

Story Title: America Undiscovered

ZAP! I have finally finished my time machine. "Dinner's ready", calls my mom. "Hey mom, I just made a time machine", I said. "Oh sure" my mom chuckles in a sarcastic voice. As soon as I finish my dinner, I rush upstairs to my new invention. Curious and excited to travel back in time, I set its dial to 530 years ago, when Columbus sailed to America. I press "TRAVEL" and my whole body trembles as I get thrown back to the year 1492. CRASH!! I land with a loud thump and probably bumped a person as I landed on a ship, most likely the Santa Maria, one of Columbus's ships. SPLISH, SPLASH!! It sounded like someone struggling in the water. I quickly turn around to look into the murky calm waters and I cannot believe my eyes! I see none other than Christopher Columbus trying very hard to get back on the ship. "What have I done! I better go", I think out loud. I turn on the time machine before anyone sees me and zoom through time to come back to the present. But as soon as I land back home, things don't look familiar. Oh well, what do I care! I'm starving. "Mom, can I have some chips?" I exclaim in the loudest voice I can manage. "Okay. Stop yelling." she replies. My tummy grumbles as my mom walks up and gives me... FRENCH FRIES?!?! Okay, something is definitely wrong. Did I really ask for french fries? I look outside my window and see what appears to be England, with all those people dressed formally and walking around a neighborhood with stony ancient architecture. "Ughhhh" I groan as I realize where I messed up. Poor Columbus did not make it back on his ship to discover the Americas! I decide to fix what I have done. I hurry back to my room to turn on the time machine and travel back again to the year 1492. This time I cautiously land on my feet. I frantically look around for a life jacket but all I find is a rope. "Oh yeah. They didn't have life

jackets.” I realize. I use the rope to hoist Columbus, who is not handling the water very well. THUD THUD THUD, he keeps banging his head on the ship like a maniac. As soon as he sees the rope, he climbs up like an acrobat. But when he sees me and the time machine, he just stands there gaping at me like I’m an alien. The ship suddenly turns around, most likely heading south. I turn the time machine on for hopefully the last time. The last thing I hear is lots of men rushing to Columbus. I’m whisked away to home before any of them could see me. But when I return home, people look at me like I’m a king. And YUMM!! There are mangos and avocados growing on trees. The streets are vibrant and colorful. Wait a minute... this feels like Mexico. As long as I get to eat tacos along with chips and my favorite guacamole and soak up the sun on a white sand beach, I don’t mind calling Mexico home. But I am never messing with history again! And that means bye-bye time machine!