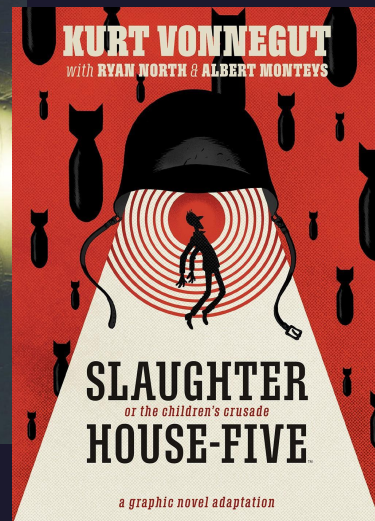
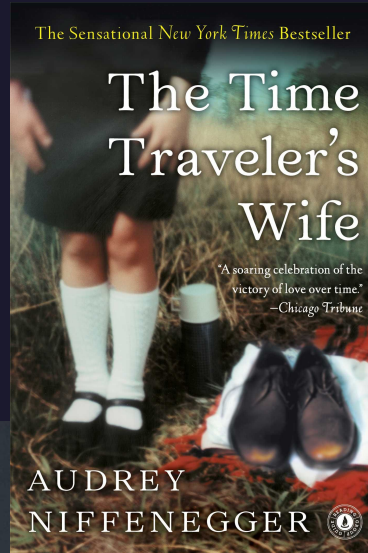
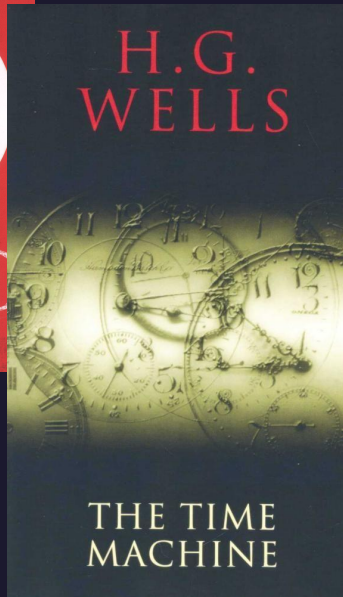
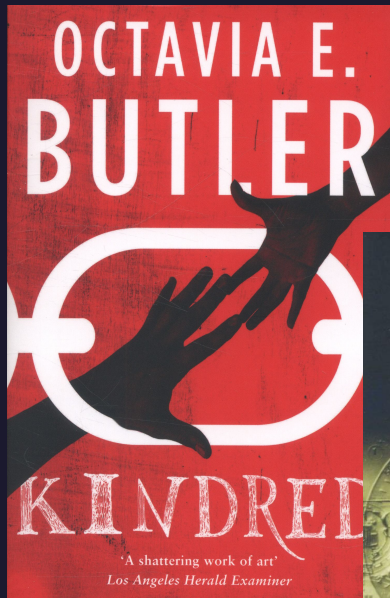


Time Travel

The background is a complex, abstract composition. It features several overlapping clock faces, some of which are partially visible and slightly out of focus. The clock faces have various numbers and hands, suggesting different time zones or perspectives. Interspersed among the clock faces are numerous bright, colorful light trails and streaks in shades of blue, purple, red, and orange. These streaks radiate from a central point, creating a sense of dynamic movement and energy. The overall effect is a futuristic and scientific representation of time.

Time Travel Texts...



Kindred by Octavia Butler (1979)

The Time Machine by H.G. Wells (1895)

The Time Traveler's Wife by Audrey Niffenegger

Slaughterhouse Five by Kurt Vonnegut

Life After Life by Kate Atkinson

11/22/63: A Novel by Stephen King

The End of Eternity: A Novel by Isaac Asimov

A Wrinkle in Time by Madeleine L'Engle

Time Travel

Research is Doubled, Tripled, Quadrupled...
...depending on how many time shifts you include.

The Future: How do people live DIFFERENTLY in this version of our world? It is these differences that will act as anchor points for your reader.

The Past: Accurate historical research is crucial. You will need to choose which anchor points to offer your reader so that they know immediately where (or rather, when) each part of the story.

Navigation Techniques

Although there are many time travel devices, we are going to focus on three:

- Time Machine: a mechanical device enables the character to control their movement through time.
- Time Portal: a magical location acts as a gateway between one specific time and another specific time.
- Time Slip: the character is the victim of a mysterious and unexplained phenomenon that moves them through time – without their control.

The Time Machine

The thing the Time Traveller held in his hand was a glittering metallic framework, scarcely larger than a small clock, and very delicately made. There was ivory in it, and some transparent crystalline substance...

...“This little affair,” said the Time Traveller, resting his elbows upon the table and pressing his hands together above the apparatus, “is only a model. It is my plan for a machine to travel through time. You will notice that it looks singularly askew, and that there is an odd twinkling appearance about this bar, as though it was in some way unreal.” He pointed to the part with his finger. “Also, here is one little white lever, and here is another...”

“... Now I want you clearly to understand that this lever, being pressed over, sends the machine gliding into the future, and this other reverses the motion. This saddle represents the seat of a time traveller. Presently I am going to press the lever, and off the machine will go. It will vanish, pass into future Time, and disappear. Have a good look at the thing. Look at the table too, and satisfy yourselves there is no trickery. I don’t want to waste this model, and then be told I’m a quack.”

H G Wells, *The Time Machine* (London: Vintage Classics, 2017)

The Time Machine

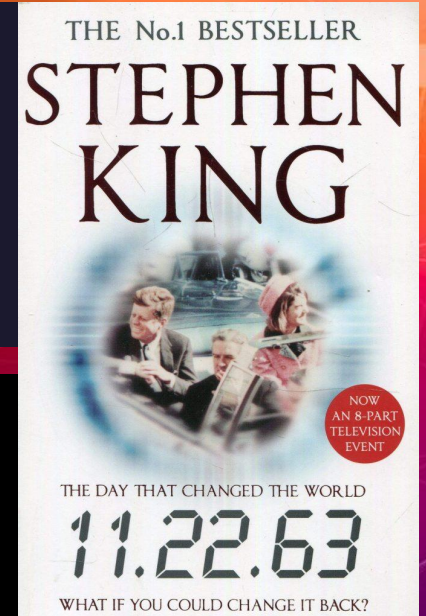


The time machine from the 1960 George Pal adaptation of H.G. Wells' *The Time Machine*.

Time Portal

I took another step forward and went down another step. My eyes still told me I was standing on the floor in the pantry of Al's Diner, but I was standing straight and the top of my head no longer scraped the roof of the pantry. Which was of course impossible. My stomach lurched unhappily in response to my sensory confusion, and I could feel the egg salad sandwich and the piece of apple pie I'd eaten for lunch preparing to push the ejector button.

From behind me—yet a little distant, as if he were standing fifteen yards away instead of only five feet—Al said, “Close your eyes, buddy, it's easier that way.”



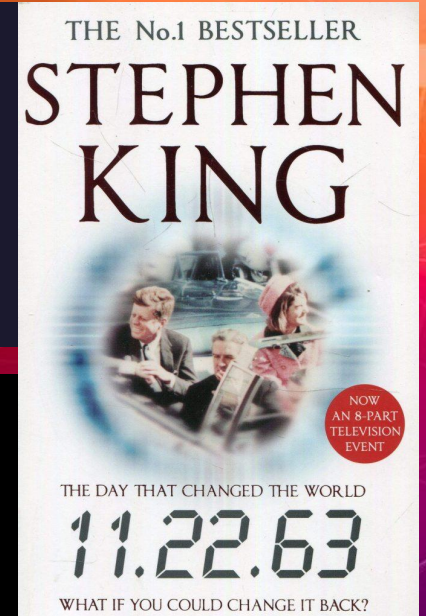
Stephen King, *11/22/63: A Novel* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2011) p.13.

Time Portal

When I did it, the sensory confusion disappeared at once. It was like uncrossing your eyes. Or putting on the special glasses in a 3-D movie, that might be closer. I moved my right foot and went down another step. It *was* steps; with my vision shut off, my body had no doubt about that.

“Two more, then open em,” Al said. He sounded farther away than ever. At the other end of the diner instead of standing in the pantry door.

I went down with my left foot. Went down with my right foot again, and all at once there was a pop inside my head, exactly like the kind you hear when you’re in an airplane and the pressure changes suddenly. The dark field inside my eyelids turned red, and there was warmth on my skin. It was sunlight. No question about



Stephen King, *11/22/63: A Novel* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2011) p.13.

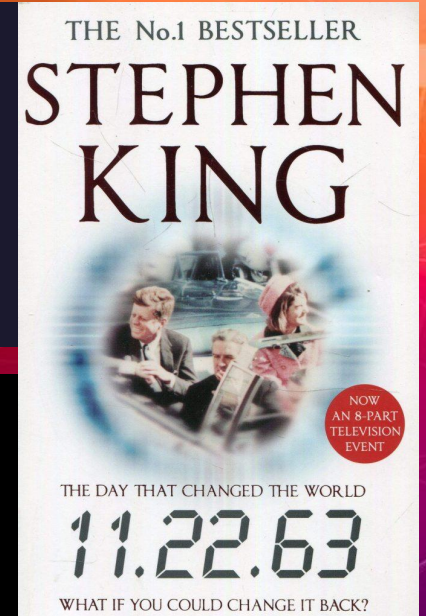
Time Portal

it. And that faint sulphurous **smell** had grown thicker, moving up the olfactory scale from barely there to actively unpleasant. There was no question about that, either.

I opened my eyes.

I was no longer in the pantry. I was no longer in Al's Diner, either. Although there was no door from the pantry to the outside world, I *was* outside. I was in the courtyard. But it was no longer brick, and there were no outlet stores surrounding it. I was standing on crumbling, dirty cement. Several huge metal receptacles stood against the blank white wall where Your Maine Snuggery should have been. They were piled high with something and covered with sail-size sheets of rough brown burlap cloth.

I turned around to look at the big silver trailer which housed Al's Diner, but the diner was gone.



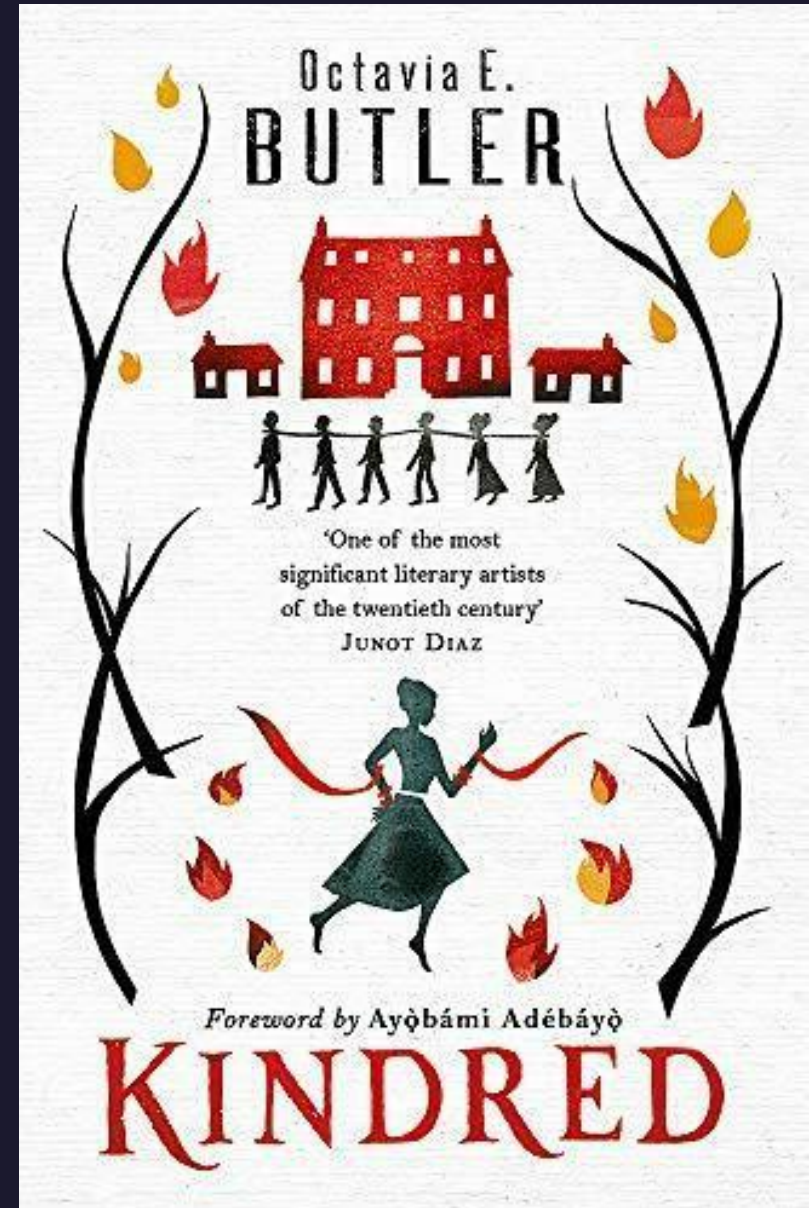
Stephen King, *11/22/63: A Novel* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 2011) p.13.

Time Slip

The River

The trouble began long before June 9, 1976, when I became aware of it, but June 9 is the day I remember. It was my twenty-sixth birthday. It was also the day I met Rufus - the day he called me to him for the first time.

Kevin and I had not planned to do anything to celebrate my birthday. We were both too tired for that. On the day before, we had moved from our apartment in Los Angeles to a house of our own a few miles away in Altadena. The moving was celebration enough for me. We were still unpacking - or rather, I was still unpacking. Kevin had stopped when he got his office in order. Now he was closeted there either loafing or thinking because I didn't hear his typewriter.



Kindred

I bent to push him another box full, then straightened quickly as I began to feel dizzy, nauseated. The room seemed to blur and darken around me. I stayed on my feet for a moment holding on to a bookcase and wondering what was wrong, then finally, I collapsed to my knees. I heard Kevin make a wordless sound of surprise, heard him ask, 'What happened?'

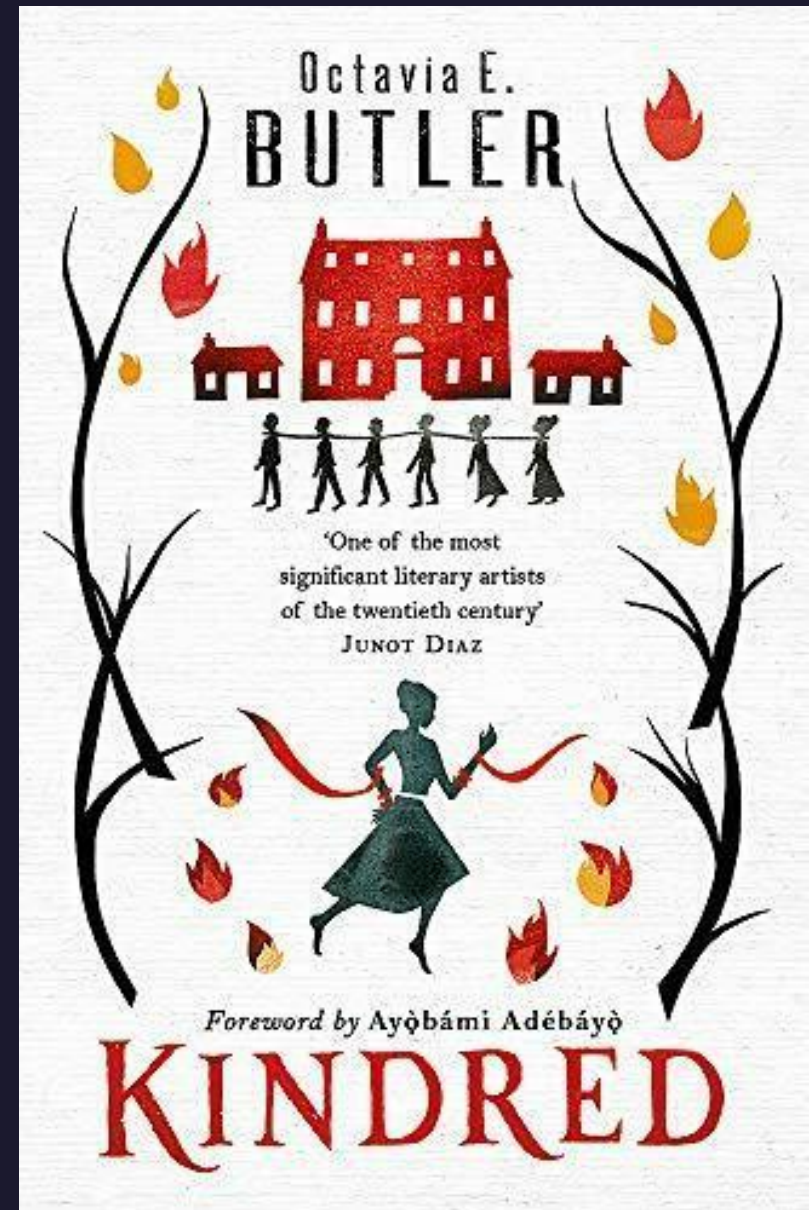
I raised my head and discovered that I could not focus on him. 'Something is wrong with me,' I gasped.

I heard him move toward me, saw a blur of gray pants and blue shirt. Then, just before he would have touched me, he vanished.

The house, the books, everything vanished. Suddenly, I was outdoors kneeling on the ground beneath trees. I was in a green place. I was at the edge of a woods. Before me was a wide tranquil river, and near the middle of that river was a child splashing, screaming . . .

Drowning!

I reacted to the child in trouble. Later I could ask questions, try to find out where I was, what had happened. Now I went to help the child.



Kindred

Then, suddenly, there was another voice.

'What the devil's going on here?' A man's voice, angry and demanding.

I turned, startled, and found myself looking down the barrel of the longest rifle I had ever seen. I heard a metallic click, and I froze, thinking I was going to be shot for saving the boy's life. I was going to die.

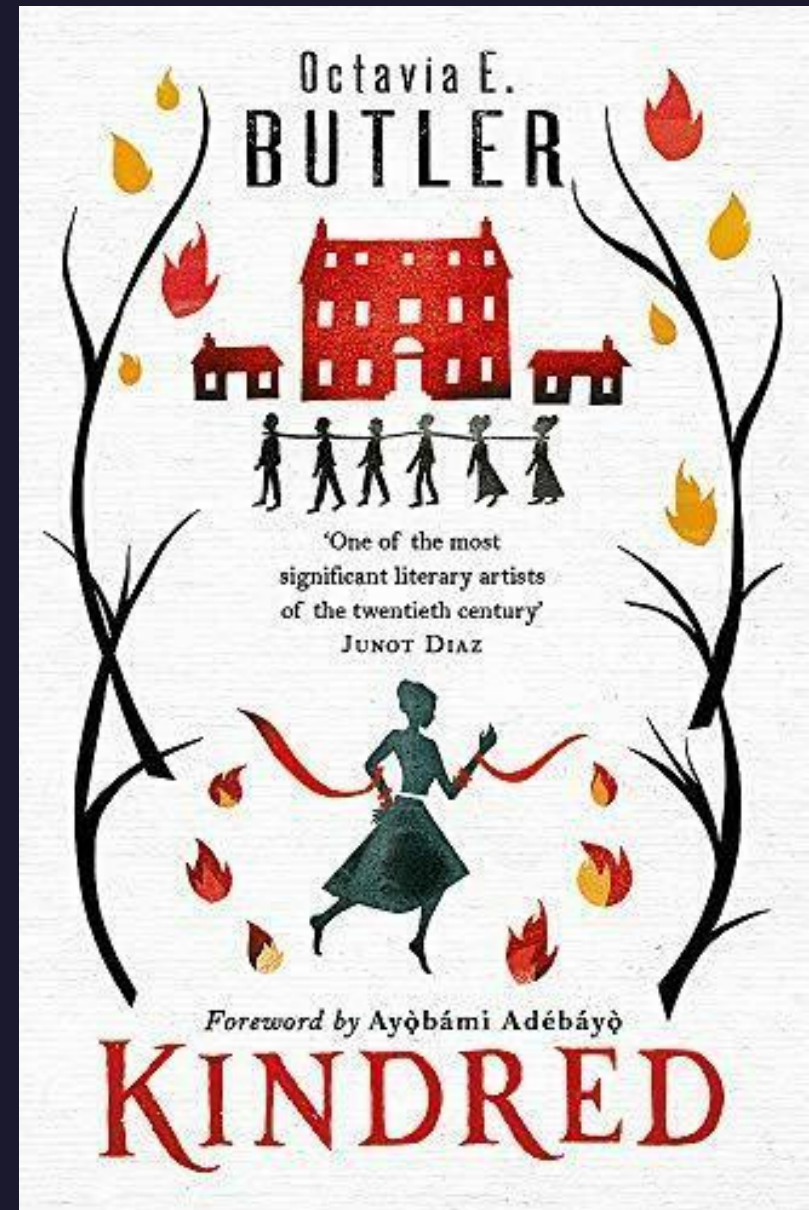
I tried to speak, but my voice was suddenly gone. I felt sick and dizzy. My vision blurred so badly I could not distinguish the gun or the face of the man behind it. I heard the woman speak sharply, but I was too far gone into sickness and panic to understand what she said.

Then the man, the woman, the boy, the gun all vanished.

I was kneeling in the living room of my own house again several feet from where I had fallen minutes before. I was back at home - wet and muddy, but intact. Across the room, Kevin stood frozen, staring at the spot where I had been. How long had he been there?

'Kevin?'

He spun around to face me. 'What the hell . . . how did you get over there?' he whispered.



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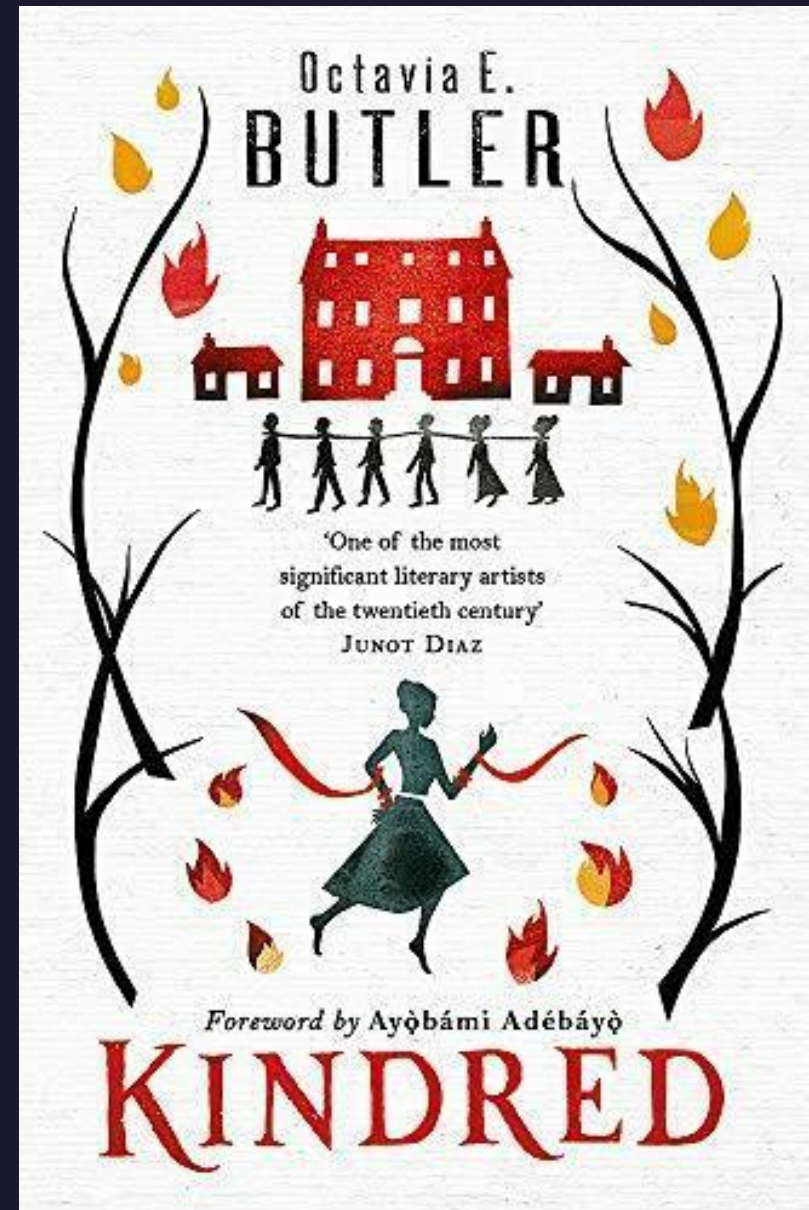
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Kindred

'I don't know what to tell you,' I said. 'It's all crazy.'

'Tell me how you got wet,' he said. 'Start with that.'

I nodded. 'There was a river,' I said. 'Woods with a river running through. And there was a boy drowning. I saved him. That's how I got wet.' I hesitated, trying to think, to make sense. Not that what had happened to me made sense, but at least I could tell it coherently.

I looked at Kevin, saw that he held his expression carefully neutral. He waited. More composed, I went back to the beginning, to the first dizziness, and remembered it all for him - relived it all in detail. I even recalled things that I hadn't realized I'd noticed. The trees I'd been near, for instance, were pine trees, tall and straight with branches and needles mostly at the top. I had noticed that much somehow in the instant before I had seen Rufus. And I remembered something extra about Rufus's mother. Her clothing. She had worn a long dark dress that covered her from neck to feet. A silly thing to be wearing on a muddy riverbank. And she had spoken with an accent - a southern accent. Then there was the unforgettable gun, long and deadly.

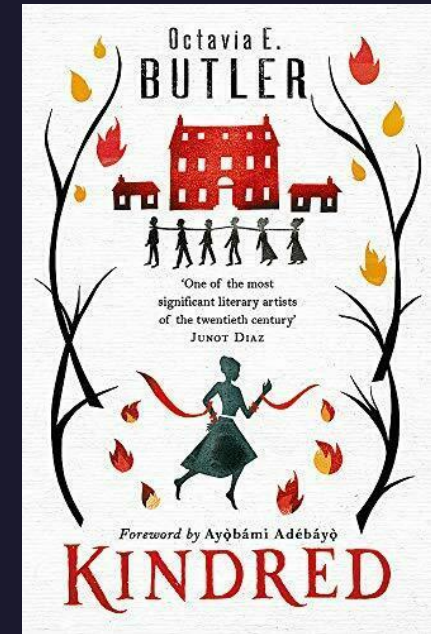
Kevin listened without interrupting. When I was finished, he took the edge of the towel and wiped a little of the mud from my leg. 'This stuff had to come from somewhere,' he said.

'You don't believe me?'

He stared at the mud for a moment, then faced me. 'You know how long you were gone?'

'A few minutes. Not long.'

'A few seconds. There were no more than ten or fifteen seconds between the time you went and the time you called my name.'



Part 2: Textual Analysis

Read the extract from *The Time Machine*.

- How does Wells manage the movement through time?
- How does Wells create a different sense of time and place in each location?
- Can you identify some of the themes of the novel?

Part 3: Creative Writing Exercise

Using one of the techniques we have examined today, write a scene in which a character moves through time.