#  Time Travel

 In the heart of Sydney 2025, Lydia found myself staring at the complex time machine her dad has left me. Enthusiastically she made her last wish to her father and started meddling with buttons that she had been examining carefully for years after her father passed. She finally reached the last button for the algorithm, but before she pressed it she looked around the lab sadly. “Who knows if I’ll see this place again,” she muttered. Then gently, she pressed the button gently and her body was sucked into the machine like a vacuum cleaner

 With twisting and turning, Lydia finally reached. She was in put into the late 1850s when war had just finished. She stumbled across the road as everyone stared at her with gross. She looked down, embarrassedly hoping she would not be noticed. When she looked up again her hands were in chains. She twisted her neck. The police were behind her. “Uh oh,” I muttered.

 “Get walking,” one policeman shouted. But before they knew it she was running away. They quickly boarded their horses an they galloped towards her. “Where is that time machine,” I muttered as I kept sprinting. I looked through my bag. “What,” she cried dramatically. “Where is it!”

 She stopped running and looked at her bag frantically. By the time the police reached her she found the time machine in broken pieces. She quickly put it in her pockets and got chained up again.

When she was in her own cell for good, she got the pieces and started swiftly putting them together. She studied them for so long she knew how to put them together. In a few hours she was pressing buttons again. She saw the police coming in the distance. Her hands trembled. Fortunately, she made it. She was back at the lab.

That was a long day,” she muttered.

“Next time I need to wear better clothes,” she sighed and fell asleep peacefully