



Another Time Traveling Story (Chapter 1 Part 2)

By BestAbsolutePerfect

Published on Stories Space on 04 May 2014

© 2015r Hiro Swann All Rights Reserved

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/young-adult/another-time-traveling-story-chapter-1-1.aspx>

I was standing alone at the school. The sun was setting, creating a rose like haze over the entire

campus. I dug into my backpack for my phone. "7:14pm?" I said in a realm of confusion. 'Six missed calls' popped up on the screen. They were all from mama. I selected redial and pressed the phone to my ear. Not one ring later my mother answered frantically. "Hilary where are you?!" she said in a loud whisper. It's something her voice did whenever she was scared. Her normal childlike voice that I loved became a low warm whisper that could pierce any crowd. "At school..." "I went past there already. Twice. I called Laura and even checked the tracking device on your phone, but it was like you had vanished off the face of the earth!" "We'll I'm here now. Come pick me up. I'll explain." That's if I could explain what just happened to me. "Alright," she sighed in relief. Five minutes later I sat in the front seat of our red Camero. "I was about to call the police, but your father topped me. He reassured me you were alright." "Mama...I'm sorry. I..." "It's just like when you were little. You would disappear for hours at a time." "What?" "On your second birthday, you disappeared from your party. I had put you down for a nap. And when I returned an hour later. You were gone. I went ballistic, but just like now your father was completely calm. I cried my eyes out for I don't know how long. I just know later that day you reappeared in you high chair laughing like nothing happened." "Why didn't you tell me this?" "It only lasted for a few years...until you were six. Once it stopped we didn't feel the need to alarm you. We didn't want you believing you were strange." "But I am strange!" "Everybody's strange. If the whole world were normal-" "It would be a rather boring place." I finished what she has repeated me since birth. "Mama, you're contradicting yourself again." "...." The rest of the ride home was a short and awkward. Something I had never experienced with mama. She drove into the driveway. I grabbed my book-bag, not out of anger but I was just confused. I entered the house and an interesting aroma I had never encountered before hit me in the face. It seemed to be a mix of a bunch of things. "Mama! What did you cook!?" I called out to her. She was still coming up the steps to the door. Daddy came walking from the hallway holding the newspaper in his hand. "Your mother was just throwing things into a pot while you were gone. I told her to cook to take her mind off you and this is the result." I looked into the pot and a light-ish brownish goo bubbled in front of me. "It smells...it looks...how does it taste?" I couldn't decide how I felt about the concoction in front of me. "I fed it to a squirrel and it promptly died." He hugged me, my small stature becoming enveloped by his huge one. How did I get the short end of the stick? Being 5'0" had its upsides, but not many. Mama was an envious 5'7" and daddy a unattainable 6'0". I should of drank more milk. Both of my parents were quite good looking, if I do say so myself. Mama had big somber brown eyes that perfectly complimented her - how should I put it - pale but slightly tanned skin. She resembled a deer in a way. Her jawline was very soft, something she herself hated and tried to hide with her long wavy jet black hair. Daddy on the other hand had a strong jawline and an overall warm and inviting face, his skin being a very clear brown hue. He wore black rimmed glasses and for some reason had a sweater vest stationed in every room. "Daddy, Mama told me," I said, pushing away from the hug. He sighed sitting down at the dining room table. He said nothing as he read through the paper. "Daddy!" "What!?" he said mimicking my high pitched tone. "Do you know anything about this?" "About what?" he set down the paper. He was trying to hold back a small smirk. I looked at him with the expression 'I'm tired of your crap old man.' "Really I don't know what you're talking about." "I'll tell Granny on

you," I threatened taking out my phone. "You wouldn't." I showcased the easiness it took to dial Granny's number. She was my second on speed dial. "Okay. Okay..." He finally gave in. "I really do know nothing. It's more of a hunch." "A hunch?" I repeated.