

One Tooth Tim & Pirate Jim

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*To the original pirate, Theo, and his beloved mates Isaac and Eli.
To the woman who encouraged me to keep going, Jamye.
And to New England, filled with so many stories, may I add one more.*

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Welcome

A long, long time ago, back before cars and crowded cities, there lived two pirates: Pirate Jim and One Tooth Tim. They lived at 3 High Street in the town of Ipswich. Ipswich was a small town, with a port to the ocean, rocky beaches and thick forests. Now there are a couple of things you need to know about Pirate Jim and One Tooth Tim.



One: They're best friends.

Two: They love solving mysteries, finding gold, and spending time with their friend, the Prince of Ipswich.

Three: One Tooth Tim has only one tooth. But you're smart, so you probably figured that out already. Now can you guess why he only has one tooth? Were the rest knocked out in a terrible battle against the Pirates of Kendor? Did a giant cannonball crash through his ship, knocking out all but one tooth? No! Not even close! The reason he only has one tooth is that he absolutely loves candy. He loves super cinnamon suckers the most, and chocolate covered anything the second most. In fact, whenever he and Pirate Jim find gold, he usually spends his half on candy. So he has one tooth and hopes to never lose it.

Four: Pirate Jim is a great pirate.

There's much more to know about Pirate Jim and One Tooth Tim, but that'll get you started.

Waiting for danger

It was a gloomy, rainy day, and Pirate Jim and One Tooth Tim were bored. They had hoped to spend the day sailing to the Isle of Rile, but the water was too rough and One Tooth Tim was not fond of sailing in lightning storms.



They had been stuck inside all day playing tic-tac-toe, toe-tic-tac and tac-toe-tic, and now it was almost dark.

There was nothing left to do.

One Tooth Tim paced the floor. "I'm bo-red, Pirate Jim," he said in his singsong voice. "I'm going crazy for nothing!"

Just then, there was a knock at their door. One Tooth Tim leapt across the room to open it. Outside stood a very wet castle guard. Water dripped from his hat brim and his clothes clung to his skin.

"A message from the Prince," he said, handing them an envelope sealed with red wax.

Pirate Jim came to the door. He reached out and took the envelope. "Thank you."

Once the door was shut, One Tooth Tim jumped from foot to foot with excitement. "We never get mail! Open it! Open it!"

As he read it to himself, Pirate Jim's brows furrowed. "Hmm...very strange," he murmured.

One Tooth Tim was about to explode. "What does it say?"

Pirate Jim looked at his friend. "The Prince needs our help right away. Adventure awaits!"

Immediately the pirates marched up High Street to the Prince's castle.

"I'm the Prince and everybody loves me!" the Prince called out to Pirate Jim and One Tooth Tim in a cheerful voice.

"We know, we know," they sighed and smiled. This was something the Prince was fond of saying.

"Come in, my favorite pirates." He led them down the hall into his throne room. It had one throne, a table with checkers on it (the Prince's favorite game), three chairs and his leftover turkey sandwich. "Thank you for coming, especially in such awful weather."

Something strange is going on around here and I need your help.”

“What’s the matter?” asked Pirate Jim when they sat down. He pushed a black checker across the board.

The Prince leaned on the table. “Last night I was lying in my bed saying my goodnight prayers when I smelled something strange and terrible. It smelled like rotten eggs or dead animal—like when you find a dead squirrel that’s been rotting for a week. So I opened my door and looked down the hall. Do you know what I saw?”

“A dragon!” shouted One Tooth Tim. He liked guessing games.

“No.”

“A shark!” One Tooth Tim guessed again.

“No, again,” said the Prince. “I didn’t see a dragon or a shark. I saw green smoke! Awful smelling green smoke was curling down the

upper hallway, coming through the crack under the tower door. That’s of course where ... ”

One Tooth Tim finished his sentence, “ ... where the Backward Man lives.”

“Exactly,” whispered the Prince. He continued, “I stood in the hall, watched the smoke, and tried not to breathe it in. Eventually the smoke faded away, so I went back to bed. But I’ve been thinking about it all day. That’s why I sent for you.” He picked up his sandwich and took a bite, watching the pirates watching him.

“I hate waiting for danger,” said Pirate Jim. “And this sounds dangerous. I vote that we all march up the tower and check on the Backward Man.”

The doorknob turned. They turned silently and looked at the door.

“Dinner like you would?” asked a voice from behind the door. The Backward Man stepped into the throne room.

The Prince choked on his bite of sandwich. “No, thank you.” Pirate Jim kicked the Prince’s foot under the desk.

“Actually, could you please make us dinner?” Pirate Jim said quickly. “One Tooth Tim and I haven’t eaten all day. We’re starving.”

“Of course he will,” said the Prince. “Backward Man, please prepare a wonderful dinner for our guests. Something that will take you a long time to cook—you know, to make it so wonderful.”

“Sir yes,” said the Backward Man. He stared at them before leaving.

“Fast thinking, Pirate Jim,” said the Prince. “I’ll stay down here. You two investigate the tower.” He gave them a key to the Backward Man’s room. “Take great care that he doesn’t see you, in case we’re wrong about him. He’s very sensitive.”

Pirate Jim and One Tooth Tim left the throne room and hurried to the tower steps. They started climbing the long spiral stairwell. As they got higher, the air grew hot. Suddenly a terrible smell filled the stairwell and their eyes started to tear. Green smoke curled toward them like an enormous snake.

“It’s coming right at us!” shouted One Tooth Tim. “Let’s go back!”

Pirate Jim covered One Tooth Tim’s mouth. “Shh! Calm down, One Tooth Tim. It’s only smoke. Be brave.” They kept going. The air grew hotter with each step they took. Through his tears, Pirate Jim could see a door at the top.

One Tooth Tim handed Pirate Jim the key. He kept looking back down the stairwell. He was very afraid and very hot. Pirate Jim slid the key into the lock. It wouldn’t turn. He touched the door. “Ouch!” he cried. “This door is burning hot.”

Suddenly they heard a loud voice at the bottom of the stairs. "THERE UP WHOSE?"

"Oh no! He's here," cried One Tooth Tim. He pushed Pirate Jim out of the way and struck the lock with his sword. The lock broke and the door swung open. Green smoke was billowing from a black pot in the middle of the floor. An old book lay open beside it. Inside the pot was a copper spoon with the letters "RM" engraved on it.

"Grab the spoon, One Tooth Tim! It could be a clue!" One Tooth Tim hid the spoon under his coat. It was so hot his fingers turned red and blistered. Pirate Jim tore the top page from the book and stuffed it into his pocket. They heard coughing right behind them.

"Out get!" snapped the Backward Man as he stumbled into the room. "Now!" He walked straight over to the book and slammed it shut. He reached for the spoon but it was missing. One

Tooth Tim didn't move. The Backward Man looked wildly around the room.

"Said I out get," he said to them, "Me for is this." He grabbed another spoon from his pile of kitchen items, leaned over the pot and spooned the mixture up to his mouth. He flinched when the hot liquid touched his lips, but still he drank it. More and more he drank. The pirates slowly backed out of the room. "Work it did?" he asked himself. "No!" he moaned as they started down the steps. They heard him throwing things, turning over books and dishes. "Spoon my is where?" he shouted as they hurried down the steps. Then they heard the door slam shut and it was quiet again.

Pirate Jim and One Tooth Tim headed straight for the throne room, and called for the Prince. His head popped out from behind a curtain.

"What happened?" he trembled.

Pirate Jim told him everything.

“It is very unfortunate that he found you—I should have kept a better eye on him. I’m sorry. What was in the book, Pirate Jim?”

“I don’t know—let’s look.” He smoothed out the crumpled piece of paper. It was covered with green stains. The writing was faint, but they could make out a few words here and there. The top of the page read: “A Potion for Right Speaking.” Some ingredients were listed: “Ground celery. Three squirrel feet. Dried vermillion.”

“That’s some crazy soup,” said One Tooth Tim. “No wonder it smelled so nasty.” He suddenly pointed to the bottom of the page. “Look, Pirate Jim. It says, ‘Stir with enchanted spoon.’” He took the spoon out of his coat pocket. The letters RM shone with their own light.

“I wonder if it’s really enchanted,” said One Tooth Tim as he rubbed the letters.

“I wonder what RM means,” said Pirate Jim. “And I plan to find out. Prince, we need to borrow this. One Tooth Tim, we’ve got a mystery to solve.”

The King's Competition

Back before Pirate Jim and One Tooth Tim lived in Ipswich, and back before the Prince lived in the castle, his father, the King, lived there. The King was a great king who was well loved by all the people.



Now the King himself loved food. He loved big breakfasts with plates of bacon, and waffles and pastry puffs. And he loved big lunches and huge dinner parties with glazed hams, turkeys, pies and cakes. And most of all, the King loved his chef, Margund.

Margund was a quiet, old lady who cooked all day for the King. But one day Margund had to stop being the chef. She was getting too weak to carry the hams and make the 24 pies he needed every Sunday for his royal banquet.

This made the King sad, but he understood. The very next day he posted a notice on every shop window in Ipswich. It read: Royal Chef Competition – Two weeks away! Cook your best recipe to become the King’s new chef.

Several days passed before Charles Macon saw the note. Charles was a young boy who loved to cook. While his two older brothers played down by the boats, he would stay inside,

making up his own recipes to feed his sick mother. He didn’t have a father. His father had been missing for years. After Charles read the notice about the competition, he tore it off the window and ran home. That night, when his family was sleeping, he worked in the kitchen, trying a new recipe. He worked as quietly as he could. With all the cutting and chopping and frying going on, it was a miracle no one woke up! The next morning he served it to his mother.

“Thank you, Charles, this is very good. But use less salt next time,” she suggested.

So Charles went back to work perfecting his recipe. All day long and into the next he worked in the kitchen and dreamed about winning the competition. He was shaking with excitement when he served his new meal to her again. She said it was better, but that the meat was a bit tough.

She looked up at him and asked, “Charles, why do you keep making this recipe?”

“I want to win the competition and become the King of Ipswich’s new chef! See!” He took the notice from his pocket and showed it to her. “It’s only two weeks away!”

“Oh, Charles, it’s not in two weeks. This note’s a week old. It’s in two days. I love you, son, but you’re not ready for this. This is for great cooks, not young boys. Besides if you win, who would cook for me?” She smiled at him, and then started coughing hard. She returned to her bed and fell asleep. She slept often those days.

Charles’ family used to live out in the countryside of Ipswich on a nice farm. But when Charles was just a toddler, his father had gone away, leaving Charles, his brothers and mother very poor. They had to move into a small apartment in town. His mother cleaned stores at night for the shopkeepers. But more and more,



she couldn’t get out of bed, and Charles and his brothers had to clean for her.

That night Charles went to clean the apothecary shop on the corner of Market Street that belonged to

Mrs. Trimble. She was an old lady with a glass eye who always made him feel very nervous. Her store made him nervous too. Beside all of the glass jars filled with dried leaves or murky liquids, there were bundles of withered things strung from the ceiling. They might have been plants, or they might have been animals: dead, dried and flattened.

Charles came to her shop that night and knocked gently on the front door. No one opened it. He knocked again and waited. Still nothing. He pushed his ear against the door to listen and

heard a soft singing sound. He pushed his face against the window and stared inside the shop room.

There in the back of the shop he could see Mrs. Trimble leaning over a candle, reading a book. He tapped on the window and she looked right at him with her glass eye. She got up and slowly walked across the floor.

“Come in, young man, come in.”

“Thank you, I’ll just start sweeping here.”

Charles worked as fast as he could. But it was very dusty and took him longer than he thought it would. While he was working he heard more singing. He looked up and saw her singing in the back, hunched over her book in front of a red candle.

“What are you singing?” he asked.

“Come and see,” she said.

He walked to the back of the shop. It was completely dark except for the burning candle.

“It’s a magic spell,” she said.

“Wh ... what is the spell supposed to do?” he stammered.

“It’s a wish-granting spell,” she said, “But with a curse, too.”

“What do you mean?” he asked.

“Whoever I sing this spell to will get their wish granted. But will also suffer the curse.” She gently brushed her hand across the pages of the book.

“What’s the curse?” he asked.

“I can’t tell you,” she said.

Charles didn’t know what to think. He didn’t know whether spells and curses were real or not. He wasn’t sure if it was worth finding out. He stood quietly in front of her.

“Well?” she said to him soothingly, “You’re a poor boy with a dead father and a sick mother. What’s your wish? You must need something.”

He pushed his hands into his pocket and felt the paper. He remembered the King's chef competition.

"You're right," he said, "I do need something." If I win the competition, he thought, I can take care of my mother in the castle and she'll never have to clean shops or cough herself to sleep again. She can finally get better, he thought to himself.

"Are you sure you want it enough to suffer the curse?" she asked.

"Yes," he said.

"Tell me what you wish for," she said.

"I want to win the royal chef competition."

"What? No gold! No medicine! No fame! You want to be a great chef? Ha!" The old lady was so surprised she started laughing. "I never would have guessed." She reached across the table and grabbed his hands. Then she sang her spell.

The next morning was the competition. Charles slipped out of his house, walked quickly down Market Street and turned onto High Street. He wore a long hat that covered his face as he walked toward the castle. He didn't feel any different from the night before.

Four big tables were set up in front of the castle gate. The King of Ipswich sat under a very large tent in front of the tables. Chefs had come from miles away to compete. They were walking around with their rolling pins, pans, bags of flour—there was food everywhere.

"Welcome to Ipswich, chefs!" cried a man with a bright red coat. "Welcome to the royal cooking competition! Each of you will cook one—and only one—meal for the King. The winner will be the new royal chef!" The cooks cheered with excitement. The man with the red coat introduced each chef to the King. When he got to Charles, he looked down at him and said. "Boy?

Are you here for the competition? Or are you lost?"

"I'm here to cook for the King," said Charles.

"What's your name, child?"

"My name is Charles Macon."

"King, the last chef is a young boy named Charles Macon. He's going to make you a peanut butter and jelly sandwich!" All the other chefs laughed. Charles didn't laugh. Instead he looked down at the ingredients in front of him and suddenly realized he didn't know what he was going to make.

"Well, Charles, why don't you go first? Cook your sandwich for the King," the man with the red coat teased. The other chefs stopped what they were doing and watched. Even the King got up and started walking toward Charles.

"Go on, son," said the King kindly. "Make something spectacular."

In a flash a new recipe came into Charles' head. Quickly he put the ingredients together, stirring, whipping, frying, cooking—creating something no one had ever eaten before. He put his meal on a plate and handed it to the King. The King leaned over to smell it. A look of complete surprise came over his face. He put the plate in front of the man with the red coat.

"Smell this," he said. The man smelled it and a great smile spread across his face.

"That smells absolutely, mouth-wateringly, fantastic," said the man with the red coat.

The King reached down with his fork, scooped the first bite into his mouth, and cried out, "Delicious! This is absolutely remarkable! I don't need to eat another bite! I have found my new chef!" He was so excited he waved his hands in the air, shouting, "I have found the greatest chef in all of Ipswich! All of Massachusetts! All of everywhere!"

In amazement the other chefs burst into applause and cheered a long time for Charles. He was so happy he started to cry. His wish had come true. The King handed a scroll to the man with the red coat.

It said, "On this day, the first of March, I, the King of Ipswich, solemnly promise to employ you as the new royal chef for the rest of your life."

"Do you accept?" asked the King.

Charles throat dried up he was so nervous. He tried to talk, "Yea .. Yea I ... I Yeah ... I do yea ..." He couldn't get the words out of his mouth right.

The King spoke again, "Well, Charles Macon, do you accept?"

The words were all jumbled up in Charles' head. He didn't know what was going on. All the sentences in his head were backwards.

"Do I yes," he said to the King. "Do I yes. Much very you thank." And he walked into the castle where he cooked for the King, and then later the Prince. His mother was well cared for, and lived a happy life. But he never did hear from his father and he missed him terribly.

And though he never regretted saving his mother's life, he wished he could speak normally and many nights he lay in his bed wondering if there was anyone who could heal him.

**Hope you enjoyed the story so far!
But what happens?
Buy the rest of the book to see how it ends!
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