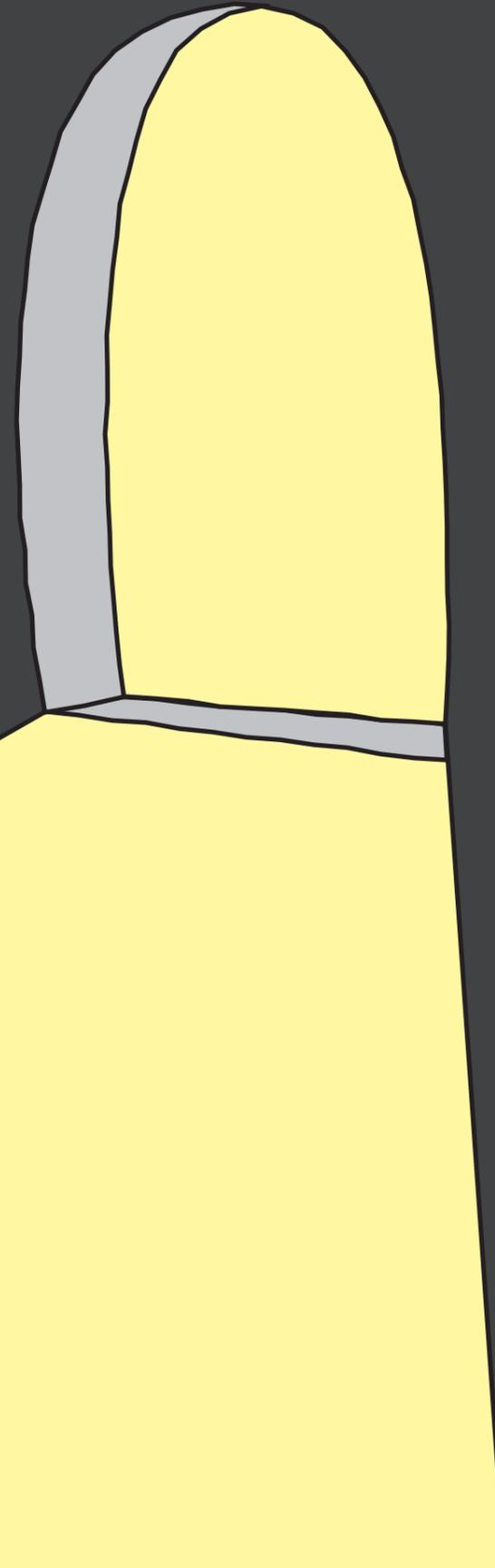
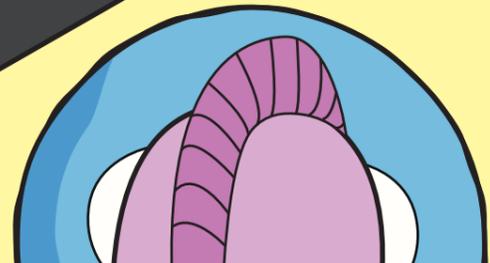
“Hello - hello,” a voice replied back.

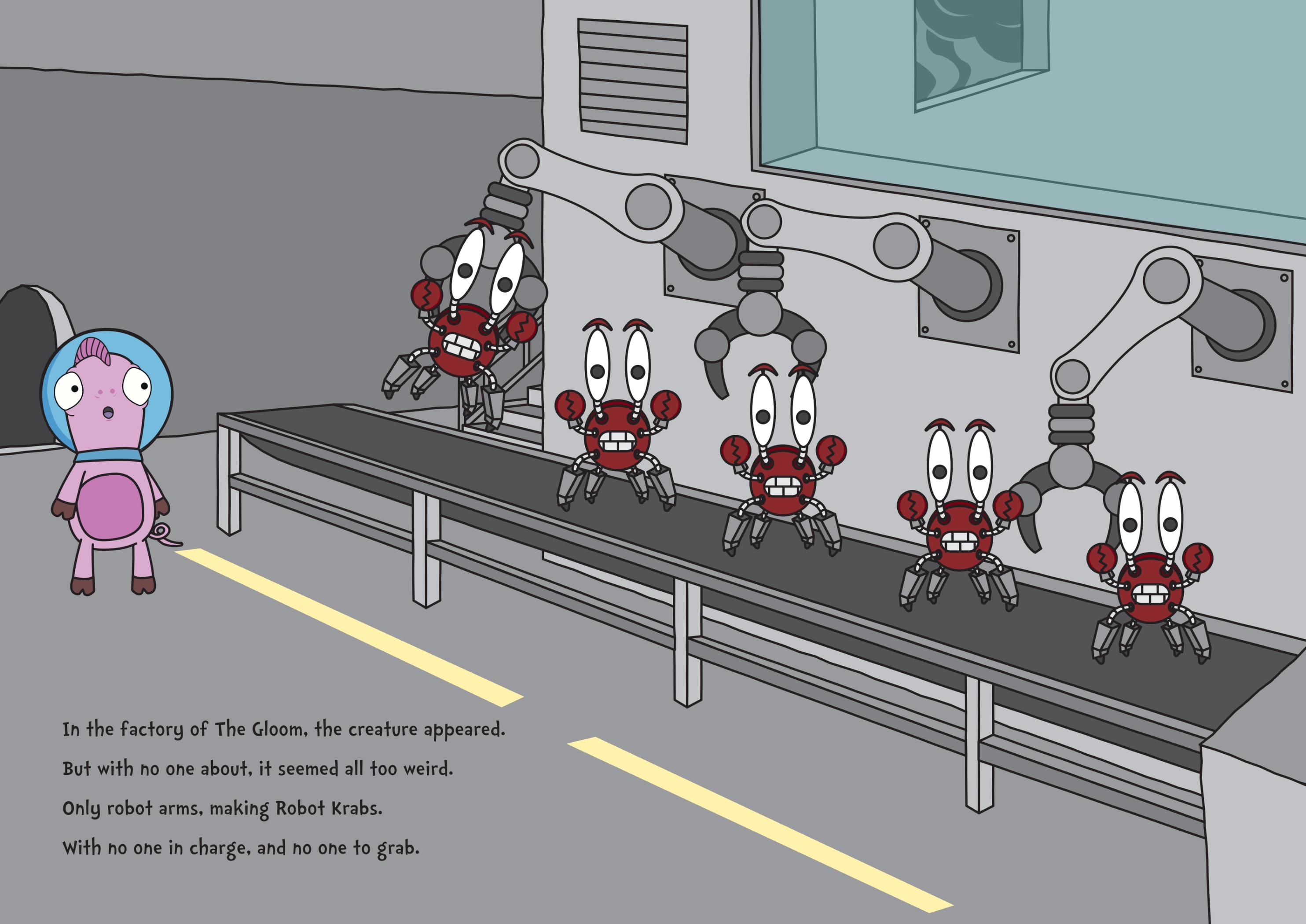
“Am I alone?” asked the creature.

An empty silence filled the black.

Then up ahead a doorway, filled with the brightest light.

It could brighten even the darkest of days,  
and the darkest of gloomy nights.





In the factory of The Gloom, the creature appeared.

But with no one about, it seemed all too weird.

Only robot arms, making Robot Krabs.

With no one in charge, and no one to grab.

The creature looked around  
with the whole factory empty,  
only robots making robots,  
and making more than plenty.



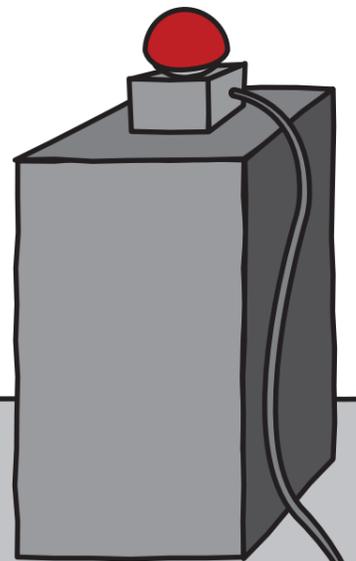
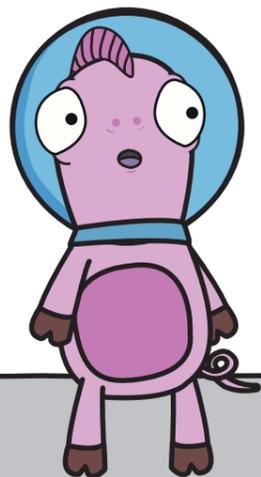
The sign above read, 'Emergency Stop',  
but would this stop The Gloom,  
in this factory workshop.

The creature leaned over,  
and had to think twice.

Into a room, the creature lightly tread,  
to find a big large button, all shiny and red.

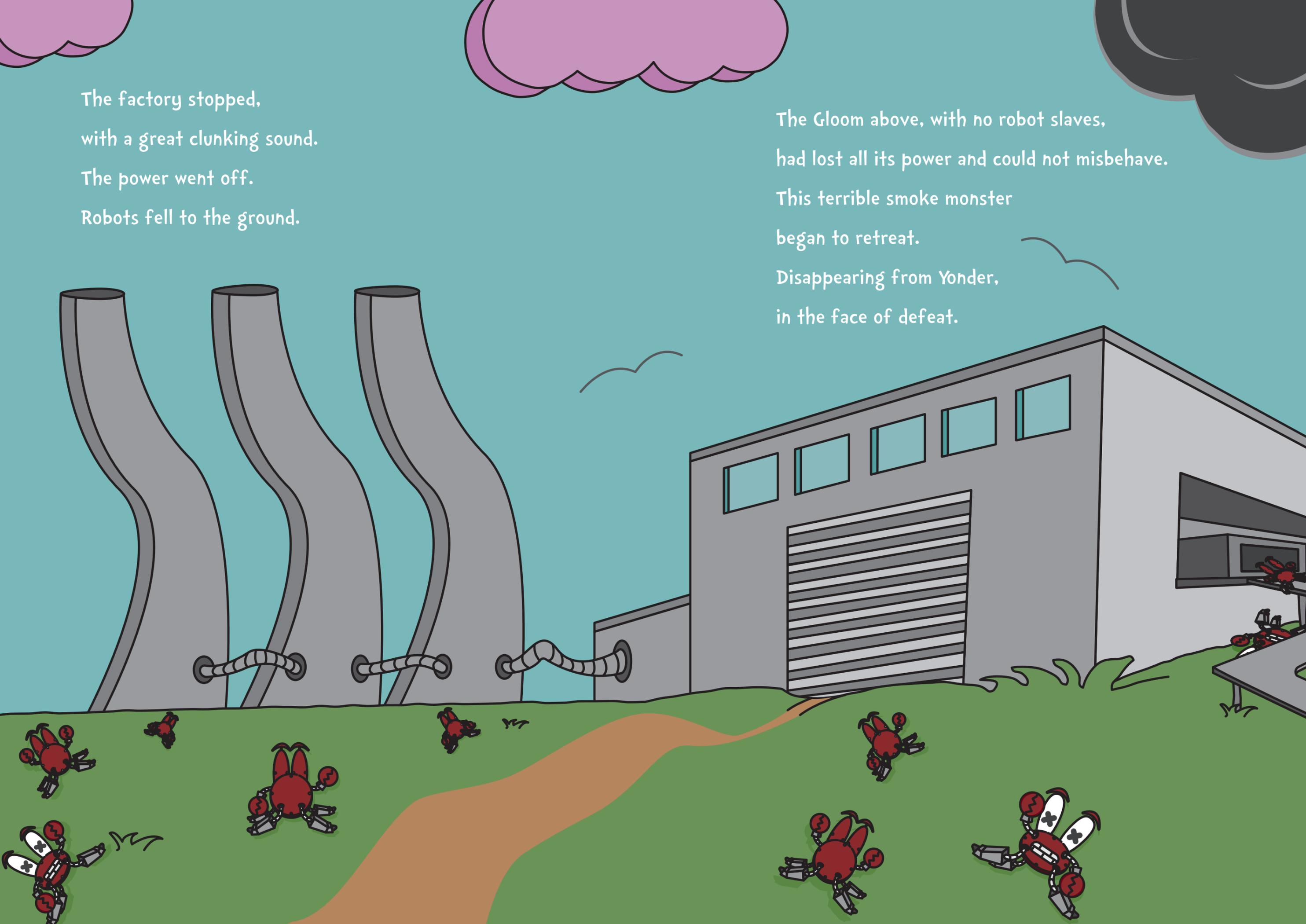
Was it doing the right thing?

Was it worth the price?



The factory stopped,  
with a great clunking sound.  
The power went off.  
Robots fell to the ground.

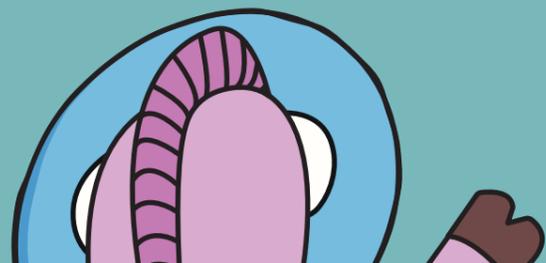
The Gloom above, with no robot slaves,  
had lost all its power and could not misbehave.  
This terrible smoke monster  
began to retreat.  
Disappearing from Yonder,  
in the face of defeat.



The factory fell quiet  
as the creature walked out.  
The Gloom is stopped, it thought.  
And thought it, without a doubt.

When up in the sky, such a wonderful sight.  
The knitted pirate ship,  
all graceful in flight.

A rope drops suddenly, falling to the ground.  
Followed by a unicorn, "Arrrrr!",  
making a strange pirate sound.



After a great and many hugs,  
back to the ship they climbed.  
Working away, those cheeky pugs,  
their cheeky days left behind.

“They may have splashed my ship,”  
said the captain,  
“but now they’re making amends.  
If this journey has taught us anything,  
it’s that we should all be friends.”

Looking out... across the great, vast blue.  
Terry asked the question -  
“Did you find out your... ‘who?’”

The creature looked over and gave out a smile.  
“I now know ‘who’ I am, but it did take a while.

“For we can be whoever we want,  
and whatever we want to be.  
Our choices shape the person we are.  
And I think that is the key.”



Our friends had travelled, far and wide,  
and finally made it back home.  
The sound of laughter could be heard next door.  
It was a group of partying gnomes.

“So what do I call you?” Terry asked.

“Just so in the future I know?

Everyone should have at least one name,  
and that’s how names should go.”

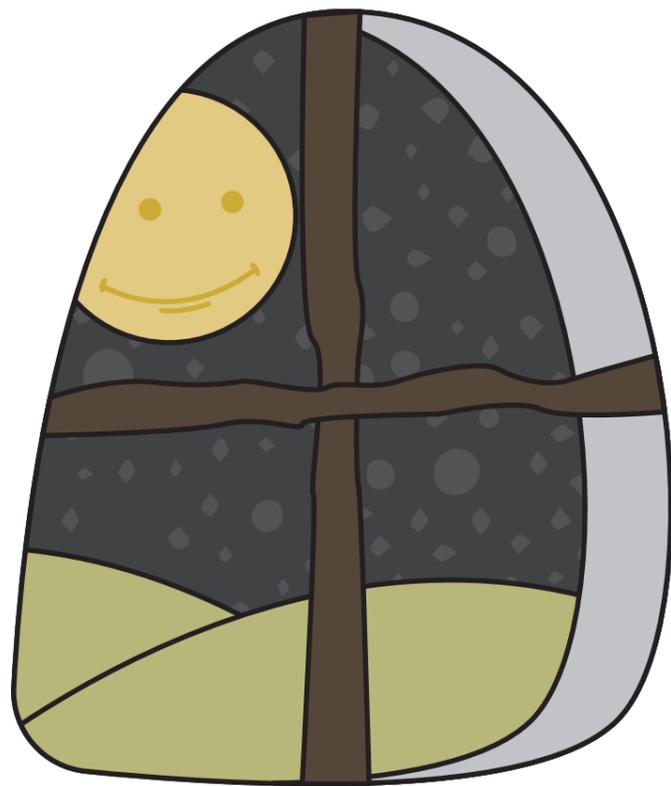
“I have thought of a name,”  
the creature said with glee,  
“but it’s not like a name  
that you would normally see.  
It’s not too small, and it’s not too big.  
What do you think of the name... Fishpig?”



“Fishpig? I like it!” said Terry,  
“and it’s not as odd as you think.  
Nice to meet you, Fishpig.”

Terry laughed and gave a wee wink.

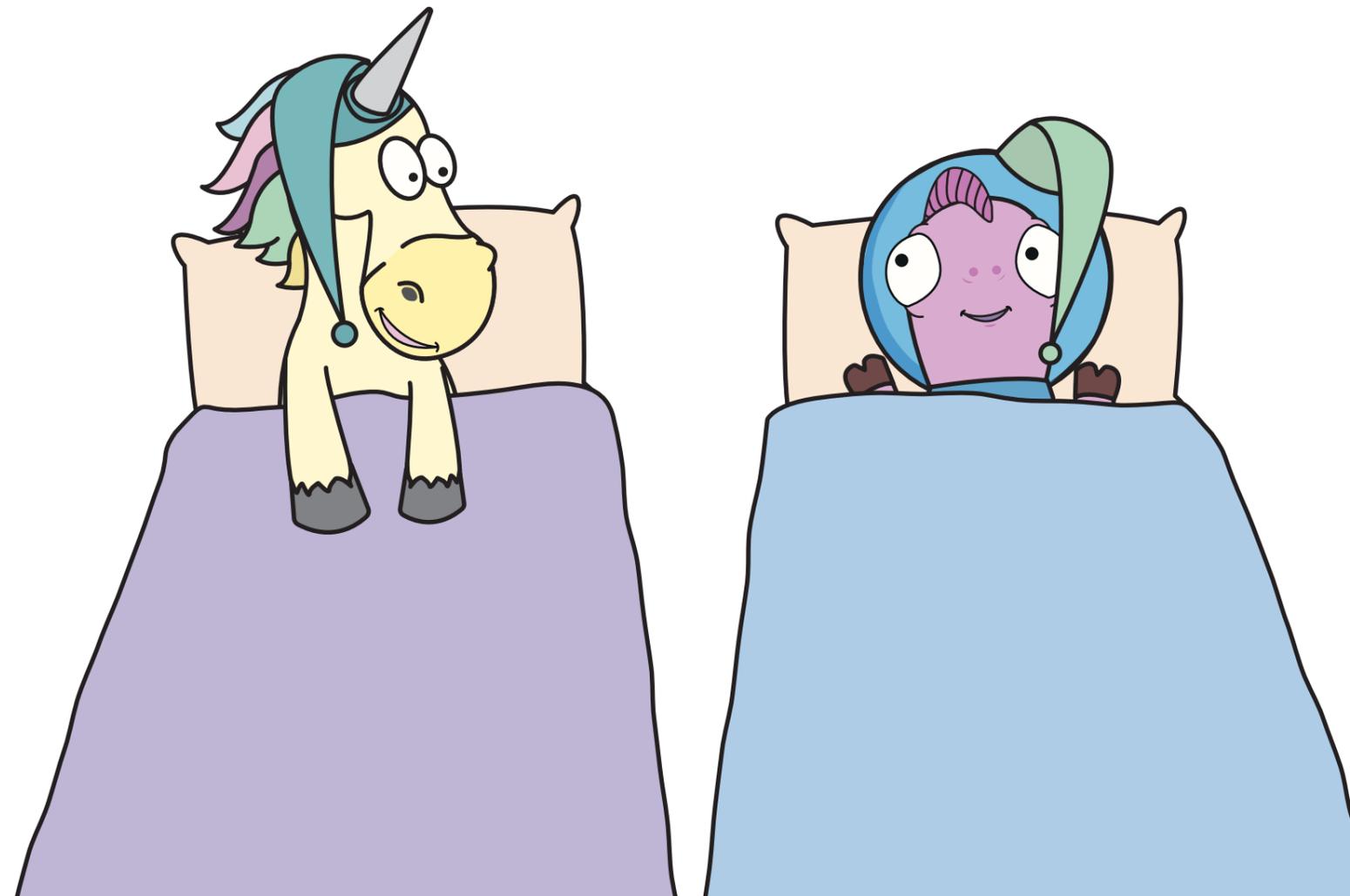
The party went on, right into the night.  
Everyone danced,  
and cheered with delight.



When the party was over, it was time for a nap.  
So Terry gave Fishpig an old sleeping cap.

“Another adventure tomorrow?” Fishpig asked,  
to its sleepy and tired looking friend.

“Of course!” said Terry, letting out a yawn.  
“For in Yonder, they never end.”



“Are you sleeping or are you awake?”



Life is filled with the  
dreams you make.

I would like to thank everyone,  
who helped make this book real,  
but with that many people,  
it would be quite a spiel.

So to my family and to my friends,  
the most important ones of course.  
You have always been, and will always be,  
an effective driving force.

And to the pupils and teachers,  
of Abbots Cross Primary.  
Helping me make this adventure,  
I must thank you kindly.

As for everyone else,  
I know you're feeling left out.  
So this one's for you,  
your own wee shout out.

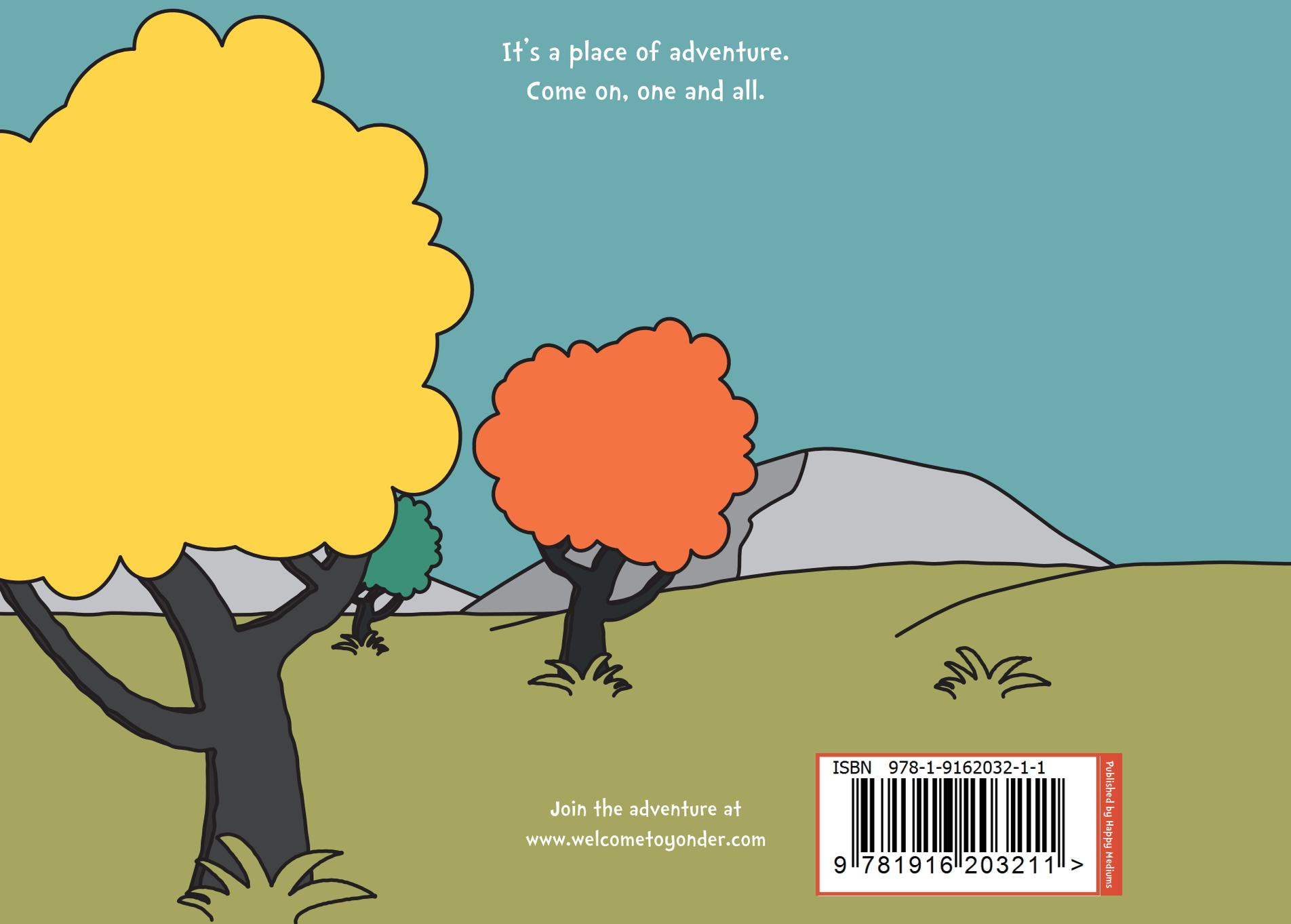
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Over the green hills and far, far away.  
Past the wandering white clouds,  
and grey mountain tops.

There's a place called Yonder,  
you should visit someday.

With weird and wonderful creatures,  
some big and some small.

It's a place of adventure.  
Come on, one and all.



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