

The Backpack Not From Here

By Carson Covington

Once upon a time in Lincoln, Nebraska there lived a farmer and his son, Jim. One day, they were sitting on their porch about to go inside after a long days work. All of a sudden, a blinding beam of light struck a nearby field. The father and his son quickly ran to investigate. What they saw would always be implanted in their minds...

First, they saw something rise from the ashes. It appeared to be a flying saucer. The father raised his shotgun and said “freeze” in a scared voice. The creature ripped the shotgun out of his hand and ran. The son ran toward the debris, and started rummaging through the debris. His father was petrified. He just stood there in awe.

Moments later, the son said, “Hey what is this?” Just then, his father snapped out of his petrified “zone-out.”

He turned to his son and exclaimed, “Son, I think we just encountered an alien.”

Jim did not hear what his father said. Instead, he was focused on figuring out what he had found. As he held the object up to his father, he commented “It looks like a backpack.” Jim put on the backpack and said, “what are these knobs?”

Next, he adjusted one of the knobs, and clicked a big red button... Suddenly there was a blue flash of light and he was gone...

“Where am I?” said Jim. It was pitch black and he couldn’t see clearly. A voice answered, “On the USS Texas. You are in the Atlantic ocean, off the coast of Normandy”.

As the boy’s eyes adjusted, he noticed it was unfamiliar surroundings. He then asked, “What is the date?”

The voice responded, “June 5th, 1944. Now, take that backpack off and put this one on.” He tossed him a WWII era pack.

Jim was still in shock! Apparently he had traveled back in time. So, he again asked the man, “Where did you say we were?” The man was frustrated that the kid had asked him twice. In a tired voice he repeated himself. Then he added, “Tomorrow, we are going in, stop messing with me.” The Sargent did not realize that this young boy was not one of his soldiers.

Jim muttered to himself, “Ok, ok, why am I here? Out of all the places I could have gone, why am I here?”

“Because we have to fight the Germans,” responded a private who was walking towards him.

Jim then responded, “on Normandy?”

“Yeah,” the private replied.

“You swear we are going to Normandy,” Jim asked.

“Yes,” he said. Then the Private walked away.

“Oh my gosh, what have I gotten myself into?” Jim asked. “What can I do?”

Then he was cut off by another voice. “Go to bed, that is what you are going to do,” said the colonel.

“Ok,” Jim said, “I’ll go right now sir.”

“You better,” said the colonel. Jim went into the ship, found an empty bunk, and fell right to sleep. The next morning he was awakened by a siren.

“It’s D-day men! Get out of those beds and get moving!” Jim jumped out of bed, grabbed his rifle, and headed to the landing craft. He carefully climbed down the side of the ship and into the landing craft. Soon afterwards, he started to hear gunshots. All of

a sudden, a loud artillery shot rang out right next to the ship, as the landing craft next to him was blown to bits! In that instance, Jim time traveled into the future to the year 2084.

As he looked around, everything was lit up and he was in a big city. The only thing he had was the rifle he had on D-day and the backpack. Then he saw blue and red flashing lights and someone said “freeze.” A man wearing what looked like a police uniform was raising a gun and running towards him. He skillfully took his rifle and knocked him out! Then he started to run in no particular direction, to no particular place. Eventually he saw somebody signaling in his direction. So he started to walk over...All of a sudden, he was grabbed and knocked out. “Ahhh” was the last words he spoke before he awoke.

“Where am I,” said Jim.” Then he made out a shadowy figure in the distance. “What do you want with me?” he yelled.

The man replied, “What are you doing with this backpack?” He dropped the backpack in front of Jim.

“I found it at my farm. I’ve been skipping around from time period to time period,” Jim said.

“Ok good, I do not think he is a liar.” The man spoke into what appeared to be a microphone in his shirt.

Jim looked around, then asked, “What year is it?”

“2084,” the man responded. Then the man walked out of the shadows. The man was tall, about 6’ 3” and skinny. The man said “I am ex- Special Forces. Let me get you

all caught up on what has happened. When the Russians took over, the Resistance wanted to train their soldiers so we sent our soldiers into their armies so they could join their Special Forces and then desert there ranks. Now all of our soldiers are highly trained. We just need a few more brave men and women to join their ranks.”

“Ok, sorry to get off topic there but I’m just really hyped because I have never met a time traveler before.

Also, I’m sorry but we are going to need that backpack.”

Jim replied “No I can't give it to you! I have to get home.”

“Sorry kid, that ain’t gonna happen.”

“No. Please. I need to go home please!” A tear streaked over his face.

“Fine” the man said.

“You can go home, but only after you complete a few missions so we can keep the Russians from ever taking over.”

“Ok I will, I can't wait to get home” Jim said.

“You might not ever go home” the man said dumping a bag of dog tags on the table. The man cut Jim loose.

Jim said “Yes I will.” as he shoved the man on the way out of the room.

The man said “where do you think you're going? “

“To sleep” said Jim.

“Ok fine, by the way your getting fitted for your combat vest tomorrow and also picking your loadout. Be prepared to meet the team. All these guys are hardened veterans ok?”

“Fine I'll think about it while I sleep”.

“See you in the morning” said the man.

Jim closed the door to his bedroom and heard a click behind him. He tried to open it again but it wouldn't budge. Jim said to himself, “They must have locked it.” “Well that's ok I'll just go to sleep” he thought. Jim fell asleep immediately. The next morning he was awakened by a splash of water to the face. It was the members of the team he was about to join. “What the heck was that for?” Jim asked. The men responded “You wouldn't get up.” The tallest man said “What do you expect us to do?” “Fine, you got me there, but please don't do that again!” said Jim “Fine we won't. Now let's get you some gear.” Jim and the men walked into the armory. Jim was curious as to why they were in the armory. The leader handed him some needed gear. “You will need this where we are going today on your first mission” said the team leader. “Ok” said Jim “Let's get me some gear.

The team grabbed their gear and left

“We are ready! lets go.”

Jim followed the team to a large room with the backpack in the middle. The team leader handed it to Jim and he put it on. The leader started to count down

“5, 4, 3, 2, 1.”

And they were gone in a blue flash.

Jim noticed they were in a jungle environment. The team leader said

“Welcome to Nam! Lets move out Men.”

Jim ran up to him from behind and said

“Sir, are we in Vietnam?”

“Yes we are kid” the team leader said.

“Ok” Jim said.

This time, Jim was able to read the knobs and dates on the backpack.

He started to adjust the knobs and clicked a big red button and he was gone yet again. This time he showed up in front of his house. There was a black car government plates. He walked toward his house but before he could reach it a man in a black suit walked in front of him. He was carrying a black bag with money in it. The man said

“You and your father can have 30 more bags of this, if you never speak of what this backpack or what it is capable of.”

“You can never tell anyone about this moment in time. It could alter the course of history.” “These black bags would equal 30 billion dollars.”

“So do you want it?”

“Yes I do.”

Although this had been quite an experience, Jim felt very sad that he was unable to prevent future wars. He could not bear the responsibility of the backpack. Hopefully, the backpack would be used for the greater good. THE END