

TRIP THROUGH TIME

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It was what seemed a normal Sunday morning in the noisy Holland household. Mr Holland was working in the damp, cluttered garage on his latest invention, a Time Machine. Mrs Holland, however, was in the old fashioned kitchen cooking bacon sandwiches, the smell wafting through the house, {cursing her husband, as usual}. But their daughter, Hollie, had no better agenda; all she happened to do was to stare out of the rusted, open window in her small purple Avril Lavigne mad bedroom. Waiting. Hoping. For an adventure to happen. Suddenly, there was a ginormas BANG and Hollie's absorbing stupor was interrupted. She ran down the uncarpeted stairs, holding on the unstable

banister.

As she bounced to the soft padded living room floor, her mother came rushing out of the kitchen, so fast she thudded on the floor next to her. When she finally caught her breath, she managed to mutter, "Your Dad's gone back in time!" Hollie's mother fainted, and Hollie let out a piercing scream. For what stood in the doorway was so terrifying she ran out of the room and outside, locking the door behind her.

"Get back here you little Runt!"

Without having time to think, the mysterious figure had bashed its way through the glass garden door and had brandished his axe high above her head. She shrieked in anguish and tried to escape the fearsome terror of the Viking.

"I am here on behalf of your father. Your father would be here on his own behalf but he is dead." Cackled the Viking gleefully.

The Viking lowered his axe and stared absentmindedly in through the battered glass door. His attention was caught by Hollie's mother lying in the middle of the living room floor. "And whom is that sleeping beauty lying on thou carpeted floor," inquired the Viking.

"That's my mother," Hollie muttered still backed against the open windowed wall, not sure whether to move or not. Suddenly, grunts and groans emerged from the living room and the Viking leapt through the rather large hole in the door and begged on bended knee to Hollies mother, "Will you marry me?"

"Noooooooooooo!!!" Hollie shrieked dramatically.

Hollie's voice died away gradually, astonished at the sight of her mother kicking and punching the hardwearing Viking. Suddenly another big BANG drifted through the beaten door. A bright light filled the small Living room. With yet another bang the Viking disintegrated. The horrific events were over or so they thought...

By Stacey Allen

Year 6