

ALISON'S

Time Machine

alison



by: Isabella Woodbill



Once there was a little girl named Alison. One day she was daydreaming while looking at old pictures of her family on the walls in her house. She wondered what life was like back then.



Her older sister, Emma, then called her into her room. Emma asked, "Can you help me with my invention?" Alison was not sure she could trust Emma. She stood in the machine. Alison's younger sister Caroline yelled, "It's a trick! It is a time machine!" Alison heard a button click, and the time machine's doors shut. She felt herself being lifted off the ground. She was scared.

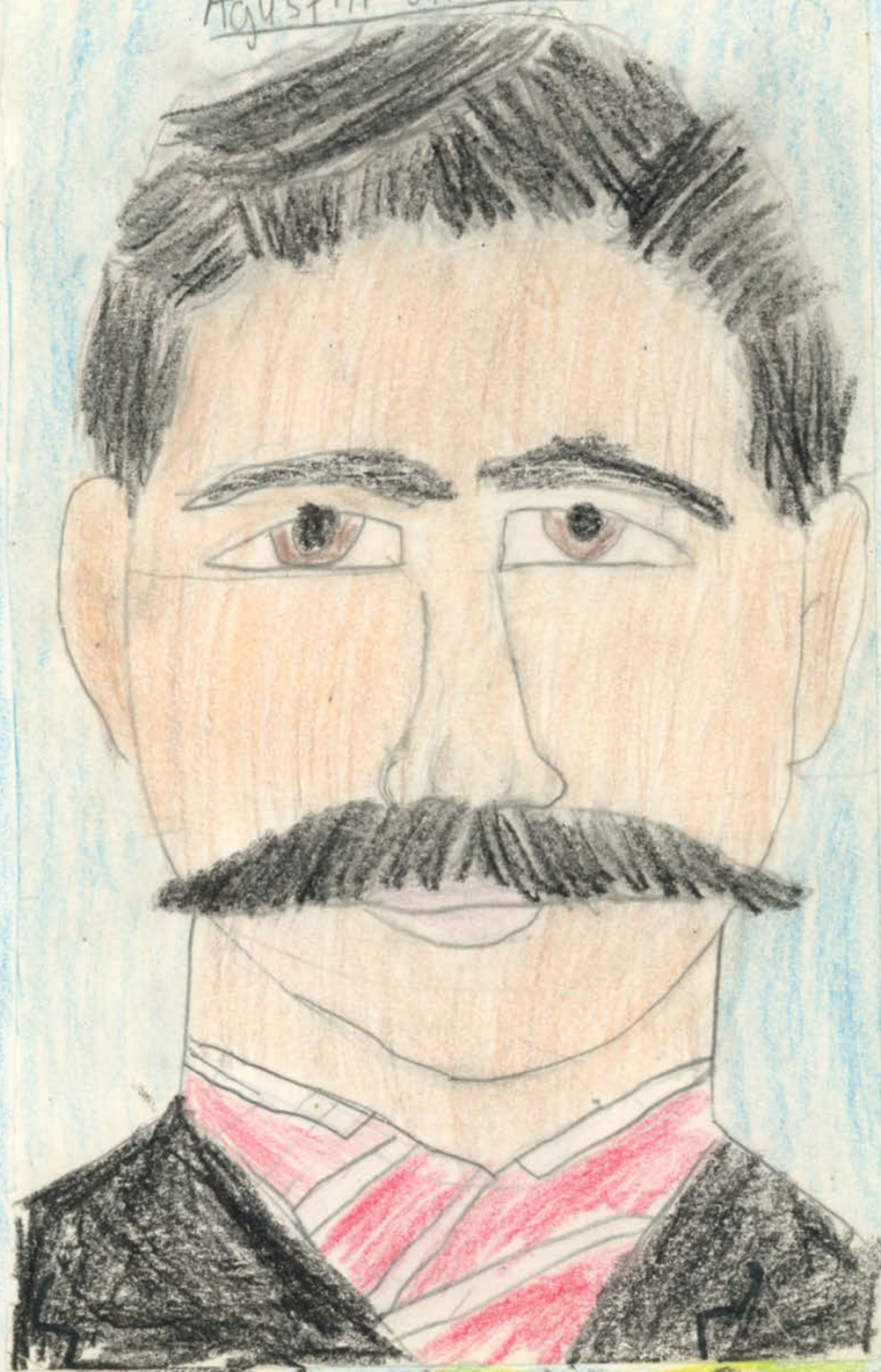


Suddenly, the machine stopped. Alison was relieved. She thought she was at home, but when the doors opened Alison did not recognize the place. Alison



Alison knew she was definitely not at home.
Alison noticed the time machine's dashboard read:
FIND SOMETHING THAT
REMINDS YOU OF YOUR
HOME TOWN HOUSTON AND
PUT IT HERE TO FIND
YOUR WAY HOME. Alison
noticed a slot below the sign. She stepped
out and saw people singing and dancing. She
saw beautiful bright colors everywhere and
it was hot. She saw a family she hoped

Agustín Jimenez





could help her. The family was relaxing next to a river. She walked up to the father and said, "Hello, my name is Alison." The father replied in Spanish, "Bienvenido! Me llamo Agustín." ("Welcome! My name is Agustín.") Alison explained she was lost. Agustín then introduced her to his ten children and said you are in Musquig, Mexico. He invited her to his house. She saw the portrait she had seen daydreaming about at home. Alison asked Agustín if she could borrow the portrait. Agustín was happy to help. Alison went back to the time

machine and slipped the portrait into the machine's slot. The machine roared, the button clicked, and the doors shut. When the doors opened, she found herself back home. Emma ran to Alison and said, "I am so sorry Alison!" Alison replied, "It is okay Emma, I will not tell mom."

About the author: Isabelle Woodfill (me)

I am 9 years old and I live with my family in Houston, TX. I was inspired to write this story by family photos hanging on the wall in my house. My mom's family is from Mexico, and my dad is from Indiana and Texas.

