

Mr. Sisyphus

...The surroundings were the same, and we returned to the reception. The punch clock now read 8:50 AM. I slid in my now empty card, and for the first time this week, I was early.

“See? You catching ma juff now?”

My skepticism burned away in a matter of seconds, and I wondered, what now?

“This is miraculous! Let me have a knack at it!”

The man pulled away, holding the device tenderly.

“Hold it, Ray says no mo’ time hopping for yo. Yer suspended for a year.”

I lunged to grab the trinket.

“What da vaz is wrong with you?!”

“Hand it over you greedy git!”

We tasseled there as Valorie arrived at the desk.

“Good heavens! Calm yourselves!”

“Da Gelpasser gonna erase yo memories without the suit ya jaer-headed parkon!”

I got the dingus, turned the wheel back one year, just as I slipped on...

9:48 AM.

“Mr. Sisyphus, get out of that muck, you’re already late.”

I retracted from the puddle and slid my card into the punch clock.

“You know that this might turn into suspension.”

“What am I supposed to do? My alarm continuously refuses to sound. That janitor deserves suspension for leaving this spill that engulfed me.”

I advanced to the legally magnetizing desk of Museum Research. Suddenly, a stain on the ordinary. A man in black with blue lines crawling about him. He looked frantic, but with just one glance at me he lit up and ran over.

“Neil! There ye are my froyjack!”

I looked at the gleaming lad.

“Do I know you?”

“Ah skarpash, da Blitzporter took yo memory.”

He pulled out a small device, numerous numerals glowing proudly, wheel on the side.

“Yo family’ll remind ye.”

“What are you talking about? My parents passed away on this same day a year ago. I wish I was there in their final moments.”

His smile shivered.

“Them ain’t yo real family, they from da future. These gelpassers prob just adopted ye when ye got rebooted.”

Despite his crude language, the thought disturbed me to my core. Could it be that my dear Langstrom and Bella were not my true heritage? Impossible, yet I remained shaken.

“Where do you say I’m from?”

“Yer from da future ma pez! Ye went back like, 200 years!”

The fellow spoke with such confidence that I almost believed him.

“You must be lying, I’ve lived here my whole life, the nonsense you speak of must be the result of far too many drinks.”

He remained untouched by my rebuttal.

“How ‘bout I prove to you that we from da future, when ya wanna go?”

An hour earlier seemed valid. His arm stapled to mine, and the gizmo did its trick...

457 Words

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