

The Travellers

A dull light switched on, but the darkness was not shaken. “Who are you working for!” screamed the voice. I had no idea where it was coming from, but I wasn’t about to answer it. “How did you find us!” yelled the voice. I thought back to yesterday. With clearance at FBI headquarters, I had been commissioned to investigate a holding facility which, for so long, we had thought was abandoned. Apparently not. We had received a tip-off from an anonymous caller. There was a large amount of hawking gravitational radiation being emitted inside the building. Immediately I had realised. Black holes.

Earlier last year, there had been a break in at NASA headquarters. A large device known as a gravitational light bender had been stolen, along with a few other items. We had looked over it as just another break in. But NASA had informed us that this was no simple machine. It could create, and manipulate, primordial black holes. This meant nothing to the FBI; we kept working on other cases. But early yesterday morning, a thought hit me; with a combination of black holes, gravity and various other instruments, it was possible to create a wormhole. And wormholes were only useful for; time travel. I decided to investigate, despite what my overseer had advised. I now regretted that decision. I had been snooping and spying, but was soon found, locked up, and now interrogated.

“Who are you?!” The yell, now more deafening than before, woke me from my thought. But they were far from getting the answers they wanted. In fact, I was here to get *my* answers. Whoever they were, they were creating wormholes, and I was going to find out why.

“I would never tell you,” I muttered. Almost immediately, the light went out, and a pair of hairy hands shoved me into a cell, the cold, stone floor hitting me like a Commodore. As the metal gate slammed shut with a smash behind me, a man’s rusty voice whispered something unintelligible through the bars.

I sat still in the silence that followed, watching bugs crawl across the rigid floor. The more I waited, the more uncomfortable the dark cell became. *BAM!* The thought hit me like a bullet. The anonymous call. It was all a set up. They wanted me here. I felt the fear sink down, far into my body. The worry which flooded me, kept me distracted as the man came back to the door. “Alright mate, your time is up. Follow me.” His voice was coarse and scratchy; it reminded me of rubbing fingernails on a chalkboard.

He grabbed me by the arm, his large hands dragging me out. My head smacked the small doorway hard as we entered another room. The pitch black was still all-encompassing. I was suddenly pushed into a lumpy, slanted wall of sorts. The man pulled something over my right wrist, and as I heard the click, something pulled over my waist. Slowly, all my limbs were covered with this strange material, which restricted even the slightest movement. “Ready!” yelled the man’s voice. Without delay, the room flooded with light. Being able to see clearly was an advantage that I didn’t want, because not only could I see I was strapped to a diagonal board, but there was a large ray pointing at me, maybe 2 centimetres away from my face. “You, Joshua Ryles, will now be used as a scientific experiment,” boomed a loud voice through some sort of sound system. The mechanical voice continued. “It will be noted whether or not time travel through wormholes is possible.” There was a slight delay between the next

part, as though it was thinking. "If so, you will become a hero. If not, you will not exist."

Oh great. This was it. I was either going to time travel, or die trying. Suddenly, the man who had brought me here stepped out from a hole in the wall, his hair swinging wildly as he slowly waltzed over to the machine. After pressing a few buttons, the whirr of the machine starting up, filled the room. I tried with all my might to break free from the bonds, but it didn't work. The end of the machine started to glow a pale green colour. My pitiful attempts of escape could not save me. My vision went fuzzy as my ear drums burst from the excruciating volume, which the machine was putting out. The last thing I saw, was an explosion of green light, which surrounded me from all areas.