

Let's Time Travel

By A. C. Zito

I didn't know scientists actually had laboratories. Looking around Dr. Barry Hadley's, I felt very nervous.

"This is my exhaust simulator. The first one I ever made. Everyone had cars before my transportation watches were invented and no one wanted to give them up. So I made this!" Dr. Hadley gave me the cylindrical piece of metal with some wires wrapped around it. It had another piece of a roundish metal sticking out of the side, I could see a strange-looking fan spinning in every which direction forming a spherical ball.

"How does it work?" I asked. He snatched it out of my hands and stuck it on another piece of metal.

"The exhaust fumes come through here," he said, pointing his finger through the piece of metal, "And my exhaust simulator catches the fumes and solidifies the fumes. It then retracts the solidified fumes with this prototype fan I made here," pointing to the fan sticking out of the side of it. "And then it drops the fume crumbs leaving no emissions to poison the air ever again."

"Yes, but..." I still didn't understand how it solidified the fumes, but Dr. Hadley was already picking up a new gadget.

"This is my worst idea ever. I wanted to see if I could combine coffee and tea into a drink so the Americans and the *Brits* could get along again after World War 7 ended. But all it did was throw them back into World War 8!" He chucked the gadget into a pile of rubble building up on a nearby table, not even thinking about glancing back at where it could've possibly landed.

"What's your favorite invention?" I asked him. He shrugged.

"I made a time machine a couple weeks ago, but the blasted thing doesn't work! It won't let me go back in time and kill baby Hitler! It only has me go into the future and then back to present day not to mention that however long we would be gone would be the same amount of time that would elapse in present day time." I couldn't help but gasp in a girlish pleasure I've never seen come out of me before.

"I just came here for a school project, Dr. Hadley, and my best friend got to go up into space and hang out with an astronaut for the person *he* got picked to go and hang out with. Are you telling me that *I* got the better career day interviewer?" Dr. Hadley was shaking one of his gadgets around next to his ear, possibly listening to it. It didn't seem like he heard me.

"Well, if we would have been able to go and kill baby Hitler then maybe but I'm sorry, son, all your little friends back in grade 7 are just going to make fun of you for not getting to kill the guy! I'd still say your little friend won in the sweepstakes. Being in space sounds super cool, I'd be jealous too!" This

ticked me off. But I was still excited to go and time travel... wait, we *are* about to time travel aren't we? I decided to ask him:

"We *are* about to time travel, aren't we?" He threw the gadget he was shaking near his ear behind him letting it land with a *clang* over on the ground somewhere as he shrugged, replying:

"Sure; why not?" He brought me into another room where in the middle of it...

"You're *joking*." I looked at the lone refrigerator in the middle of the all but vacant room. "Why?" He chuckled, slapping me on the back, replying:

"Isn't it *cool*?" I shook my head, trying not to smile. This had to be the biggest joke in the whole, wide universe. He then added, "I have another fridge. You'll need one too, and I'm not letting you go alone. It can get pretty scary in the future!" I *felt* scared. I didn't want to think of it, but I did... what if I meet a girl? Like a princess. And she can fly or levitate or something cool like that?

"Am I going to meet a girl, Dr. Hadley; that I could fall in love with? Like a princess? And she makes me the king of her kingdom, and she becomes my queen?" Dr. Hadley looked at me with a smirk on his face that he couldn't contain for a second longer; he busted out in laughter.

"Son, I already told you! We're going into the *future*. Get that through your thick skull of yours! There hasn't been a queen or a kingdom since Queen Meghan Markle the twenty seventh declared no more kingdoms and only communism for now on!" I was a little bummed out by this, but I still had to ask:

"But I'll still meet a girl, right?" Dr. Hadley sighed.

"Son... I'm sorry to tell you this... but then again," he perked up, smiling at his thought; then went back to being serious. "Where we're going humans don't exist anymore!" I gasped, shocked.

"Humans won't be around forever?" I asked, stunned. He nodded.

"It's not surprising when you think about it. I mean, with evolution and all. There will still be humans, *kind of*... but they won't be calling themselves *humans*. And I don't believe either of us will be calling them humans either. This is the species that has evolved passed the Homo sapiens that is what you and I are." He then opened the fridge he brought out for me and pulled out a razor and a pair of glasses.

"Dr. *Hadley*?" I asked, staring at the razor and glasses.

"Quick!" he told me, pulling out his own razor and a pair of glasses from his refrigerator, "Shave your whole entire body and then put on your glasses. We'll get new clothes when we get there. They won't think anything of our current clothes. We'll just look like hobos to them." He began shaving his head which I watched in horror.

"I DON'T WANT TO SHAVE MY HAIR!" I screamed at him. He stopped mid-shave and then looked at me intensely.

"Your school project; you have to! Don't you want to rub in astronaut boy's face that you time traveled, and all he did was go up in a silly airplane?"

"Space ship," I corrected him. But he was right. I thought about it a little bit more and then almost began shaving my head before feeling the need to ask: "Why, again, do I have to shave my head?" He was already finished shaving his head, now shaving his arms and legs, replying:

"*Homo triple sapiens* don't grow hair anymore. Any sign of the primate that was once in their ancestor tree has now been totally eradicated. For the most part, anyways; and don't forget to put the glasses on. It makes your eyes look bigger. If they ever come off then you're screwed. Then they'll no you're an imposter and not like them.

"They don't have *hair*? They have *huge eyes*?" I felt my knees trembling as I began shaving my hair and then looked down at the rest of my body realizing that was really the only place I grew any hair.

He laid the fridges down on their backs and told me:

"They aren't really fridges. They do look like fridges, don't they?" I nodded, agreeing that they did a little bit. But inside looked nothing like the inside of a fridge at all. Inside was one seat and buttons surrounding all along the sides and all across the inside of the door. "You won't have to press any buttons." He told me as he connected the two fridge-looking machines with two tubes.

"How do I look?" I asked as I put the glasses on. He gave me a thumbs up and then strapped me into my part of the time machine. After he closed the door I began to feel claustrophobic.

Countdown starting I heard a female voice radiate all throughout the room once Dr. Hadley finally closed his door and was strapped in. *TEN, NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN, SIX, FIVE, FOUR, THREE, TWO, ONE*

I suddenly felt a heat stronger than anything I've ever felt before. It surrounded the box I was strapped nice and tight inside, but as I looked at the inside of my box, a frost began to collect all around the metal plating and all along the edges of the little buttons.

God, keep me safe. God, keep me safe I began to say over and over again as I took my rosary out of my pocket.

"NO, NO, NOOO!" I heard a scream come out of the box next to me. I looked around hysterically as I realized that instead of it being super-hot and the buttons and metal plating having been once frozen over, a reverse-effect began to happen. A sudden coldness erupted out of the blue all around me, and I looked madly around as I saw the buttons begin to melt and the metal plating turning from a frosty white to a burning red. Then came a stop; I heard Dr. Hadley jump out of his box, yelling out: "HOT, HOT, HOT!" He opened my door, as well, screaming from the burning pain it brought with it. He

held onto his hand as I could already see the blisters forming on it. He ran over to a nearby river and quickly stuck his hand inside it letting off a steamy mist once doing so.

“Dr. Hadley?” I asked, “Where are we?” I looked around, feeling out of place as I felt at my bald head noticing now that everyone else still *had* hair. He looked over at me from the river and smiled at the people too, replying:

“Where are we? Well, I finally made it!” I didn’t understand as I looked at the people long and hard and tried to understand what they were saying to each other as they stared at the two of us in fear. Then I realized what they were saying, and I looked over at Dr. Hadley in awe. He nodded at me gravely, in return, saying:

“Yes, my boy! Today is the day. I’m finally going to do it! I’m finally going to kill baby Hitler!”