

Sunglasses

“Camille! Come downstairs!” My mom calls.

“Ok mom!” I yell.

“Why did you call?” I ask.

“I wanted to give you something. Because your birthday is coming up, I got you an early birthday gift. New sunglasses!” Mom says enthusiastically.

“Wow mom! Thanks!” I exclaim. They’re intricately carved with roses and have diamonds set in them. They also look antique. I’m going to wear these to school tomorrow.

“Make sure you don’t lose them! Those are real diamonds, and these sunglasses were really expensive!” Mom tells me.

“Wow! Thank you so much!” I say again.

The next day, I wear my sunglasses to school. I wear them with a white, floral tube top, and black jeans. I’m sitting in history, and I’m bored to death when we reach the ‘70s topic in our lesson. Oh great. It’s kind of interesting I guess...? I’m just pondering about what it would be like to live in the ‘70s when the whole world goes BLACK.

I wake up in what seems to be a school cafeteria. I see several people sporting bell bottom jeans and frilly clothes. I see a lot of girls wearing pants, platform shoes, mini skirts, glittery outfits, and tie-dye shirts. Oh no. No one these days would ever wear clothes like these. What’s going on? I see a sign that says 1970. What? There’s only one possible explanation. I’m in the ‘70s!

How could this happen? Did I travel back in time? Can that happen? Then, I realize that I have my sunglasses with me. Back in my history class, they were in my backpack. How did they get on my face? And, why did my whole bag not come with me? Wait a minute, how do I reach home? I’m just thinking of home when, once again, the whole world goes BLACK.

I wake up in my history class.

“Camille. Camille! Can you answer my question?” The teacher called.

“Umm...sorry, what was it?”

“Did you fall asleep?” She sighs. The other kids laugh. “Were hippies common in the ‘70s?”

“Oh, yes they were,” blush. “And sorry for falling asleep.” I add.

“It’s fine, but it better not happen again.”

“It won’t.”

The next day, I walk into history again. I don’t know what happened yesterday, but I’m pretty sure it was just a dream. The teacher was right. I probably fell asleep. Well, it was a really crazy dream!

We start our ‘70s lesson again. The world goes BLACK.

I wake up once again in the same school cafeteria. My sunglasses are with me again. Wait a minute, what if my sunglasses help me time travel? That would explain so much! Now, how do I get home? Once again, BLACKNESS.

I am awake, and looking at my textbook.

“Camille...CAMILLE! Really? You fell asleep again?” My teacher sighs.

"Ummm...I guess I did." I reply "I'm sorry."

"I'm going to have to call your parents now."

"Please don't do that! I promise it won't happen again," I exclaim. I don't think it will. I think I got a hang of this time traveling thing! I just have to think about where I want to go.

"Ok Camille, but please pay attention."

"I will."

Later that day, I start thinking about going to the '70s when, BLACKNESS.

Not again! I wake up in the cafeteria. That's it. I'm now going to find out what this place is once and for all. I hear someone crack open a can of TAB soda.

I walk up to a boy who looks to be about 17, my age, and ask "Where am I? This place looks familiar, but I don't know exactly where I am."

"What? You're at Rosewood High of course!" He laughs, "What are you wearing?"

"Oh...this may sound weird, but I'm from 2019," I reply.

"That's Bogue!"

"What? Oh Bogue...ummm groovy? How am I going to get home? Oh, I'll just think of home!" I try thinking of home. "IT'S NOT WORKING! AHHHHH" I say in a panic.

"Dude, take a chill pill." The boy mutters.

Ughhh...I hate '70s slang.

"Wait, so you weren't pulling my leg? You're actually from the future?" He wonders.

"Yep, and I'll tell you all about it if you help me get home." I bribe him. I know I really won't be able to tell him about it.

"Ok then, you are getting home."

"Ummm...thanks, but what's your name?"

"Oh, my name is Jason."

"To get home, you must imagine home."

"Ok, I tried. But, let me try again." I say. BLACKNESS!