



5.5 WRITING ON THE WALL

By Sarah Blood

Hermione!”

But it’s too late. It’s Friday again. It must be getting late. All the yellow is gone from the sky. Now it’s a starless black. The only thing that is lighting the campus now are the various fires and explosions where pieces of the sky have come crashing to earth. The day is almost at an end. You are reasonably certain that, unless you do something soon, it will be the last. Great chasms are opening up in South Lawn. But instead of carpark below, there is a sea of molten lava. You’re not sure why breaking time would cause lava to appear but you have to admit, it looks pretty dramatic.

“I’m back,” says a voice, “... again ... right?”

You turn to face your foe. You’re happy to see that the fight with Hermione has not left him unmarred. He’s lost an arm and half of his face is gone.

“Right,” you say. The Terminator charges at you. You duck his first punch and slam the brick into his exposed circuitry. He lets out a grunt and grabs you by the neck, hoisting you in the air. You can’t breathe.

Facing death, your whole life flashes before your eyes. Most of it (based on the fact that you’ve been spending your week on a competitive puzzle hunt) is pretty boring (no offence). You see all the faces of the people you’ve met, all the friendships, all the heartbreaks, all the highs, all the lows. You see Doctor Who, Hermione, Rick, Morty, Doc and Marty. You hear their words and you watch them all die again. And then, in a beautiful moment of clarity, you know what to do. You laugh at the irony. Here you are, about to die, and you’ve finally figured out how to fix time. You know what to do with the dials. You know where the missing piece is. It’s all so obvious. You laugh. And then you see something that makes you laugh harder.

“What’s so funny?” asks the Terminator.

A spell hits the Terminator square in the back. The Terminator drops you. He turns and is hit by a bolt from Rick’s laser gun. Doctor Who jabs his sonic screwdriver into the Terminator’s head and then Marty delivers an uppercut that sends the Terminator stumbling towards the chasms in South Lawn. You pull yourself off the ground and deliver a spectacular flying kick that sends the Terminator sailing into the lava. The seven of you watch the robot melt. Then you turn to your friends.

“What the Hell?” you say. “You all died! I watched you die! Whaaa?”

Doc Brown gives a knowing smile and opens his coat to show a bulletproof vest underneath. Hermione, Doctor Who, Rick and Morty follow suit. Marty reveals a vest that says “Don’t fall in love with your Grandma in the past.”

“Whaaa?” you repeat.

Then each of them show you their notes. They all have notes, in your handwriting, detailing the exact time and nature of their deaths.

“Doctor Who found them scattered on South Lawn on Monday,” explains Hermione, “He handed them out to us throughout the week.”

“I don’t remember sending those,” you say.

“Well,” says Doctor Who, “we’d better make sure they get sent!”

He picks up the brick from the ground and ties the notes to the brick with a rubber band. "One portal to Monday morning please, Rick," he says. Rick points his portal gun at the ground and opens a portal. Doctor Who hands you the brick and you drop it into the portal.

"I hope that doesn't hit anything," you say. Then you shrug. You've got a job to do. "Come on," you say, holding up The Device for all to see, "let's go fix time!"

