

Fedora Outlaw

By

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A special thanks to my wife for tolerating me spending countless hours at the keyboard letting my imagination run wild about time travel.

Prologue

People all around the world had wondered for years if time travel was possible. The concept of backward time travel appeared to be the predominant belief and desire amongst the dreamers.

A book called *Predki Kalimerosa: Aleksandr Filippovich Makedonskii* came out in 1836 by Alexander Veltman. This was the first Russian science fiction novel to use time travel.

In 1895 the book *The Time Machine* by H.G. Wells came out and captured the imaginations of so many young minds. So many wanted to travel in time to change the course of history. Some wanted to change time to where World War One, World War Two, Korea or Vietnam never occurred, thus saving millions of lives. Some wanted to change time to where one could go forward to get the winning lottery numbers and be rich beyond imagination. Some wanted to go back in time and solve all those highly visible unsolved murder mysteries. Some also believed that one should not go back in time and alter history.

One such young mind that grew up into an old man obsessed with time travel was Doctor Wallace Burns. He was currently a Physics professor at the University of Texas in Austin. But Wallace had a different reason for wanting to travel back in time.

The seventy-three-year-old professor had been a familiar fixture of the university for the past fifty years. Wallace never married, as he loved teaching and playing around with physics more than having a wife and kids. He lived for physics and looked the part of a typical science nerd. He was lanky with thinning hair, and the

sides were long and stringy and flew out in all directions. One often wondered if Wallace knew that a comb was designed for hair grooming. The horn-rimmed glasses and the dull gray, blue or black pants with black, red or gray bow ties really added to his nerdy appearance. Especially when his clothes were not color-coordinated. He was the brunt of many discreet jokes behind his back by many of his students. But when you attended his classes, one learned about the wonderful world of Physics. Many of his students grew to respect Dr. Burns.

Wallace had a sister Doris that died in 2003 in a car accident along with her husband Sidney due to a drunk driver. He also had a nephew that lived in Austin. His nephew was his only living relative.

Wallace loved living at his family farm since it was isolated, and he used the old barn for his experiments and projects.

The recent and the most prized project that he had been working on frantically since 1995 was the potential that one could travel back and forth in time.

Wallace had been fascinated with time travel after he first read the science fiction book 'The Time Machine by H.G. Wells when he was ten years old. That book belonged to his father, who read it when he was eight years old. Wallace still had that book in his study and read it occasionally.

So in 2003, Wallace started building his time machine in a secured room inside his barn.

Then on the afternoon of Saturday, September 12, 2014, Wallace had a plan to execute his most crucial test with his experiment.

He grabbed his small Nikon COOLPIX S32 digital camera off his iMac computer desk in his study.

He rushed out of his house and locked it.

He headed to the left and rushed through his side yard and headed to his barn.

He got to the side door of the barn and unlocked it. He opened the door, stepped inside the barn, and immediately locked the door from the inside.

Inside the middle of the barn were two tables that looked like a chemistry lab. On the side, walls have all kinds of shop equipment to manufacture just about anything one wanted.

At the back end of the barn was a room where its door was also locked.

He ran to the other end of the barn to that room.

He unlocked the door and stepped inside the room. He immediately locked the door behind him.

Wallace turned around and looked at his time machine. It looked like a 1950s saucer styled spaceship with a plexiglass bubble canopy. It was a polished silver craft with four landing legs that kept it three feet off the ground. The machine was about the size of a Volkswagen Beetle.

He took a huge breath of courage while he marveled at his incredible invention.

“I sure hope this works,” he said while he rushed over and pulled up a small door handle on the port side of the machine.

The sound of the canopy and side doors unlocking was heard. The canopy flipped up with a whish, and small doors opened down with a whish on both sides of the machine.

He sat down inside the machine on the bench seat built for two. He buckled up using the harness belt he got out of an old Stearman airplane.

He reached up and grabbed a handle on the bottom of the canopy. He pulled it down, and the canopy and the small side doors closed at the same time with a whish.

He looked around the inside of his machine and got a little scared on being his own guinea pig.

The console was a piece of rectangular aluminum. It contained the minimal, gauges, lights, panels and toggle switches to perform the task.

At the top of the console was another bolted piece of flat rectangular aluminum.

That panel contained six lights with associated toggle switches.

At the left was a rectangular light with a red lens. Below it was a toggle switch with "1 - Power" etched in the panel.

To the right of the power lens and switch was a rectangular light with red and green lens. Below that was a toggle switch with "2 - Canopy and Doors" etched in the panel.

To the right of the Canopy and Doors light and switch was a rectangular light with red and green lens. Below that was a toggle switch labeled "3 - Dates" etched in the panel.

To the right of the Date light and switch was a rectangular light with red and green lens. Below that was a toggle switch labeled "4 - Engine" etched in the panel.

Below the Engine toggle switch was a circular gauge for the engine. It contained a semi-circular bar with white, green, and red colors.

To the right of the Engine light and switch was a rectangular light with red and green lens. Below that was a toggle switch labeled "5 - Timer" etched in the metal.

Below the Timer toggle switch was another small panel. This panel contained a small window for a digital readout in minutes with a dial below it.

To the right of the Timer, light and switch were a rectangular light with red and green lens. Below that was a toggle switch labeled "6 - Travel" etched in the panel.

Below the above panel were three larger panels. Each of these three panels had four small digital

readout panels. The one panel to the left was labeled “Month.” The one next to that was labeled “Day.” The one next to that was labeled “Year,” and the one next to that was labeled “Time.” Below each of these panels was a dial for dialing in the digital readout.

This panel to the left was etched “3a - Now” in the panel and where you would dial in the month, year, day and time when you started your time travel adventure.

The panel in the center had the same four panels and dials. It was etched “3b - Drop-Off” in the panel and was where you dialed in the destination for your time travel adventure.

The panel to the right had the same four panels and dials. It was etched “3c - Pick-Up” in the panel and was where you dialed in the time for the time machine to pick you up from your time travel adventure.

Wallace had labeled the switches in the order of sequence to perform the time-traveling task. He did this to avoid the worries of losing any printed instructions.

Wallace flipped the “1 - Power” switch up. The lens of that light above it illuminated green. He glanced at the remaining five rectangular lights and noticed they were all illuminated on the red side of those lenses.

He then flipped the “2 - Canopy and Doors” toggle switch up. A click sound was heard that indicated the canopy and the side doors were locked and secured. Then the light above it illuminated the green side of that lens.

He glanced down at his watch then dialed in Friday, September 12, 2014, 1325 in the “Now” panel.

He dialed in December 7, 1941, 1425 in the “Drop-Off” panel.

He dialed in December 7, 1941, 1445 in the “Pick-Up” panel.

Wallace noticed that the “3 - Dates” light illuminated the green side of that lens.

He flipped the “4 - Engine” toggle switch and noticed that the lens above it illuminated the green side of that lens.

The engine in the rear started up with a whine. The engine started to hum.

Wallace glanced at a circular “Engine” gauge with white, green and red semi-circle bars. He saw that the needle was in the white bar on the right and slowly moving to the green bar in the middle.

He dialed in “3” for the digital readout of three minutes in the small “Timer” panel.

He flipped the “5 - Timer” toggle switch and noticed that the lens above it illuminated the green side of that lens.

The needle of the “Engine” gauge was now in the middle of the green bar.

Wallace hesitated while the humming sound stayed a constant hum. He closed his eyes and debated if he should continue.

He flipped the “6 - Time Travel” toggle switch quickly before he changed his mind. He noticed that the lens above it illuminated the green side.

The flipping of this switch started the time travel process, and the humming got louder and was ear piercing. Wallace covered his ears with his hands and cringed in extreme pain.

The time machine started to slowly spin where the lower part of the bottom that connected to the landing legs stayed stationary.

The spinning of the machine started to get faster.

Wallace started to get dizzy inside the time machine while he spun around faster.

The time machine started to spin at hypersonic speed.

Wallace watched while psychedelic colors filled the plastic canopy of the time machine.

The time machine rose up off the ground by three inches. The landing legs retracted into the bottom of the machine.

The time machine whirled around at hypersonic speed three feet off the ground.

Wallace passed out and slumped down in his harness.

It was a matter of minutes when Wallace became conscious.

The time machine was quiet except for the low hum that indicated it was still powered up.

Wallace looked around in a daze and wondered where he was and what happened. Then he remembered and looked at the console and where the December 7, 1941, 1425 date flashed in the “Drop-Off” panel.

He saw that all of the six lights were still illuminated on the green side of their lens.

He looked at the canopy and saw that the three walls of his room in his barn were gone. The wooden walls of the barn appeared newer.

“I made it,” the second he saw his granddaddy’s black 1932 Ford pick-up truck parked in the barn near the big double doors. He remembered riding in the back of that pick-up as a kid. He rode down the streets of Austin with his grandfather and father.

Wallace pulled up on a small handle on the wall of the left side of the machine. The two small doors opened at the same time the canopy lifted up.

Wallace got out of his time machine then closed the canopy. He pulled the small handle down on the port side of the machine.

He heard the canopy and small doors lock with a click.

He rushed over to a side door of the barn a safe distance away from his time machine.

He waited for three minutes.

The time machine started to hum.

The humming got louder and was again ear-piercing causing Wallace to cover his ears again.

The time machine started to slowly spin, and the landing legs stayed stationary.

The spinning started to get faster.

The time machine started to spin at hypersonic speed.

Wallace stared in awe while psychedelic colors filled the canopy of the time machine.

The time machine rose up off the ground by three feet. The landing legs retracted into the bottom of the machine.

The time machine whirled around at hypersonic speed three feet off the ground.

Wallace watched while his time machine disappeared in a poof raining a million pieces of red, white, blue, green, and yellow lights all over the place.

The colored lights dissolved into thin air.

“I sure hope it works and comes back for me,” said Wallace while he stared at the bare spot in the hay on the barn floor where his time machine once stood.

He opened up the side door of the barn and stepped outside.

Once Wallace was outside the barn, he looked around his family farm, and it looked a little different. All of those colossal shade trees were now smaller.

He saw his house looked the same except it needed a coat of paint. Then Wallace remembered helping his daddy and granddaddy paint it when he was six years old. He was small and could only paint the bottom part of the house. But he loved helping out that day.

Wallace rushed over to the front porch.

He gingerly stepped on the front porch then cautiously inched his way to the large living room window.

He peeked in the window through the opened part of the curtains.

Inside the house, he saw his twenty-five-year-old father Ernie, and forty-five-year-old grandfather Victor sitting in wooden rocking chairs. They sat in front of the brown wooden Zenith console radio. The same radio Wallace had in his living room today in that exact spot.

On the couch sat his forty-five-year-old grandmother Alice who sat next to twenty-three-year-old mother Kimberly holding a four-month-old Wallace in her arms.

Baby Wallace was sound asleep in Kimberly's arms while the CBS news was telling everybody the devastating news that the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor earlier today. Ernie and Victor looked pissed over hearing the horrible news.

Inside the house, Kimberly glanced down at her precious little Wallace still sound asleep in her arms. Her eyes welled up, knowing the country would be at war any day now. She feared Ernie would be sent off to fight the Japanese. Her eyes welled up at the thought of her baby growing up during war time.

The four didn't notice Wallace peeking in their living room window discreetly taping the event with his Nikon camera. They were too involved in the radio broadcast to see that old man spying on them.

Wallace's eyes welled up, seeing this family moment. He moved his head and camera out of view from the window.

Outside the house, Wallace gingerly walked off the porch.

Once he got off the bottom step of the porch, he ran off to the left through the side yard.

He ran off to the barn, still undetected by his family.

Once Wallace slipped through the side door of the barn, he ran over to his time machine.

He rushed back inside the machine. He pulled up on the handle, and the canopy and side door opened.

He sat inside his machine then closed the canopy and side doors with a whish.

After a few seconds, after Wallace ran through the process again, the engine of the time machine started to hum. The humming got louder.

Inside the Burns farmhouse, Victor's ears perked up, thinking he heard some strange humming noise coming from the barn. It was a peculiar noise he never heard before.

"Did you hear that?" he said.

Ernie listened, and he heard that strange noise. "What is that?"

Alice and Kimberly also heard that noise and looked at each other.

"Japanese?" said Alice, fearful that Austin was being invaded by the Japanese.

Kimberly held baby Wallace a little tighter to protect him.

Victor jumped out of his rocking chair and ran to the front door.

He grabbed a double barrel Remington shot gun that hung on the wall next to the front door.

Ernie jumped out of his rocking chair. He ran over to the front door.

He grabbed the single barrel Remington shot gun that also hung on the wall next to the front door.

Victor and Ernie ran out of the house ready to protect their home from any foreign invaders.

Once they got off the porch, Victor and Ernie cocked their shot guns and cautiously headed to his barn.

Once they cautiously slipped inside the barn through the side door, they glanced around the barn, ready to kill. Nobody was there, and the barn was quiet.

"Must be that radio broadcast making me hear things," he said to Ernie.

Ernie curiously walked over to the spot where the time machine once parked. He sensed something

strange then knelt down. He touched the hay. “Feels warm,” he told Victor.

Victor walked over, knelt down, and touched the hay. “That’s strange. Really strange,” he said, feeling the same warmth.

Victor and Ernie left the barn wondering what had just happened. If they only knew.

They headed back to the farm house taking an occasional glance up at the sky for sights or sounds of Japanese fighters.

It was back to September 12, 2014.

The room in Wallace’s barn was quiet.

The inside of that room suddenly was filled that humming sound.

That sound got louder and ear piercing, but nobody was around to be in pain.

Millions of tiny pieces of red, white, blue, green, and yellow lights appeared racing all over the place.

The colored lights converged into one spot in the air. The time machine reappeared in a poof.

It whirled at hypersonic speed three feet above the ground.

The bottom part of the machine locked into a stationary position. The four landing legs extended out of the machine and it settled down to the ground.

The humming sound started to get softer.

The spinning of the machine slowed down and stopped.

The time machine was again quiet.

The canopy and side doors opened up, and Wallace stepped out. He moved the side handle down, and the canopy and side doors closed and locked with a click.

He walked away from his machine, then turned around and glanced back at it.

He jumped up and down then did a dorky dance around the room so excited that his time machine worked and he wasn’t vaporized into a million pieces.

He ran out of the room and locked the door behind him.

He danced his dorky dance over to the side door of the barn and slipped outside.

He locked the side barn door then ran to his house with an occasional jumping up in the air and again doing his dorky dance in the grass.

Chapter 1

A week had passed.

It was a beautiful warm Friday in Austin, Texas.

It was September 19, 2014.

In the northern area of Austin was the Chamberlain Cadillac dealership. This place of business had been a familiar sight of Austin since 1919.

The service department of the Chamberlain Cadillac dealership was busy today, as was the norm.

In one of the bays worked thirty-year-old mechanic Clark Burrows. He had been an employee of Chamberlain Cadillac for the past nine years. He was one of their best mechanics and was often requested for routine maintenance by many of Chamberlain's faithful Cadillac customers.

Clark was different in that he always sported a pencil-thin mustache and kept his black hair in a buzz cut in the back and sides and long on top. He would slick the long hair back for a style that looked like someone from the 1930s.

At this moment, Clark was busy changing the hoses and belts on the engine of a silver 2004 Cadillac CTS. He whistled and hummed out the Glenn Miller tune Little Brown Jug while he worked on the engine. The other mechanics and female employees thought that was a bit odd. But Clark didn't care and always whistled or hummed the 1930s and 1940s tunes while he worked.

The car he had his head buried inside the engine compartment belonged to Dr. Wallace Burns, and he

was a faithful customer of the dealership. He also insisted that only Clark could work on his car.

After Clark was done working on Wallace's CTS, he backed the car out of the service bay.

Clark parked Wallace's CTS in a parking spot reserved for the serviced cars.

When he turned the car engine off, he noticed a leather attaché on the passenger floorboard. Another smaller leather bounded notebook shifted out from the attaché. Clark got curious the second he saw the leather notebook. It was almost as if it called out his name to read it. He usually wouldn't look at a customer's personal belongings, but he knew that Wallace wouldn't complain to management.

Clark reached over and grabbed the book.

He opened it up and saw it contained years of notes, and strange formulas jotted down in pen with some in pencil.

Clark saw some pages near the end that had sketches of some strange looking machine. The drawings looked like the draft of a blueprint for a 1950s saucer spaceship with a bubble canopy. "He's building a spaceship?" said Clark while he stared at the design.

He flipped through the pages again then he stopped on one page near the beginning where Wallace jotted down "Exceed the speed of light equals time travel with you can witness history."

Clark turned the page and saw the "Traveling back to December 7, 1941, was a success. I saw myself as a four-month-old baby in momma's arms.

I saw daddy, momma, granddaddy, and grandma.

Heard news on the radio about Pearl Harbor.

I discreetly took a video of that historic event.

Maybe I could turn this into an opportunity to find the wrongs contained within the history books?" he read under the "Test!!" heading.

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