

STANFORD PREMIUM CHILDREN'S LITERATURE



WESTERN ACADEMIC PUBLISHING

The Time Traveller

Vicky Chen

One day, in the middle of sunset, a young mouse scurried home, tired from playing all day with the neighbours, dreaming about his soft bed at home. He raced up stone steps and paths, wanting to get home as fast as possible. He zoomed to his door and pushed the handle down hard. He shoved it again twice and the door slowly opened. He jumped into the house and turned around to once again touch the door and close it. After he closed it, he didn't hesitate a second to hurry towards the couch. Then he closed his eyes and calmly went to sleep. The sun blinded his eyes as he woke up, then yawned and stretched. He sat there for a moment, thinking about how to plan his day. He tapped the couch with his fingers and rested his head on his hand. He shook his head, wanting to clear his mind. He sat there as minutes ticked by, so he jumped off the couch with excitement for his breakfast of cherry pies, those juicy, yummy, delicious pies always seem to water his mouth.

He skipped over to the counter where he would make the pies, and then hurried here and there, till he finally found all the things he needed to use to make the cherry pie. He then hummed a merry tune, dancing here and there while he began to get to work.

"If only I had some cheese to eat this with." He murmured to himself as he put the cherry pie in the oven. He set the timer and the timer began to tick. He dragged his feet to the kitchen table and grabbed a chair while he sat down.

"Beep Beep Beep! Beep Beep Beep!" He leaped up and ran towards the beeping timer to stop it. Then he used Oven Mittens and set the pie on the table. As soon as he got the pie out, the smell of cherries began to fill the air. Just when he was about to cut the pie, the neighbours arrived. They were the mouse's friends. Julian and Rocky. Julian was carrying a soccer ball under his arm.

"Want to go play, Oliver?" Julian asked as he stepped in the house. He looked at Oliver Straight in the eye smiling broadly.

"Yeah well come in first and have some pie!" Oliver exclaimed as the two eager mouse hurried over to the table. Oliver cut the pie into three huge juicy slices and found some yellow cheese in the refrigerator.

"I wish I knew how to make the best cheese," Oliver said as he shoved a piece of the pie into his mouth it slowly melted.

"Isn't this the best cheese?" Rocky asked curiously.

"Who cares? At least this pie tastes yummy!" Julian said as he looked at the pie admiringly and once again shoved a chunk into his mouth. Oliver laughed nervously. He still wanted to know how to make his ancestor's cheese though he didn't think his friends wanted to help but he was determined. He was going to go find the recipe in some way. The only problem is how could he find the recipe?

He didn't have time to think about that for after they finished, they immediately ran off to play soccer in the green soccer court just across the street. As soon as they reached the soccer court, Julian dropped the ball on the ground and he kicked the soccer ball with all his might. Rocky caught it with his feet and didn't hesitate to pass the ball to the nearest mouse. Oliver. Oliver kicked the ball so hard that it sailed out of the court, over the street and on the porch of Ms Sonia's house. It was an old house with yellow paint peeling off like a banana. The porch was filled with thick green vines growing everywhere. There was a rumour that Ms Sonia was a witch. Oliver didn't think it was true but somehow going to get that ball made him shiver. The three mice stared at each other breathlessly for a minute, no one moving a muscle. At last, Oliver murmured loud enough for his friends to hear.

"I guess I'll go get the ball, unless someone volunteers to"

Oliver stared at Rocky, who exchanged glances with Julian. No one volunteered to.

"We can go together," Rocky offered.

They each took a deep breath. Oliver was the first one to run across the street, holding his breath. Julian and Rocky followed him, also holding their breath. They opened the fence making sure it didn't make a squeaky sound. They sneaked across the fence, and tiptoed to the steps of the porch. They stepped carefully through the thick green vines and were lucky to find that Ms Sonia wasn't home. Oliver cheered, mouthing the cheer to Rocky and Julian not saying it out loud. Rocky was the first one to reach the dirt covered soccer ball, and picked it up with his hands. He stood up and was just about to leave when in the corner of his eyes he saw something weird standing in the corner of the yard, close to the wooden fence. It was a colourful machine with red chair and a clock-like thing on the back; it had many weird controllers and a sign on it that said, Time Machine.

"I could travel back in time and find the missing Recipe!!!" Oliver shouted, not able to control his excitement as he raced to the machine, when Julian shouted, "Hey! It doesn't belong to you! Don't touch it!"

"But it's my only chance!" Oliver protested.

“ Ok you can try but not today ok?” Rocky said, rolling his eyes.

“ Yeah” Oliver whispered disappointedly. Why can't his friends understand him? He sighed and together they walked out of the yard and ran off to play soccer again.

Western Academic Publishing