

My Mission

I remember the dreaded day as if it were hours ago. It was just like any other day, until the horror started. It happened so fast like a swarm of ants over an injured spider. Nobody saw the deadly blast coming. It wiped out everything except the metal objects of the soon to come amusement park.

I barely escaped with my life that day, unlike my unfortunate friends that I grew up with. My younger brother was the only other member of my family that survived. Ever since that day, my brother and I dedicated our lives to get our friends and family back. We made plans for every possible scenario that could happen during the mission.

Thirteen years after that day we finally finished our life project. I sat in our lab room getting ready for the moment that I had been preparing for most of my life. My brother, Michael, walked in, looking serious. He wasn't very tall. He had glasses and was wearing a lab coat, light brown pants and pitch black shoes.

“Are you ready?”

“I guess I am, Mike,” I replied.

“Good luck, brother,” he said with a faint smile.

I was ready to change the past, as I stepped in the machine. I pressed the buttons in the machine that we had been working on for years, as I carefully typed in where I wanted to go and when. I set the date to the day that had changed my life. I paused for a bit before I turned the dial to activate the machine, thinking about how much was on my shoulders, and then I turned it. I felt something that I never felt before. It felt like I left the planet completely and then I was back in an instant. I slowly opened the door and felt a rush of nostalgia. There, beyond the tall pine trees I was hidden in, was my hometown. It wasn't a big town. It was a town with golden

fields and ancient buildings, but it was what I once called home. I saw my old friends playing and their parents talking. I couldn't resist tears as I gazed upon this sight. They had no idea what was about to happen to them.

I quickly remembered what I was here for. I took one more look at my beautiful home, and then turned and walked towards the building that caused the tragedy. It was a nuclear reactor that was used for power. It looked like a monster that was staring down at me with cruelty. I shuddered at the sight of it. It was the cause of so many deaths.

I noticed there was somebody at the entrance. He was in a uniform with a walkie talkie at his side. He was wearing shady glasses and looked serious. I quickly moved to the side of the building. I waited for the split second in which nobody was at the entrance of the building and slipped in.

I needed to disable the reactor before it got overheated. I went to the source of energy and I worked on it with concentration. I was never so focused in my life. Ignoring the sleets of sweat on my back, I carefully worked on the monstrous reactor that I had been studying for years. After about an hour, I successfully disabled it. I double checked it multiple times to assure myself that there was no chance of history repeating itself. After I disabled the reactor I had to stay in the building for a while until I knew I could get out without being seen. When I thought I had the moment to get out I started walking quietly to the exit. I waited for the watcher at the front to take one more step and I bolted.

Now all there was to do was get back to the machine and go back to my time. I felt excited, a little too excited. On the way back I tripped over a root sticking out from the ground and I went rolling down the hill. It was a painful and long fall down the pinecone-filled hill. Tree branches cut my face and pinecones dug into my skin. When I finally reached the bottom I slowly got up,

checking if I broke any bones on the way down. Thankfully I didn't, but broken bones weren't things that I should've been worrying about. I looked up to see where I was. I was in a grassy, pine-cone covered field. I looked behind me and saw the steep incline which I had just come from. Something about the place was oddly familiar to me, I then noticed them. I saw people staring at me with bewildered eyes. It was the people of my hometown. There was an awkward moment when we just looked at each other. I saw my friends that I grew up with, they looked curious. I saw their parents who looked concerned. Finally, one of the parents said something. "Who are you, and where did you come from?"

"I'm a worker around here," I lied. "I was just going through the forest and got lost somehow." A woman from the back of the crowd came up. I recognized her right away. She was my mother.

"Do you need help to find your way back?" my mother asked.

A bit startled, I answered.

"No, ma'am I think I have an idea of which way to go."

"Ok, stay safe young man."

With a wave and a smile, I turned back into the forest. I could hardly believe that I saw all the people that I grew up with again. All those people that I played with and that I laughed with. I found the machine in the forest where I left it. I slowly opened the metal door and stepped in. I stopped for a moment, thinking about my whole mission. All of a sudden I felt the urge to write all that I experienced. I found a notebook in my coat pocket and a pen in my other pocket. I wrote about my whole life experience. About my friends that I used to grow up with, about my hometown, about the tragedy and about the mission. After I had written my story I set the date and year to my own time and I turned the dial.

I woke up in a bed with warm sheets over me. There was a lamp on at my bedside table. I had a book on my stomach. The title was “Dreaming”. I slowly got up. I strangely felt like I just did something that was very important. I couldn’t put my finger on it. There was my guitar leaned against the wall. I could hear my mother and sisters arguing downstairs about breakfast. “I should probably get down there”, I thought, I put on some clothes and was about to head down when I saw a notebook on the floor. I opened it, and I smiled.