Inspired by H.G. Wells’ classic, *The Time Machine*, Ms. Gil’s ninth graders created stories about famous people going back or forward in time. These students worked hard on the traits of *idea development* and *voice* as they created final copies of the short stories you see here. Work with a friend and decide where each writer succeeded the best with *idea development* and *voice*.

**Lincoln to the Future**
by Autym, ninth grade writer

Excitement bubbled in my veins as I climbed upon my time machine. I must admit, I am nervous, for I was about to leave my time. My mind raced; I began to wonder, *Do the people of the future value the same as I? Does religion mean to them what is does to us? Will my efforts of creating a world where blacks lead the same lives as whites succeed?* Questions popped inside my head as I placed my hand on the chilled ivory lever. I cautiously pulled it toward me and went hurtling into the future.

My machine slowed until it came to a complete stop in the year of 2007. What wonders stood before me in this foreign time! As I strolled down the sidewalks, I noticed so many changes. The women wore pants and shirts like men! I was appalled to see such exposed women and men! Buildings towered over me as if they were stretching, reaching for the stars.

I continued my journey through the large city. I looked inside the shops. Many shops had glowing lanterns hanging from above, but they weren't lit with candles. No, they had some sort of bizarre orb in them. I decided to seat myself on a nearby bench. As I sat there watching characters of all types pass me by, I realized something amazing. Blacks and whites seemed to be walking together as equals.

I lumbered back to my time machine, pondering the things I had seen that day. I wasn't sure what to think of this new time. I wasn't sure if I should be pleased that the people had found peace between the two races, or upset that they had become so exposed. I suppose that all eras will have problems, even ones that take hundreds of years to resolve.

**50 Cent Goes to the Time of Slavery**
by Kira, ninth grade writer

As I stepped onto the cotton fields, I saw hundreds of slaves picking away and other slaves being beaten and tortured. As the slaves were beaten with whips, it seemed as if I could feel their pain. When they turned around after being whipped, I saw blood and open wounds all over their backs. They looked as if they had been attacked by bears.

I proceeded through the cotton fields until I got to the little shacks that the slaves slept in. I entered one and saw dirt floors and nothing but sheer blankets to cover up with. There was no kitchen or bathroom and only bits of food here and there. I began to think to myself, *How did they survive in these more than terrible conditions? And why were they forced to live this way?*

After I saw these things, I had to sit and think about what I had seen. They should not have treated anyone this way. I am sure that if they had to live this way, they wanted to complain. And just then, I felt the need to go tell every one of those slaves, "Thank you."

I had so much respect for them and what they went through. I could never thank them enough for all of this. They deserved soooooooooo much more!