

Blast to the Past

Burnt. The smell of smoke chokes my lungs the second I step outside. I walk down the street covering my mouth with my shirt even though it's not doing me any good. It's the year 3078 in New York City. World War 3 has commenced. The whole reason the war started was because Russia tried to take over the US, and we decided to fight back. Now, there is an on-going war for ten years. New York City is filled with smoke and fire. Families are kicked out of their homes and forced to live on the roads with what seems like everyday. Thankfully, my family isn't close to that area of town, but we still have to be careful. Today, I have to visit my grandmother because she needs to have her weekly food delivered since my parents won't let her out of the house. I stay close to the walls and hide in shadows and behind trash cans so I'm not seen by the guards. As I make my way down the street, I see a group of guards taking a family out of their home and destroying their home. Part of me wants to run and beat the guards up and take the family to safety, but I know there is no point since the guards have weapons. I keep making my way down the street secretly till I get to my grandmother's house.

"Hello Jay!" she says excitedly, "You know, I have been working on something and I wanted to show you".

My brain starts pacing and wondering what she could've gotten. It could span from a new carpet to a new hip replacement. She leads me to her basement, the one that I have grown up in since I was 3. We walk down the stairs as we did when I was younger. She takes me to the room in the basement I wasn't allowed to go in as kids.

"Grandma, why are you taking me to this room?" I say curiously. She says to just close my eyes and trust her. I do as she says. I hear the creaking of the door open. My mind is full of thoughts as to what could be behind that door.

"Open". I hear her old voice say. I open up my eyes and see the weird looking metal device that looks like it's from a movie.

"Jay, I know how fascinated you have been with time travel ever since you were a little boy. You always dreamed of going back in time and seeing what life was like when it wasn't full of war. That is when I took on the responsibility of making sure you lived your dream and could see what the real world looked like, not this fiery trash we live in" she states, tears forming in her eyes.

"How did you make this?" I asked curiously.

"I found some abandoned airplanes from Russia and used pieces to make the best machine. You know, being a science teacher for 24 years really paid off" She said, letting out a subtle laugh.

"Jay, you must go back and fix what has been done. The only reason why Russia tried to take over and steal our land was because we kept contact with them and trusted them. You must go back and cut off contact with them and make sure they never take our land".

I don't know what to say, but I am willing to take risks. I give my grandma one last hug goodbye and I step inside the machine.

"Are you sure this is safe?" I say just to double check and make sure.

"I hope so". She says jokingly, well, at least I hope she's joking. I press a few buttons and it starts to rumble. My grandma takes a step back and closes her eyes. Then suddenly, she

fades away from vision. The walls, the floor, and the door all disappear as if they were never there. Flashing colors fill my vision as I hold on tight to the seat. It shakes uncontrollably and it feels like I'm gonna get stuck in time and never return. Then suddenly, it all stops. The door opens and I walk outside. Green, everything is green. No fire, no smoke, no guards. I breathe in the fresh and let out a sigh of relief. I smell the grass and plants, and rejoice because everything is safe. Freedom. I laugh and roll around in the grass and feel the most happy I have ever felt. Then I sit up and then I remember the mission. Cut off connections with Russia. How on Earth am I gonna do that? I walk down the street and I see a "Welcome your New President" sign. The sign reads "Jonah Hayes, 2037-2041". That's who I need to get in contact with. I make my way down the street more, breathing in the fresh air. I just can't believe this is actually real. As I stroll down the street, I see a convenient store and in the window I see notebooks and pencils. In the same lot I find a mail station, so I write my letter and send it off.

Three Days Later...

I'm still in the past waiting for my letter. I sit outside the office and wait. People come up to me and ask if I need anything or want anything, and I say no thank you and they keep walking. Then finally, I see the mail truck come to the station, and drop off a box of letters. Today is the day. I run up to the box and dig through, trying to find the letter. All different names are on the different letters. Aj, Natalie, Alex, Sam, yet, there is still no Jay. I reach the last letter in the box, close my eyes, and turn the letter around. I open my eyes and see the name. To Jay, from Jonah Hayes. I stare. He actually responded. I rip open the letter and read the message inside.

"Dear Jay, Thank you for writing to me and stating your current situation of what's going on. I understand that what you are dealing with can be very stressful, so I was thinking you would want to come in person so we can chat about it and you can explain everything more easily to me. I have already sent a Limousine your way so they should be getting there any second now. Thank you for reaching out to me, and I am hoping to see you later. President of the USA, Jonah Hayes."

Wow. I sit in disbelief. He actually responded. And just as he said, I see a long black car in the distance. It pulls up to this mail office, and a man in an all black suit steps out of the car. I shoot straight up and throw my hand towards him to shake his hand. He stands there still face and doesn't move a muscle. He then motions to the car's open door. I put my hand back at my side, and crawl into the car disappointed. The drive is long, but nice. I take a long nap, one that I have been wishing for since I can remember. Sleep has been hard with the war. It's awfully loud. I wake to the car stopping. I look out the window and see a beautiful white building. The White House. It has always been on my bucket list to see what it looks like. The same person who rejected my hand shake opens up the door for me. I say thank you and walk up to the building, the man right behind me. I stop at the doors. The guard walks up next to me and he knocks on the door. Another guard opens the door and they start talking. I can't hear what they are saying, but they keep on glancing at me so I can tell they are talking about me.

"Come in," said the guard, "The president is waiting for you".

I walk inside a little nervous. I smile at the guard, and his face stays still as he keeps looking forward. I keep walking, and as I do I think to myself, *why are the guards so stuck up*. As soon as my brain says that, the guard taking me to the president looks at me and seems as though he heard what I said. So my brain remains quiet the rest of the walk.

We walk to this large door, which I'm guessing is the president's office. The guard knocks on the door and says "Sir, he's here to see you".

"Bring him in," I hear from the office. A little muffled, but still noticeable.

"Hello Sir," I say, a little crack in my voice from the nerves, but he provides me with a nice warm smile to make me feel more comfortable. The guard sees that the president smiled, then I exchange a look with him that says *This is how you are nice and make people feel safe*. He bows his head and walks out. Closing the door behind him.

"I hope my guards haven't scared you too much, they aren't the best welcoming committee." The president says, letting out a little chuckle.

"Oh they've just been dandy," I say letting out a little laugh.

"So, your letter".

"My letter".

"You want me to cut off all connections with Russia, but I am very confused why and I need to hear from you now" he says, a little more firmly.

"Well," I say, "I am 17 years old, and I'm from the year 3078. My whole life, since I was 3, there has been a World War 3. The whole reason the war started was because Russia wanted to take the USA and claim it as its own. Russia is very powerful as you know, and they are coming very close to winning, which isn't good. My grandmother was a science teacher, yet she was smart enough to work as a scientist, so she built me a time machine. I know it sounds crazy, but that's how I got here. Russia is going to take over the USA if you don't put a stop to it now. They have been planning the attack for hundreds of years and it is either now or never to end it with them. I know that we benefit with them, but if you really love your country you would do what's best for them". I breathe in. I'm shaking a little bit and I feel a sense of relief that I finished. But now, he just sits there. He glances at me, then at the papers on his desk, then back at me. He breathes in, and lets out a sigh.

"Well, I don't think the Russian empire is going to agree with us cutting off all contacts, but if that is how treacherous the future will be for the economy, then I say we get to work".

He then calls up the Russian president and states some fake reasons to cut off contact. The Russian leader shouts something angry in Russian and then hangs up the phone. We sit there silently, then the phone rings again. The Russian leader apologizes for screaming and then says he's not happy about it, but he can understand and won't bother us anymore.

"Well," Jonah says, sounding a little relieved, "We did it, we saved the future of the USA and are bound to keeping everyone safe". He says smiling.

"Thank you for doing this, I just know my grandma is going to be so happy, thank you".

"You are very welcome".

I start to walk out of his office, when I am greeted by the guard who ignored me. He smiles at me and holds out his hand to shake it. I ignore him and keep walking. I hear the president laughing from the office. We get back in the limousine and the guard drives me back to the post office.

I wave goodbye to him and he waves back. I go back to the time machine and get in. I close the door and press the same button. It starts shaking uncontrollably. And just like before, the sky and ground disappear. Flashing colors start flying all over the place and I grip the seat as tight as possible. Then everything stops. Again. I see the gray walls and the brown carpeted floors again. But my grandma isn't there. I jumped out of the machine and ran up the stairs. I

see that the front door is open. I bolt out to the porch and see my grandma sitting on the steps. The sky is a clear blue and the trees are full of green leaves. Birds are chirping and the sun is shining.

“It works”, she cries, “It really worked”.

The End