

The Golden Tower

A Super Jack adventure



by Phil Young



TOP SECRET

The Golden Tower

A Super Jack Adventure

By Phil Young

For Jackson

It was a day like any other day in Melbourne. Beautiful warm sunshine, a gentle breeze and nothing worth watching on the tele.

Deep in the bush clad hills of suburban Park Orchards, 'Super Jack', the mild mannered marvel and his sidekick 'Master Mitch', (a.k.a. Jackson and Mitchell), were polishing their skills on their custom built Playstation 999JI, when the 'Fantastiphone' rang. In a flash Jackson activated his mental response unit and answered. "Hello Margy", he thought. He knew it had to be their agent-at-large, calling on her fingernail phone from the concrete canyons of the city. Mitchell turned on the speaker so he could hear what their friend had to say. "Jackson" she replied. "Turn on the scanner, there seems to be an emergency in the Golden Tower. I'm sure my 'BigEar' sound sensors heard snoring coming from one of the upper floors."

Mitchell leant over and flipped the PS 999JI to 'Ultra-scan mode'. A map of Melbourne swelled into view. Yes, this one-of-a-kind games unit had very special features indeed and had been built specially for the superhero and his sidekick.

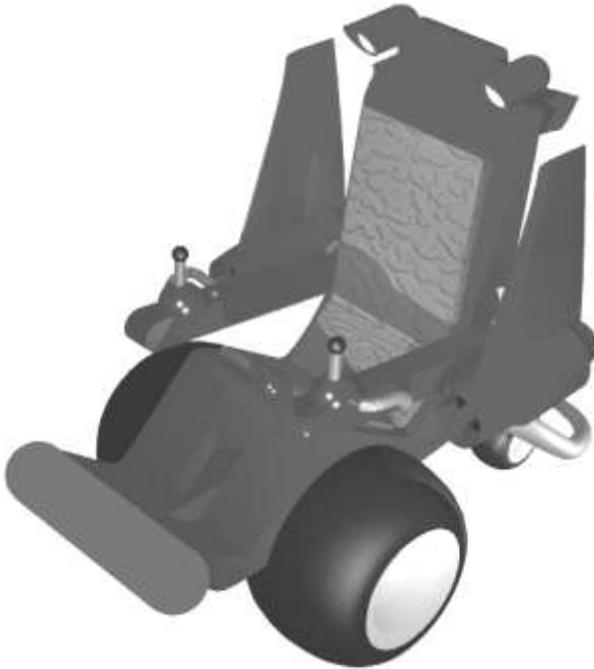
Grabbing the joystick Jackson panned the cross hairs over the picture until they came to rest on the highest apartment building in the Southern Hemisphere. An ugly brown haze spread out from the 60th floor. He switched to street view and zeroed in on the floor where the boredom was greatest. It was high up the tower in a hard place to get to. It seemed some poor kid was stuck in his home with nothing to do.



"Hmm..." he said. "Looks like a job for Super Jack! Prepare the Thunderchair, Master Mitch". (They called Mitchell this because of his mastery of 'Funky Woo', the ancient art of killing people with kindness.)

He sprinted from the play room (oops I mean the Superhero headquarters), out the back door and off into the bush. Down the winding path he ran to the old abandoned mineshaft. Flipping up the top of a tree stump and sitting on the bum scanner pronounced the mystical password, "Flattulance". With a sort of farting sound and a rumble of rocks, the ground opened up to reveal the entrance to the mine. It smelled terrible. (I wonder why?) He quickly

slipped inside, grabbed the remote control and fired up the Thunderchair. The low growling from the micro-atomic motor grumbled away like a thimble full of thunder, and the chair drove out of its hiding place on its Gorilla-Grip tyres.



Mitchell strapped on his folding ramjet wings and ran after it. Automatically the mine closed up again behind him with a sound like a rumbling tummy.

Meanwhile Jackson was practicing his killer smile in the mirror; turning this way and that to make sure it was working perfectly. This was his secret weapon. He'd been known to silence a whole bus load of grumpy old men in a single second with just one grin, without even the flashing of his pearly white teeth.

Out in the lounge room, young heroes-in-training, 'Fearless Fletcher' and 'Amazing Amelia' were clearing the furniture out of the way and opening the front door in preparation for take-off. Luckily Mum and Dad were round the side of the house gardening, so they wouldn't be in the way when the dynamic duo left on their mission; although poor old Dad would have to clean up the mess left by blast-off when he found out.

Arriving back at headquarters, Mitchell nudged the Thunderchair up to the module loader while Jackson selected the 'Boredom Buster' mega package on the PS999JI. He slammed his hand down on the 'Activate' button and the rescue module zipped into place between the wheels. Backing his regular chair up to the Thunderchair, he pulled back on the 'Transfer' lever and the seat unit rose smoothly, swung across the gap and with a whir and click he was loaded and locked.

As Jackson was already wearing his action suit, Mitchell slipped into his own and latched both their helmets in place ready to go.

The brothers zipped out into the living room where Fletcher and Amelia had everything organised. Mitchell lay down on the polished boards and grabbing onto the towing bar behind the chair, got ready for takeoff.

Jackson pressed the 'Launch Sequence' button that fired up the jet engines at his elbows. He cranked the power up on the chair and started circling the room with Mitchell trailing behind in his fireproof flight suit.

Round and around they went, faster and faster until the floor started to smoulder with the friction. 'Fearless' and 'Amazing' hid behind the flameproof cushions on the big couch in front of the widescreen TV, waiting with a fire

extinguisher in case the floor went up in smoke.

Finally, in a blur of motion, the young heroes hit the speed of sound and the ram jets fired up. Away they sped out the front door, just missing Mum and Dad as they rushed in to see what the noise was.

Mitchell instantly unfolded his flying suit and lifted off as Jackson's wings rotated to flight position. The chair's telescoping tail popped out at the same time and off he sped after Mitchell.

Away they flew into the bright blue sky, curving up in two soaring arcs, the light of the Sun glinting off their wings.



Beneath them the safety of home dwindled into the landscape.

Jackson did a barrel roll with the sheer joy of flight and Mitchell spiralled up into the heights, flipped over and came screaming down alongside him again.

"To the city!" commanded Jackson, and he peeled off toward the skyscrapers on the horizon, his wingman following just behind.

Zooming down over the Eastern Freeway, they almost caused an accident when they flew under a bridge and surprised the drivers.

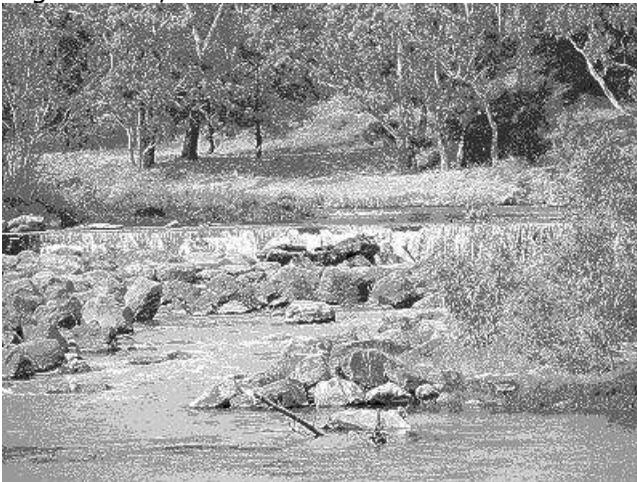
Thinking better of it, the pair dropped down to the Yarra River and sped along just above the water, barely making it around the tight bends as they left waves on the surface from their jet exhausts.

Jackson got a touch carried away and nearly crashed into a tree full of bats as they sped over Bell Bird Bend. There were flapping animals everywhere as the sleepy critters got out of the way.



They were not one little bit happy to be woken up in the middle of the day.

Past the Boathouse the brothers flew then over Dights Falls,

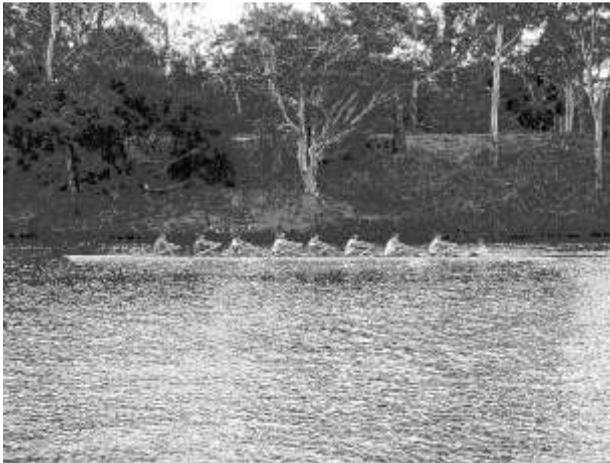


under the Johnston St bridge



and around the Collingwood Children's' Farm with a roar.

A little further on they skimmed past oarsmen in their rowing shells, most of who fell over backwards in surprise. No wonder, they'd never seen a flying chair and a jet boy before!



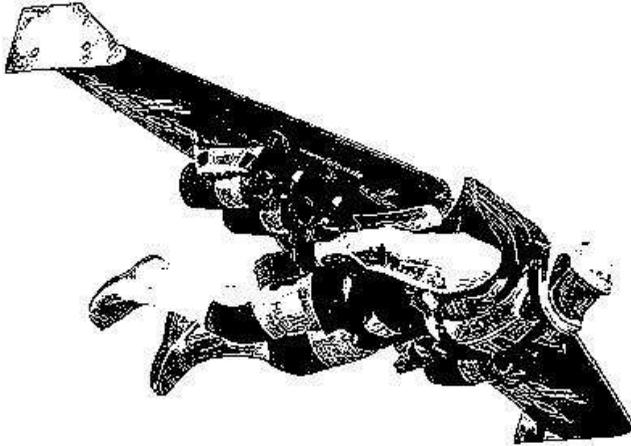
Within seconds as low bridges of the city loomed ahead they started to climb on their approach to the Eureka Tower, shining golden in the afternoon sun.



Jackson turned on the forward scanner to compare what was ahead against the pictures from the PS999JI. The bright reflection from the precious metal covering the glass would have blinded him but for the super fast action of his sun visor. Down it flipped with the images from the scanners projected inside.

Slowly he tracked around the building until the two scenes matched. He had found the sight of the emergency and knew that behind the unfriendly glass there sat a bored and desperate child who needed rescuing. 'Ah, but how to get in?' he thought.

Never fear, his trusty sidekick had the answer. Quickly Mitchell had checked over the top of the building and, while flying upside down, he'd looked down to see the door on the stairwell to the roof. That would be the way in. He zipped back to Jackson.



"C'mon. This way in!" he called and the two boys spiralled up and round the tower. "Lookout ahead Mitchell!" yelled his brother, saving him from a certain crash as the 'Edge' observation platform slid unexpectedly out from the side of the building. Looks of terror showed on the faces of the tourists inside and Mitchell flipped on his side narrowly missing the glass with his starboard wing. Jackson whizzed past behind him and flashed a smile at the onlookers inside. Their fear instantly melted clear away. Yes, another near disaster saved by that killer smile.

Up they flew to the roof, landing briefly for Mitchell to open the door. He folded his wings and jumped on the back of the Thunderchair. With deft hand movements, Jackson flew them down the stairwell to the lift lobby on the 88th floor.

"This is too slow" the young superhero said. "We need to get there pronto, before the poor kid goes out of his mind with boredom", and he sped over to the lift doors.

Pressing a button on the chair's console he inserted a powerful pair of pincers into the crack in the doors, and with a creak of steel

and rubber they eased apart to reveal the eighty eight floor drop.

"We're not going in there are we?" Mitchell asked a little taken aback by the height. After all he couldn't use his wings in the small space, and no-one wants to fall eighty eight floors.

"No worries bro. I'll look after you", replied Jackson as they zipped into the shaft.

With great skill he eased the Thunderchair down to the 60th floor where, after prising the doors apart, they hovered out into the hallway. The target display on the armrest lit up with a soft hum and Jackson rotated the chair slowly around.

Suddenly there was 'Bing!' and the bulls-eye on the screen flashed green, indicating that the door they were looking for was straight ahead.

The 'bing!' though had nothing to do with finding the door. It was just the lift arriving behind them. As the door opened, a lady inside with purple hair saw the flying chair and fainted in disbelief. Jackson flashed a smile but it was too late as, with a look of horror on his face, the man with the grey beard standing next to her quickly pressed the 'Down' button and the lift sped off to safety. That was the last they saw of those two wooses.

Jackson set the chair down gently and with a low rumble from the motor they rolled across the carpet, cushioned gently by the big wheels. Behind the door he could hear snoring.

Jackson knocked politely on the door with the chair's bumper bar. Thump! Thump! Thump!

"H...h...who is it?" came a trembling voice.

"It's Super Jack and Master Mitch. We've come to save you from boredom."

"Thank goodness", came the reply, and the door opened just a crack to show a boy of

about six, dressed in a suit and tie and looking quite scared and alone.

One winning smile from Jackson and his fears all disappeared. He could see he was among friends and swung the door wide.

"What's your name?" asked the superhero.

"Aston, sir. Aston Zucker"

"Hello Aston. Nice to meet you and there's no need to call me 'Sir'. Where are your Mummy and Daddy?"

"They're not here. They went to the opera and left me to practice playing my Sousaphone, but now I'm bored."

(It seems it hadn't been snoring they'd heard after all; just the sound of the biggest brass instrument the brothers had ever seen.)



"Ok. What sort of games unit do you have?"

Jackson said.

"I don't have one. My parents won't let me."

"Alright. We can easily fix that. Master Mitchell you're the engineer. Time to get to work", and with that Jackson turned a knob and the mega games package slid out from under the chair.

"I think this calls for the whole kit and caboodle, don't you brother?"

"Definitely", Mitchell replied, and taking the 'Boredom Buster' in hand he began setting up the custom games unit. It had Playstation, X-Box, Nintendo, Wii and PC controls all rolled into one, with a couple of other lesser known brands besides. There were car driving, plane flying, space fighting, monster killing, education, puzzles, adventure games and to top it off, the latest unreleased version of Wrestle-Mania.

Aston was over the moon.

Within a few minutes the wily Mitchell had it all set up and with his incredible games knowledge Jackson rapidly began training his new friend on how to play every one of them. Meanwhile Mitchell called up Margy and soon she arrived on her silver Segway to join in.



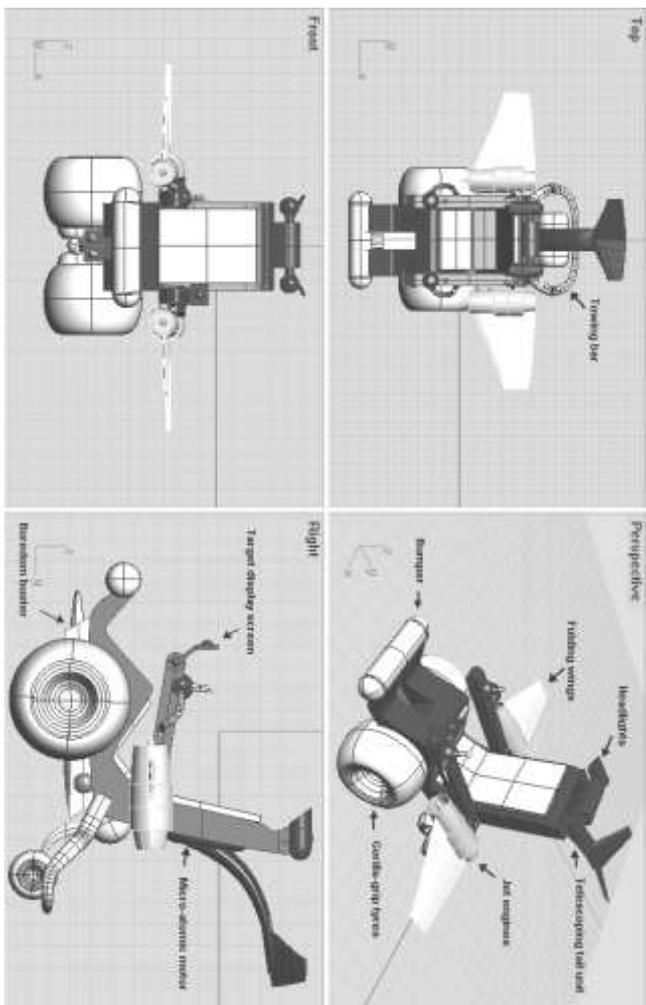
The rest of the day was spent teaching Aston and generally having fun. Just before dusk, after Aston declared he would never be bored again the three friends raced off home again. Another job well done by Superjack, Master Mitch and their helpers.

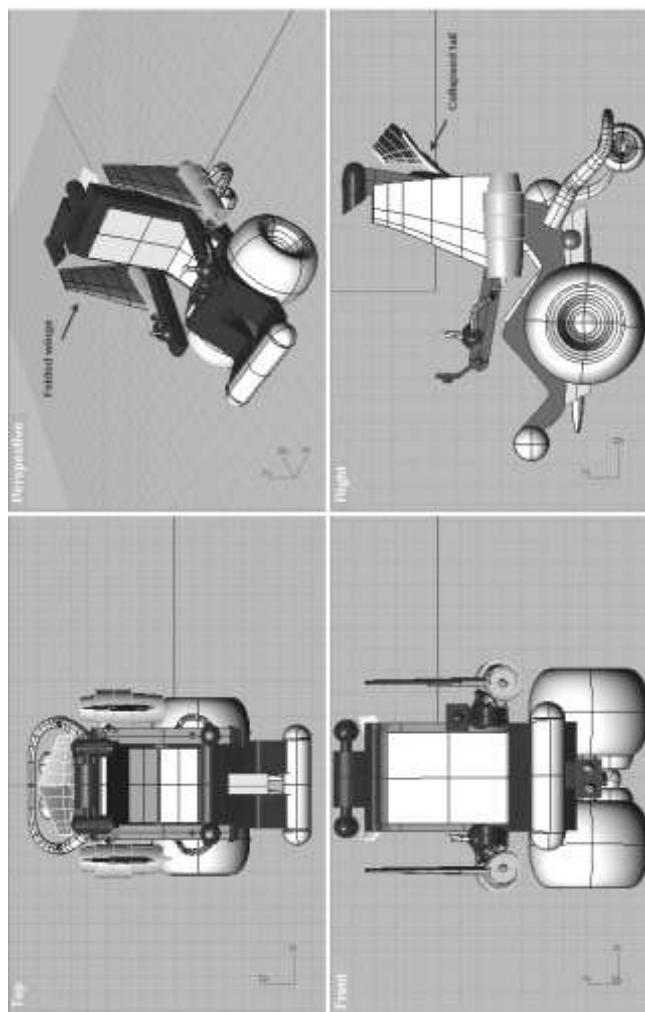


Maybe it was the detour they took around the Point Lonsdale lighthouse; or maybe Margy had a hidden turbo charger, but whatever the reason, despite their great speed, Jackson and Mitchell just managed to beat her back to the peace and tranquillity of the suburbs. When they got there Mum and Dad were waiting with hands on hips for an explanation of where they'd been. Perhaps we'd better not go into what happened next, but suffice it to say, it wasn't the last time their father had to replace floorboards after blastoff in the living room.

The End (or maybe not...)

Technical Drawings





A Very Special Kid

© 09/08/08 – Philip Young

- 1/ There are smiles that bid you welcome and some no more than grins
Those that come from shyness deep within
There are beguiling beams from deadly dance hall queens
And smirks that hide intentions of the crim
- Ch/ But young Jackson has a smile that could melt through stainless steel
Lift you up and fly you round the world
And though he cannot run around
He doesn't let that hold him down
A superhero in a chair when all is done and said
Jackson, is a very special kid
- 2/ There are fright'ning frowns that bring you down
Scowls that scare you out of town
Grimaces that threaten your good mood
Expressions of undue distaste from those without a hint of ease
Fearful shouts and screaming words so crude
- Ch/ But though Jackson has a reason to be angry at the world
Denied the opportunities of other boys and girls
He doesn't mope or sit and frown
You should see him racing round
A superhero in a chair when all is done and said
Jackson, is a very special kid
- Yes...
- Br/ His life is full, despite the pain
Look out! Here he comes again
That superhero in a chair when all is done and said
Jackson is a very special kid
- 3/ There are children who throw tantrums, rolling on the floor
Believing they should have it all their way
They kick and scream and pout and steam
Threaten, swear and plot and scheme
Trying to get everything they crave
- Ch/ But Mitchell's not that kind, he has other things in mind
A selfless soul where Jackson is concerned
Not too proud to spend his days
Helping out in any way
A superhero's sidekick when all is done and said
Young Mitchell he's a very special kid
- Coda/ Is it a bird? Is it a plane?
No, it's Jackson flying past again
Our superhero and his friend when all is done and said
Those Inggall boys are very special kids

