

TIME'S TICKING

By

Conner Shultz

Prompt: My summer started off really boring, but I couldn't believe how it turned out.

Hi, I'm Rick and this is my story...

Chapter 1

Welcome Home

I looked out the car window. The sun was setting over the mountain peaks.

"Rick, are you still awake?"

"Yes, mom," I said.

"You're a trooper Rick," she said.

I asked her what she got for my birthday.

"Your dad and I are going to take you to that hobbies store," she said.

"You mean that old dump," I grumbled.

"It's not an old dump, it's just..um..ahh, it's an umm.." she struggled for the word.

"A dump," I interrupted.

I hate it when my mom and dad make decisions. We rolled into the driveway where my dad came to greet us.

"What took you so long?" he asked.

"There was a wreck and it took an hour to clear out," mom said.

I went to my room and my mom came to tuck me in later. I hated that I was getting one of the dumbest toys from a dump. I was hoping I would get the new book I really wanted. All the stuff in that dump is old and beat up.

"I hate when my mom and dad make decisions for me," I thought again before drifting off to sleep.

Chapter 2

The Book

I woke up to the sound of my older sister's radio.

"Shut it!" I shouted over the radio.

"I'm not talking!" she nagged back.

"Turn it off Ashley," mom told her. "It's his birthday."

"Why do we celebrate the day the little demon was born?" she snarled.

"Because it was better than yours," I teased.

"Ha, ha," she faked.

"Okay kids, stop taunting each other," mom sternly spoke. "Rick, it's time to get your gift."

"You mean crud," I mumbled.

I walked over with my dad to the store. It was a small store with a thin door and one small window. The place looked ancient as I looked at it from across the street. A couple of cars went by and then we ran across the street. I walked

in the store. It was dark and the only light was coming through the small window. I saw an old man with short gray hair, a bushy moustache with curls on the ends and a white button shirt that ended at his elbows. Behind his desk he was placing a puppet on a shelf. I looked around for a second and heard a man saying,

"I've got the perfect thing for you."

I turned around to see that the man had stopped working.

"A comic book?" he asked enthusiastically.

"Nah.."

"A pack of trading cards?"

"Nah.." "Thanks, Mr...."

"Sign," he said helping me to fill in the blank.

I went over to look in the book section. I saw old dusty books. Then, I saw a small gold gleam. I looked closer to find that it was coming from a book shoved way in the back. As I pulled it out, dust went everywhere. It was brown with lots of tiny golden lines. I opened the book but got scared and closed it because Mr. Sign started yelling to put it down. I couldn't take my eyes off it even as Mr. Sign repeated himself more calmly.

"No," I said and I took off running across the street to the park. I opened it again as I sat on a park bench. It read..DO NOT READ ANY FURTHER OR YOU SHALL SUFFER SEVERE CONSEQUENCES.

I flipped to page 105 to see what it was like and saw a picture of a man in a boat in the 1500's. Below the pictures of three ships I began to read the names of the ships. Just as I was pronouncing, "The Godspeed" all of a sudden water began to spin around me enclosing me in the belly of the ship. I closed my eyes and hung on to the book. I looked up at an empty ship bottom with only man standing beside me. I ran to look out onto the top deck. That is where I saw people loading things onto the ship. This is when I began to suspect that I really was in the 1500's on board of the Godspeed. I was happy for a minute, then I was sad and scared.

Could it be that I really was travelling in time?

Chapter 3

Consequences

I ran down to the bed again. The book was gone. I looked around. Then I saw a note. It read... what you need is to follow the sea. I thought for a minute then decided that I must go on the voyage if I was to find the book. I went back up to the top deck and asked the man when we were leaving.

"In two days," he said.

Two days would be great for me because I needed some time to prepare. I went to a market to get food. Then I realized I had no money. I walked a ways and found a tree stump to sit for a while.

"Well, this is great, just great," I mumbled under my breath. Just when I thought things couldn't get any worse, it started to rain. I had to find shelter. I ran quickly until I found a store. It was open. It was a small restaurant with many chairs. I found one and sat down to watch the raindrops outside and I must have fallen asleep.

Chapter 4

One More Day

I woke up and looked outside. It was cold and wet looking. I remembered where I was.

"Great," I thought. "no money."

"And I am stranded in the middle of who knows where."

"Here, have some of mine," a boy said throwing me a bag of money.

"Thanks," I said, "name's Rick."

"I'm John, my good sir," he said in an English accent.

"Man, you are what, ten years old and you are acting like you are sixty!"

"I am ten years old," he said. "I am not a man, I am a boy."

"Whatever," I said.

"So do you need a place to stay?" John asked.

"Sure, but just for tonight," I said. "Tomorrow I will be gone."

"Splendid, shall we get to know each other?" John asked.

"Sure."

We walked along a stone path into town.

"What do you usually do around here? I asked.

"A few things," he said. "painting, fishing, that's about it," he said.

"Painting sounds like fun," I added.

"Good then," John replied, "after painting we shall go to church!"

Chapter 5

Home at Last

After John and I were done with painting, we went to church. I had never been to a church so I really had no idea what we were doing. But I still liked it anyway. I walked outside the building. It was sunny and dry. I thought it was going to be a great day. My thoughts drifted to the trip I would be taking in the morning when my words stopped like a sudden gust of wind. Oh no! my friend would be left behind I thought. I might never see him again. I was happy and sad about my upcoming voyage.

"So where are you going tomorrow?" John asked breaking my thoughts.

"On the Godspeed to the new worl..."

John interrupted me, "Are you going on the Godspeed?"

"Yeah, I know someone on the other side," I said as we walked along.

"You mean an Indian," he asked.

"No man, it's just, well, yes, I guess so," I said.

"For the last time Rick, I am a boy, not a man," John said angrily. "Stop talking rudely to me, you, you..."

"You what? I nagged.

"Oh never mind, let's just stop fighting." "So, why do you need money if you are on the Godspeed," John asked.

"The Godspeed doesn't cost much," I said not knowing if it was true or not.

"I've always wanted to go on a ship like that," John said.

"Well, why don't you ask the man at the boat if you can come?" I asked hoping that he would consider it.

"My mother and father won't let me," he continued, "they don't believe there is civilization on the other side."

"Well that stinks that you can't come," I said feeling down.

"You are right Rick, something stinks bad," John said plugging his nose.

Fresh fish were being pulled from the water.

"Let's keep walking," we agreed.

We walked quietly for a while. My emotions were a jumble. I was both happy and sad. We finally arrived at the ship.

"Sir," I said approaching a man. "What bunk am I on?"

"My name is Rick Bailey, B A I L E Y."

"Rick Bailey, Rick Bailey," he said while turning the pages. "Oh, here you are, bunk seven."

"Thank you," I said as he handed me the ticket. "Bunk seven to the New World," I read out loud as I thanked him again and began to walk away. Then John asked the man if there were any more bunks available.

"I thought you weren't goin'" I whispered.

"I am probably not but if I can find three bunks for me and my parents, they might go.

"Sorry," the man said interrupting our conversation, "there are no more bunks." "Try the Discovery over there," he said pointing to a ship just as big as the other one.

We walked over and asked if there were any more bunks.

"No," he said. "Try the one over there," he said pointing to the Godspeed.

"We already did," we said.

"Try the Susan Constant," he said looking at his papers.

We walked over there and had no luck.

"I guess you can't come along," I said.

"You will have to travel alone Rick," he said.

"Yeah," I said feeling much sadder now.

We walked to his house. I walked in and John closed the door. It was small with a wooden table, four wooden stools, two rooms, a bunk and a fireplace.

"You can sleep here," he said pointing to the top bunk. "My parents should come home in two or three hours."

"Okay, I am just going to get some sleep," I said climbing into the bunk.

I asked John to put my ticket on the table and then I went to sleep. The next morning I woke to the smell of something frying and saw a lady cooking bacon. I looked around some more. It was my house! I was home at last! I walked over and sat down. My ticket was there on the floor. I reached down to pick it up.

"What happened to me?" I began to think...

To be continued...

