

Inspired by H.G. Wells' classic, The Time Machine, Ms. Gil's ninth graders created stories about famous people going back or forward in time. These students worked hard on the traits of *idea development* and *voice* as they created final copies of the short stories you see here. Work with a friend and decide where each writer succeeded the best with *idea development* and *voice*.



Lincoln to the Future

by Autym, ninth grade writer

Excitement bubbled in my veins as I climbed upon my time machine. I must admit, I am nervous, for I was about to leave my time. My mind raced; I began to wonder, *Do the people of the future value the same as I? Does religion mean to them what it does to us? Will my efforts of creating a world where blacks lead the same lives as whites succeed?* Questions popped inside my head as I placed my hand on the chilled ivory lever. I cautiously pulled it toward me and went hurtling into the future.

My machine slowed until it came to a complete stop in the year of 2007. What wonders stood before me in this foreign time! As I strolled down the sidewalks, I noticed so many changes. The women wore pants and shirts like men! I was appalled to see such exposed women and men! Buildings towered over me as if they were stretching, reaching for the stars.

I continued my journey through the large city. I looked inside the shops. Many shops had glowing lanterns hanging from above, but they weren't lit with candles. No, they had some sort of bizarre orb in them. I decided to seat myself on a nearby bench. As I sat there watching characters of all types pass me by, I realized something amazing. Blacks and whites seemed to be walking together as equals.

I lumbered back to my time machine, pondering the things I had seen that day. I wasn't sure what to think of this new time. I wasn't sure if I should be pleased that the people had found peace between the two races, or upset that they had become so exposed. I suppose that all eras will have problems, even ones that take hundreds of years to resolve.



50 Cent Goes to the Time of Slavery

by Kira, ninth grade writer

As I stepped onto the cotton fields, I saw hundreds of slaves picking away and other slaves being beaten and tortured. As the slaves were beaten with whips, it seemed as if I could feel their pain. When they turned around after being whipped, I saw blood and open wounds all over their backs. They looked as if they had been attacked by bears.

I proceeded through the cotton fields until I got to the little shacks that the slaves slept in. I entered one and saw dirt floors and nothing but sheer blankets to cover up with. There was no kitchen or bathroom and only bits of food here and there. I began to think to myself, *How did they survive in these more than terrible conditions? And why were they forced to live this way?*

After I saw these things, I had to sit and think about what I had seen. They should not have treated anyone this way. I am sure that if they had to live this way, they wanted to complain. And just then, I felt the need to go tell every one of those slaves, "Thank you."

I had so much respect for them and what they went through. I could never thank them enough for all of this. They deserved soooooo much more!