

Enough Time

Lucia Robb 11.25

My footsteps struck the cobblestones as I scoured the crowd of women in petticoats and suited men. My pocket watch ticked in my palm, a reminder of time I feared was slipping away.

“Daily ‘erald, get’cha papers ‘fore it’s too late!”

There she was, my heart clenched at the sight. Her hair spilled over her shoulder as she turned her face to the sun, casting golden streaks through her hair. The world around her was a blur, the noise, the crowd; it all fell away. Time seemed to hold its breath around her. I realised I’d been holding mine, my beloved wife, colourful once more.

I ran. Desperate to reach the one steady thing in my world, until she had lost her light and it shifted beneath me. I reached her and fell to my knees at her feet. Good Lord, she was everything I remembered. Freckles were scattered upon her face like stars in the night sky. Her eyes were blue as the sea, gravity seemed to centre my soul around hers. Just like the ocean, ever in love with the moon, Mallory took my trembling hands and helped me rise.

She smiled but I couldn’t speak, her innocence startling me. I knew she wouldn’t recognise me, not properly. I’d been told so. She’d only known me for three months at this point in time. But I could see the spark, faint recognition dawning. The ‘me’ she knew from 1941. The man she loved. Before her accident. The one I crossed time itself to prevent.

“Lewis?”

Her lips formed my name, but the sound was lost to a deafening boom as people dropped to the ground, dust and smoke choking the air. I couldn’t breathe through the panic as I yanked her towards the Voysa Hotel, the only place that would withstand the 1941 blast.

“Mallie! We must go, now!” I shouted, chaos unfurling around us.

“How did you know what would happen?” she asked “Why do you look different?”

“There’s not enough time!” I cried, tugging her once more.

I flung my arms around her and stumbled toward the crumbling building through debris and injured bodies. Another shattering blast knocked us to the entrance. She scrambled to me, shaking.

“Do we live?” she whispered, her voice small.

I hesitated. Yes, we live, but she will never be the same.

"I'm Lewis," I said softly. "The same Lewis you know, only older. I've come from 1948... back to now... to save you. That day, today, it changed you. That wasn't supposed to happen. You haven't smiled the same since the-"

I couldn't finish. Another explosion rang out, surrounding us, stealing my breath.

Mallie sobbed into my chest, with my chin on her head, I looked up. There it was.

The Voysa Hotel.

On the other side of the road.

In one piece. Us, on the other side - walls collapsing around us.

"I'm sorry, Mallie," I breathed, a final plea lost to the dust, "I love you foreve-"