

Face Masks?! Where We're Going, We Don't Need Face Masks!

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By Oskar Lam

Oskar Emmanuel Lam Morales is a dancer, gamer, Barista, Sunday school teacher, Harley Quinn enthusiast, writer, actor and model. He is fascinated by the power of storytelling and how it helps one understand the complexity of the mind. Oskar's hobbies are playing videogames like Animal Crossing and Persona 5 and watching movies like Back to The Future and Batman Ninja. He joined the Let's Write a Story team to practice his craft and put his wacky creativity to work. His hopes are this project gives a better understanding of storytelling and, more importantly, an understanding of people's reactions and actions to the recent events.

Recognizing the sound was from the guest room above, Mary stormed to it. Her mother used to stay there when she visited and Mary hadn't been in there in a while. Even looking at the door caused her phantom pains, and she tried to avoid it.

Carefully approaching the door, she tightened her hold on the metal bat she picked up by the stairs. As Mary reached for the doorknob she was struck by a brief flashback. She saw her smiling mother sitting on the edge of the bed, the golden-hour sun shining behind her, gilding two porcelain angels sitting on the dresser. When she opened the door she was jolted by the irony to find the same angels shattered on the floor. A chill ran down her back as she heard the water running in the guest restroom.

This is no time to be afraid. Mary set herself into battle mode and slowly approached the bathroom. The door creaked open revealing a large shadow. She didn't hesitate as she swung for the head.

"My beautiful hat!" a young male voice cried. Shaken by the tone of the voice, definitely not Michael's, she reached for the light switch. She was completely confused by what she saw.

It was a slim man, early 20s, dressed eccentrically; a combination of pirate and steampunk attire with lots of jewelry and accessories. The young man straightened his hat which covered his long, black hair, tapping the top to make sure it stayed on. He turned around to get some turnips he had left on top of a small bookshelf that was by the bathroom door.

"Yo, Mary, what you did that for?" asked the young man as he took a bite from a turnip.

Mary was numb with shock. She blinked three times to make sure she wasn't dreaming.

What the... "Who are you?!" shouted Mary, resetting the bat on her shoulder. "How do you know my name?" She was ready to swing again.

"Chill, chill..." He held up his hands and glanced at the shattered angels. "Are you mad because I broke the angels? Look, it was pitch dark from the closet to the bathroom and I accidentally knocked one off. I thought maybe if I dropped the other one you wouldn't notice. I realized that was a stupid idea... but I really needed to pee, so I ignored it."

Mary grew more confused with every sentence this man spoke. She lowered her guard in her confusion and the man slowly made his way to the closet across the room.

“Look lady, if it really bothers you lemme go get you another one.” The man slipped inside the closet, slamming the door behind him. Lights flashed, shining between the door’s edges and its frame. The door opened again to reveal him wearing an outfit similar to the previous brown one he had worn, now in a magenta tone. He approached Mary with an Angel like the ones he shattered.

“Oh my goodness!” she was caught by surprise again. “This looks exactly like the third angel my mother had but lost during a move. How is this possible?”

The young man giggled. “It doesn’t look *exactly*; IT IS *exactly* that one. She didn’t lose it. More like I *exactly* borrowed it. You get *exactly* what I’m trying to say?”

Mary’s confusion became a big headache. *What exactly is going on? Ugh, I don’t want to hear the word exactly again.*

“Listen. My name is Forest Wang. I’m Mrs. Vargas’ son-in-law... well, not yet... well... oh, man. This is very hard to explain. Ugh.” Forest was confusing himself, but he had to come clean. “I’m from the future and my mother-in-law is in danger!”

Time Travel? Could this week get even more weird?

“What do you mean from the future and how is Mrs. Vargas in danger? And why should I even trust you?” *What if you are the man Sylvia was running from?* The thought alarmed her but then she looked him in the eyes. He had very distinctive, honey-brown eyes, almost golden. Something about them told her she could trust him, but she would be cautious. Henry and Aronia had talked to her earlier that day, so who was to say time travel wasn’t possible.

If time travel is real, could there be a possibility to save Sylvia as well. She grabbed on to that possibility.

“So like, I know this is hard to believe but I really don’t have much time,” he giggled and then sighed. “We must go to **Cine El Rey**, and I’ll explain on our way. I know you must have a lot of questions, but I guarantee they’ll be answered soon.”

He opened the door of what Mary assumed was a time traveling closet. Remembering her mother’s adventure advice, she was ready in 10 minutes, her homemade face masks tucked in a pouch.

“Face masks?! Where we’re going, we don’t need face masks. I told you *where* we were going but not *when* we were going.” He winked at her; she rolled her eyes at his cheeky comment. Was she really hopping into a time-traveling closet with this quite odd fellow? It was better than making masks and drowning in the dark thoughts of recent events. *Besides, he has a certain naïve charm.* With confused mind and heavy heart, she decided she had nothing to lose and gently closed the closet door.

“This is so exciting! This is what Ronnie calls the crossing of the threshold” said Forest as he finished his turnips and, with a press of his jewelry, made the closet flash with lights again.