

# Jack and Friends

By Julian Bonser

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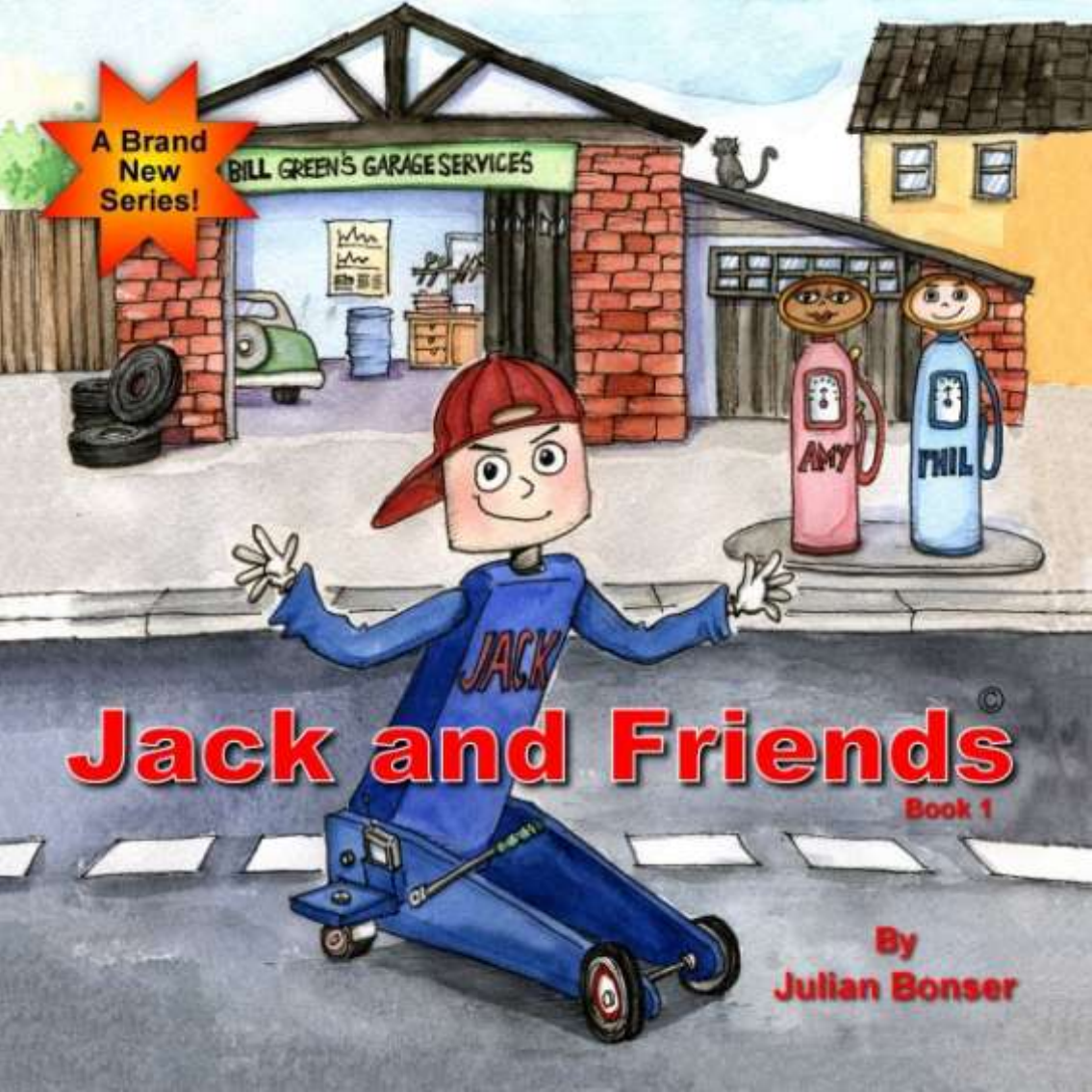
**A Brand  
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**BILL GREEN'S GARAGE SERVICES**

# **Jack and Friends**

**Book 1**

**By  
Julian Bonser**





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Hi! - My name is Jack and I work here in Bill Green's garage. I am a trolley-jack, which is used for lifting heavy loads. That's why they call me Jack! My job is to lift up the vehicles so that Bill can safely climb underneath to repair them. Now, I'm going to show you how I work...



Here I am in the garage workshop. I have lifted the car up by putting my head under the back bumper and raising my body. To do this, I pumped the lever you can see me holding. Bill is under the car repairing the exhaust pipe, and I can sit here and have a rest until he's finished. Sometimes I have to raise very heavy cars - which makes me puff and pant and perspire.



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I'm going to demonstrate how I raise and lower my body. You can see that my body is as far down as it will go - this is how I sleep, and also how I rest when Bill has no work for me. When my body is down like this, I can slide underneath the lowest car and begin to lift it by pumping the lever. Before I tell you more, I shall have a nice cup of tea in my 'Jack' mug...





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Now the fun begins! I move the lever up and down, and my body starts to rise up. It's hard work, but good exercise. When I'm really fit I can lift three tonnes. For really heavy loads I get my friend Stocky to help me. He's also a trolley jack, but Stocky goes to the gym and does weight-training and he's very strong.



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Here I am as high as I can go - a few pumps of the lever and I'm nearly one metre tall! Being able to raise and lower my body like this is useful at work, and also when I'm wandering around our village to see if I can be helpful to people. Later in the book you will see all of the adventures I get up to, and how I make good use of my ability to lift up heavy loads.





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Here's Stocky and myself during our tea break. Stocky has some colourful tattoos on his arms and he wears gold earrings. He can look quite scary sometimes, but he's a really nice guy and is a good friend to me. And it was Stocky who taught me everything I know about being a skilled trolley-jack.



I have my own cosy corner to sleep in at night. Harry, the garage cat, sleeps on my back and keeps me warm. From my window I can see the Biscuit Factory. And there's an owl who calls out in the night - it can be a bit spooky. By my bed is a photo of me taken when Bill took us all to the seaside for the day. I feel sleepy just thinking about my lovely comfy pillow.





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When ever I get the chance, I try to help out people in our village. Every three months when Miss Willis cuts her hedge, she balances on my head and I lift her up so she can reach all the leaves. She's a very pretty lady and I think she rather fancies me. She always gives me some cake and a cup of tea.



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Sometimes in the morning I see the Polensky twins, Zena and Rita, on their way to school. If I have time I give them a lift. Most of the journey is down hill, so we really whizz along! They enjoy the ride, and by the time they get to school, their cheeks are glowing with the thrill of going fast. It puts them in a good mood to start their lessons!





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I have a part-time job working at our local library, and it's great fun! Miss Armstrong, the librarian, sits on a chair balanced on my head, and by raising and lowering my body and moving along the book shelves, I make it possible for her to reach all of the books. In return for doing this I'm allowed to borrow as many books as I want. Reading is a great past-time!



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SKATEBOARD PARK

When I'm not at work, I like to get out and about and enjoy activities with my pals. Here I am looping-the-loop at the Skateboard Park. Pete and Chas are watching with great amusement. They just can't imagine what it's like to have a built-in skateboard like mine. Being a trolley-jack can be very useful at times! Take great care if you use a skateboard.





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A few weeks ago Bill and I were working on a car. I had raised the back of the car very high so that Bill had plenty of room to work in. Suddenly we heard a loud 'crash' and then people in the street started shouting and running past the garage towards the shops. I couldn't go into the street to see what was going on as I was holding the car up. Bill was worried. 'I hope no one's hurt.'



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Suddenly Mrs McGregor came running into the workshop. She was completely out of breath from dashing all the way from the high street. 'Jack! you've got to help us. A bus has crashed through the Chemist shop window and a cyclist is trapped underneath. Please come quickly.' I dropped the car down, and Bill rolled out from underneath just in time!





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Within a few seconds I was on my way to the high street. In the distance I could see the large red double-decker bus. And just visible were the cyclist's legs where he lay trapped. What was I to do? Could I lift such a heavy vehicle? But this was an emergency and everyone was depending on me. As I arrived they begged me, 'Jack, raise the bus as quickly as you can.'



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Quickly, I slid under the bus and started to try and raise the side of the vehicle. Soon I was red-faced, and sweat was flying off my forehead. But little by little I was able to lift the bus. The cyclist was a little dazed and very grateful to me for coming to his rescue. When the bus was high enough, a passer-by dragged the cyclist clear. By now I was exhausted!





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Whilst the cyclist sat on the curb, the Chemist attended to his cuts and bruises and made him a hot, strong cup of tea. He was soon smiling and feeling better, but his bicycle was completely flattened. The Chemist joked, 'That could have been you!' Now, I was a local hero, and all the people in the street cheered as I left. If you cycle on main roads, always be very careful.



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On the way back to work, I passed the Hardware shop. One of the customers was about to load some heavy bags of cement into his van. If there's one thing I'm good at lifting it's heavy objects. Immediately I offered to load the bags. I was able to carry three 50Kg bags at a time - a total of 150Kgs. But that's an easy load for a trolley-jack like me to lift!





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One night I was awakened by the sound of fire-engine bells. A bright orange glow was coming from outside - the Biscuit Factory was on fire! It was a frightening sight for Harry and myself. Even my friendly owl had left its favourite branch on the tree. I could hear lots of clamour, and someone shouted, 'Mr Robinson is trapped inside!' There was no time to lose.



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At the Biscuit Factory, firemen were trying to get the fire under control. The flames were very hot and much of the building had been destroyed. Everyone was pleased to see me. 'Jack, we think Mr Robinson may be trapped inside, but it's too hot for anyone to enter.' With my steel body I was flame-proof. So, without further ado, I was through the door and into the building.





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Inside, the smoke was very thick, and I had trouble seeing. Then I heard someone call out - 'Help!' Using my ears rather than my eyes I navigated my way towards the voice and found Mr Robinson trapped under a wooden beam in what would have been his office. He was desperate to be freed, and I was just the person to help. Once more 'Jack to the rescue!'



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By now, it was getting very hot and smokey, and I had to act fast. First, I removed all of the rubble and bricks. Then, using my powerful lifting ability, I slowly raised the beam of wood enabling Mr Robinson to scramble clear. But now we had to find our way out! I put a wet sack over Mr Robinson to shield him from the heat, and together we tried to find the entrance.





With great relief we found the way out and were greeted by cheers from the anxious firemen and on-lookers. Mr Robinson was smoke-stained and a little shaken, but otherwise fine. The intense heat had made my metal body so hot that it glowed pink. But Mr Robinson had been protected by the wet sack. Don't ever be careless with fire. Fire can kill!



On the way home I passed Mrs Simpson's house. 'Gosh Jack, you're glowing pink, I could see you coming along the street.' And yes, I really was feeling hot. To my delight, Mrs Simpson filled her watering can and sprinkled me with cold water. It was delicious - you should have seen the clouds of steam coming off my metal body. Then it was home, and some sleep.





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A few weeks ago I was sitting beside the canal reading a new novel. Suddenly people started to gather near the lock gates. Even the ducks were curious. From where I was sitting it looked as if a hand was waving around just above the water. Was it my imagination? Then I realised something was wrong. Someone had probably fallen into the canal!



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Without a second thought, I dashed up to where all of the action was taking place. And yes, someone had fallen in - a young woman. She was desperate, 'My foot is caught in something under the water - HELP ME!' How could I help? There was no choice but to try and see what was trapping the woman's foot. Making a mighty splash, I jumped in!





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I managed to land upright on the bottom of the lock. Straight away I could see the problem - the woman's left foot was caught in a chain. How could I free her? I looked around - there was an old bicycle, a supermarket trolley, bottles, an old boot, and some curious fish. Then I saw a long iron rod leaning up against the wall of the lock - this was just what I needed ...



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Time was running out. The woman was getting weak, and I could see that her legs, from being pink in colour, were now turning blue from the cold water. I took the iron rod and pushed it through the loop of chain attached to the wooden lock gate, and tried to prise the chain free. The fish were laughing - they thought I was playing a game. Suddenly the chain broke free from the gate!





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Quick as a flash, the woman was pulled from the water. She was very cold and wet, but unhurt. Some kind people wrapped her in a blanket, and someone else produced a vacuum flask and poured her a hot cup of tea. By now I was pretty cold, and my skin had turned blue - but no one noticed, because my skin is always blue! The woman waved to me, 'Thank you Jack!!'



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I arrived back at the garage soaking wet. Although I'm able to go under water, it can make my metal body go rusty. So Bill gave me a good rub down with a towel and oiled all of my wheels and moving parts. 'Gosh, Jack, what have you been up to?' I'm very modest and don't brag about my good deeds. 'Oh, err, nothing Bill - I must have got caught in a shower of rain'.





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Several days ago I was on the forecourt of Bill's garage having a chat with Stocky. Suddenly people started to run towards the high street. And then a police car sped past with its siren wailing and beacon flashing. I heard a passer-by shouting 'Some robbers are raiding the Jewellers'. I decided to follow the crowd and see if I could help stop the robbers - but how, I wasn't sure.



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I arrived at the Jewellers to see two robbers running out of the shop. They had large sacks over their shoulders, containing the gold and silver items they'd stolen. Two more robbers were in the car - they looked rather vicious and no one dared to try and stop them. And they wore masks so that they wouldn't be recognised. How could I stop them getting away? I had an idea...





The two robbers jumped into the car which then sped off down the high street. Bystanders looked on, shocked and helpless to do anything. This was the first time such a daring robbery had taken place in our village. I raced after the car and tried to catch up with it. Little by little I got closer, until I was able to grab hold of the rear bumper. But how would I stop the car?



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As the car bounced along at high speed, I was able to move underneath. Then I pumped up my body as quickly as I could and started to raise the back of the car. When the wheels left the ground, they just spun round freely and the car slowed down. When the car finally stopped, the Police were there to greet the robbers and arrest them. Once more I was Jack the hero!





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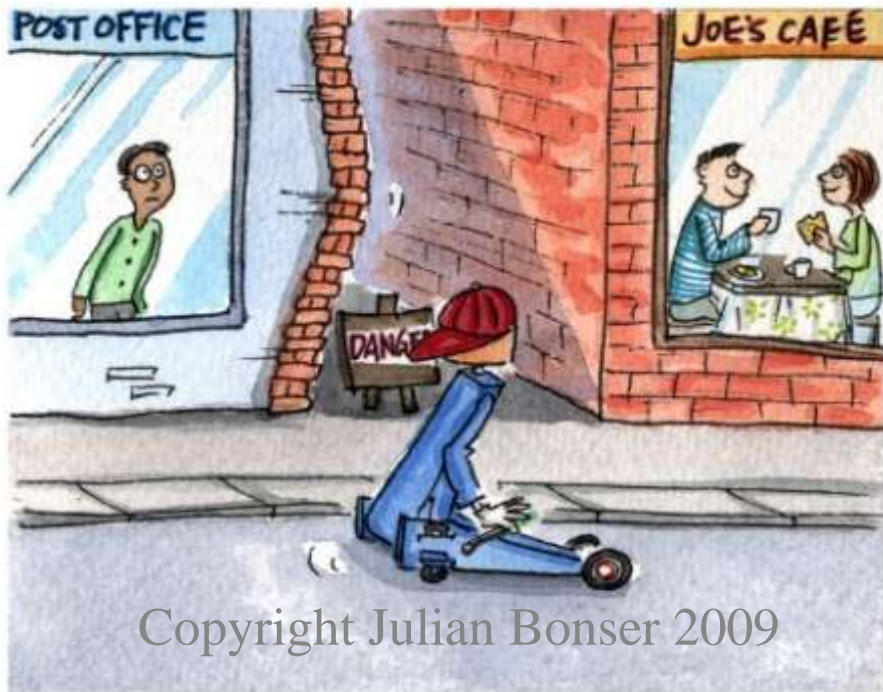
I was passing the Travel Agent in our high street one day last week and something caught my eye. It was a poster about holidays in Africa. An African lady was carrying a large water urn by balancing it on her head. I thought it was a very clever way of carrying a heavy load. It meant that her hands were free to do other things - and it gave me a good idea...



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I have a part-time job at our local Supermarket collecting all the trolleys that are left around the car park and returning them to the Supermarket entrance. It can be hard work pushing a long line of trolleys along, so I thought I would copy the African lady and carry them on my head! The shoppers think it's very funny, but I get my work done much quicker this way.





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On my way to get lunch last Wednesday, I passed by the Post Office. There was a 'DANGER' sign, and I realised it was there because the Post Office wall was bulging, and was about to collapse. This was serious - people would get badly hurt by all the falling bricks and broken glass. It was an emergency and I had to do something very swiftly to prevent a disaster.



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Quickly, I called Stocky on my mobile phone. This was a job for two trolley-jacks - and fast! Frantically we tried to find a way of saving the wall. Even as we spoke the wall was making creaking sounds, telling me it would collapse in a few minutes. Suddenly, Stocky shouted 'Hey! I've got the answer - I'll be with you in thirty seconds!' Just how would Stocky and I prevent a disaster?





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The answer was simple! Stocky and I went head-to-head and slowly climbed the wall. As we went, we both pumped our levers to make our bodies rise. By doing so, we pushed the wall back into place. Then some builders came along with beams of wood and used them to support the wall until it could be properly repaired. The onlookers were amazed!!



After an hour of sawing and hammering, the workmen had built a strong wooden support that would prevent the wall from falling down. The Post Office manager thanked us over and over, and all the people in the street, and all the motorists waved and smiled at us. It was a great feeling to be so popular. Stocky and I shook hands - we were proud to be trolley-jacks!!



# Jack and Friends

Devised and written by Julian Bonser

**Jack** is a trolley-jack - a device used for lifting cars. You'll find a trolley-jack in most garages. But our Jack is a lively young guy with an entertaining personality - and plenty of attitude! Jack is a popular member of his local community - always ready to help passers-by and his many friends. And he'll bravely come to the rescue when someone's in danger. Importantly, Jack is a fine role model for young people.



**Jack and Friends** aims to encourage its young readership to engage interactively with the characters and story - what will Jack do now? How will he deal with this situation? Whilst at the same time they can enjoy the sense of fun embedded in the illustrated storylines. Further books in this series are in the pipeline.

Age Group: Jack will probably appeal to young folk between 4 and 9 years old.

To find out more about the author go to [www.julianbonser.co.uk](http://www.julianbonser.co.uk)

Beautifully illustrated by Shirley Chiang



**Jack and Friends** is published by Julian Bonser Books

