

Time Travel for Dummies

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This is a fan fiction that I'm working on. It's about a two friends (based on me and a friend) who stumble upon a time travel device blah blah blah, and basically wreck havoc. I'm a SLOOOOOOW story writer, so once you've read this boring first part do

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1 - "A Rip in the What?!"

"So you see," the impish looking young boy seated across from Victoria Cross said smugly, " a rip in the space time..."

He was interrupted by Vicki's baleful glare.

"You really are related to me booger, so get over it. No rip in the whatever-um, no miraculous, heavenly pillars of light, just one butt-ugly baby boy that is was and grew into my stupid baby brother."

The boy, Tony, blinked. This long sililoque of speak had flown over his mundane world of thought.

Though all of the oher information flew far away and out of his grasp, one thing stuck.

"You can't call me booger brain and get away with it!!!" He screamed his "war cry" and was about to pounce on her when he was suddenly face to face with her wand.

"I bet I could get away with it if I turned you into one..." She said with a smug grin.

Tony stopped dead. "You can't...you wouldn't..."

"You don't sound too sure about that."

"You'd get expelled for sure!"

"Oh? Well I guess that would leave my schedule free to hunt down the one responsible for my expulsion...how convenient, you're right here. I could save myself the trou..."

"Victoria..." Came the soft, soothing voice of Vicki's best friend and room mate, Marion.

Vicki tossed her long black hair over her shoulder as she tucked her want back into her belt loop. A belt loop meant as a gag from Marion.

"Get outa here before I change my mind booger." Vicki said sassily.

Vicki looked over at Marion, who was sitting down across the room of their new apartment. Her parents were practically bursting with joy to finally get their rebellious daughter out of their first class mansion, and into an apartment, half-way across the world, and under the angelic influence of her school friend Marion.

Vicki grinned at the thought, Marion was one thing alright, but she wasn't angelic. Oh sure, she was shy, sweet and loyal. But Vicki could still see the shocked looks on one of the boys at school when Marion hadn't hesitated to teach them a lesson on, how did she phrase it? Ah yes, "Why the nose should not make contact with any hard, fast moving objects. For example...a fist." This was right after he and a friend said some not-so-nice things about Vicki's wardrobe. Well, Vicki handled one and had turned around to see Marion had the other one handled quite nicely aswell.

They were extreme opposites. She was the vision of femininity, neatly brushed hair in blond curls, and always dressed in reserved clothes, that still managed to allow her the use of her feminine wiles when she needed them.

Vicki was a bad-girl, black hair with two lighting white streaks that she frequently died different blends of colours. She hated reserved clothes, so she altered them to her likings.

Marion was an orphan, she had no idea who her family was, or where. She'd looked, she still looked, but she could never find anything. Vicki on the other hand came from a wealthy family. Her father owned half of the ranches in Texas, and had married a wealhy british woman. Raised on the outskirts of London in a gigantic mansion, Vicki had been draped in her parent's affections and smothered in their hopes and dreams for her.

Looking at Marion now, Vicki would have given it all over to her. Marion needed the wealthy parents, and the annoying little brother, not Vicki. She'd been provided for sure, but her mother had never taken care of her. When she got sick, the nurse nursed her back to health. When she had nightmares, the

manservant would leave the hall light on. He mother was too busy living in her perfect world, and had no time to tame her wild daughter. He father of course, was always away at his businessess, and he paid little attention to the family, if he even remembered they existed.

But Marion was happy in her lot in life, she'd been raised in the orphanage, learned values and gained strengths that only an orphan could really appreciate. This is why he insisted that Tony come visit them for atleast two weeks in the summer, he needed to start to learn how to live independently.

The two of them met in their first years at hogwarts, and neither would forget the circumstances. Marion had tripped stepping out of the boat onto shore, and the boy who was supposed to help her out laughed at her. Well, Vick help Marion up, then shoved the boy hard enough that he fell bottom first into the lake himself. They both smiled, and that was that. Friends forever.