

Jackstown

Jack O'Lantern was on his way back home from work. He worked for the council road maintenance department. He was thoroughly fed-up with it though; and wanted to Jack it all in. He'd had enough of his boss, a jumped up Jack-in-office who knew diddly-squat about civil engineering. Jack was day-dreaming about becoming something more exciting like a lumberjack or perhaps a steeplejack.

Jack-be Nimble came jogging along on his way to the gym. Jack heard 'Jumping Jack Flash' coming loudly from his iPod and saw the jack-plug dangling behind him. Jack gave a little chuckle.

“Hiya Jack, how are you?” Jack said.

“I'm all right Jack,” Jack answered.

“Don't usually see you on your Jack Jones.”

“No, the car needs a bit of work on it. Jackie took the bus into work and I walked in.”

“I need a bottle Jack, I wondered where you bought yours?” enquired Jack.

“Cheap Jacks,” replied Jack.

“Where's that then, Jack?”

“You know, that new shop, the one that opened up next to Grocer Jacks.”

“Oh, that one.”

“I've also got a trolley jack, you can borrow that if you like,” offered Jack.

“Thanks Jack, I'll see you down the pub tonight then.”

It was a bit nippy; Jack Frost might be around tonight. Jack pulled his jacket closed to himself. He still had quite a way to walk.

Coming to the outside the village he didn't notice Jack and Jill waking back down the hill with a pail of water between them. A jackdaw flapped overhead out for his last feed of the day and a Natter-jack toad hopped past, but Jack never saw them. He was deep in his own thoughts.

“Hello Jack,” shouted Jack Spratt who was pushing his young son in his pushchair and had his Jack Spaniel on a lead beside him.

“Hi,” answered Jack. “Where are you off to this late?”

“Oh, we're hurrying round the corner, to Little Jack Horner's toy shop before it closes. Jack Junior wants a ‘Jack-in-the-box’, like the one his friend Jack has.”

When Jack got indoors, he took off his jacket and turned on the TV. He fired up the oven for Jacket potatoes. They were having them tonight topped with Monterey-Jack cheese. Jackie would be eager for hers after her long trip home on the bus. He enjoyed cooking; in fact he was a bit of a Jack-of-all-trades when it came to all things homely, not the Jack-the-lad at all. While he waited he got himself a bag of Snack-a-Jacks to keep himself going.

'What's on the TV', he thought to himself. He wished he could get home early enough to watch 'Jackanory'. It was even too late tonight to watch 'Crackerjack'.

But it was the news that caught his attention. Another plane hi-jack. A lorry Jack-knifed on the M25 and caused havoc for a couple of hours. The driver's CD player was

still playing 'Hit the road Jack' when the Police arrived on the scene.

'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy', his Dad always said. But tonight it was Friday night and he was meeting his mates down the local, 'The Union Jack'.

After the big row with his mum over the beanstalk, Jack's friend, Jack needed a change of scenery, and Jack was pleased he could be there to listen to his woes.

Last week, after a few games of Black Jack, Jack Sparrow played on the slot machines; he managed to get four Jacks and won the Jackpot.

The usually watched a couple of DVD's at Jack Tar's after the pub. Jack Sparrow often brought some pirated films with him. Last week they watched, 'Jack, the Giant Slayer'. The week before it was, 'The day of the jackal'. Tonight they were going watch, 'Jack the Ripper', followed by the oldie, 'Jacky Chan the Chinese Detective'.

Their girlfriends were getting together tonight down at 'The One Eyed Jack'. They had music down there on a Friday night, and 'The Jackson Five tribute band' was on this week. All the girls were really looking forward to that.

Jackie returned home tired and hungry; they had their evening meal in silence. She perked up after the jacket and they both got themselves spruced up to go out.

They walked and chatted together until they got to Jackdoor Lane. Jack gave Jackie a quick peck on the cheek and after wishing each other a good evening, they parted.

His mates were already in the pub, doing impressions of their favourite TV characters. Jack Spratt did a fantastic one of 'Lance-corporal Jack Jones' from Dad's army.

Then the door flew open; in the doorway stood a huge man dressed all in black, from the top of his black hat to the toes of his black boots.

The room went silent as every man Jack stared at the chap. He strode self-confidently up to the bar and ordered a large Jack Daniels.

“Not seen you in here before,” said the barman.

“Haven't you?” answered the stranger.

“What's your name?” came back the barman.

“Jack,” said the stranger. “Jack Moral, I often pop in at the end of a story.”