

# The Where Watch.

Dark. Demoralizing... Dust. The attic light flickers on with the hint of power it can somewhat muster. Though as I step through the full, tight room, dust flies everywhere. I wave my hand ferociously to exert force so no dust comes on me. Or at least not too much dust. I blink my eyes quickly a couple of times and look around. Most of the old books, heirlooms, and other things are in big cardboard boxes. I duck my head to dodge a piece of loose wood. I approach the end of the attic - the farther I go, the older the things are. In the beginning, there were things from maximum, a couple of weeks ago. Then as I move on, I see things that are from approximately a couple of years ago. Though as I approach the very end, I find the heirlooms, the antiques. I sit in an old wooden chair that belonged to my great-great-great grandfather. In 1816 he bought this. I lay back on its sturdiness. There are only a few other things here. All of them used to belong to him. Some books, some bags, and a pocket watch. I always wanted to own that pocket watch. It doesn't have any gold or diamonds. It just seems remarkable to me. I wonder about it carelessly. It was called the "Where Watch."

"Winton!" a voice comes from downstairs, startling me.

I stumble and stop for a second.

"Coming," I say, getting up.

I walk back down from the attic to the upper floor. Making my way down the vinyl stairs to the living room.

"Ah, where were you?" Mother asks.

"Just up," I respond.

Mother looks at me with a deceiving smile, pointing to my shirt.

"Why d'ya go up there so much?" Mother says, dusting off the dust on my shirt.

"It's quiet up there," I respond quickly, knowing the question beforehand.

"Well get in the car," Mom says. "We don't wanna be late for the trip." I slip on my brown sneakers. I then go into our gray Ford Expedition. I notice my sister sitting behind me, that's something to look out for. Though then Collin enters the car, sitting right beside me.

"Thanks a lot for inviting me," Collin said. "I never thought I would ever go there, not with my family's financial standing."

"It's nothing," I respond. "I should be thanking you though, you're my only friend."

Though as Collin was about to say something, he was cut off by the entering of Mom and Dad.

"You all ready?" Dad asks.

Everyone nods except my sister who raises a brow, probably because he asked the same question for the third time...this hour. Dad chuckles and then starts to drive. I see his phone set-up, a two-hour drive.

Collin and I lay back and relax. Talking slowly. My sister took out her iPad, which she put on full volume, making it harder to hear. As Dad was driving,

Mom was explaining that we need our gutters cleaned. It's been a whole year. She continues on about how once a year isn't enough. 2017 and 2018 have a big difference in them. She always mentions that. Though I look out the window. A clear day with green California grass. I almost close my eyes when a sudden burst bumps the car. Everything shakes.

"What happened-" Dad starts.

Though another burst now flips the car. My side of the door blasts open with me lying on the grass. I can barely see, it blurs and focuses a few times before opening my eyes. I start to get up and sit. Comprehending what just happened. My head and arms slowly dripping blood and my feet twisted. Our things were blown everywhere. Though then. I see something strange. A man.

A tall, lanky man with a granite gray coat approaches me. Or does it? Three metres away from me, it raises an arm. Something besides me vibrates. The pocket watch. I start to float to the ominous man. Though in my instinct, I grab it. It doesn't belong to him. It's something that means a lot to me and affects me in terms of who I am. And it will be something that will still affect me because it will be beside me. It will. Though as I soon notice. This was a mistake.

The man dives towards me. I hug the watch, accepting death. Though I don't feel anything. I slowly open my eyes. I'm another three metres further away from the man. Did he just not jump, though why is he on the floor then? I slowly creep backward, though he won't have any of that. He blazingly throws a knife toward me. Though life warps in a second and now I'm behind him. I wonder, no, it wouldn't be. Was the watch doing this? I hold the watch in one hand and aim it behind me. Nothing happens, never mind, life warps again. This is just what I needed. Though that's why the man wants it. That's why he's still turning back. I wave my hand in one direction, though I don't teleport. Why is that? Come on, the man is coming near. Though now it warps. That's it! It only teleported when I focused on teleportation. I wonder? Though no time for wondering left, a black shadow is now above me, grasping the hand with the watch. The man. I have to do this. Oh, I hope this works. I tilt my hand, I aim it towards the man. I close my eyes and focus. The next thing you know. He's gone...hmm, I can teleport other things I guess.

"Winton Gregor, we, the government, have a few questions about the incident?" a man in a suit says.

"Go ahead?" Gregor replies.

"Where is the attacker?" the man said, without hesitation.

"Somewhere far away, like me, though not in the same place."

"What do you mean?" he questions, tilting his weary head.

I smile. I hold up the watch I hid in my pocket. It is a pocket watch anyways. Ah, his face was priceless. I focus tightly and warp there instantly.

"Now what to do with this watch," Winton asks. He then turns and warps again. Though this time, he tosses the watch somewhere. In something. In a

volcano, where it absorbs the Where Watch. Something too powerful for anyone. Winton now closes his eyes as he now back at his house, with everyone in the car crash there.

“Let’s try this trip again,” Winton says.  
Our lives may be normal again, but our mindsets have been changed forever.  
Let’s just say, nothing is normal.