

WAGOLL – A Time Traveller's Adventure

With a fierce stutter of the engines and a roaring under the dashboard, the DeLorean burst into light and vanished, leaving two flaming tyre tracks behind.

Kaia and Kieran, the sole passengers, found themselves jolted forward, the aging straps of the seatbelts digging painfully into their shoulders. A brief silence followed. Then, their previous location was replaced by the sheer brightness of midday. The car skidded over the terrain on which it found itself, throwing the passengers awkwardly to the side. They had arrived.

"Did it work?" Kieran asked, eyes wide with anticipation and expectation.

Kaia turned to him sarcastically, "No. Of course not. We're still in the car park at Asda."

"Was just a question."

"And a great question it was," Kaia rolled her eyes, but a thin smile slid onto her lips as she pulled the handle to get out.

Kieran was fond of his sister, but she did have a tendency to put him down when he said daft things.

Once out of the car, they scanned their immediate surroundings: a rutted track road lay several feet ahead of them; behind, a thick forest stood, the branches of its frontline trees reaching out for them menacingly; and, just in the distance, the town stood.

"That's it," Kaia nodded, grabbing her bag from the car's passenger footwell.

"Stratford-upon-Avon?"

"Definitely,"

Pushing the car unceremoniously into the relative safety of the forest, the two siblings continued on foot towards the town. Smoke wafted up from chimneys and, as they approached, the bells of Holy Trinity Church sprang into action, their lively tones breaking the eerie silence. The spire could be seen clearly; thatched roof houses peppered the landscape.

"Do you reckon we'll find him?" Kieran asked uncertainly.

It was then that they saw him, strolling along the rutted lane ahead of them. A rolled parchment was held proudly in his hand.