

The Traveler 209

Chapter 1:

Edward peacefully lay in his bed, happily dreaming of cheese. Edward loved cheese. The only thing he loved more than dreaming of cheese was eating it. His favorite flavor was Swiss, and, in his dream, the world was made of Swiss cheese. That is, until his sister Martha pounced on him!

“Wake up, sleepyhead!” she exclaimed, her large gray-brown ears quivering with excitement. “I’ve done it! I’ve done it at last!”

“Done what?” Edward groggily asked. His sister was a scientist/inventor, and was always pouncing on him early in the mornings with the latest news of her work. Lately, she had been working on a top-secret project that would, according to her, be the greatest thing mousekind ever saw!

“Finished! That’s what I’ve done, you silly mouse!” Martha was so energetic this morning! Edward was *not* a mouse who enjoyed early mornings, unlike his sister, who woke up before the crack of dawn. Martha explained her reason for the pouncing with a few words. “I just invented a time-travel machine!”

Chapter 2:

A few minutes later, Edward was stepping into a large, bright-yellow machine. He listened to Martha as she described how the *Traveler 290* worked. (She named her machine the *Traveler 290*)

“So it takes us back in time to this exact day and place, just in another year. You spin the spinner on the wall three times to determine how far you go back. For instance, if

you spun a two, a five, and a three, you would head back two-hundred and fifty-three years.”

Edward spun the spinner, and landed on a one. Next, Martha spun an eight. The last digit turned out to be a six. *“I wonder what happened on April nineteenth one-hundred and eighty-six years ago.”* Edward wondered.

Martha typed in the numbers, pushed some buttons, and then pulled a large lever on the wall. The air filled with static electricity, making the sibling’s fur stand up in little spikes. A tiny pinprick of light started to shine, and steadily grew bigger and brighter until neither mouse could see a thing. A second later, every thing went black.

Chapter 3:

After what seemed like a thousand years, Edward slowly opened his eyes. He was still in the machine! Maybe Martha’s *Traveler 290* didn’t work. He turned and saw his sister standing at the door. “I hope it worked; I *really* hope it worked.” she repeatedly muttered under her breath. She then opened the door with a forceful thrust, and almost fell out! She leapt back, with a quick “Oh, dear!”

“What’s wrong?” inquired Edward, with a hint of worry in his voice.

“Nothing. Nothing, except the fact that we landed in a tree over a river!” Martha replied.

After concluding that the only way out was climbing down or jumping in the river and swimming for shore, and seeing that climbing was likely a much safer choice, the two mice slowly came down out of the tree. Martha especially found this hard (she was wearing an eighteen-hundreds style dress-it wasn’t made for climbing).

Once on the ground, Edward noticed a mouse-hole by the roots of a tree. *"Uh-oh."* he thought. *"We might be trespassing in someone's yard."* He looked around for Martha, to tell her that the maybe should leave before they got into trouble. But when he turned around, he saw her about to knock on the door!

Chapter 4:

A kind-looking lady opened the door. Smiling at Martha, then noticing Edward running up behind her, she asked, "Where do you come from? I've never seen you two around here before."

"Um...it's...kind of hard to explain." Martha replied. Suddenly, a speedy mouse ran up behind her.

"Mrs. Hilltop, Mrs. Hilltop! Urgent news from Texan Mice!" He exclaimed, out of breath.

"Oh, my!" The lady, who, Edward assumed, was named Mrs. Hilltop, gasped. "What is it?"

"The Texan army is planning a surprise attack on the Mexicans! Here! At San Jacinto River!"

"Here?" Mrs. Hilltop again gasped with shock.

"Yes! But, according to our spies following the Mexicans, mouse intervention is needed! We need to sabotage the Mexicans!"

"Edward! I think we're in the Texas Revolution!" Martha whispered.

“Your quite right.” Mrs. Hilltop affirmed Martha’s guess. “The Texans are fighting for freedom from Mexico. And us mice have a secret network of spies in each army. And, right now, people need the help of mice!”

Chapter 5:

Martha and Edward, after promising that they were on the Texan side, went with Mrs. Hilltop, her husband, and her oldest son, Larry to sabotage the Mexican army. The messenger, who’s name was Todd, continued spreading the message throughout the countryside.

Once they reached the Mexican’s camp, the four mice stopped to make a plan, coming up with the following:

- Larry would dig holes
- Mr. Hilltop would bury bullets in those holes
- Mrs. Hilltop and Martha would cart rations away into an abandoned mouse-hole, to distribute among the other mice later.
- Edward would keep the army’s attention away from the vandals by dancing.

Edward was mortified at the thought of dancing in front of the one-thousand two-hundred Mexican soldiers, but after Martha’s repeated pleas of “Your a *great* dancer!”, “You’d be *amazing!*”, and “No one else would do *nearly* such a good job!”, he finally gave in.

Chapter 6:

It was time to put their plan into action. Edward took a deep breath, then crept into the center of the group of people, and started to dance while he whistled. Soon a

soldier noticed him, and said something in Spanish to another soldier, while laughing and pointing. Soon all the soldiers were laughing as the whistling mouse danced around.

Once Edward distracted the men, Martha, Larry, Mr Hilltop, and Mrs. Hilltop went into action. Larry and his father buried bullets with incredible efficiency, while Martha and Mrs. Hilltop carted rations away at lightning speed.

Within ten minutes, two barrels of rations had been taken away, and two crates of bullets had been buried. The mice worked for half an hour before the soldiers went back to work.

They repeated the same plan again that night, and again on the afternoon of the next day (April twentieth).

The men were starting to look hungry. They had lost eighteen barrels of food! And, when, on April twenty-first, they heard gunshots nearby, they guessed that the Mexicans were now finding out about the missing ammunition.

News came that the Texans had won, thanks to the mice who had secretly helped. Edward and Martha climbed back up to the tree where the *Traveler 290* was waiting for them. Martha pulled the lever. Again, the air filled with static electricity, making the sibling's fur stand up in little spikes. A tiny pinprick of light started to shine, and steadily grew bigger and brighter until neither mouse could see a thing. A second later, every thing went black.

Chapter 7:

Edward lay in bed, blissfully dreaming about hiking up a mountain made of Swiss cheese, when Martha pounced on the bed, waking him up. "Guess what, Edward? I've just invented a teleportation device!"

The End