

**--SHIFT--**

**from Novation**

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# Introduction

Chris was a normal child, until his 12th birthday. Now, he is time falling for better or for worse.

# Chapter 1

The first time I experienced the shift was on my birthday when I was turning thirteen. It was raining with lightning and thunder in the background, just how I like it.

While I was walking out to the living room to get my presents, I suddenly got a bad migraine. My vision blurred and my field of view tightened. All I could see was a small dot of vision with blue gray streaks around it. I got so dizzy I fell down onto the floor with my ears ringing. I couldn't hear the rain. Then, I got up and looked out the window. I realized my ears weren't ringing.

The day was sunny. I turned to my parents sitting on the couch, but, instead, I saw an old couple staring at me. The room was silent except for the tube tv in playing the Today show. I looked at the date on the screen... 'October 25, 1999.'

"Holy crap!" I said under my breath. I saw the old man running (as best as a man can run in his eighties) to the phone in the kitchen. I wanted to go home. I was scared. Every part of my body was tingling. I closed my eyes.

As I heard the old man in the distance, "Hello. 911, a teenager appeared in our living room," I suddenly felt detached from the situation. The old couple long gone behind me, the house (and the earth for that matter) were insignificant now. As I opened my eyes I saw streaks of blue and white traveling past me. I struggled, though I didn't know what I was struggling against. I felt like I was falling, but I felt weightless at the same time. There was no air ripping past me, yet I was breathing.

Something jerked me to the left. I saw what I thought was the ground. As I 'fell' closer, I realized it was a circle of hardwood floor. I braced for my death. I closed my eyes and thought happy thoughts.

"Oh, Chris! That looked like it hurt." There was no impact. I opened my eyes. I was on the floor where I had originally fallen. I looked up and saw a stormy day through the window, birthday streamers hung up, and my mum looking down at me from the couch, concerned. "What's wrong?" she asked.

"Just a bad headache I guess," I replied.

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## Chapter 2

After that first experience with Shift, I started experimenting. Hours and hours of time were spent trying to replicate the act. I caused myself many headaches trying to cause the same migraine.

One day while coming home from school, I decided the shift was some kind of hallucination and gave up completely. When I got home, I was unpacking my backpack when I found a strange letter with no address. This wasn't my envelope because I never use envelopes without writing on front what's inside them. I was truly puzzled. My dad must've seen that look on my face because he piped up and said, "You can't be confused on homework you haven't looked at. What's going on?"

"Just found a pen in the bottom of my backpack. How'd that get there?" I said as I hid the note in my math notebook and toted it along with me into my room along with my binder. It was a rushed lie, but my dad seemed to believe it because he didn't say anything else.

When I got to my room, I closed and locked the door. These are two things I normally don't do but I suspected something was up. The envelope had a weird 'aura' surrounding it, like it has been further than I can imagine, but right here in the room before. Glancing at the back, I noticed that the flap had a time on it, reading out 4:37. I looked over to the clock on my nightstand.

The time read: 4:37

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# Chapter 3

When I opened the letter, I was greeted with 2 numbers. The first was 1876, my locker combination, and the second was 7, my favorite number. Under those the letter was addressed to "To whom it may concern, (which is you, Chris)" To say the the least, I was confused and surprised. The letter said,

"You gave up. You stumbled, literally. All you need to do is stumble.

1. Focus. Think about time in a non-linear viewpoint.
2. Slide your right foot forwards or backwards to determine the portal placement.
3. Turn your left foot clockwise or counterclockwise to determine which way you go in time. If you do not turn your foot, you will be sent back to your original timeline.

Under no circumstances should go back in time to alter your one timeline or come in contact with yourself.

Trust me Chris, what we have can be used either as a tool or a weapon, make smart choices. More help will come when you need it.

Dream Softly,  
-N"

I thought about how time works, and my ears started to ring. I slid my right foot forward, and the ground in front of me gave way to blue and gray streaks of light falling down. I turned my other foot counterclockwise, and the streaks started spinning in the same direction.

"Geronimo."

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## Chapter 4

As I jumped in, the obvious question struck me. "How do I control this thing?" As I Shifted, I start trying to control myself, which looked more like me flailing. Then, I suddenly got jerked to the left. After another 30 seconds I was jerked to the right and falling toward a patch of grass. Something was different about the grass though. It was bloodstained.

After landing and waiting for my vision to clear and my ears to stop ringing, I began to take in the area around me. Directly beside me was a young boy, about seventeen, laying beside me with his musket, dead. He had been shot in the shoulder and was bleeding onto my landing spot. To my left was a line of men in blue uniforms. They marched in perfect lines until they stopped and fired their muskets. "Civil War," I thought to myself.

Wearing my blue, old fashioned looking overcoat, I realized I was a target. I couldn't take it off because my parents would notice. Thus, I grabbed the boy's musket to make sure I was at least somewhat armed if a confrontation happened. The gun wasn't loaded, but the bayonet on it was at least some kind of weapon

As I was leaning down, I noticed a note in the muzzle of the barrel. I quickly took it out and shoved it into my left coat pocket. I picked up the musket and headed for the woods to the left. About halfway there, a man on a horse approached me. Yelling over the musket and artillery fire, he said, "You signed up, and you can't sign down! Get back to your unit and fight those rebs!"

I shyly replied, "I don't have any ammo."

He tossed me five rounds saying, "Use 'em good son," and rode off as I threw the cartridges into my left coat pocket.

I noticed in one of the lines about three quarters back from the front lines was missing three or four men. Looking back at the officer, he was still watching over me with a demanding glare. I half-marched-half-ran to the unit.

As I joined up with the unit, they were already almost at the front lines, trying to flank the enemy. I read a book about the civil war once, so I knew how to reload the muskets. As we approached the front lines, I reloaded.

I took out one of the cartridges from my pocket and bit one end off as I positioned the gun vertical. I poured the gunpowder into the barrel and unwrapped the bullet. I gently slid it into the barrel, then took the ramrod from under the barrel and pushed the bullet onto the gunpowder. I took out the cap

and placed it under the hammer on the nipple. I put the ramrod back in its place and threw the cloth onto the grass as the unit leader called out, "Halt!" we all stopped with imperfect unison.

"Ready," he shouted, commanding us from shoulder position to both hands in the gun.

"At arms!" he called out. Pointing my gun down the meadow, I found a man in his twenties wearing gray. I slowly pulled back the hammer with my thumb. My finger carefully cradling the trigger.

"Fire!" The one word condemned the rebel soldier to death.

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# Chapter 5

I couldn't do it. I couldn't kill an innocent man who has family, regardless if I killed in the past, present, or future. As everybody else fired, I ran back to the forest. But before I could reach it, I noticed the officer riding toward me, looking furious.

"What'd I say you son of-"

At that time I did two things. First, I realized that the officers were forcing these men to fight. The soldiers didn't know how bad war was. They just signed up because of national pride or because their friends signed up. The officers were the real cause of death.

Second, because of this realization, I shot the officer. I didn't turn to see his expression when he fell. I just turned my gun in his direction while I was running and pulled the trigger. After the shot rang out, the horse was spooked and trampled the officer before running straight into the front lines, immediately getting gunned down.

I kept running to the forest, never turning back. I didn't stop until I couldn't hear the musket shots and cannon fire. Then, I came to a slow remembrance of something that felt like it contradicted everything I knew about memories and knowledge. One could almost call it an override. I remember the textbook page vividly. The civil war was my favorite subject. Stonewall Jackson died in battle by cannon fire... Right?

Then, I remembered something about Stonewall Jackson being killed by "friendly fire."

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