

A Diary of Magical Mysteries In Life

January 20, 2015 3:45 P. M. I am a young girl at the age of 12, named Zoe. I am small, yet I am in the big New York City. “Do you hear voices?” I asked.

“It could be anyone, we are in a city,” Cayla calmly said, not hearing anything. Cayla is my best friend from school. I’m coming home from my school where I got bullied all that very long day by the dreaded girl called Janie. She also has 3 friends Pansy, Julia, and Cassandra.

“What should we do now?” Cayla asked.

“Dunno, want to come to my house? Bet my Mum made a batch of bread. Besides, You Know What's ready.” I told Cayla as we walked into my house.

“Prove it. It can't be ready already, besides how did you get the bamboo?” Cayla asked. We walked into the basement. There was a big shape with a cover over it so you couldn't tell what it was. Cayla interrupted the silence.

“I swear, if you're lying about this-” Crash, Screech!

January 20, 2015 4:00 P. M. “Oliiive” I groaned. I was talking to my lazy, grumpy cat. Olive was an ugly shade of brown, with bright green eyes, and a tremendous amount of fur. What seemed to have caused the ruckus was that Olive was prowling around on the steps and fell on the floor.

“It's okay, Olive does this all the time. It seems to be a habit now. If we had a party every time he fell, and let's say each party was a dollar, we wouldn't even have a penny left in the bank with our name on it. I'll go get him, he's probably at the bottom of the stairs. Be right back,” I said, annoyed. At that very moment I heard voices again. I went over to get Olive when I saw... the cover fell off the big shape.

January 20, 2015 4:10 P. M. “Cover It! You don't want anyone to see it, do you? We would get in soooo much trouble. Besides, your mum would never let me in the house!!!!!” Cayla snapped. Under the cover looked something like a lopsided ship with a tiny window shaped like a bolt of lightning and inside was an ugly shade of blue. That's what we called a Time Machine.

“Are you thinking what I'm thinking?” I asked. There was a bit of a pause while Cayla thought about what I was saying.

“No you can't be serious!” Cayla yelled. But right as Cayla finished her sentence I grabbed her arm, picked up Olive, and ran, straight into the... TIME MACHINE!!

“For crying out loud, what are you doing?!” Cayla groaned. Inside the Time Machine was somehow a lot bigger than the outside. It had three rooms, in one room there was a bathroom, in another room there was a kitchen and table with squat, acid green chairs, and in the last room there was a little sitting area with two blue chairs and one large, squishy yellow couch which Olive sat on and dozed off.

“Exactly what you think I am doing,” I said as I pressed a couple of buttons then set the time to... September 11, 2001, 8:40 A. M. New York City.

The time machine spun, Cayla opened her mouth but no words came out, Olive woke up and screeched as his eyes flared, and I was amazed that we were time traveling in a machine we had made. Yet something bothered me, I felt like I was being watched. Finally the machine started to slow down and we headed to the door with Olive in my arms.

September 11, 2001 8:41 A. M. As we opened the door, Cayla interrupted the silence by saying “I am telling you, this is going to go wrong, besides does it even have enough juice? We

don't want to be stuck here forever. What would we do? Remember, check your watch, It will all happen at 8:46. You know, the plane crashes. If it is close to that than we have to run.”

“Two things, first of all I know about the crash, second, my watch is in a total different time.” I snapped.

“Than look somewhere else!” Out of the corner of my eye I saw the time on a display board, 8:41.

“It's 8:41.” I blurted out, but as I said that I started to hear footsteps and voices heading straight towards us and those voices sounded oddly familiar. I turned around and right there were four people. and they were Janie, Pansy, Julia, and Cassandra.

“Oh well well well, look who it is, if it isn't just Cayla and Zoe.” Janie snarled.

“How did you get here?!” I said amazed.

“Snuck into the ship thing or whatever it was. You were acting so strange at school, I knew you were up to something. Besides, where are we?” Janie asked in a disrespectful way. If there was something Janie wasn't good at, it was definitely history. I looked at a person's watch. It was 8:44.

“We have to go, NOW! It's 8:44!” I yelled.

“What are you talking about? What are you going to do to us?” Pansy said looking worried and scared.

“Nothing!” Cayla yelled.

“Come with us. We are running out of time. We will explain later.” I said before Janie, Pansy, Julia, or Cassandra could say anything. We all ran over and hid far away from the two big buildings, known as Twin Towers or the World Trade Centers. Meanwhile Olive knew something was going on and started to screech. Cayla then started to pull something big out of her backpack. It was a big camera.

“Tell us what's going on!” Janie demanded. I quickly summarized what was happening.

“The thing you went in was a time machine. We traveled to September 11, 2001, which is when the Twin Towers get hit by a planes. The North Tower gets hit at 8:46 and the South Tower gets hit at 9:03 and we want to see what really happened,” I quickly said knowing that time was slipping away. “Is the camera out?” I asked, as I looked at another passer-by’s watch and the time changed to... 8:46.

“It's 8:46 do you have the camera? It's about to happen. Remember, the North Tower gets hit first, that's where you should point the camera,” I said as I took a quick glance at the bullies standing next to us looking terrified. Time was slipping away so fast and at that very moment I heard a plane that sounded closer to the ground than it should be and usually is. I looked up into the sky and with a look of terror on my face saw a plane heading straight towards the... North Tower.

September 11, 2001 8:46 A.M. Time was running out and I knew it. I did not know what to do and how to act, when finally I heard the sound of the camera turning on, I looked up and there it was. It was all happening so quickly. A plane was hitting the... North Tower.

Cassandra shrieked as the tower went into flames, smoke rising above. It was already 8:53 and dust flew into all of our eyes. I couldn't see a thing. *Time is running short*, I thought. I had to lead the rest to safety. *Find Olive, he can lead you and the rest to safety, find Olive*, said a little, confident voice in my head, but at that very moment another voice spoke in a mean and cruel voice. *No, save yourself, you are better than the rest of them, you led them into the time machine, it was your idea to discover the world of time. NO*, said the confident voice again. *Don't listen to him*, the voice said talking about the mean voice, and at that, I called “Olive” and I felt something very furry pushing me away from the dust where I could open my eyes and come back to get everyone out of the dust.

September 11, 2016 9:00 A.M. “Guys, it's 9:00, remember, the rest happens at 9:03,” I said kinda annoyed that we had to bring the bullies along to safely. *After all the things these bullies did to Cayla and me do we really have to get them away from danger? Why can't we just leave them to stay out*

of trouble alone? asked the rude voice in my head. *They were probably bullies because of the problems they have at their house, we should give them a second chance,* the confident voice said.

“Get ready, it's about to happen, let's get somewhere that is covered by glass or something clear yet solid so we don't get stuff in our eyes,” I said, this time thinking about the consequence of everybody not being able to see while two buildings are falling down. But as I thought of that I remembered that my mum at this very time should be coming out of this door. She told me that she was on S. Wagner Road between Scio Church Road and W. Liberty Rd. I knew that she could not see me because the chances were... I, I could change the future, but too late. At that very moment I saw the beautiful golden brown hair, the gray-blue eyes that looked like pretty lakes, and the big emerald necklace that she got when she was 11 years old.

“Why is *your* mum here?” Cassandra asked, and at that very moment I regretted saving their lives, at that very moment I knew that we had to go now or else we could change the future, and that could be a problem. “We have to go!” I yelled.

But it was too late, at that moment my mum screeched in her very high pitched voice, “What are you kids doing here? Go home, it's dangerous. Wait, I think I know you.”

“Ummm, no you don't.” I said.

“Actually, I think I do. Now come with me, I can take you to my house,” Mum argued.

BOOM!!! It happened, it was over, we were done for.

The Crash. It all happened. I looked over at Cayla about to tell her that we had to go, we missed the second crash and when I looked over I almost cried for how much I love her. She had the camera on and was videotaping all of it. Dust was flying everywhere and I knew that I was set for all the 9-11 tests in the future and wondered if mum would recognize me when I got home and wonder why she saw someone when she was 29 that looked exactly like me. Even though I knew it was a tragic day, I was

filled with amazement because I had seen what others my age could never see, experienced things that others could not experience and met my mum before she knew I even existed.

On the way back to my house I thought, *Maybe there was a little curiosity and amazement in Cassandra, Julia, Janie, and, Pansy. Maybe we could be friends sometime.* Then I knew that we went on this trip for a reason. “Time for dinner!” My mum yelled and then told me that one time on the most tragic day of New York City, she saw a girl that looked just like me. That night I ran up to my room and wrote a diary just like this one. We would always have this to look back and remember our adventure.

There was one big lesson I learned that day, or you could say two days. The lesson was, in the worst of days, filled with gray and ugliness, you can always open a window, and let the sunshine in.