

Michel Labbé

# WHIPLASH

THE JOURNEY OF THE  
BOOMERANG

French original story translated by  
Adrian Mole



Cover: [Kouvertures.com](http://Kouvertures.com)

This ebook has been published on  
[www.bookelis.com](http://www.bookelis.com)

ISBN: 979-10-227-9312-4

© Michel Labbé, 2010

Blog: [MICHEL-LABBE.IGGYBOOK.COM](http://MICHEL-LABBE.IGGYBOOK.COM)

Email: [legodendar@hotmail.com](mailto:legodendar@hotmail.com)

I dedicate this book  
to my ancestor  
Jean-Baptiste Squerré,  
to my parents,  
who when I was  
a child, they  
encouraged  
my creativity,  
and to my wife  
and children, who  
have always  
encouraged me to  
write.

Part One

# The Time Portal

DOCTOR EVANS F. DÜGER,

astrophysicist, and enthusiast of the theories of Albert Einstein, and, as you might have now guessed, a gentleman of German origin, had made a rather astounding discovery. He was amusing himself with his “Boomerang” on the rail line that led to the old Parisch Mills Co. flourmill, situated a few miles from Rusty Valley, a little town in California, near the Nevada border, where he lived. It was here that he found one of those famous invisible passages, a “wormhole” that made time travel possible.

Düger, whose eccentricity, joviality and exuberance contrasted with his white unkempt hair was an inventor in his fifties. He had bought a 1969 Ford Shelby GT 500 at the national classical car exposition in Detroit. He had since then modified the car for his physics experiments, and his own personal amusement.

Besides the fact that the car already had a 425 horsepower engine, Düger had already

added another 90 hp by use of a “nitro-kit” or NOS (Nitrous Oxide Systems), an invention of his own making. The injection of nitrous oxide (chemical compound N<sub>2</sub>O formula), initiated by the touch of a single button, located just above the gear box, on the dashboard, accelerated the vehicle to an unassisted velocity greater than 350 km/h, but that was not all. The Shelby had been placed on a 5 km rail line, and the engine had been combined with a six gear perfectly synchronized “Getrag” transmission, which gave it an overall speed of 382 km/h.

But the *trip* doesn’t stop there. Once the Shelby had reached the 4.4 km. mark, (indicated by the large orange fluorescent colored button) Düger would then shift the transmission into neutral and switch off the motor. He would then push another button which would cause a large 19 centimeter high-density polyethylene hook to emerge from the under chassis of the Ford. This elastic hook was made of an impact resistant polymer that was attached to steel cylinders. The cylinders were 15.8 centimeters in diameter by 1.2 meters in length and separated from each other by a distance of

38.1 centimeters. The hook would then catch onto a concrete form located on the rails. The concrete form had a depth of 1.8 meters and a length of 3 wooden rails beams, the height of cylinders was less than the height of the rails. The “elastic band” was attached to the head of the cylinders.

Then, the “Boomerang”, as Düger called it, would be whipped into reverse by the giant elastic.

For the past few weeks, the doctor of relativity had been experimenting with more exciting trial runs, rather than performing some necessary physics calculations. He arrived on scene driving his Ford King Cab carrying the flamboyant sports coupe that he himself had built. He jumped out of the cabin dressed in silver overalls, ran to the back of the truck, and removed the wheel blocks supporting the Shelby. Gently, he lowered down the car with the help of an electric winch. The car glided down the two anti-slip tracks and landed gently onto the rails. While the car was descending, he calls out to Galileo, his Scottish Terrier companion:

– Galileo! Galileo! Come on boy, it’s time!



His faithful companion arrived close to him and shaking his tail vigorously, he followed his North-American master on the railroad track while he finished the adjustment and fixing of the last rail brake-shoe around the driver's side:

– We're going for another journey. What do you say to that?

Galileo barked and shook his head as a sign of comprehension. He opened the passenger-side door and tilted back the seat for his faithful companion, who then jumped into the rear seat. The scientist adjusted the safety belt and the dog's helmet, which was made to measure for him. Then, after having installed it well, he sat in turn on the driver's seat and applied the same safety requirements. Düger, whose research on the possibilities of traveling in time had proven up to now unfruitful, spoke with his dog and said to him, a little disillusioned:

– Wormholes... hmm! If they're out there, where are they? How can we find them?

The dog, obviously in agreement, groaned and shook his head. The scientist, who had read and re-examined the various theories in connection with "Time travel", had said that

because he had arrived at the terrible conclusion that it was not enough to have a machine to explore time, like in the famous “H. G. Wells” novel. But it was necessary that all this, namely the machine, the programming apparatus, the starting dates and arrival dates, as well as speed had to work in union with the one essential element of most of the space-time continuum: a “Time Gate”. This wormhole, invisible to the naked eye, and undetectable by most of today’s modern technology opens only during a short moment with precise regular intervals.

He then turned and started talking to his faithful companion before programming the onboard computer for a fictional time and date of a departure and arrival time. As he typed it in he thought of a time he would like to visit and said:

– Today is Monday October 26, 1987. Where do you want to this time Galileo? To attend the crossing of the Atlantic by Charles Lindbergh in 1927, or with the inauguration of Ford Motor Company by Henry Ford in 1903? Or maybe a little further back... to meet the father of the electric bulb and

inventor of the gramophone, Sir Thomas Edison ... 1883 perhaps?

Then, almost stopping this last time, envying more particularly this effervescent period of the inventive genius of man in this end of the XIX<sup>th</sup> century, he ruminated:

– Lord, I would have loved to live in this time and worked besides these men who, under the fire of their genius, discovered and operated for the very first time their inventions, dear Galileo... You cannot know how I would have loved to live in this era! One could also greet Abraham Lincoln the day of his election in 1860? Or besides, and you will agree with me, to prevent the unjust and stupid judgment by the Enquiry of the most eminent scientist after Leonard de Vinci, Galileo, in 1633?

Galileo answered at once by barking, he continued saying, to him, looking and answering his question:

– Good, in that case... let's go!

Nevertheless, the scientist would not differ from the opinion his scientific peers on a certain point, he added this warning:

– Only we will have to make the remainder of the way by foot and with some

luck we can arrive in Italy, but we must overcome all dangers. Not to mention the rails no longer being there, we would smash through everything in our path, or after a short flight we would come crashing to the ground. Except of course, if the theory by Zinnerman, a scientific colleague who believed, in the existence of the famous “wormholes”, whose tunnels also formed part of this universe, like our roads and motorways. They would enable us to go not only to a specific date or time in the past or future, but also anywhere on the planet. If they did not exist yet at the place where we would go, they would be automatically formed by an extension in order to be able to return. The majority among us found his theory too fabulous and made fun about it. But if the theory proved to be true, Galileo, you can imagine the possibilities...

Finally, he released a sigh and finished his brief sermon by saying:

– Bah, what good is it... It’s better to not to think of it too much.

Afterwards, while saying in a high voice, he tapped in the coordinates of the fictitious location, the date and time of departure and

the date and time of arrival on an aircraft computer that was connected with the radio in the center of the dashboard. It was a kind of simulator that was called a “Temporal Transfuser”. It consisted of a device that contained three gauges on top of an electrical mechanism. On this mechanism appeared the departure and arrival dates and times of the vehicle. When the programming was complete, the three transparent gauges started filling simultaneously with blue, yellow and green liquid crystals. He turned the key and started the powerful engine.

The challenge, although calculated was not unimportant, since it was to really cross what it had indicated as being the point of impact speed/time or ST threshold, i.e. the three gauges filled when it reached the a distance of 4.4 kilometers. The radio played music synchronized with the date and being and could easily play rock'n'roll or classical. This time, in connection with 1633, it was *Radetzky March* of Johann Strauss.

He put the vehicle into first and slackened the clutch, pressed on the accelerator and took off at high speed by successively shifting into the five other gears. Then, at a

speed faster than 250 km/h, with a simple touch of the finger, he injected an explosion of his famous “nitro kit”. This caused the car to propel at a break-neck speed of almost 380 km/h and having crossed the course of the 4.4 kilometers, he shifted the gear lever to neutral, turned off the engine then, the hook under the vehicle caught the elastic, and he was whipped into reverse. He called out:

– Boomerang! He yelled while laughing out loud, even if the vehicle was immobilized and the fun ride had finished.

His dog looked at him and wanted to almost to say him, if it had been able to speak: “Man... what a nutcase!” Then, his laughter growing blurred, he said to the pooch, while getting out of his Boomerang:

– We must leave now, Galileo, it will be soon eight o’clock and the night will be pitch black. And if you are like me... a heavy meal and a good hot bath is best after such a flight to recharge our batteries.

As soon as he had dismounted, he started to slacken the tension on the rail guides of the racing car so as to prevent, especially at the time of takeoff, the rims turning unnecessarily on the rails, thus avoiding

overheating, warping, and an important loss of acceleration. Then, he used a spray can on the interior of the wheels in order to remove the residues of bits of tire that were over three lengths of rails on both sides. However, for the first time since he came there, an incident occurred. Galileo, who had remained between the two rails with approximately 60 meters behind the trailer containing the racing car, barked without stopping and did not seem to want to leave. With his hand on the handle of the door of car, the scientist was curious to know the reason to his companion's incessant braking:

– It must be a skunk or something!

Reiterating his call to come to join him, he got up and called out to him, somewhat aggravated:

– That's enough now Galileo, come! There is nothing over there. That white striped animal is not worth the effort and you know it. She'll have the last word by spraying you with some of her sweet "perfume". Then I'd have to give you a tomato bath.

The dog, not hearing anything, continued his yapping. His master says to him, in a tone more threatening and convincing:

– OK, as you wish. I'll leave you here. Only, all the famished coyotes of the area will soon have you surrounded and will want you for an evening snack. And that, my boy, will not be fun for you, believe me.

He climbed back up into the pick-up, his elbow pressed on the edge of the lowered window pane, he murmured, finding Galileo's behavior abnormal and odd:

– No, but... what is it with him this evening? It's so unlike him...

Being unable to hear any more to hear of his dog's incessant barking, he added, opening the glove compartment and taking the flashlight as well as a pair of infrared goggles:

– Argh! This is too much, I'll have to check it out!

Descending the vehicle and coming towards him, torch in one hand, and the goggles in the other, he says to him:

– What is it you old Scot, are you sick? What you discovered, good heavens? The corpse of Jismond Ladurantaye, whom the police have been looking for, for two years? If it's not important, believe me, I will be annoyed.



Suddenly, Galileo stopped barking and started to advance, Düger says, while following him:

– Fine, good, as long as the discovery is worth it, or can progress science... I don't have a problem with that. I'm coming.

However, after twenty-five minutes of continuous walking, he turned back to see whether he could distinguish the side-lights from the trailer, but only barely, as darkness was slowly covering the area. He then shone his light on the large orange fluorescent panel and said to his dog:

– Listen, Galileo... I hope that you realize that we will have to go back all this way afterwards. I don't want to spend the night there! So, tell me if it is still far to your UFO, because for me, this stops here.

Sitting down on a rail and drawing a small bottle of water from his inside pocket, he drank a good mouthful, suddenly, Galileo started barking loudly. Getting up in a rush, he exclaimed:

– Good Lord! Here's the answer!

Putting the cap on the bottle, and replacing it in his pocket, he grabbed the night vision goggles, he shouted to him, while running:

– I’m coming Scotland Yard, don’t move!

Arriving close to the dog, the latter whimpering, groaning and barking, he says to him, exhausted by the 90 meters sprint of which he had just made:

– You finally found it? What is it for goodness sakes?

Illuminating the area right in front of him, starting from the ground between the two rails, then passing slowly to each side he says to him, at the same time disappointed and confused, and not seeing anything:

– I don’t understand Galileo... I don’t see anything...

The shepherd dog barked, and took some steps while shaking the tail, as if to say “look here”.

– Good, o.k., if you’re wagging your tail, it’s good news. Not a corpse, thank heavens.

Putting his infrared glasses and seeing the enormous perfectly circular hole, a little less than 12 meters right in front of between the two rails and touching the ground, he exclaimed, not believing his eyes:

– By all the captain Nemo’s! I hope that it is I what I think you think it is my dear Galileo, he says to his dog.

Still a little skeptic and wanting to avoid any disenchantment, he slipped his hand into the right pocket of his silver-plated outfit and takes out his lucky baseball. It carried not only the inscription of the date, August 5 1947, but also a name, Nemo, drawn from the novel *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the sea* of Jules Verne as well as the exact hour posted on the table with large figures, 8:37:15 pm. He took it along almost everywhere with him and had caught it on the flight in the steps of the stadium from San Francisco, at the time of a match between the San Francisco Giants and the Colorado Rockies from forty years ago, when he was still just a kid. Holding the ball in his right hand and remembering what he had said at that moment, he murmured slowly, speaking to his dog:

– I remember... I had just said: “I hope that it will me carry as far...” The war was finished. My parents had taken me along to the stadium for my eleventh birthday. They had given me the gift of a novel of Jules Verne that I had wanted for a long time: *Twenty Thousand Leagues under the sea*, with its incredible captain Nemo who

fascinated me so much, that I had engraved the name on the ball! Well, all that is in the past now. All that remains is to see if the future is as promising. He says this, more determined than ever to solve the mystery of the time travel.

Putting back on the infrared goggles he says:

– I'm going to throw the ball, with all my strength into the wormhole Galileo, but I don't want you to fetch it, do you understand? It's very important. It's an experiment.

The dog barked to signify his understanding. The scientist threw the ball, which disappeared as soon as it touched the interior of the large red circle.

Having followed the trajectory of the projectile with his night vision goggles, and realizing that he had a real wormhole, a time portal that was so sought after by the entire academy of his fellow relativity researchers, who had defended their existence, he yelled out, with intermittent laughter, and jumping with joy, while his dog looked on without saying a word:

– Ha! ha! ha! Do you know what this means, Galileo? This is the pantheon of glory for you, old boy! It's the greatest discovery of all time! He exclaims to his companion, who lets out a few joyful yelps. We don't have a minute to lose Galileo, God knows how much longer the time portal will remain open. I know, it's late, and we should both be asleep, snoring in our beds at this time. But heaven waits for no man. So, "It's now or never" as Elvis says. What do you think, hmm? Düger asks while holding him behind his collar. Well... answers the savant, Off to the Boomerang.

He arrives back at their vehicle more motivated than ever before, with his faithful companion following him. After having performed all the operations to replace the sport coupe back on the rail tracks in record time, Düger sits with his two hands on the steering wheel and says to his faithful traveling companion:

– We are the first of our kind to travel through this Time Gate and we don't know what the time intervals are for it to stay open, and we don't know if we will stay stuck in the time that we enter. If none of this

happens, it would be one more reason to do a good deed, for my own eternal salvation, and to verify at the same time if we can change the future by intervening in the events of individuals in the past.

With that said, he programmed the dates and time of departure and arrival into the screen of his Temporal Transfuser, he then checked the dates and began to fill the gauges, and then started up the engine:

– I have decided to intervene on the date of the 30<sup>th</sup> of June 1962, when John Glenn performed the first orbital flight on board the *Mercury*, marking the beginning of the space age! But, unfortunately, it is also the year when Roland McGowan, Handy's father, A student with whom I had a great friendship, despite our difference in age... was unjustly accused of starting a fire during the graduation ball. Handy claimed it was Stiff Tyken who had done it out of jealousy...

As he was sitting there thinking and conversing with his dog, the scientist thought about how Stiff had bullied Roland McGowan, and all the grief he had given him during the first year in high school. He thought of how he had humiliated him and

called him a “butthead”, in front of all his classmates, and he thought of how Stiff had wrecked his future. McGowan had, despite his timid and enclosed nature a vivid imagination and an amazing talent for writing and drawing cartoons.

Roland began to show little by little his creativity, his friends, as well as his girlfriend Alice Boyle, a young brunette, encouraged him to continue. Alice was taken aback by him when they were at the end of the school year, and he had begun to write: *Starkman – The man who came from the stars.*

The young romantic, full of confidence, had become popular with regards to all his fellow students and professors, with the exception of the principal, Ralph Dicklane, who found the young McGowan stupid, and believed he reflected the lack of culture in that generation. For this reason, he was very annoyed on the night of the 30<sup>th</sup> of June 1962, at the graduation ball. Tyken, and his gang who were jealous of his success, had planned to play a dirty trick on Roland. They had started a fire in the school library and had put the gas tank in the back of the 1960 white Chevrolet Impala soft-top that

belonged to Roland. They had managed this by making an extra key and leaving it just behind the wheels of Roland's car, and then setting the police on the trail. Needless to say, it took no time for the police to accuse Roland, in spite of Alice's alibi, who claimed he had been with her all evening.

He was arrested the same evening, and was found guilty during the course of the next two weeks, and was sentenced to two years in prison.

His credibility had now been destroyed by his criminal record, and his future was in doubt. Because of this, no editor wanted to publish his novel. He was limited to searching for employment among regional employers, who understandably did not want to hire him. He had no choice, but to work for his arch rival, who had managed to climb his way to the top of the car sales in Rusty Valley. Since then, McGowan had managed to get by, and had always worked for Tyken, even though he made McGowan do many extra hours and awful jobs, and had been very intimidating, even to the point of threatening to fire him if he would not obey. His only consolation was his wife Alice, who



had managed to raise three children with him: Paul 22 years old, Lena 19, and Handy 17.

The scientist knew the story, having lived in the same village at the time of the fire, and Handy had told him what his family knew, and their suspicion of Stiff Tyken. The scientist then said to his companion, deciding that it was time to bring justice to Roland:

– The firemen had been alerted at 10:24 pm, by a passerby who has seen the flames, which led them to the conclusion that the fire had started at 9:45 pm or slightly later, due to the use of the gas. I'm programming our departure for Monday, October 26<sup>th</sup>, 1987, and our return will be on Friday the 29<sup>th</sup> of June 1962 at exactly 7:45 pm and zero seconds!

The dog barked during the programming, and the scientist said, laughing:

– Yes, I know, I like exact figures. Very well Galileo.

He then continued, and said:

– This will allow us to have a good night's sleep, and still allow us to arrive on the scene to see what will actually happen, and then we can telephone the police. Now, about

stopping the space-time vehicle, and avoiding a collision with a train, it's hypothetically impossible, firstly, I have a parachute which will be deployed when we arrive, secondly Joseph Barbello a retired railroad operator told me a long time ago that there were never any trains traveling from 7:00 pm until dawn. So what have we got to lose, eh Galileo?

The departure time had arrived and the Temporal Transfuser gauges began to fill up. He then started the motor and said:

– Let's see what happens... floor it! He cried out.

The Ford Shelby GT 500 roared ahead at full throttle and ripped through the gigantic circular hole in the middle of the rails at an amazing speed of 388 km/h. As it entered the portal, a trail of fire and metallic sparks was left behind, while inside the music of *Roll Over Beethoven* by Chuck Berry played on the radio. Düger was bubbling over with jubilation and excitation, and yelled out just before disappearing:

– Booommmeeerrraannnggg... what a rush!

Reappearing in the same fashion, but decelerating, the parachute opened and the driver performed a series of breaking maneuvers which causes the vehicle to stop. He then turned off the motor and looked all around at the twilight on this, the evening of the 29<sup>th</sup> June 1962. The time is 7:45 pm, just late enough to assure a bit of discretion in this rural community. At first sight the change in the time was evident due to the scattered trees that lined up near the railroad. He then put on his glasses and looks at the height of the trees. He then says to Galileo:

– Have you noticed the difference in the height of the trees Galileo?

Being unable to contain his excitement, he cries out:

– That means we did it! We're really in the past!

His companion let out a few barks of approval. Düger took off his seatbelt and jumped out of the sports coupe. He then proceeded to run around the car and called out to Galileo, who was still sitting on the backseat of the car and was watching his master through the windshield:

– We did it! Whoo hoo-hoo! We did it  
Mister Einstein... wormholes really do exist!

He then returned to the driver's side and opened the door. He sat down, visibly exhausted and looked at his watch which had been adjusted automatically since their arrival in 1962:

– It's exactly what I expected... My watch now shows the correct time for our present date. It adjusted itself accordingly for our timeline. It's a bit odd... but I guess it's perfectly normal... better than normal, it's one more reassurance.

He then stopped and looked back at his dog through the rear view mirror. He then began to talk to his dog about their time trip:

– Our body knows very well that it is not 8:02 pm as shown on this watch, but for us it is 11:02 pm. Three hours have been lost and weigh heavily on our tired shoulders.

Here is what we're going to do. We're going to sleep in the car. However, we have to get up very early, before dawn, he said as he adjusted the time and set the alarm. At 4:30 am to be exact. As soon as we get up, I'm going to put the emergency parachute back in its compartment. Then, with the

transmission in neutral, I'm going to quietly push the Ford down to the Glenn Quarry, about 800 meters in front of us.

Once we get to a level crossing, I'm going to replace the existing rims, made for rails, for some small tires, that I keep in the rear trunk, just in case I get stuck. We can't just go down to the old "Parisch Mills Bros." flourmill and hide inside it by changing rails. The mill stopped production in 1982. It was probably at the height of its production during this time, and probably had a dozen men working on the day shift. It's too risky. We'll camouflage the car at the wooded entrance instead. Otherwise, how do you think they will take it when we tell them we're from the future... I'll be put into a psycho ward! As for you Galileo, you will almost certainly be end up as a fur, or with another master. Farmer Spitzel almost found himself in the "loony bin" when he told his story about a flying saucer that landed in his corn field and left a 15 meters diameter round impression on this same morning, the 30<sup>th</sup> june 1962.

His dog groaned and whimpered as he continued:

– Yes... what a day! That is why this day will always stay fresh in my mind, it's impossible to forget. Rusty Valley was invaded by the press, and the American media, by federal agents, and special envoys, military experts and others. With the fire at the high school that evening, it was a nightmare. That is the least that can be said. Anyway, we haven't come back here to solve the "Spitzel story" that too many people still believe in, and have, as yet not found a reasonable explanation.

He then reclined his chair to the horizontal position and reached over and unbuckled his dog. He then petted Galileo on the head and said:

– Go to sleep now! We have enough to deal with regards to the fire at the high school.

Galileo responded with a few barks and licked his lips. His master got the message and smiled out of the corner of mouths and said reassuringly:

– Yes, Galileo we're going to eat tomorrow morning, I promise. I have an icebox that has a few provisions, some ice tea and Doctor Ballard's dog food for you. But we have to

be careful. We don't have a choice. We'll have to sleep on an empty stomach tonight, buddy. It's one of those unfortunate events which all great explorers must undergo. That's just the way it is.

He then pulled a warm cover, which was sitting on the passenger side over himself.

– Good night Galileo.

His faithful companion whimpered and then yawned before falling asleep.

THE NEXT MORNING, everything got off to a good start. They camouflaged the Shelby in a hidden off road trail near the Glenn Quarry. The location was a shortcut that led to the Glenn Quarry. They then had a well deserved breakfast. The scientist then left the duty of guarding the space-time vessel to his dog.

– Now that we have eaten Galileo, I can take care of things alone now. You stay here and look after the Boomerang. Don't show yourself until I come back late this evening, and blow on this whistle. It will be our password, got it?

The dog nodded his head as if to say he understood. His master then said to him, while slipping on some clothes that were a little less stylish:

– Perfect! Everything will be fine, you'll see. I have to go now. See you tonight.

He then began to walk. A few minutes later, at the end of the long Glenn Quarry pathway, he stopped and started hitch-hiking



in the direction of Rusty Valley. In the distance about 1.6 km, just into the curve, he saw the flashing yellow signal light of a large semi-trailer equipped with crane. The truck was immobilized near the edge of farmer Spitzel's corn field.

– What on earth is the semi-trailer doing there? It looks like he's lost something... something large... and round... that seems to resemble a grain silo... and it's made of stainless steel... He's trying to pick it up with his crane... and it's lying in... farmer Spitzel's ground! He yelled out, and he stood there, completely flabbergasted.

What had happened was that the scholar had the privilege of understanding the famous story of the flying story, as told by farmer Spitzel. The truck had been transporting a gigantic grain silo made of stainless steel.

While going around the curve, which had an almost 90° angle, one of the cables which had been holding the cargo in place, had given way under the pressure exerted by turning around the curve. The silo had come off its dock and spun around on itself in the field, crushing all the corn under its immense

weight. The action of the spin had created a huge circle in the farmer's field. When the silo finally came to rest, the truckers simply used the crane to lift it back up and place it on the trailer. When the two men were done, they simply left, with the farmer none the wiser. Why, do you ask? They simply acted in this manner to avoid all the complications that would have occurred if they had admitted their incident: Damage to the harvest and the property, a delay in their part because of an untimely delivery, and a systematic loss of their jobs. This is the true explanation, not the one given by farmer Spitzel about a "flying saucer" that had visited his corn field and given rise to the famous story, known throughout all of Rusty Valley.

Düger started walking towards the area where the truck was. He watched it leave, and noticed the large round impression left on the ground, and began to understand Spitzel's story:

– Good Lord! Farmer Spitzel's story... This is the key to the mystery!

It was around 11:00 am that he was dropped off by a passing car. He was now at

the autoroute entrance to Rusty Valley. A large plaque supported by two columns announced the “Rosen Estates” housing development. This would eventually become Rusty Valley, both these names came from the same root: Rosendale.

He looked around to first get his bearings, and then headed down the main road. He walked up to the first garbage and newspaper container, and read the date off of the “*Rusty Valley Messenger*”. It read “27<sup>th</sup> June 1962”. He murmured to himself as he looked at the date:

– The newspaper from the 27<sup>th</sup> of June 1962... Now here’s a good souvenir.

He continued down the street, which was filled with pedestrians and cars. He recognized the boutiques and restaurants that he had known so well. As he did some window shopping, he rediscovered each one, remembering the smallest detail. He stopped in front of “Billy’s Café”, which was located on the corner of Franklin avenue, diagonally across from the Courthouse Square Park. It was here where the smell of fresh toast, bacon and eggs filled the atmosphere. He could no longer resist, and he snuck in. As he

entered, he heard “*Blueberry Hill*” by Fats Domino. He was wearing his tinted glasses so he would not be confused with his counterpart, who was twenty-five years younger than himself.

The new restaurant sparkled, with its “fusicolor” juke-box near the entrance. The tables and the benches ran along the sides of the wall and looked out onto the street from two separate angles. There was a magnificent green formica lunch counter with a chromed border that had pivoting stools. The stools were stuffed and covered with a dark red vinyl. The kitchen was situated behind it, on an adjacent wall.

The establishment was well known for its good food at a reasonable price. The time traveler had some money from 1962, and used it to buy an “all included” special for the modest sum of \$0.69, taxes included. He left a generous tip for the waitress.

Düger knew the Café well. One of his favorite places to sit was the second to last bench, on the Franklin avenue side. It was the best place to see the comings and goings without being seen by a mirror, which was on a wall in the aisle. Fortunately, Billy

Karoussos, the boss was too busy in the kitchen, during that lunchtime to become suspicious of the scientist.

The waitress and the others were much younger than him, but he hardly worried them. He took his time as he ate and had two coffees, and then he crossed the main road and sat on a park bench that was facing City Hall, he then looked up at the clock, that sat on the building on 1<sup>st</sup> avenue, in the Courthouse Square Park. He glanced at the century old clock which indicated 1:27 pm, and then pretended to read a paper which he had bought with him earlier, to use as a distraction in case anyone might recognize him. He then put the paper on the bench when it seemed there was no danger.

After an hour of this act, the savant became tired. His eyes began to feel heavy, so he stretched, and covered his face with the paper, and fell asleep.

Fortunately, luck was on his side, as if providence wanted to change this to a positive outcome this time. The old scientist was awakened by pecking of a pigeon which had rested on his paper.

Woken by the noise, he jumped to his feet. The bird immediately took flight. He then looked at the clock, and was able to see the position of the hands clearly, he then said slowly:

– Thank goodness, it’s 8:57 pm. I still have time. Stiff... Stiff Tyken... your time is up. He said as he headed towards a phone booth, which was nearby.

As soon as he got into the booth, he fiddled around in his pocket for some change, and put the money into the phone slot. He then dialed the police stations number, which he knew by heart. It rang and then someone picked it up. Lieutenant Askin, who was on duty that night, answered in a hoarse voice:

– Yes, hello, lieutenant Askin speaking, how may I help you?

Düger answered in a hurried voice:

Yes, hello, they’re going to start a fire. They’re going to start a fire in the high school library tonight a 9:45. You have to stop them and arrest them. They’re going to go behind with a ladder, and climb in through a window.

– Hold on just a minute buddy! Answered the policeman. First of all, who are you? And how do you know this? Maybe you're involved, and you're trying to distract us, by making us run of to one place, while your pals rob the bank, huh?

– No lieutenant, that's not it at all. Answered Düger politely. The reason I'm phoning is because the people who are going to try to start the fire, are going to try to place the blame on an honest citizen, by having him accused for this disaster. They have it all planned, and the one who is going to get blamed doesn't have a clue what is going on. I have nothing to do with them. I want to remain anonymous because of reasons of security... Let's just say I'm a... "visitor from the future" who knows what will happen if you don't intervene.

The lieutenant, who is now aware of the seriousness of the situation, decides to intervene:

– It seems to me that you're serious. O.k. then. I'm going to send two police cars. Don't worry if you don't hear any sirens. We're going to take the bastards by surprise! He added to assure Düger. He then hung up.

The savant then got out of the phone booth, and carefully looked around. He didn't want to miss the arrest of Stiff and his gang.

Without delay, he headed off towards the high school, which was also located on the main street and 3<sup>rd</sup> avenue, two streets further down. When he arrived in front of the school, he crossed the street diagonally towards a poplar tree, which was located on a private property that the directors of the school had decided to not cut down.

Once he was hidden behind the tree, he could easily see the entire goings on. There was a celebratory atmosphere all around. The main entrance doors were wide open, and a well dressed band were playing the rock and roll hits from 1956 to 1962.

The event began when the orchestra started playing *Only you* by The Platters.

When the scientist saw Stiff and his three fellow gang members being put into the back of two police cars, handcuffed, he began to feel relaxed and content at this turn of events. Murmuring, he said:



– There... justice has been done...  
Everything should go better for your father...  
for your family... and for you Handy!

He was even able to see himself as he was in 1962, as the police passed through a large crowd. Looking on, he was able to distinguish his own form among the many individuals. He laughed to himself as he remembered how he was:

– Wow, that's me! I can't believe it... I was a little late, and I couldn't be there when they arrested Roland McGowan. Incredible...

He also saw farmer Spitzel, as he came out of Exile's Bar on 4<sup>th</sup> avenue. He had a few drinks too many and was stumbling towards his GMC pick-up, parked at the end of the street. The scientist quickly ran towards Spitzel's pick-up, zigzagging around cars and arriving just in time to climb into the back of the pick-up.

The savant was laying down in the back of the pick-up. He managed to get out as Spitzel slowed down to turn onto his own property. He made the rest of his way back to his vehicle on foot.

There was enough gas in the vehicle, and he desperately wanted to make his dream

come true, which was to get to know the great inventors of the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century. On the same thought he wanted to check if the time portal was still there. He returned without delay to the Shelby and performed the detailed routine checks that were necessary before starting up. He then performed the most important of all, the changing of the wheels, from the steel rims to the rubber wheels.

It was then that a funny incident occurred. Galileo started barking, and before his master could understand his strange behavior, he took off like a rocket and disappeared down the side of a ditch. Exasperated and exhausted, the scientist had no desire to start playing his little game. With the Boomerang already on the rails, he said out loud:

– Oh no! Not again!

But the escapade was short lived. The dog came back with the ball that his master had thrown through before.

Düger squatted down, and realizing what had happened said:

– Would you look at that! My lucky ball! It looks like “lady luck” is on our side Galileo,

he said to his dog, who let out a few yelps to show his happiness.

The savant immediately understood that the ball had been there for some time and that was the explanation for its premature aging.

On that happy note, he climbed back into his space-time vehicle and programmed the arrival date for 5:00 am the 5<sup>th</sup> of August 1883. The idea of meeting his idol, in the far west caused him to speak in a feverish voice to his companion:

– The early bird gets the worm! So let's go worm hunting with... Mr. Thomas Edison! he added as he started up the Shelby's motor.

He then took off and sped like a rocket through the big red circle for the second time, accompanied by Galileo and Jerry Lee Lewis's *Great Balls of Fire*. However, this time the landing was less than comfortable. The parachute didn't open properly, and he was unable to avoid hitting two large rocks, before crashing into a fir tree. The tree helped to slow him down without causing severe injury. As he emerged from his car, and stepped out into the grotto, he examined his vehicle and found that there was little damage to the body. The undercarriage was a

different story however. The transmission and suspension were damaged, and the gas tank had been pierced and was emptied of its precious fuel, which was inexistent at this time. The first gas pumps would not be available until the fist quarter of the next century. This presented a major problem, as he was unable to return to his own time. He was now a prisoner in this era. Fortunately, his attitude was that of an optimist. Having suffered only a few scratches and a bump on the forehead, he decided to take the situation in a... philosophical manner.

For the next three days, he worked for a cattle farmer, for food and board only. On the third day, he came back to the scene of the accident and, with the use of a large rail beam, managed to pry the Ford loose. Using the slope in the grotto, he managed to push the car into the grotto and he closed the exit by piling flat rocks one on top of the other.

As he was very handy and had a wide range of knowledge on just about everything, He soon became an apt smithy, who specialized in the fabrication of windmills destined for the farms in the west, but also for the local inhabitants. He managed to

make a living and buy a piece of land with a hangar, both located near the city entrance.

On occasion he replaced the telegraph man, and sometimes the locomotive engineer. This allowed him to visit the biggest cities and lakes on the eastern coast. He visited Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Chicago, Detroit and Cleveland at a low fare, which was one of the privileges of working for the rail company.

He was as happy as could be, give the fact that he was able to visit the geniuses of this era, who were full of ideas and inventions of all kinds. The first inventor he visited was Sir Thomas Edison. On the end of his tour, he stopped off at one of Thomas Edison's exposition's in Kansas City, where he fell hopelessly in love with a Scottish biochemist Cybril Baxton, who was sixteen years younger than him. Cybril had a fair and noble face, and was very intelligent, being drawn to the sciences as he was.

They finished the rest of his journey together and were married two weeks later at St. Patrick's church in Rusty Valley. As promised from their first encounter, he told her of his incredible secret (which had been