WILL JAKEMAN'S MARVELLOUS MECHANIMALS
is a GUPPY BOOK

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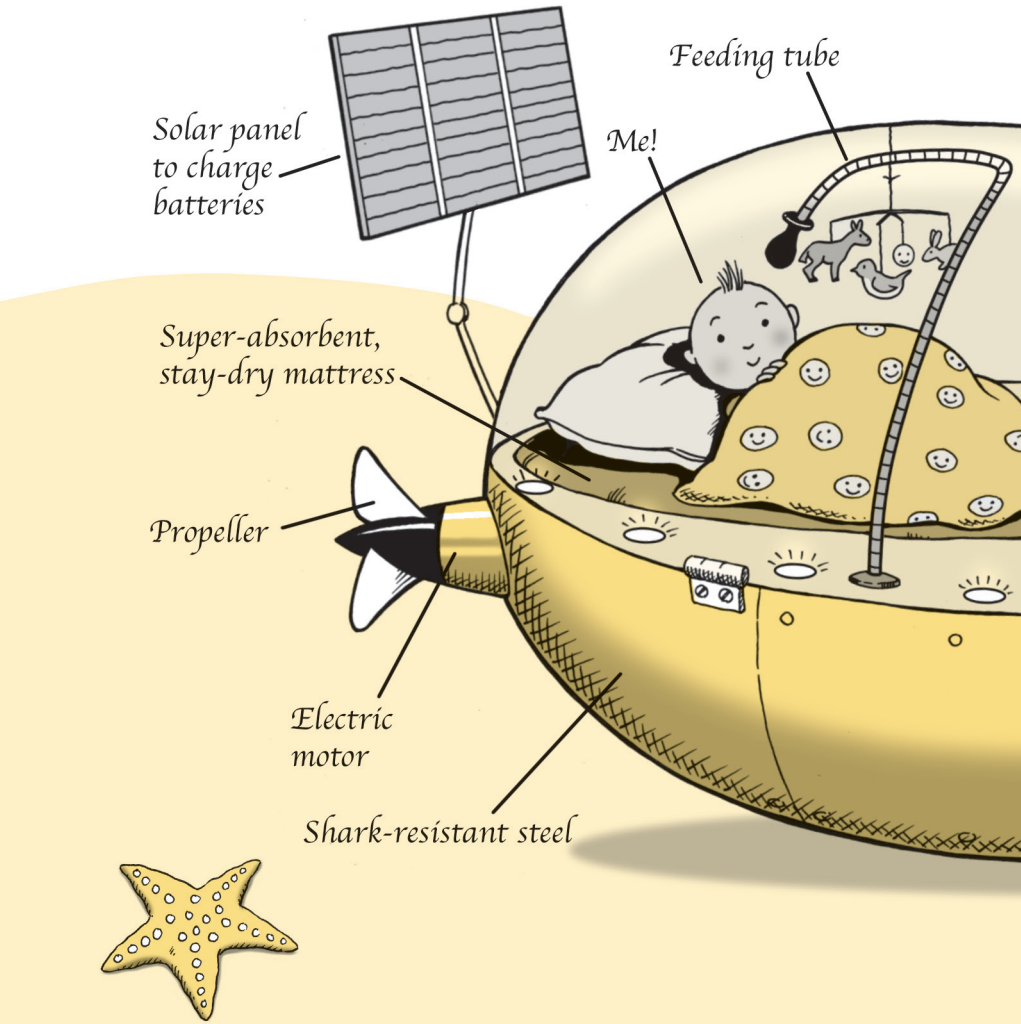


My Adventures Begin

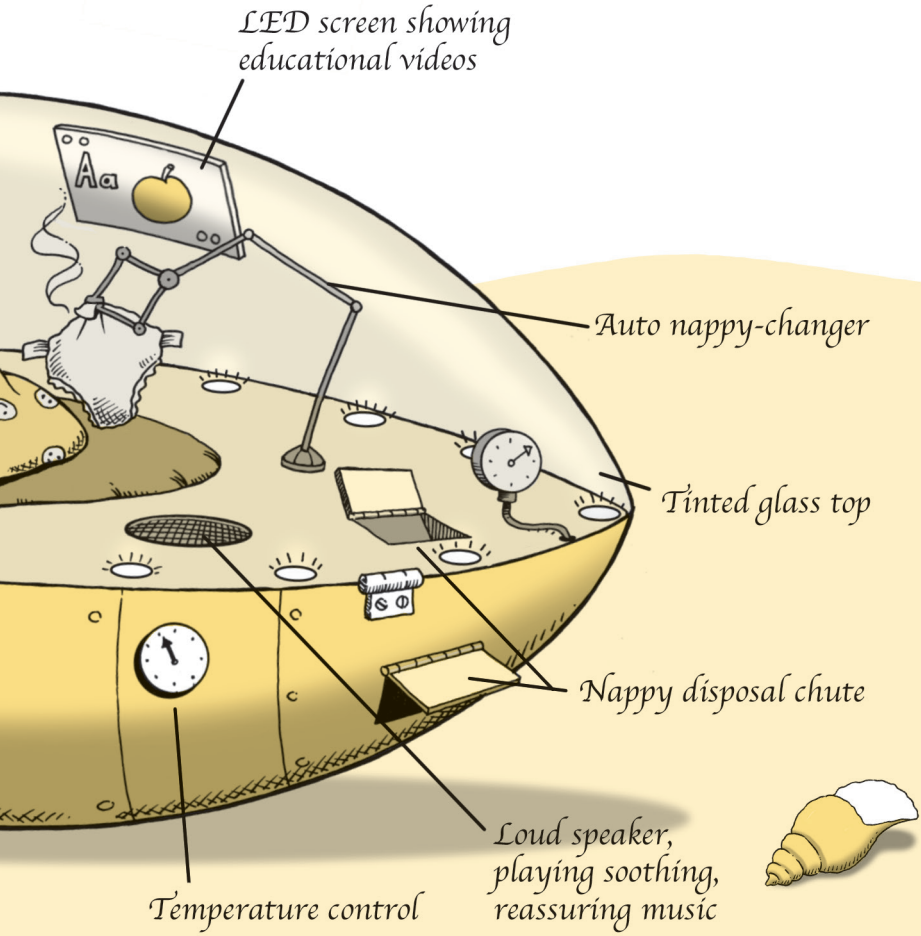
I was born in a remote galaxy, beyond the range of the most powerful telescope in existence. One day, when I was a tiny baby, our planet was invaded by an alien army. In a desperate attempt to save me from certain doom, my quick-thinking mum bundled me into an intergalactic i-cot and sent me bobbing down the rushing waters of a nearby river and out onto the storm-tossed sea.

Snug and safe in my little i-cot, I crossed mighty oceans, slipped through hidden portals into other worlds and floated between glittering galaxies. Some time later the i-cot landed in a small, sandy cove on a planet called Urf, where

an old couple were out for a morning walk. Eliza and Nat Jakeman were looking for anything useful that had washed ashore in the night, flotsam and jetsam perhaps, but instead they found me!



What a shock it must have been, finding a baby bobbing about in a rock pool. Where did I come from? Who did I belong to? What on Urf were they going to do with me?



In a daze, the Jakemans rummaged amongst the blankets in my i-cot and found this letter.

HELP!

Our beautiful planet is being attacked by Reptoids, a ferocious gang of interplanetary space pirates. The air is juddering with explosions and buildings are crashing down around us. There is little hope of survival, so I'm sending my precious baby out into the unknown in a special transporter I designed myself. He'll have everything he needs for his journey. His name is Will – please take care of him.

Love from his distraught mum X

The kind old couple immediately decided to raise me as their own son and carried me back to their house – a rambling, dilapidated workshop in the small town near the cove. I always wondered – was it just by chance I ended up being adopted by the Jakemans? Because it turned out the couple were amazing inventors, just like my mother.

My mum

This is the only photo I have of my brave mum. She had just been awarded a prize for inventing.





Eliza Jakeman

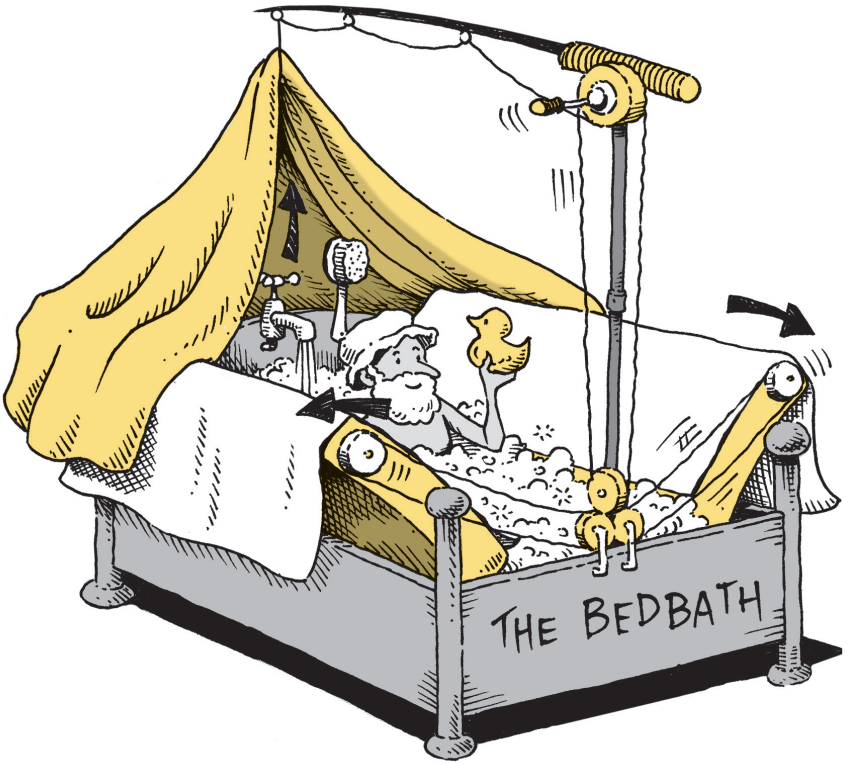
An inventor, a mathematician, a scientist and a kind and loving step-mom. When she found me she recognised the baby she had always wanted but never had, and vowed to take care of me.

Nat Jakeman

A wonderful, but rather scatter-brained inventor. The minute he saw my i-cot he took it to bits to see how it worked. I don't think he ever managed to put it back together again!

Of course, I was only a baby when all this happened so I couldn't remember my real home, and I was very happy with my new mom and pop who loved me to bits.

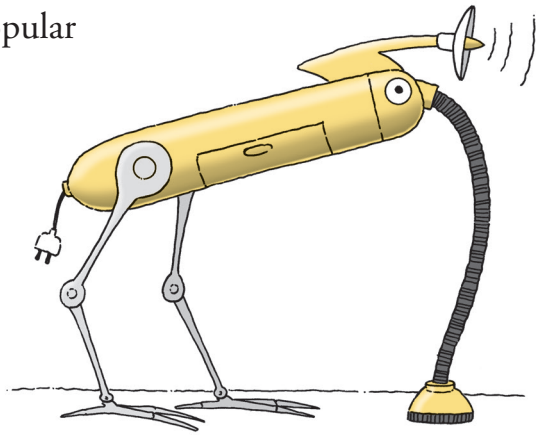
The Jakemans were very well-known inventors. People came from far and wide to buy their wonderful machines: inventions like the bed that turned into a bath without you having to get out of it – a very popular one!



Or the hat that cut your hair in a choice of five different styles while you were wearing it.



The most popular invention, though, was the vacuum cleaner that operated itself, walking around the house on long, bird-like legs and searching out cobwebs to suck up with its patented dust-seeking radar.



I spent my time playing on the oily floor of their workshop, amongst all the cogs and springs and pressure gauges. I was so fascinated by their inventions that Pop built me a splendid hover-potty so I could whizz around the factory and help them with their work. I used to pass them spanners and oilcans and tighten nuts and bolts.

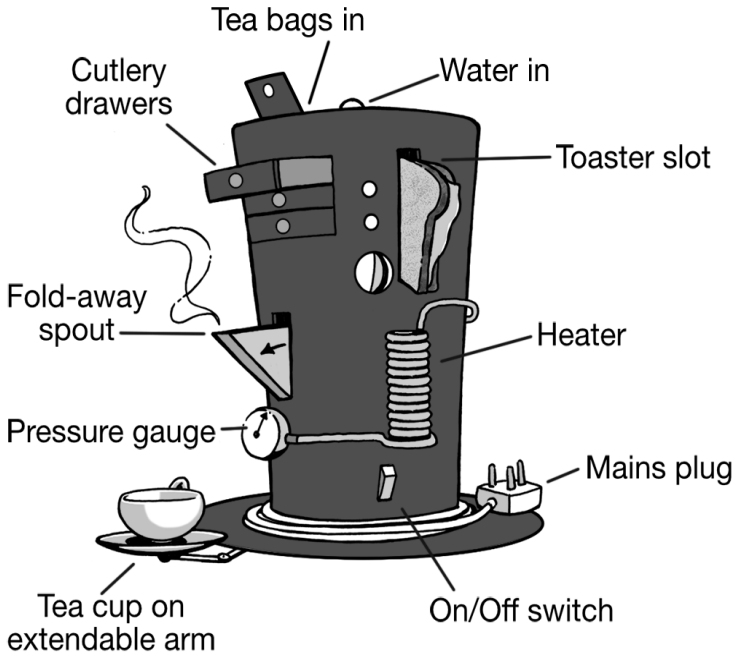


(I loved that potty! Wish I had one now…)

It wasn't too long before I started to have my own ideas, and by the age of six I'd invented my very first machine – the **Breakfast Making Hat**. It was meant to save grown-ups time by cooking their breakfast on the way to work…

I remember Pop was very encouraging, but my invention wasn't a great success. The hat brewed piping hot tea all right, but dripped it down the back of your neck, and the tasty bacon sandwiches caught fire. I realised this inventing lark wasn't as easy as my parents made it look!

Little Will Jakeman's Breakfast Hat



It had given me the inventing bug, though, and from that moment on there was no stopping me. I sketched my ideas into notebooks and before long, with help from Mom and Pop, I had made all sorts of amazing things.



Soaring Raptor Wings

When I was seven I made my own set of wings. They were very low-tech, relying on a string and pulley system, but they worked! I managed to get two metres off the ground and stay airborne for five minutes before I became too exhausted, and had to land.

Snoop!

I wasn't allowed to have a real dog, so I made one instead. He moved by a self-winding clockwork motor, and was guided by a sensor control. Snoop was a true and faithful friend until Mom decided he needed a bath and his cogs got rusty and seized up. No amount of oiling would help, so Snoop is now a doggy ornament!

