



Jason Love
THE ETERNAL SPHINX

by
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Bloomington, IN



Milton Keynes, UK

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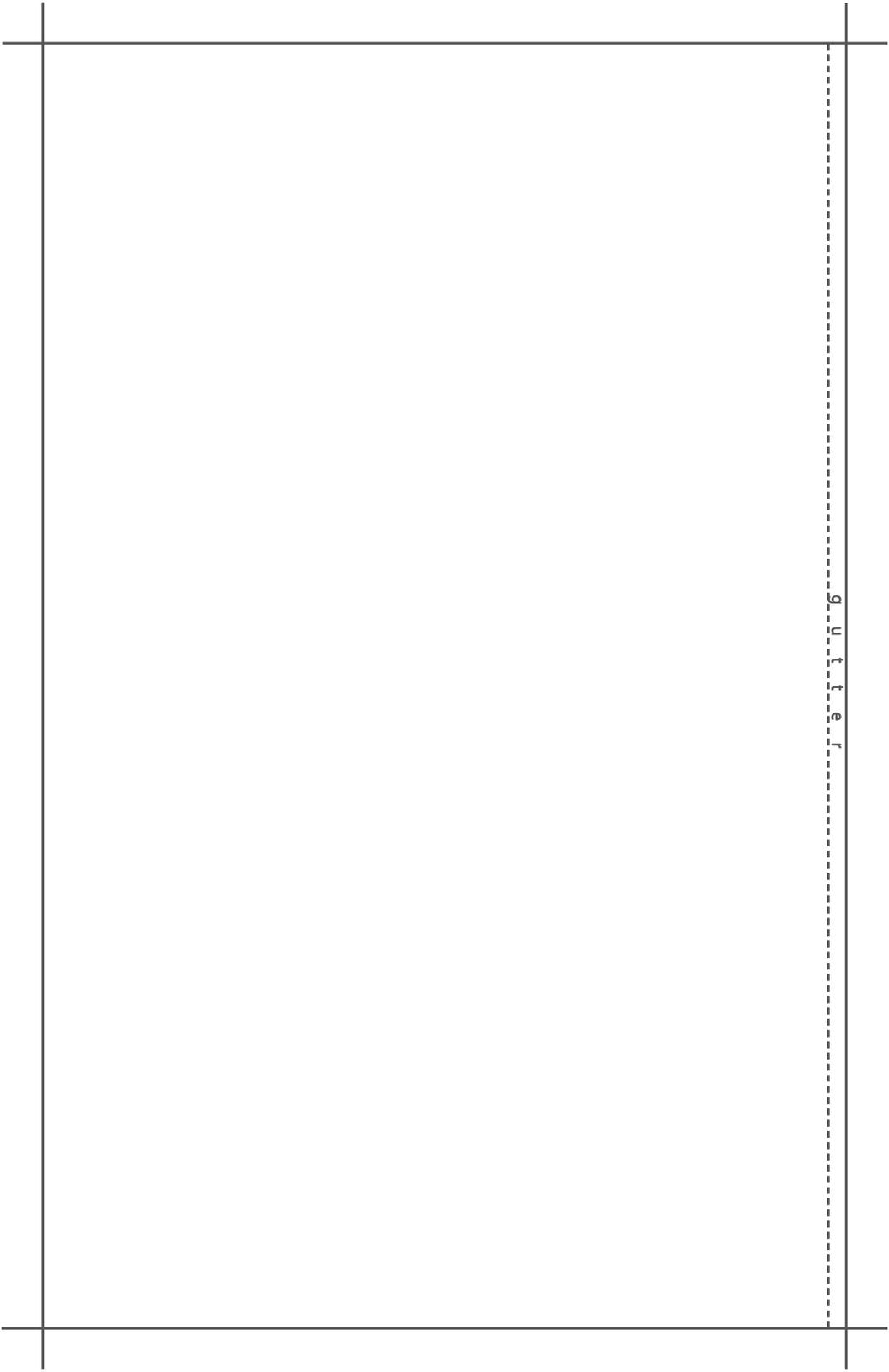
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This book is printed on acid-free paper.

For Sana and Anas,
In return for all your inspiration and love

For Ihsan,
Thank you for turning a dream into reality-



-Chapter One-
THE GIFTED ONE

Every mother is filled with supreme excitement, nervousness, and unbelievable happiness the day her first child is born.

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SUSAN LOOKED AT her son whilst sitting on a bed in her hospital room through her oval-shaped eye glasses, smiling. The three nurses looked down at him, too. However, confusion was set upon their faces when they noticed Susan tearing. Baby Jay looked up at his mother with his sparkling blue eyes smiling, and slowly drifted off to sleep. Susan gently put him in the cot next to her, and wiped her eyes with her sleeve.



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Sarah, a brunette nurse and also a family friend, walked up to Susan, bent down on her knees, and asked what was wrong. The mother simply shook her messy blonde hair, and tried to stop her tears.

'I'm fine,' she replied, forcing a brave voice, assuring that her trembles wouldn't show any signs of sadness. She turned around slightly, fluffed her pillow, sat up straight, checked that her newborn was safe and sound, and then burst into more tears.

Nobody but Susan, her husband, Jon, and his brother knew about how Jason's life would proceed. Jason, himself, hadn't yet discovered it, and it was a secret that remained with these three for a very long time.

The gift that was given to Jason was previously given to his father, as well. But not just yet, no... not just yet will you learn what this gift was. For now, let's just enjoy the beginning.

It took everyone by surprise when suddenly the door to the hospital room shot open, and a moustached man entered the room. He stared at Susan, who immediately discontinued her sobs, and stared back. The man had brown hair, just like his son's; he also wore glasses and a hospital robe, similar to his *wife's*.

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Limping on his left leg, he hopped across the room to Susan and gave her a quick kiss before falling into a seated position on the soft sofa chair beside her bed.

'You alright, Jon?' Susan asked concerned, as two of the nurses left the room.

'Fabulous,' he replied, though still in pain. He had a look on his face, the look someone gets when they'd just bitten into a chunk of fresh lemon. 'Could I get a pillow?' Jon asked, and Sarah dashed out of the room to fetch for one. There was a little silence, and then, 'What are you going to name him?'

'I thought, Peter, after dad,' Susan informed him.

'Peter?' asked Jon. 'Baby Pete?'

'Yeah, but when Sarah mentioned her *brother's* name...'

'So what's his name?' Jon asked.

'Jason,' said Susan.

'Jason,' Jon repeated. 'Baby Jason.'

'Well, Baby *Jay* until he's a little older.'

'Baby Jay? I like it.'

There were another few moments of silence as Susan carried the baby over to her husband.

'Be gentle, he's asleep,' Susan told him. Jon let out a small laugh.

'Baby Jay,' he whispered.

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'Jon, what happened?' said Susan looking up to her husband, her eyes open and serious.

'He's dead.' Susan clutched her hand to her mouth when Jon told her this. 'Shar's dead.'

'Jon, what if his father goes to the police!?' Susan asked.

'He's...!' he took a deep breath, 'he's gone too.'

'Merley!?' Susan gasped, her hand still clutched to her mouth. She looked down and let a few more tears escape her, because you see, *every mother is filled with supreme excitement, nervousness, and unbelievable happiness the day her first child is born.*

This, however, was not the case for Susan Stewart, for her life's story, was going to differ from most, a lot sooner than she knew.

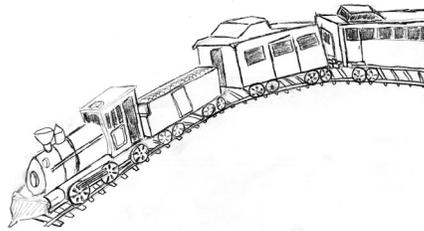
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-Chapter Two-
A VISIT TO THE PAST

*A memory is a way of holding onto the things
you love, the things you are, and the things
you never want to lose.
~Kevin Arnold*

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IT WAS THE twenty-third of July. The house was decorated with twinkling lights, and the dinner table was filled with plates of finger-food. There were brightly coloured napkins along with brightly coloured cups. Jason was turning into a wonderful brown-haired four year old boy. All his friends had



come to celebrate. Heloise and Musin, his closest friends, sat on the carpeted floor in the

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basement playing with a wooden *Build-Your-Own-Train-Track* kit.

Heloise had long black hair. Her green eyes glittered in the dark, and quite frankly, she wasn't a very clever girl. On the contrary—as it eventually turned out—she grew up to become a very dunce person. This, however, didn't annoy Jason.

Musin, Heloise's brother, had a brain filled with tons of information. He was the smartest out of the trio, and brighter than his age. He had light chocolate-brown hair, with matching eyebrows and eyes. Quite unlike his sister, he was, and there was a reason for that...

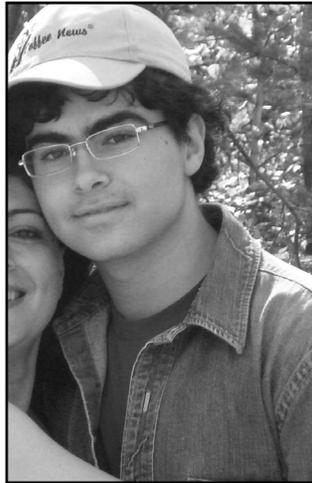
'Chou-Chou!' said Heloise moving the metal Made-In-China train on the carpet.

'No,' Jason explained. 'You are s'posed to put da roads together! Then put train. *Then* push!'

'Oh,' was her reply, and they continued to play. That was when it happened. The only part of that evening that was a blur to Jason. All the lights went out. The music that was being played, shutdown. There were a few children's screams followed by the sound of breaking glass onto the hard floor with a crash. After these events passed, the lights flickered back on, and the music repeated from the beginning singing, 'Happy Birthday'

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About The Author

Luay Eljamal wrote “Jason Love and the Eternal Sphinx” at the age of eleven, and now after four years and several edits finally had his dream of publishing come true. Living between the United Arab Emirates, Lebanon, and later on, Canada gave him the opportunity to experience a wide variety of cultures which he plans to discuss in his future books. Apart from writing, Luay has several other hobbies such as drama, music and filmmaking. You might have caught him as a Narrator in Keyano’s Production of *Disney’s Beauty and the Beast*, or Aladdin in Thickwood Heights Theatriks’ *Disney’s Aladdin Jr.*

He currently lives with his family in Fort McMurray, Alberta where he plans to graduate high school and continue writing the “Jason Love” series.