

# The Colony Catastrophe

My name is Chris and I'm going to tell you about the most insane, incredible, and amazing adventure. It all started on the evening of July 4, 3038. My grandfather was an amazing inventor and a little bit mad, but then again you should try staring at diagrams all day for 70 years without going crazy. He had spent the last forty years working on a time machine. When he finished it he was so excited to try it but he got very sick the next week and he died the following week on July 4, 3038. His last words to me were, "If I don't get better you need to try the time machine for me." After he died I vowed that I would go to the machine and program it to take me to the 13 Colonies, during the American Revolution. It was always my favorite subject in history class when I was in school. So I said goodbye to my family and friends in the span of six months and then started my adventure on December 7, 3038. I stepped up to the time machine, did a quick prayer and closed the door behind me. I then clicked the TRAVEL button and there was a WHOOSH and a CLANG and I opened the door sort of expecting to see my grandfather's office but I saw that I was in a field off the side of a town. I had no idea where I was but I figured I was either in the 13 Colonies or Canada. I needed to go to the town before I got in trouble with the owner of the field so I made my way and I saw a man sitting on his porch and I asked him,

"Would you be able to spare a room for the night, good friend?" He responded, saying "Are you with the Patriots or the Loyalists?" Those were not his exact words but the word he used for a loyalist was not a very nice word and I wish this to be a wholesome story so let's go with loyalist, and I replied "I am in between". I realized I should have decided if I would be a patriot or a loyalist before I came. But I did not, so he dismissed me. Leaving me to have to sleep outside for my first night. I am sure you can see why I was feeling discouraged the next morning. At least I had decided that I would be a loyalist and would find other loyalists. I was feeling hungry

so I went to the market. I met a seller at the market who refused to give me food when I said I was a loyalist, but lucky for me a man behind me heard me say who I was and he whispered to me to follow him to his house. I was confused and a little bit scared because the salesman served him without question. Would I get tarred and feathered or beaten? I decided to go but to be on my guard. He went behind a cabin, I followed, he went over a bridge, I followed, he finally stopped behind a shack. I assumed it to be his and he said,

“Who is your allegiance to, the 13 Colonies or Britain?” I stammered “Umm, the Motherland. It is the place where our allegiance SHOULD lie.” He then responded in nothing more than a whisper.

“I am Ian Winward, I too am a loyalist but I have disguised myself as a patriot for my family's sake. Please come and stay with me”. I gladly accepted. We went to his house and chatted over a cup of tea, which all British people love and he revealed that he was, with his family, very soon going to travel to live in the Maritimes and to get away from the patriots so I asked to go with him. We started making plans for a smooth getaway under the cloak of darkness, we planned it all for the next evening, all was going well until there was a knock on the door,

“Ian, we saw you with the loyal brat and we know he is with you now therefore making you and him traitors either you come out or we come in!” I looked out the window and it appeared that the ringleader of the gang was the market salesman! Ian looked at me and said in a whisper “The wagon is loaded behind the cabin so I guess we’re leaving now, go through the back window fast!” He then rushed off to get his family ready. I went out the window and saw the wagon. Ian and his family came out the window and jumped in. I was about to follow when a man from the group ran to see what was going on behind the shack! The man yelled,

“They are back here and are getting away on the horse and buggy! Ian jumped off and punched him in the face. Bleeding he screamed at the top of his lungs. The horses got scared and started running without being told! We got away and had been riding for over a week when I

said "Ian, I am beyond happy that you got away and this week has been nothing but good with you but I need to leave and go to my home." Ian replied,

"To be honest I thought you were homeless but I understand, thanks for helping and I hope we will meet again, Chris". Then I left and walked for a while on the country road by myself and was thinking about how to get out and back to the present and I realized that that had not been something I had really thought about until now, but I yelled "PRESENT" and there was a WHOOSH and a CLANG and I opened the door sort of expecting to see the country road but I saw my grandfather's office instead.