

## **TIME AND TIME AGAIN**

(Prelude)

My idea for a new story:

I am transported back in time, but still knowing the science and technology from my present time frame. What would life be like if you possessed this kind of knowledge? Lots of people make the comment, if I had known what I know now I would have done things different. Now I have a chance to test that. So where do I transport myself. Early man, stone age, medieval times, Roman Empire. So much to chose from. Maybe I should just visit them all.

Time has always been a fascinating subject for me. I knew about Einsteins theory of relativity, but it took a long time for me to understand it. Most people are not aware of the strangeness of this theory. Basically it says that time is relative. Relative to what? It is relative to gravity and speed. What that means is if you get close to heavy gravity, time slows down for that person relative to another person away from the heavy gravity. It also means that a person traveling at a fast speed, time slows down for that person relative to another who is stationary. This theory has been proven again and again. One method of proving this is to have two atomic clocks. Atomic clocks are the most accurate way to keep time. This means that they do not drift much from each other when synchronized together. The two clocks, side by side, will remain within nano seconds for days. If you leave one clock on the surface and move the second one to the bottom of a deep pit, the one at the bottom will slow down relative to the one on the surface. That is because the gravity at the bottom of the pit is stronger than on the surface. When you bring the bottom clock back up to the surface, you can see the difference that was affected by gravity. The clocks will have a relatively large difference between their set times.

To demonstrate time relative to speed. I always use this algorithm. Twin boys are born on earth. When both are 10 years old, one twin is put into a rocket ship and accelerated close to the speed of light for 2.5 years and then turned around and returned to earth also at the speed of light. So the twin in the rocket ship has spent 5 years of his life in the rocket ship. He is now 15 years old. When he meets his twin brother back on earth, that brother is now 20 years old. Traveling near the speed of light has caused time for the rocket

ship twin to slow down by 5 years relative to time back on Earth. This seems like an almost impossible concept. But it has been proven. Astronauts who have traveled at high speeds to get to outer space have had their life time slowed down by seconds. This is a documented fact. What all this means is that time travel to the future is possible. If you traveled on a space ship at high speeds for years and then returned to Earth. The people back on earth would have aged much faster and the time would have advanced much more than your time. Basically, you will have traveled to the future. Now time travel to the past is another thing. No one knows how to go backwards in time. Einstein also believed that traveling faster than the speed of light is not possible. Recently, this axiom has been under new study. There is a phenomenon called entanglement. It is the basis that drives quantum computers. Even Einstein knew about this, but did not believe it could happen. Why? Because it transcends Einstein's belief that nothing can travel faster than the speed of light. Entanglement occurs when one particle is bombarded with high energy and another particle, at a great distance from it, is instantly affected in the same way. In order for this to occur, some force had to exceed the speed of light. The distance can be a few feet or another part of the galaxy. This may be the secret to hyper space travel used in science fiction movies like Star Trek.

So enough of all the mumbo jumbo science talk. Lets do some time travel. How about Medieval Times.

## **CHAPTER 1**

(Medieval Times)

My favorite movie as a preteen was “The Time Machine”. An inventor developed a machine that could travel into the future. It also could revert back to the past. His finance was killed in an accident. He tried to go back to the past and alter the events, but soon found out that this would not work. He then ventured way past his current time era 1900 and landed in the future where man had annihilated almost all of the human race. The only survivors were the Eloi, who lived above the earth and the Warlocks, who lived underground. The Warlocks had programmed the Eloi to listen to air raid sirens and they would mindlessly follow the sound and be taken by the Warlocks who would process them for food.

So I too had experimented with a time machine. I had researched all the theories about time and came to the conclusion that I could go back to the past with my invention. All I had to do was calculate the time period that I wanted to land in and my machine would transport me to that period. I chose Medieval Times. I didn't want to go back so far that humans did not have the ability to speak. My machine did not let me down. I set the time for 1100 AD. The mechanism vibrated and gave off a loud whirling noise, but after passing out during the transition period, I did indeed wake up in the past. The first thing I did was hide my machine. I would need this again if I wanted to return to my own time or go to another time.



HG Wells Time Machine



Typical Medieval Village

The first thing I need to do is to find out what kind of local dialect they speak and what is their customs. Before I chose this time, I thought of what I might take with me in my time machine. Cell phone, tablet to play games on, how about my TV remote. Ha! Get real. Batteries hadn't been invented yet. I brought stuff that would work in any era. A flint to make fire. My Rambo knife with a compass, fishing hook, and line in the handle. My knife would be a good weapon to have, but I was also a black belt in karate. I hoped this would be good enough to keep me from being beaten up or killed. My space blanket would keep me warm in any weather. Some water purifying tablets and some beef jerky rounded out my supplies. All this stuff was stored in a small backpack. I did bring my nine millimeter pistol and a fair amount of ammo and clips. These could not be found on my person, so I hid them inside the time machine for possible emergencies. I also brought a pair of binoculars. These might come in handy to be able to observe activity from a distance. They would be hard to explain if someone found them on me. I did some research on what would be the most authentic looking clothes for this period. I visited some studios that produced movies in this era and bought some of their costumes. Their language would be some form of Gallic which is very old French. I was fluent in modern French and Spanish. I hoped this would be enough to communicate a little. I needed to come up with some reason why my language was so strange though.

So I set out to explore. The area I landed in was nice and green with meadows and streams all around. This was lucky. I could have ended up somewhere in the arctic and froze to death on my first day. There were some areas through the meadows that looked like travel paths. I started to follow one but kept alert. I wasn't ready to encounter any humans yet until I found out more about what was going on.

Several miles along the path I came to a rise. Just over the rise I could see a small village. This was just what I was hoping for. As I approached I noticed I forgot one important detail about my appearance. All the men had long hair and beards. I still had my hair cut short and was clean shaven. What a stupid mistake. If I lived long enough this would take care of itself. My only shaving tool was my Rambo knife and I didn't want to get that anywhere near

my head.

So as I approached the village, I found a large rock on a hill above. With my binoculars I could watch to what was going on. It was early evening and I saw a small group of men returning from what looked like a hunt. They had some fish and small game animals that they had captured and killed. The woman in the village were preparing meals and had fires going. This looked like what I would expect would be happening in any typical small village. It was too early for me to expose myself. I was content with staying hidden behind the rock and laying down with my space blanket for protection.

The time travel trip had left me tired. I soon fell asleep, but woke up with the rising sun. I was hungry and thirsty. I ate some of my beef jerky and drank from an animal skin that I had filled up from the nearby stream. Not sure about the bacteria in the water so I used some of my purification tablets. I started to observe the morning activities of the village again. Everything looked normal again until some riders entered the village. These did not look like local types and I could tell that the villagers were somewhat afraid of them. What appeared to be the leader, entered one of the buildings that looked like some sort of cafe. He pulled out the proprietor and threw him down in the street. He roughed him up and then the proprietor threw up his hands and let the whole gang come inside his place. It looked like these guys were thugs that demanded free meals. After a few hours, they came out, mounted up and rode off. It was time for me to venture into town and see if I could find out what was going on.

As I entered the village I did get a lot of stares. My clothes were not too far off the mark but my clean face and short hair were definitely strange. Still, no one accosted me and let me wander along. I came to what looked like a typical blacksmiths shop. A big guy was in there hammering away at some metal gadgets. I approached him and signaled what I thought was a friendly hello sign. He put down his tools and spoke to me. I could loosely make out what he was asking. It was something like, "Who the hell are you?" I tried the closest words I knew similar to his dialect and answered. "I am a foreigner from another country." He couldn't quite understand my meaning, so I added some sign language. I pointed to myself and then indicated I came

from far away. He seemed to get my point. I rubbed my belly and pointed to my mouth and said that I was hungry. I also tried to tell him that I would work for some food. I walked over to what looked like a crude horseshoe and put it down on the anvil. I grabbed a hammer and pounded a couple of times on the metal. He seemed to understand that I was willing to help him for a meal. He grabbed a barrel full of the same type of shoes and waved me over to another work area. I said, I understand and started to work the metal into finished products. He just shook his head and kept working on his own stuff.

After a couple hours of working I had gone through almost all the metal pieces. He stopped his own work and a young girl, who looked like she was in her late twenties, came out with a tray full of food. I saw some cooked meat and some baked buns. I guess this was my reward for helping out.

After lunch he gave me a different task. This involved making some rawhide horse reigns. This was not too difficult for me to pick up. So we continued to work the rest of the day. It was getting to be dinner time and I thought my time visiting him was coming to an end. Instead of kicking me out, he offered more food for dinner and some ale. His daughter also joined us. She seemed to understand me much easier than her father. I explained that I had traveled from very far away and was wandering around to see the world. At least that might explain my strange accent and my looks. Once again I thought my time visiting was up when he surprised me again by offering for me to stay overnight in the barn. This was the best offer I had, so I accepted.

The next morning I woke up again at sunrise. Not sure what I was going to do. I started to gather my things when the same group of riders returned to town. This time they entered the stable. I was back in the corner and not really noticed. The leader bullied the blacksmith into taking care of their horses for free. About that time the daughter entered the premises. She was quite attractive and the leader took notice. I guess besides free meals and horse care, he believed that the daughter was also his for the taking. He made a move toward her when her father stepped in the way. The leader kicked him down and several others jumped on him. I guess it was time to bring some 20<sup>th</sup> century justice to bare. I pulled two guys off of the

blacksmith and faced the leader. Rather than try to talk to him I just waved my finger at him in a no no manner. He started to give me the same treatment as the blacksmith, but before he could advance, I kicked him hard in the shins. He bent down to grab his leg and I snap kicked him right in the face. He went down and out and did not move. His six buddies stood there with stunned looks on their faces. Before they could re-act, I was on them in a flash. I put on a black belt exhibition that my sensei would have been proud to watch. Those who could still hobble, dragged their leader and the rest of their gang back out into the street, mounted their horses and rode away. I was sure this was not the last I would see of them.

The blacksmith was now extremely worried about a return visit. He knew that the leader would not let this humiliation go unanswered. He had lost too much face in front of his fellow bandits. He would return in force with many more of his gang. I had put the blacksmith into this dangerous situation so I felt I had to protect him from retaliation. His daughter was also in danger of loosing more than just her health. It was time to bring some modern help into the picture. I told the blacksmith that I had to leave but that I would return to take care of this situation. He was not too convinced and I don't blame him. How could one hairless looking stranger combat a whole crew of ruffians. I left him right after and returned to my time machine. I retrieved my nine millimeter pistol and all my ammunition. I still didn't want to show any of this to the blacksmith. It was stowed away in my backpack. When I returned to his shop, I asked him to show me a map of the terrain around the road leading into of town. He drew me a crude map that was good enough for me to see a strategic choke point on the road back into town. I left and told him I would return. I made my way to a point in the road where two cliffs formed a narrow passage. This reminded me of the movie "300" where 300 Greeks held off an army of one million advancing Persians to protect Greece at the narrow gates called "Thermopylae".

I waited until I could see the advancing horses. I stood in the rode blocking the path between the cliffs. I had my gun in my hand and more ammo clips at the ready. I saw the leader had added a dozen more men in his posse. They all seemed to be equipped with bow, arrows, and clubs. I am sure he was surprised to see me standing in his way. He dismounted along with half

of his crew. He signaled for them to draw their arrows and pointed toward me. I did not hesitate to protect myself. I shot each of the ones holding a bow still mounted on their horses. I am not sure if gun powder had been invented at this time, but I was sure automatic pistols had not. The leader signaled all the others to charge me. I shot all of them, including the leader, except one. He fell down pleading with me to spare him. I wanted him to be able to tell others what had occurred here. I said, I will guard these narrows so that no bandits can ever return to this village. Not sure if he understood my exact words, but I think my message got through. I signaled for him to gather all the horses and leave. He backed away continuing to bow toward me. I think my job here was done here. There was sufficient mystery to my actions that the remaining bandit would tell a tale about a sorcerer protecting the village. I returned to the blacksmith's shop and told him I frightened all the bandits and that they would not return. He did not know how I did it, but he believed me. I gave him my Rambo knife and showed him the compass. He said they also have a stone that does the same thing. He admired the sharpness of my blade and the strength of the steel. I know this was the iron age, but the process of making steel had not been discovered yet. I don't think this item from the future will alter history. I said my goodbyes and I could see that his daughter had taken a fancy to me. I needed to escape back to my own time. I wasn't ready to get married yet.

Back at my time machine, I set the date to return to my own present. If I wanted to explore another era, I needed to regroup and restock. These clothes would not work in my next destination, "The Qing Dynasty". Another whirling noise and I woke up back in my covered patio area where I had begun.

To be continued:

## **TIME AND TIME AGAIN**

*(Chapter 2)*

(The Qing Dynasty (pronounced Ching))

I added the correct pronunciation for Qing in the title because it is not



obvious how to say this. I know this for a fact. On one of my own travels to Chongqing, I had to transfer to another plane in the Beijing airport. The airline attendant at the counter in Los Angeles told me that my luggage would automatically be transferred to the correct flight on my arrival in Beijing. This was not true. My luggage needed to pass through customs as Beijing was the first place in China where I disembarked. When I tried to get my boarding pass from the Chinese ticket counter girl, she would not give me one. She kept asking me where was my luggage. I told her that it was sent on to Chongqueen. She did not understand me and refused to give me my boarding pass. Eventually, I found my luggage on the baggage carousel. It was the only one left.

So now back in my home I do some research for my next time travel. I don't have to do much, because I have watched dozens of historical dramas for the Tang, Ming, and Qing dynasties. They all wear these funny hats and dress in elaborate silk long flowing clothes. Once again, I visit the movies studios and purchase some appropriate garb. I am trying to decide whether I should arrive as a commoner or some sort of royalty. Some kind of prince might be more interesting as I could have access to the Forbidden Palace. This time language is going to be an issue since I can't speak a word of Chinese. I decided I will bring my translator gizmo with me. Last time, I mentioned that there were no batteries where I was going, but I should have thought about my solar charger. This will give me unlimited charging electricity to keep my translator alive since the sun is still in the sky every day. The charger is only the size an a typical cell phone.

I modified my time machine by adding Google maps to its location module. I should have thought of that last time, but this has been a learning experience.

Now, not only can I pinpoint the date I want to arrive, but I can also set the location. I set it for 1750 in Beijing. During this period, the Chinese even let Catholic missionaries into their country and valued them as astronomers and craftsmen. If I could join up with one of these, my language situation would be vastly improved.

So I wake up once again inside my time machine. I chose a remote hillside location not far from the Imperial Palace. I found a cave where I could push my machine out of sight. This time, I was dressed as a princely nobleman. I walked down to the outskirts of the big city just outside of the Palace. Walking through the streets, I saw many merchants brandishing their wares. No one gave me any particular looks. I was wearing a black wig with the hair tied up and a kind of small crown thing on top.



The money used in these times were gold nuggets and small silver bars. Not exactly being a rich man, I had some fake ones made up with the proper look, feel and weight of the real thing. Unless someone tried to melt them down, they looked authentic enough. I didn't want to have to find a blacksmith to work for food.

Just like my past experience in the Medieval village, some barbaric looking dudes on horses came riding through the streets. Everyone ducked for cover and moved out of the way or they would have been run down. That would include me too. I had slid my translator up my sleeve and ran my earphone up through my shirt. No one could see it as it passed under my wig. I covered the earphone up with a piece of ear jewelry that was fashionable for the times. When I heard someone speak Chinese, the translation would quietly broadcast in my ear. I also taped a mini microphone to my sleeve, and when I whispered into it loud enough, translated Chinese would come out of the small speaker on my collar. Listening to the voice of the crowd around me, I ascertained that these rowdies were part of the Emperors tax collection gang. It didn't sound like this was a benevolent Emperor. I had to be careful because one wrong word could send me to the chopping block to

lose my head.

Speaking of losing my head, as I was standing there, the most beautiful Princess came by with her entourage. I guess I was staring because she looked my way, then quickly turned away. I needed to investigate who this beauty was. I started to follow. In my dazed state, I got too close and then I tripped on something in the road. My bag of fake silver fell out and spilled on the ground. My forward momentum propelled me right into the body of the girl I was following. Luckily, she did not fall. Her body guards though, did not hesitate to grab me and say, how dare you touch the Crown Prince's fiancée. I thought I was in for big trouble. I could have used my kung fu to extricate myself from their grasp, but something told me this was not the time. I say, I am truly sorry for my clumsy actions. It was the lady who saved me from further harm. She said, I can see that this was just an accident. I said, is there anyway I can make up for inconveniencing you? She said, I see that you have adequate financial resources, perhaps you can atone for your clumsiness by buying me a meal. This was an unexpected surprise. Way above what I could have hoped for. I was also a little leery of accepting this invitation. How could the fiancée of the Crown Prince associate with a total stranger. None-the-less, I had come here for some adventure and I was sure adventure awaited me. Just not sure whither it would be pleasurable or painful.

So we started out with small chit chat. I told her I was a Prince from another city and was seeking out some commercial enterprises. My name was Prince Purple Rain. She thought this was an interesting name. I told her, I was named after a Prince from a different time. I did not mention that it was from the future. I am not sure if it was my strangeness or for some other reason, but she began to confide in me. She said she was not happy being chosen to marry the Crown Prince. He was a bully and womanizer. She had hoped to be able chose someone she loved. In fact, there was a boy she grew up with and they were childhood sweethearts. When she was selected for the harem, it broke her heart. I was really enjoying this lunch until a bunch of soldier types came into the restaurant. They pointed toward me and I knew something bad was about to take place. In came an arrogant looking dude. He marched up to the table and said, "How dare you associate with my

fiancee in public like this.” So he had employed spies to watch Yu Yan. This was the name she had given me. As the soldiers hauled me away, I heard him say to her. You will receive punishment from me for this indiscretion.

So I was finally allowed to enter the Palace. This just wasn't the way I was hoping for. They took me to the hall of justice (if you could call it that) and I was condemned to die a few days later. So once again, I had imperiled an innocent girl with my careless actions. I had overheard the guards say she was beaten and ordered to remain behind the closed doors in the Crown Prince's mansion. At least I was in the general vicinity of her confinement. I needed to undue the harm I had caused her. I was bound and left in a holding cell. It was not difficult for me to slide my hands out of the ropes tied around my wrists. Getting out of the cell was another matter. I looked around and at first could not see anything that could help me. Then I spotted a rusty nail that had been pounded into the wood barriers of the cell. It was loose, so I pried it out of the wood. This would suffice as a lock pick. These locks were sturdy, but had large key holes. It was not that difficult to insert the nail and move it around until I heard a click. So I carefully undid the lock, but left it looking like it was still closed. I took some straw and removed my outer cape. This was long enough so that I could stuff the straw inside and it would look like a body reclining on the wooden bench. I needed to make my escape without detection. Alerting the entire palace guards would make a quick ending of me.

I crept out through the jail doors and into the street. One of the nice features of my translator device was it had a camera. I could point it at some Chinese writing and it would translate the meaning into English. So I walked along the street and checked each of the signs on the buildings. Finally, I found myself outside of the Crown Prince's mansion. The front doors were guarded so I crept around to the side and spotted a window. The latch was not difficult to undo and soon I was inside. Moving as stealthily as I possible, I found the room where the Princess was being held. There was one female attendant there with her. I crept up behind and rendered a chop to her neck that put her out, but did not harm her. The Princess started to cry out, but I clamped my hand over her mouth. I told her, that if she wanted to reunite with her childhood boyfriend that I would help her. I told her that I had been

sentenced to death so I had nothing to lose. I could see some hope return to her eyes. I knew this was a dangerous move for her. If we were caught, we would both be be-headed. She said her future with this ruthless Prince would be a life of misery. She would rather die than go through with the marriage. I laid out my plan for her. We needed to get a horse to allow us to quickly leave the city. The sooner we left, the more chance we would have to escape. She did not hesitate. I could see that her movements were restricted as she winced in pain. She said that she had been beaten, but although her body was weak, her spirit was strong. So without a moment to lose, we escaped out of the same window that I had entered from. We made our way along the backs of the houses until we came to a livery stable. I still had a few nuggets of gold that had been overlooked by the guards. They had taken my fake silver. Boy will they be surprised when someone with knowledge discovers that they aren't real. They will probably end up in prison as counterfeiters. So I entered the stable and found the blacksmith. I gave him a couple fake gold nuggets to buy his fastest horse. My appearance still gave the impression I was a rich nobleman. He was happy to accommodate me. So now outside, the Princess and I mounted the horse. We rode like our lives depended on it, which they did. We managed to get out of the city and thought we had gotten away scott free. Not so fast. Apparently, the maid had come to and notified the Crown Prince of our escape. I imaged him to be furious. A complete stranger had eluded his grasp and taken his future bride. I needed to prepare for combat. I told the Princess to hide with the horse up in the forest trees out of sight. If I don't come out of this alive, ride as far as you can away from the capitol. I found some vines among the forest trees. I strung them across the path between two trees. I waited for the posse to arrive. They were riding hard and fast and did not see the vines. The Prince had brought four of his guards along with him. He was riding in front and was the first one to get knock off his horse to the ground. The other four were coming fast behind and they suffered the same fate. It was time for another karate exercise. I didn't have time to play around. I was outnumbered and I had to reduce the odds quickly. I didn't hold back on my kicks or punches. This was not like the soap operas I watched where the battle goes on for minutes. One kick to the head or one chop to the throat and that opponent was down and would not get up. Soon it was just me and the Prince. He pulled out a long knife from his sheath. Part of black-belt

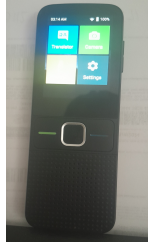
training was to face various situations. One on one, without weapons, or one on one where the opponent has the advantage. So having a weapon was not the advantage the Prince thought he had. As he approached, I hard kicked him in his calf. This caused him to almost fall down. As he bent over though, I grabbed his wrist and reversed the knife and cleanly sliced him across the throat. His surprise was priceless. He wouldn't be beating any more woman from now on. I am not sure how many of his guards were still alive. This was not my concern. Let any that still lived go back and report that the Princess was being protected by an unbeatable foe.

I rode with the Princess back to her hometown where she was reunited with her former lover. I told her to hide her former position and just lead a commoners life. She would be much happier. I said my goodbyes and returned to my time machine cave on the horse.

## **End of Chapter 2**

Attached are pictures of typical Qing Dynasty garb and the Forbidden Palace along with some photos of silver and gold bars. I have visited the Emperor's Palace on one of my trips to Beijing.





I actually have one of these translators.  
I use it to talk to my Chinese family



Qing Dynasty Silver Ingots

The Forbidden City  
The Emperor's Palace





## *TIME AND TIME AGAIN*

(Chapter 3)

*(Oops)*

As I am getting into my time machine, I am preoccupied with making sure I have all the right stuff for my new adventure. As I close the hatch, I bump my head on the overhead console and pass out. When I wake up, I am not in 17th century England as I had planned. In fact, I am not sure where I am. I must have fallen on the time setting controls. I look at the time dial and it reads 1 million years BC. Not only that, but I landed half on a steep incline and half in some muddy water. One of the quirks of my invention, is it only works on level ground. I will have to do some fine tuning on that problem if I ever get the chance to return home. For now, I have to venture outside my safety bubble in order to drag my machine out of the mud and to a level surface. My bubble is made of bullet proof Plexiglas and is also waterproof. As I start to unlatch the exit door, I see something that brings cold chills to my body.



It is a large T-Rex. I have traveled back to the time of the dinosaurs. I can't expect help from any of the locals either. Contrary to popular belief, man did not exist at the same time as dinosaurs. In fact, the meteor that landed in the Caribbean Sea is what scientists believed killed off the dinosaurs and eventually led to the evolution of man.



So this meat eating beast has advanced on my machine. He starts to bang and stomp on the shell as if it was a giant egg. This pushes the machine farther into the water. Now I am floating in the lake. The good news is that I am out of the mud. The bad news is, I am not sure how to paddle to shore. At least the T-Rex has lost interest in me. I am too far out in the lake for him to reach me. I guess they are not aquatic creatures. I will have to open the hatch and see if I can use something to paddle with. Some of the equipment I brought to blend in to King Arthur's time was a long lance. Perhaps I can use that as a kind of oar. As I reach for the hatch latch, an enormous wave rises up and I am suddenly thrust into darkness. What could possibly have happened? One story comes to mind. "Jonah and the Whale" I turn on my inside lights. Sure enough, it looks like giant ribs are all around me. I am not sure how my sturdy bubble will hold up to this creatures digestive system. I don't plan to find out. In fact, I am going to give this creature the worse stomach ache it has ever had.



Not sure which of these tried to eat me. I didn't hang around to take a closer look.

Fortunately, the inside is not fully filled with solution. I poke my lance outside my hatch door and stab into the sides. The lance is doing a pretty good job of slicing holes through the skin. I close the hatch once again, just in time, as I am catapulted back out the mouth cavity and launched through the air. I land uninjured with my bubble intact as I finally get a look at the giant creature that swallowed me. The Great Whites have nothing on this behemoth. I suppose it has decided that I am not the tasty morsel it imagined as it swims away trailing reams of blood from its sliced up insides. So what calamity awaits me next. I decide to try the lance as an ore. This time I manage to make some progress to the other shoreline away from the T-Rex and hopefully away from any more prehistoric monsters.

I must have lost my common sense. Instead of roaming around in this alien land, why not try to transport to my original destination. The time machine is level, although it is not on Terra Firma. I guess I had never thought about launching while floating on water. So I start to set the time and locations back to my original destination, then I stop. Why do I keep going to these places where I almost get shot, beat up or killed? I need to re-think this. I decide to return home. I dial in my home time and location. My machine whirls and vibrates again. It seems I always pass out while teleporting, but I eventually wake up safe and sound in my patio enclosure.

### **TIME AND TIME AGAIN**

*(Chapter 4)*

Getting Rich

Why have I been so stupid? I have one of the most fantastic inventions of all time and I have been risking my life wondering around in past worlds. It is now time to test the time fabric. What I mean is, there are some things I know that happened in history and I could return to that time and alter the future. I have to be very careful what I change. For example, what if I went back and assassinated Hitler before he kills all those millions of Jews. Some would say, that would be a noble feat. The problem is, if you do something

that drastic, it would alter generations of people's lives. Perhaps, the result would be that my parents would never have met and I would never have been born. I could alter myself out of existence. Much too risky. So why not try something small. For example; no one gave the 1906 Chicago White Sox a chance in hell to win the World Series. What if I went back and bet a \$1000 at 100 to 1 odds. Would that alter the future too much? I don't think it would affect a thing. How about I transport back to when Microsoft or Amazon first started and bought some stock. I am willing to try something like that. It would only be a short jump and I would return right away.

So I go back in time and try the stock idea. I buy \$1000 worth of each. I jump back right away to my home base. A memory pops into my head of what I did back then after buying the stock.

Six months later, my money was worth 4X more than I paid for it. I sold it thinking why not walk away while ahead. I could not have predicted how much the stock would have increased in value.

Of course my past self did not know what my future self was trying to do. I needed another plan.

How about I wait until the Mega Lotto hits the big payoff. I go back before the drawing with the winning numbers in my head. I buy a ticket knowing which numbers pay off. When I return, I find out that I did indeed win the lotto, but had to share the prize with the other winner. This is OK. I now am \$5 million richer. This is something that I can't keep repeating or someone will get suspicious thinking I am cheating somehow. Which of course I am.

I still have to be careful with what I change. So now my invention is starting to pay off.

### (The Butterfly Effect)

So now I don't have to work since I have a way to get money. My \$5 million will suffice for now. I think I would like to alter some events from my early teen years. When I was in the sixth grade, a bully kicked my butt during one

of our recess period. It caused me a lot of humiliation and affected my confidence for years to come. I would like to see how things would have changed if the outcome had been different. So I transported back to that day. Of course I brought my black-belt skills along with me. Instead of losing that fight, I humiliated him instead. I returned back to my own time. It is amazing how I now have a different memory of that event. When I left on my time trip, I was a single man. It appears that with renewed confidence, I attracted more girls and now I have a wife. Maybe this change is not so bad. So for the next few weeks I spend time with my “wife”. I soon come to realize what a big mistake this was. She is overbearing, nags me all the time, is high maintenance going through my \$5 mil as if money grows on trees. I fear this altering of the past had way more ripple effect than I could have imagined. This is what they call “The Butterfly Effect”. A butterfly in South America flaps its wings and a hurricane forms in the eastern Atlantic. What other ripples were caused by my altering of the past? I did not want to find out. I needed to undo this ASAP. For all I know, the humiliation to the bully altered his life just as much as it did mine. Different people being born, others never to have ever existed. This was way too much uncertainty.

By the way, you may have been wondering why no one has learned of my time machine, including my temporary wife. After I “won” the \$5 mil, I had a secret basement excavated under my house. The entrance was camouflaged so that no one would suspect it was there. I always made sure that the top panel was secured during my time trips.

I transported back to my early teens and relived the beating. When I returned back home, my “wife” was gone. Good riddance. I was happier being chased by the T-Rex.

After this experience, I wondered what changes to history occurred by my killing the evil Prince. Perhaps he would have become the new Emperor and all of China's history would have been forever altered. This worried me. I checked the current events to see if I noticed anything different about the current leaders. No, Chairman Mao and Chiang Kai-Shek still fought for control of China. Taiwan is still an independent country, at least for now.

I guess this Prince turned out to be an insignificant speck in China's vast history. That was comforting to know.

I think I will go back to adventures in the past. I have to make sure I don't kill anyone of significance, including me.

My passion has always been sailing. I would like to experience life aboard a pirate ship during their 100 year hold over Nassau.

Yo ho matey, a pirates life for me. Remembering Disneyland's "Pirates of the Caribbean" Ride.

**TIME AND TIME AGAIN**  
(Chapter 5 Nassau)



This one was easy to prepare for. The garb and weapons are well know.

Getting pirate costumes and swords was easy. So off to the Bahamas.

I look pretty authentic, verdad?

I land in a remote field inland away from any developments. This is crucial to my time travel trips. I never want to have to encounter people who witness my time machine arrival.





Nassau in 1800s



At least language will not be a problem. The pirates mostly speak old English except the French ones. So I hide my machine and walk into old Nassau. It is amazing how much this resembles the pirate series I watched called “Black Flags”. Except for a few minor differences, I could have been walking on the actual movie set. During my research, I learned the pirate money consisted of reales, the largest being made out of silver and called

pieces of eight. Spain minted coins out of gold called escudos. So, where did I get my stash of fake coins? Amazon of course. They had the weight and look of the real thing, just like the Qing dynasty silver bars.



So with my bag of fake coins, I ventured inside one of the many taverns that lined main street. Lots of drinking going on and woman companions available for a price. My first task was to see if I could hook up with a pirate crew. The best way to accomplish that was to start buying drinks for the patrons inside. They did question me on where I was from, since my accent was so strange. There was no trouble understanding them or them me. I told



them I was from up north above Boston. That seemed to satisfy their curiosity. I casually mentioned that I was in search of a job and would like to sign on a sailing vessel. It just so happened that a captain was organizing just such a group. It wasn't Blackbeard, or Long John Silver to my relief. I didn't want the chance to screw up any of those who were famous. My new found friends guided me toward the location where enlistments were taking place. I stood in line behind a bunch of unsavory dudes until it was my turn. The quartermaster asked me about my experience and how much fighting I had been involved in. I told him I was a novice, but had spent some time on a frigate as a cook. It was just my luck, there was an opening position on their roster for a cook. I was not worried about having to fake cooking. Cooking was one of my many hobbies. This was a good choice for me, since I had no

experience rigging sails or casting mooring lines. They put me in charge of buying provisions for our voyage. I needed to find a friend with some former experience to help me select the proper goods. The ship did not sail for a few more days so I had some time to investigate.

Without any better ideas I returned to the bar. Nothing much had changed, still drinking, rowdy fights, and alluring woman. I notice one of the guys that was ahead of me in line. He had been signed on too. He was in the middle of a gambling type card game. It seems that he was winning too. Suddenly, one of the other players tips over the table and calls him a cheat. Several of his buddies descend on the hapless gent and start to beat him. I never liked bullies as you might remember. Beside, now he was a fellow shipmate of mine and we needed to stick together. These guys are used to fighting and dirty fighting is their preferred method. I can play dirty too. I pry one guy off my friend and deliver a punch to his mid-section. That is usually enough to deter most opponents. This doesn't seem to phase him much. I suppose his enormous belly provides some protection. Tomorrow he will wake up with unpleasant bruises at least. That is if he wakes up at all after my next kick to the side of his head. It seems that my new partner has some fighting skills too. Without being outnumbered he puts up a decent defense and the two of us finish off the rest. I had expected someone to call the authorities and have us arrested. Much to my surprise everyone just sat back down and proceeded as if nothing had happened. Just another day at the office. My friend gathered up all his money and motioned for me to follow him outside. He thanked me for my assistance and I told him that I had signed up on the same galleon as him as the cook. He asked if I had ever served as a cook on a pirate ship before. I told him, no I hadn't, but I do know how to cook. If he could help me pick the right type of provisions I would greatly appreciate it. He said, after helping him in the bar fight he owed me a favor. His name was Bart. I told him my name was Culin (A derivative of culinarian).

He told me the common foods that were requisitioned before living port. They consisted of mainly dry can goods, salted meats, and spices like rosemary, thyme, and savory. Dry biscuits along with some brine stews was the main meal and served at noon. Dinner consisted of ½ of the lunch time meal. Some of the larger galleons had a hold for live animals to provide milk



and eggs. They also had larger water storage which was crucial for long days at sea. I was told that very little water was to be used for cooking. On longer voyages much of the water became rancid and the pirates would add alcohol to their bowls to hide the smell and taste. It was my luck that this galleon had some of the larger food and water storage. Fresh fruit was loaded up in port but was quickly consumed as it didn't last too long. Scurvy was a common illness among pirate shipmates. This is caused by lack of vitamin "C".

So three days later we embarked on my first ever pirate cruise. My stomach was in turmoil. I should have just visited Disneyland again instead of this. All was not bad. The first couple weeks at sea I became a favorite of my fellow shipmates for my gourmet touch that I added to the daily meals. I did use some of the clean water to make a delicious porridge which was much appreciated by the crew. I learned to extract the most flavor out of my meager menu selection with the use of the right herbs and spices for the foods that were available that day.

While I was not cooking, I was given free reign to roam about the ship. The pirate crew were generally a happy bunch in spite of the harsh environment they found themselves in. I guess that was because they were drunk most of the time. In fact, if you didn't drink along with them, they got suspicious of you. I was happy to oblige. Discipline was swift and harsh. Anyone who got out of line could receive a whipping with the cat of nine tails, be left marooned on an island with only one bullet left in his pistol and no food or water. Ultimately, one could be made to walk the plank, if the violation was bad enough. The Captain had to maintain strict order. All their lives depended upon it. Bart visited me often to give me a rundown on what transpired above decks. His job was to handle the sails, bring em up and bring em down. Sometime he had to climb the mast as sails often get snagged. This was extremely dangerous especially in high winds and rough seas.

So as it turned out we were not just on a vacation cruise. We were in search of Spanish galleons full of gold doubloons. Sometimes, not only were the treasures taken, but often the whole ship was confiscated and the crew killed or left on a remote island.

The next afternoon, shortly after noon meal, I was back on deck. I heard the cry. “Ship Ahoy!” Up ahead off our port bow was a galleon flying the Spanish colors. Even though we were a pirate ship flying the skull and cross bones, this was somewhat patriotic, since Spain and England were at war.



### Spanish “Man -o- War”

Our ship was faster than the Spanish ship. As we got closer I could see this will not be an easy target. I heard the scuttlebutt murmured among the crew. This is a Spanish Man-o-War. She has twice the guns we do and probably a larger crew. I started to wonder if our Captain knew what he was doing. The following maneuvers eased my worries. Our ship was armed with a long range cannon in the bow. These were especially made for this kind of battle. If the Spanish Captain can turn his ship broadside, we would be facing his strongest armament. I see the Spanish captain starting that very same maneuver. Our Captain mirrors his movement and keeps their stern in our sights. Now we are in range of our own cannon. The Captain gives the order “Fire at will” I guess Will must be the most important target. Ha! No time for my foolish pun humor. Our cannon balls hit their mark and the rear end of the Spanish galleon is shredded to pieces. Also one of their rear masts is cut in half. This slows the ship even more. We still maintain our position toward the rear. Their broadside is still a danger if they can turn enough. The Captain orders another cannon barrage. More damage further into the boats rear structure. We see the white flag of surrender being raised. This is good, Taking the ship without any killing is a plus.

Before the battle, the Captain assigned each of us a battle station. Normally, if a ship did not surrender, grappling hooks would be thrown over the side of

the enemy ship and the two ships would be pulled together. Then the front assault team would pole vault over to the other ship and commence hand to hand combat. I was assigned to stay on our ship and prevent any enemy from coming aboard ours. Since they raised their white surrender flag, this should not have been necessary. As our crew landed on the deck of the Spanish galleon, it looked like the fight was over. Suddenly, a hatch in the center of the deck open up and a regiment of Spanish solders emerged. Our Captain was not entirely fooled by the false surrender. He knew that the Spanish Captain could never fold so easily. He had positioned his crew around the deck armed with pistols and muskets. Still, the Spaniards outnumbered our own fighters. After facing the firing squad, the numbers evened out. I think the Spanish solders were more accustomed to fighting on land. They were no match for our mostly drunk fighters. During the ensuing battle, several Spanish solders managed to evade being shot and started to board our ship. Compared to the look of the typical burly pirate, I didn't look like much of a threat. I did have a knife and superior combat training. The first guy came at me with his sword blade raised up high. This left his whole head wide open. As I prepared myself for my favorite move, the spin kick, he thought I was retreating. As I came around, my boot contacted his skull and he was out like a light. A swift thrust with my blade ended his life. I looked around and Bart was in a battle with two of the solders. His swordsmanship was something to marvel. A third solder was coming up behind that he did not see. I threw my knife from across the deck and pierced right through his neck. Bart had just finished off the other two when he saw what I did. He gave me a thumbs up. The battle on the Spanish ship was over. Our crew had prevailed. The Spanish solders, who were not killed, were put in their own ships hold as prisoners. The enemy bodies were thrown overboard. Our own dead were given pirate sea burial rites. A skeleton crew was left onboard the Spanish galleon to sail to the nearest pirate safe port. That would be Port Royal. Due to the broken condition of the Spanish boat, progress was slow, but we eventually arrived in Port Royal. All the Spanish loot was loaded on to our own vessel. I also seized all their food goods. We were now well stocked with lots of fancy spices and better bread biscuits. In the days following the battle, the actions of Bart and I were forwarded to the Captain. We were both awarded special merits due to our defense of the ships supplies. The Captain remarked, that it was unusual for a cook and sail attendant to be so

accomplished in battle.

Upon arriving in Port Royal, of course the crew headed for the nearest bar. The Spanish soldiers who survived were sold as slaves. The Spanish galleon was a prize in itself. The Captain sold it for a large sum. For our part in the capture, each of the crew was given a small portion of the loot. If I could have returned to my time machine at that moment, I would have brought these coins back with me and sold them on e-bay for a huge amount. Unfortunately, my time machine was hopefully still safe back in Nassau. I wish I could have had a means to return, but it was not to be. If I had, I would have missed what was to happen to me in the next several weeks. Some of it would have been good to miss, other parts, I wouldn't have missed for the world.

### **TIME AND TIME AGAIN** *(Chapter 6 The French)*

The Corsairs were French privateers commissioned by the King of France to raid on those who were enemies of France. Some of them asked, why give the King of France spoils from our hard earned endeavors? They became true pirates operating independently. Most operated out of the Caribbean port of Martinique.

After our brief but welcomed liberty, we set sail once again prowling the seas for more booty. I was once again harolded for my culinary expertise. With the added spices and additional French food products, our meals were nearly elevated to gourmet potential. We were 5 days out of port when coming up from the rear was another galleon. This time it was flying a French flag. There was something peculiar about this flag though. It didn't have the traditional look of the normal French navy. It was a modified pirate flag. Our captain welcomed this opportunity to score another victory. He had shown extraordinary seamanship in our last battle and I was confident of his ability. Unfortunately, even his finesses as a combat veteran, could not compensate for the difference between our ships. The French ship was faster, had more fire power, and their Captain was no slouch in his navigational abilities. We were soon overtaken, fired upon and hit repeatably broadsided. Our Captain issued one last heroic command, just before he was blasted into

oblivion by a direct cannon shot. He ordered the white flag of surrender. This prevented the whole ship from being blasted to hell. There was no ensuing battle as we could see we were outnumbered and outgunned. All the survivors were taken prisoner and chained together down in the holding cell of the French ship. How I survived the next three weeks, I can't tell you. Almost no food, little water, and the stench was so overpowering. I was wishing to die. Finally we arrived in the French colony of Martinique. Just as our prisoners were treated, our crew were sold off as slaves. My ability to speak French landed me in a more favorable place than my friend Bart. I heard he was hauled off to a hard labor camp not far from the plantation I was sent to. I at least was treated with some sort decency. When I arrived I was assigned duty as a house servant. I think my mild looking stature and mild manner marked me as someone that posed little threat. They would soon find out how wrong they were. I needed some time to recover my health from the last three weeks ordeal. I played meekly along with their plan for me, appearing most gracious and polite using my most refined French. I soon got an overview of the plantation and the everyday work schedule. There was one guy who was obviously one of the overlords. Perhaps a son of the owner. He was the typical arrogant A-hole. He treated everyone with disdain, including me. I watched him make frequent trips to a side house and I wondered what was going on. Due to my meek attitude, I was not monitored as closely as the other slaves. When nighttime arrived, I slipped out of my room and moseyed over to the side house. I quietly jimmied the lock and stepped inside. I found a young girl chained to a bed frame. She woke up with a start. I motioned to her to be quiet. I told her that I was one of the recent pirates that had been captured by the French and assigned to this plantation as a slave. She said she had also been captured and taken prisoner off an English military ship bound for America. I switched to English and she did too. She said she was being kept as a sex slave by the young master of the house. It seems no matter what era in human's history woman have always been taken advantage of by unscrupulous evil men. I told her that I would be able to free her from her bondage, but that I needed a day or so to plan. She had the look of hope in her eyes. I was determined not to let her down.

Part of my plan involved rescuing Bart. Not that I am all that altruistic, but

he knows the seas and how to get back to Nassau. So I make an excuse to accompany the cook to buy groceries. I had already helped him in the kitchen showing him some of my cooking ideas. He readily agreed, with the overseer's approval, for me to join him. On the way to town we passed the place where Bart was sent to. I rendered the cook unconscious without actually hurting him. I laid him under a tree along side of the road where someone would find him. I took the wagon right up close to the mansion where Bart was supposed to be. I snuck up on the site. I saw Bart tied to a tree and the overseer brandishing a whip across Bart's back. I guessed that Bart would not make a willing slave evidenced by the current proceedings. Without hesitation, I approached the man and said, "You should stop that torment, it is not the polite thing to do." He looked my way, and with an outraged look, switched his whip in my direction. I grabbed the end of the whip and pulled him off balance. I moved with lightening speed having regained my former healthy condition. This one deserved some special attention. I pummeled him with quick punches and broke his leg with a vicious kick. I took his whip and wrapped it around his neck and threw it over a tree. I didn't want to kill him. He might be a distant relative of mine. He will be sufficiently strangled, but someone will find him and release him. By that time we will be long gone. Bart said, "What took you so long?"

I told him that I was enjoying the pleasant treatment I was getting as a valuable servant. I also told him that we needed to rescue someone else. He said, with a wink in his eye and a smirk on his face, "It doesn't happen to be a beautiful girl does it?"

So we took the wagon back to my plantation. As I approached, we also dismounted without being seen. I arrived just in time to see the young master making his way to the side house. I crept up on him and as he opened the door, I pushed him inside. The girl had the look of disappointment on her face until she saw me. Still, she did not know that I was in command of the situation. The master saw me and said, "What the hell are you doing in here?" I gave him a hard slap across the face. He had such an astonished look on his face, it would have been comical under different circumstances. I said, "I understand that you have been taking advantage of this young girl." He started to say something and I slapped him even harder. I said, "Don't

you know this is wrong? Didn't your mother teach you any manners?" Maybe she doesn't even know what you have been doing. I slapped him even harder the third time. I wanted to do more, but for the same reason I didn't kill the other overseer, I held up on him. Instead I tied a gag over his mouth and chained him to the bed. As we were leaving, I gave him a swift kick in the ass for good measure. The girl's name was Adele. I told her that we must leave here right away. No time to get any belonging. She said she only had the clothes on her back. We all jumped into the wagon and made a quick departure toward the shoreline. I asked Bart, "How can we make our way back to Nassau?" He said we need to commandeer a sailboat and load it up with provisions for at least a couple weeks journey. He said that he did know of some stop off points where we could replenish our water supply and maybe pick up some local fruits. I said this was about as good a plan as any. This was the third time I had saved Bart. At this point, he was willing to do anything to help me. That was good, because I would desperately need his help in the future. When we arrived at the shoreline, we kept mostly hidden. After all, we all were runaway slaves. We surveyed the coastline for possible sailboats to "borrow". There were several likely candidates. So how were we going to make our getaway and provision our boat? Bart and I made a good team. I think there was nothing we could not accomplish together. I gave him my idea of what we should do. He concurred that this was a feasible plan. After all, we were pirates, not afraid to steal what we needed. What we needed now was some money and new clothes. There were plenty of wealthy homeowners in the vicinity. We just needed to pick the right one. We found a likely candidate not far from the beach. I observed a man, wife, and young girl family outside enjoying the evening. We waited until they went inside and then broke into their house. Adele also accompanied us. It was easy to subdue the father. We assured him that our only desire was to obtain some spending money and perhaps borrow some of his clothes. We really did not want to harm him or his family. I found some fashionable attire that would fit me and his daughter had clothes nearly the right size for Adele.

We were probably already on the most wanted list. Somebody once said, I can't remember exactly where I heard this, but "Sometimes it is better to hide in plain sight." Adele and I dressed up in the new clothes. We left Bart to watch over the family so we wouldn't be reported. Then Adele and I

borrowed the man's buggy and went into town. We appeared as a young married French couple. We had taken some of the man's money and we went shopping in the local grocery store. We loaded up on items that we would need for our journey back to Nassau. Jugs of water, dried goods and salted pork and beef. The store clerk asked us where we were going with such a large food supply. Adele answered with her French, since she had the right accent for these times. "We are taking a wagon journey to look for property to buy farther up the coast." This seemed to be adequate enough to satisfy his curiosity. Back at the house, we showed Bart what we had bought. He approved. He said it was enough. I told him while we were out, I spotted the same French galleon that captured us. I said it was a shame that they took all the loot we risked our lives for. He said, "Maybe we can do something about that. It is my turn to get us some provisions." Not sure what he had in mind, but I trusted his instincts. Adele and I had to take turns watching the family. It was late the next morning when Bart returned with a bag full of gold coins and silver pieces of eight. We had already chosen our sailboat for our escape. We left the man a sizable amount of the loot to thank him for his hospitality. We apologized for scaring him and his family and also for having to take his buggy with us to the beach. I told him we would leave it there. Since his house was a little distant from the beach, we knew that he would not be able to alert the authorities before we left. Besides, if he did, he might have trouble explaining how he ended up with valuable treasure from the French galleon.

We absconded with the stolen sailboat without notice. We weren't too worried about anybody following us. It is a big ocean and no one knew which direction we went.

From the time I rescued Adele from her prison and all through our facade as a married couple, we actually grew quite fond of each other. Our closeness grew as we fled the French colony. After all, our situations were quite similar. We had both been sold as slaves after being captured by the French. I learned more about her plight. She had been on a journey with her Uncle to be wed to a distant relative that her family had arraigned. She didn't even know her prospective husband. She didn't feel any remorse for avoiding that.

Bart, true to his word, found some stopping points along our route to get



fresh water and some fruit. Two weeks later, we arrived back in Nassau. Not sure of the situation we would face, I let Bart enter the town first. He came back to report that I was wanted for counterfeiting. I guess someone finally discovered my fake coins. He said, who did you get that money from and was it your fault? I said, it was partially my fault, but mostly Amazon's. Who is Amazon? Don't ask, it is a long story.

I told Bart that it was time for me to return to my own country. Adele asked if she could go with me. At that point, I would have agreed to anything she asked. I was smitten. So with her in hand, I made my way back to where my time machine was hidden. When I got there, the machine was gone.

“Back to the Future”  
**TIME AND TIME AGAIN**  
*(Back to the Future)*  
Chapter 7

Is it my destiny to remain here in Nassau for the rest of my life? If it was spent with Alele, perhaps I would be happy with that. Still, I longed for my big screen TV and my Jacuzzi. I had told Bart that my transportation was hidden up in the hills. I didn't mention what kind of transportation it was. He assumed I had some sort of wagon and that I only had to find out where my horse had wandered off to. I needed Bart to help me, but I couldn't be seen in town without some sort of disguise. No one there knew Adele, but I was reluctant to let her go there alone. I watched from the hillside as she walked down to the town. I told her, Bart would most likely be in the same saloon where I first saw him. If she didn't come out right away with Bart by her side, I would have to risk going in to get her. I was relieved to see her and Bart leave the building. They made their way back up to where I was hiding. Bart said, it was lucky that you guessed right because when she walked into the bar, she caused quite a stir. I had to calm down the lads who were eyeing her and told them she was with me.

I told Bart about my missing “transportation”. It looked like I was stuck in Nassau for the time being. I needed some clothes and some sort of disguise or I would have to remain up here in the hills. He said, don't worry. With the

jewels and coins I took from the French, I have plenty of resources to rent you a dwelling safely away from prying eyes. I told Bart he could keep all the loot with the exception of 1 piece of eight and one Spanish gold coin. He had no idea how much these two would be worth in the future.

So Adele and I set up housekeeping. Bart brought us food supplies and new clothes. I fashioned up a suitable disguise so that I could roam around UN-noticed. The small house we were staying in had a well on the property so water was close at hand.

During the two weeks, before I found my time machine, Adele and I spent many happy hours together. She kept asking me about my own town where we were going. I just kept telling her that she would be amazed when she saw it. I told Adele that I had something to take care of that she did not need to know about. I said, don't worry, it doesn't involve another woman. I hadn't had much time to investigate where my missing time machine went. I never heard any rumors about a strange looking buggy found in the fields. I went back to where I last saw my machine. I noticed some drag marks that led away from my hiding place. I followed them for a fair distance until I came upon a farm house. I looked inside the barn, and sure enough, there was my machine. When I turned around, there was a farmer pointing a shotgun at me. I put my hands up and said, I am not a thief. I see you found my machine. He said, yes it is mine now. I said that I needed him to return it to me and that I was willing to pay him handsomely for his troubles. He agreed to accept my two coins. I told him to just leave this machine in his barn until I return with some horses to take it. Since I willingly paid him, he agreed to do as I asked. I also told him not to tell anyone about this as it was a very secret item.

I returned to the house and told Adele I found my missing transportation. We could leave for home now. Once again I contacted Bart and asked him to give me two more coins. I explained that I had to pay off the farmer to retrieve my ride. No problem, Bart was extremely rich now. We said our goodbyes and I told him I hope to meet up again sometime. I knew this was unlikely to ever happen, but you never know for sure.

So I bring Adele with me back to the farmer's barn. He kept his word and let me go inside. I helped Adele get inside the bubble. She thought I was going to get some horses and reigns to attach. She had a very puzzled look on her face when I jumped in beside her. Without wasting time, I set the dials back to my own century and hit the go button. The last thing I saw, was the farmer wide eyed as my machine vanished into thin air. I had never transported another person with me and I hoped Adele would arrive with all her molecules in the right place. We both passed out and woke up inside my secret basement storage. Adele had a frightened look on her face. Whatever she was expecting, this wasn't it. I told her to trust me, I would never do anything to harm her. I helped her out of the bubble and we climbed up the steps to my living room. I punched in the door code and helped her through the door.

I know she was in shock. She stared wide-eyed at all things around her. I brought her to my sofa and set her down. She watched as I walked to my kitchen and opened up my fridge. I took out a bottle of orange juice and poured her a glass. The orange juice was still just as fresh as the day I left. I knew that it would take some time for her to adjust. I put my arm around her and told her in time, she will grow accustomed to these things. How can I explain to someone from the 17<sup>th</sup> century about all the inventions that have occurred over the past 3000 years? Time will tell.

Fast forward two years later. Adele has adapted to her new environment and we are both so happy living this life. There was no need for me to go on any more time travels. I had my utopia right here. Unlike my former "Time" wife, Adele was just the opposite. She was attentive, kind, easy going, and extremely beautiful dressed in the latest fashions. It was me spending all the money this time. I wasn't extravagant by any means, but I didn't hesitate to buy something that added to her appeal. After all, it was my eyes that reaped the benefits.

I told her about my former time travels. Medieval times, Jurassic Park, Qing Dynasty, and lastly my Nassau adventures before I met her. I even let her watch the Jurassic Park movie and several Chinese historical dramas so she could see what I witnessed. I even took her to the Medieval Times show

where we ate roasted chicken and vegetables off of pewter plates without any utensils. She really enjoyed the jousting and sword fighting spectacle.

By the way, the two pirate coins I brought back with me were worth quite a bit. 1 gold doubloon is eight escudos and worth \$100,000. Pieces of eight are made of silver and only worth \$4000.

Adele had asked to go to college. She wanted to learn about all the science that had transpired up until our current time.

I had wondered about the farmer who witnessed my time machine departure. I did some research and found out he was the great great grandfather of H.G. Wells, who was the author of the book “The Time Machine”. I guess the story was passed down generation to generation until H.G. Wells decided to write the actual book.

Adele was up to date on time travel. She asked me if we could take a trip together. I told her that I had no desire to risk our lives in the uncertain past.

She said, I don't want that either. How about a trip to the future? She had become more adventurous than me.

Stay tuned for Culin and Adele in the 27<sup>th</sup> century.

I can't imagine what it would be like so I probably won't try that. We shall see. “Time will Tell”.

I attached a picture of H.G. Wells Time Machine. Mine looks similar, but I added the protective bubble.



## **End of Chapter 7**

### **End of Time and Time Again**

Author's note:

This is not the end of Time Travel Adventures.

The following involve time:

From Here to Eternity (Bart in Trouble), Timely Seasons (Culin and Adele in the Future), Universal Justice, and Living in the Future.