

Time Travel Bubble

untold journal

Editorial Note

Time machines, ancient secrets, future cities, and accidental wormholes—your stories took us on wild journeys through past and future, across timelines both chaotic and clever!

What we loved most? The creativity in how our young authors interpreted time travel. Some zipped back to meet dinosaurs. Others raced into glittering futures with robot cats and floating cities. There were clocks that cried, watches that whispered, and portals in the back of cereal boxes. (Yes, really.)

Tick-tock and off we go!

@theuntoldjournal

CLOCKMAKER'S APPRENTICE

When twelve-year-old Felix wandered into the old town square, he didn't expect to find a shop that wasn't supposed to exist:

Tremblewick & Son, Master Clockmakers. The dusty little building smelled like old books and oil. Inside, an old man with silver goggles stared at him and said: "Right on time."

Felix, confused, tried to leave. But the door vanished. The man introduced himself as Master Tremblewick. He built clocks that didn't just tell time — they held it. With gears that ticked through centuries and springs that wound through memories, his clocks were more powerful than any machine.

Tremblewick told Felix he had the gift: an instinctual understanding of time's rhythm. Felix didn't believe him until he accidentally repaired a broken grandfather clock and sent himself back to 1912.

In that moment, Felix realized the truth: he was the new apprentice. But danger lurked a rival clockmaker, Miss Vanta, was trying to stop time forever, trapping the world in a single, endless moment.

Now Felix must learn the craft, master the tools, and face Miss Vanta—all before the final tick.

By Lila

Stopwatch

Every time Ella pressed the silver stopwatch, time froze. just for 10 seconds. She used it to dodge dodgeballs, avoid chores, and sneak snacks.

But one day, she froze time to avoid saying goodbye to her best friend, who was moving away. She pressed the button again. And again. And again.

Eventually, the stopwatch melted in her hand. Time had to move on.

So did she.

* By Ivy B.

Timmy and the Tuesday That Wouldn't End

Timmy Thompson was having a perfectly normal Tuesday. He spilled orange juice on his homework, missed the bus, and forgot his gym shoes. Classic Timmy.

But something very unusual happened at exactly 3:14 p.m. that day.

He was sitting in detention for “excessive squirt-gun usage in the cafeteria” (a charge he proudly accepted), doodling time machines in the margins of his math book, when the school clock on the wall began to tick backward.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

The second hand spun like a dizzy ballerina. The lights flickered. Timmy blinked, and suddenly—

He was back in homeroom. 8:00 a.m. All over again.

“Wait... what?” Timmy muttered.

His teacher, Mrs. Crumble, stood at the front of the class, holding the same mug with the same chip. She said the exact same thing: “Today is Tuesday, and we’re going to start with a pop quiz!”

Timmy groaned. “Not again.”

The first time Tuesday repeated, Timmy thought he was dreaming. He pinched himself. He ate five cupcakes at lunch because “dream calories don’t count.” But when he woke up the next morning, it was still Tuesday. Again.

The second time, he tried to change things. He warned everyone about the fire drill at 10:45. He saved a kid from getting hit with a dodgeball. He even tried to get extra detention to see if he could break the loop. No luck.

By the fifth Tuesday, Timmy had memorized every single question on the pop quiz. He knew what every teacher would say, what joke the principal would make on the morning announcements, and even the exact time the janitor’s cart would squeak past the library.

It wasn’t just weird anymore. It was boring.

He tried everything to break the loop: jumping in the school fountain? Still Tuesday, going to bed at 4:00 p.m.? Woke up at 7:00 a.m. on Tuesday. Eating seventeen tacos in a row? (He doesn’t recommend it.) Still Tuesday.

On the tenth Tuesday, something changed.

While exploring the janitor's closet (which he had never dared to do before), Timmy found a strange device buried under mops and a dusty box labeled "SCIENCE FAIR 1997." It looked like a wristwatch duct-taped to a calculator, with wires poking out and a blinking red button that read: RESET TIME.

Timmy stared at it.

"Oh no," he whispered. "This is all my fault."

He remembered: last week, he and his best friend Leo had tried to build a time machine for the science fair. They borrowed parts from the computer lab, the microwave in the teacher's lounge, and something they'd stolen from the art room called "glow glue." It had exploded. They got disqualified. Mrs. Crumble called it "reckless and mildly radioactive."

But maybe—just maybe—it worked.

Timmy strapped the device to his wrist. The red button blinked in a slow, steady rhythm. He didn't know what would happen if he pressed it. Would he go back in time? Forward? Vanish into a wormhole?

He pressed it.

Nothing.

"Well, that was anti—"

ZAP.

Everything around him turned white. Then black. Then swirly purple. He felt like he was falling and flying and folding all at once.

When the world snapped back into focus, he was standing in the school hallway — but it looked... different.

The lockers were twice as tall. The posters said things like "Vote for Zaxxon!" and "Jetpack Safety Matters!" A robot janitor glided past him and beeped, "Watch your step, citizen."

"Oh no," Timmy said. "I'm in the future."

Timmy wandered the school, dodging hoverboards and confused teachers who looked like they hadn't seen a human child in decades. He finally found an office that said: Time Regulation Authority – Student Division.

Inside sat an old man with wild white hair and glasses that blinked.

“You must be Timmy Thompson,” the man said, not even looking up from his screen. “We’ve been expecting you since last Tuesday. Or was it the Tuesday before last? Time’s funny like that.”

“What’s happening?” Timmy asked. “Why is Tuesday stuck? And why am I in the future?”

The man sighed. “Your little science project created a temporal ripple. You bent time around your school like a rubber band. Now it keeps snapping back to the same day.”

“Can I fix it?”

“Maybe. You’ll need to travel to the Exact Second the loop began — 3:14 p.m. — and use this.” He handed Timmy a tiny silver key shaped like a lightning bolt.

“Insert it into the device, turn it once, and press the red button. But be careful. If you miss the second, you’ll be stuck in Tuesday forever.”

Timmy gulped.

Back in the present (or was it the past?), Timmy hid in the janitor’s closet, watching the clock tick toward 3:14 p.m. He held the key in one hand, the device in the other.

3:13:57.

He could hear the hallway chatter. The squeaky cart. The fire drill bell ready to ring.

3:13:59.

He inserted the key.

3:14:00.

He turned it.

Click.

ZAP.

Timmy woke up in his bed. The sun was shining. Birds were chirping.

He looked at the calendar.

Wednesday.

He screamed with joy, ran downstairs, and hugged his very confused mom.

From that day on, Timmy never complained about a boring Tuesday again. He

even wrote a paper called “Why Time Travel Should Be Illegal in Schools,”

which won first place at the next science fair.

And though he kept the time device in a shoebox under his bed, he never

touched it again.

Probably.

Maybe.

Okay, maybe just once.

I lost a second

I lost a second yesterday,
It slipped beneath my bed.
I bent to grab it, but it winked
And vanished overhead.
I found it later in my dreams,
Wrapped inside a song,
It whispered, “Time is tricky, kid—
You blink, and it’s all gone.”

By Nia

Library

By Felia

Emma liked quiet places. Not because she was shy, but because quiet places had secrets. And the quietest place in her town was the old library on Maple Street.

It wasn't a fancy library. The carpets smelled like dust and lemon cleaner. The ceiling had water stains shaped like dinosaurs. And the librarian, Mr. Penumbra, looked like he hadn't blinked since 1973.

But Emma loved it.

She spent every Saturday there, curled up in the back corner where no one ever went. That's where she discovered the book.

It didn't have a title. The cover was blank, smooth, and oddly warm. When she opened it, the pages were empty — except for one.

In the center of the book, in neat golden handwriting, it said: "To visit the Library Between Seconds, turn this page at exactly 12:00:00."

Emma checked her watch. It was 11:59:43.

She laughed. "What kind of prank is this?"

Still, she waited.

12:00:00.

She turned the page.

The air shimmered. The room tilted. The lightbulbs flickered and dimmed. Then everything went still—but not frozen. Just... paused.

The library shifted around her. The walls stretched higher. The books rearranged themselves. The windows turned into clocks.

And suddenly, Emma was standing in a different library.

A library between seconds.

Rows and rows of glowing books floated in the air. Time dripped from the ceiling like honey. She could hear ticking, whispering, music, and laughter — all at once, but softly, like dreams.

A girl about her age appeared, holding a stack of books that pulsed with light.

“Hi,” the girl said. “I’m Mira. First time?”

Emma nodded. “Where am I?”

“The Library Between Seconds,” Mira said. “It exists in the space between tick and tock. Time freezes, and only readers can enter.”

Emma blinked. “But why?”

“To borrow moments,” Mira said. “Or return them.”

She handed Emma a book. On the cover, it said:

“The Day I Lost My Voice – Borrowed for 3 Minutes”

Emma opened it — and felt it. The story wasn’t just words. She lived it. She was a boy in a school play who suddenly couldn’t speak. She felt his panic, his heart pounding, his hope when a friend stepped in to help.

When she closed the book, she gasped. “That was real.”

“All stories here are real,” Mira said. “They’re pieces of time.”

Emma wandered the shelves. She found:

“The Moment Before the Big Game”

“A Grandmother’s Last Laugh”

“The Second a Star Was Born”

And one book that was locked, labeled:

“The Time You Almost Changed Everything”

“What’s this one?” Emma asked.

Mira looked serious. “That’s yours. A moment you nearly changed — but didn’t.”

Emma touched the lock. It clicked open.

She saw herself, last year, standing on the edge of a frozen pond. Her little brother, Ben, had wandered too far. The ice cracked. She had seconds to act.

In the real moment, she’d shouted for help.

But in this version, she ran across the ice.

She saved him — but fell through herself.

Emma slammed the book shut. Her hands were shaking.

“You remembered,” Mira said gently. “That’s why the book opened.”

“Can I change it?” Emma asked.

“No,” Mira said. “But you can remember it. And use what you learn.”

A bell chimed in the distance.
“Time’s almost up,” Mira said. “You have to leave before the next tick.”

Emma clutched a glowing book. “Can I borrow this one?”
Mira smiled. “Only if you return it when you’re done living it.”

Emma looked at the cover:

“The Day I Found My Courage”

“I think I already started this one,” she whispered.

The light flickered again.

Emma blinked — and she was back in the normal library. The clock
said 12:00:01.

The golden book was gone.

But in her hand was a bookmark that shimmered like a second
frozen in time.

That Saturday, Emma didn’t just read stories — she lived one. And
she knew, deep in her bones, that whenever she truly needed it...

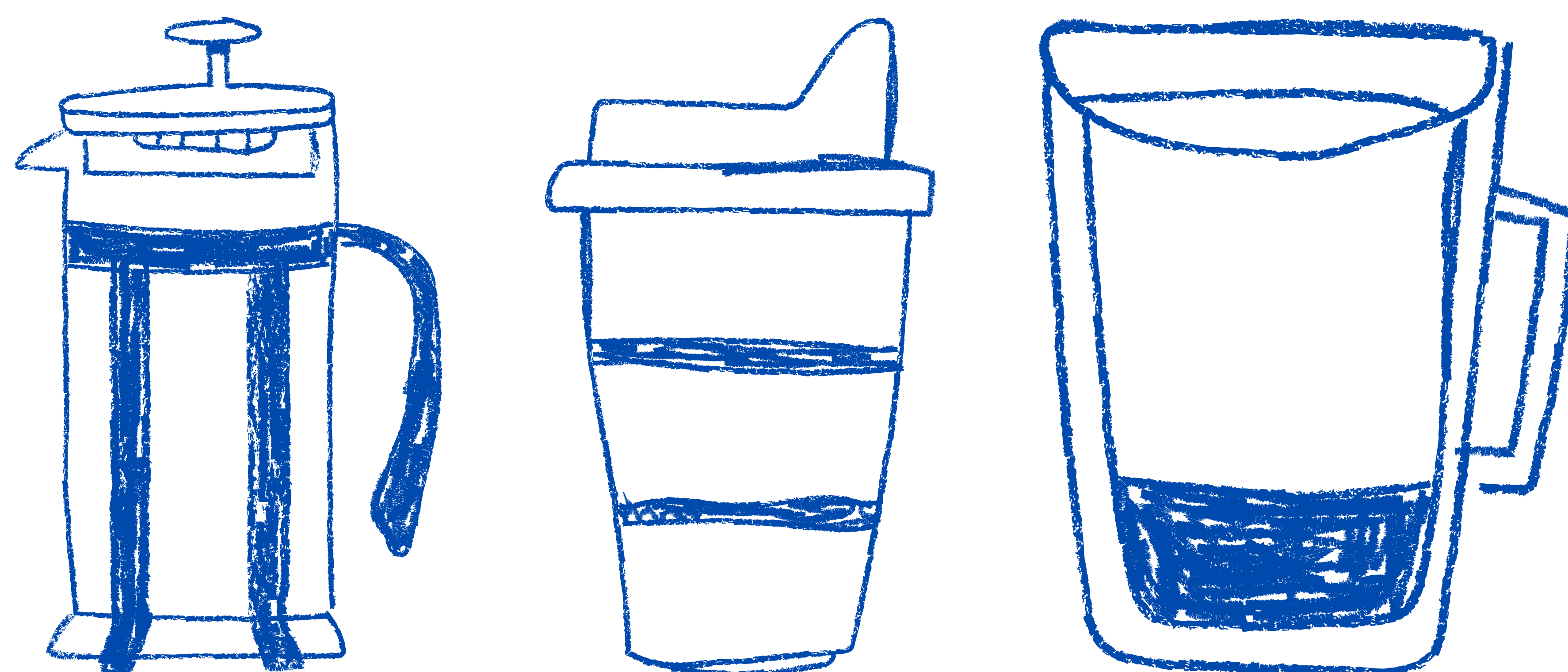
The Library Between Seconds would open again.

There was a juice box in the fridge labeled “DO NOT DRINK - TIME JUICE.”

So naturally, I drank it.

Now it's 3026, I'm 4 years older, and apparently I'm president of Mars. Also, my cat can talk. Her name is Supreme Leader Whiskers. Send help.

By Orion



Time Juice

BOY EATING TIMELINE

EMILIA

Max had a very bad habit: he chewed on things. Pencils, straws, shoelaces. But one day, he found something new: a glowing ribbon floating outside his school's science lab. It looked like candy. He bit it.

And then everything around him melted.

Max woke up in a tree. A very tall one. There were volcanoes in the distance. A pterodactyl flew by and squawked at him.

He'd eaten a timeline filament — a fragile strand of time from the school's secret experiment. Now, he was bouncing through time like a pinball. One moment he was in ancient Egypt, the next he was dancing at a 1970s disco, then surfing in the year 3010.

Worse? With every jump, Max's memory started to fade. He couldn't even remember his last name.

Then he met Sol, a girl from a future where time was broken. She had a machine, the Reweaver, that could stitch Max's memory and reality back together. But to do it, Max had to stop chewing the timeline and face the moment he was trying to forget.



