

Originally written as a writing assignment...  
It got too long to let go of.

Thank you for noticing this book and reading it!

## **Prologue**

*In 2077, a nuclear reactor in South Korea was saved from collapsing by two people, instructed by a letter from an unknown source. Twenty years prior, it had built a system that allowed it to harvest solar energy and convert it to nuclear energy. However, the Ozone layers around it began to deteriorate due to human interference and the Sun became dangerously powerful in Northeast Asia.*

*All the new solar energy started overpowering this power plant, which had become one of the largest in the world and having a great portion of it underground, and it began to overload. The workers did not see the overloading of energy as a threat, rather, a market. It could sell the extra energy to further countries, such as China, India, and even the Philippines.*

*They didn't know it put the planet earth at risk.*

*On January 29, in the year 2577, Ethan Ginneaveros must write a letter to the address of 102 서울거리 [Seoul Street], In Seoul, South Korea, year 2070. It is the address of the power plant, and it cannot be mistaken or the past will be erased, and therefore so will the future.*

## **Chapter 1**

██████████, South Korea - Ethan's house, 2577

Ethan Ginneaveros

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Ethan set down the copy of the history book on the kitchen table. He didn't really understand the way the time machine worked. Sure, he had a simple understanding of, *put the letter in the box, type in the*

*address and time in history, and let things happen*, but he wanted to know why *he* had to do it, and not someone else. It was a rare task to be given the job of writing time letters. But the history book said it had to be him, so it had to be him.

“Ethan?”

A voice made him jump out of his seat. He turned around and saw his older brother there. “What is it, Dion?” He asked, exasperated.

“Sheesh. I was going to ask if you wanted to go out to eat with my fiancée's family after you drop off the letter today. No need to be all grouchy.”

*It's due TODAY?*

Ethan looked at the calendar in alarm. The calendar was nice and clear: January 29, 2577, Dion's 23rd birthday.

Oh no. This was bad. He knew how to write in Korean, but not as well as he spoke it. Or as well as he knew English.

“Ethan, relax,” Dion said. “I'm here to help you. It's still nine in the morning.”

“How can I relax?!” Ethan cried. “I have, like, six hours to write a letter and deliver it and make sure all the mistakes are—”

“Ethan.”

Ethan sighed. He couldn't say he *hated* living with his older brother, Dion, and Dion's fiancée, even after the car accident that brought him here. He learned to enjoy living here in South Korea. He slowly rose to his feet and turned to face his older brother. “Dion,” Ethan said. “Can you come back?”

Dion nodded.

“Okay. I have two things to say to you.”

“Go on.”

“One: Yes, I would like to go out to eat with our new family for your birthday. And Two...” He hesitated a small bit before saying, “I have a letter to write. May I borrow a pen?”

## **Chapter 2**

102 거울거리[looking glass street], 2077

Jun Ahn

Jun was reading in his room when his twin sister, Giselle, came in.  
“We have mail,” Giselle said.

"You could have knocked," Jun said, irritated.

"Yes, but we share a room," Giselle pointed out. "It would be pointless. Besides, look at this."

Jun got up and looked at the mail. It was a letter, written hastily, with several misspellings, common for people whose first language wasn't Korean.

*For 102 Looking Glass Street, 2077*

*You are in danger*

*The nuclear solar power plant will explode in 3 days  
if you don't stop the sun power*

*Ozone layer has a hole in it*

*Patch the hole and shutdown the power plant*

*Your lives depend on it*

*I am from year 2577*

*If I don't send this the world will end*

*Shutdown your power plant*

*Otherwise*

*You are about to explode*

*form Edtan Gineaberos*

And it ended.

Jun would've discarded the letter as if it was a prank, but he knew better. It wasn't the first time mysterious letters from the future just *appeared*.

"Where did you get this?" Jun asked.

"It just teleported in on the front porch."

"*Giselle*."

"*Saman—, Jun*. I'm serious. You know about the letters from the future that just *happen*."

There was no arguing. Giselle brushed her long hair out of her eyes and folded her arms. Jun didn't know how she could stand having all that hair on her head. That was the exact reason Jun cut his hair short.

"What should we do?" Jun asked.

"Well..." Giselle shifted. "We have to do *something*."

Jun sat in silence for a moment, working out a plan in his brain.

"Giselle," He said, breaking the silence. "I have a plan."

## Chapter 3

Jun Ahn

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"But that's impossible!"

Giselle was pacing across their room, her face knotted in worry.

"We can't break into the power plant!" She cried. "We're only fourteen!"

“The letter came to us for a reason,” Jun pointed out. “It sounds silly, but it’s happened before. Remember how North Korea almost went underwater, but someone stopped the worst of it?”

“Yes. Jun, what are you saying?”

“She got it from a letter from 2549, or so it said, telling her what to do.”

“But she was a government member. We’re just two fourteen-year-old kids. Why would it come to *us*, of all people?”

Jun looked at the letter closely. With all the spelling errors in it, the address certainly could have been a mistake. The lettering for it looked like they could have easily been mistaken by a beginner.

“We have to.”

Giselle let out a sigh of defeat. She knew that there was no fighting her brother. “Okay,” she said. “There’s school tomorrow. And the day after that.”

“Mom and Dad don’t have to know that we’re not there,” Jun pointed out. He turned around and dug a bit in his dresser drawers. “I’m not sure why, but I kept this,” he said, pulling out a wig he made from his old long hair. “I was going to donate it to cancer kids, but I never got the chance. I could wear it, for sneaking out purposes...” The thought of putting on his long hair made him shudder. But, if the end of the world was at stake...

“...I could pretend to be sick in bed,” Giselle finished. “Then when mom and dad leave for work, use the wig to make a fake me!”

“But it’ll have to be both of us, won’t it?” Jun asked. “Otherwise the school would ask why *I’m* also gone if *you’re* the only one who’s sick.” Jun thought about this for a moment and then remembered something. “My friend Eli’s having a sleepover tomorrow,” he said. “I could pretend to be there, you could pretend to have made a recovery and come with me, and we can go to the reactor!”

“So, what are we waiting for?” Giselle asked. “Pack your bags—we’re going on a field trip.”

## **Chapter 4**

Viva Italia Restaurant, South Korea, 2577

Ethan Ginneaveros

Ethan sat in the booth, picking at his lasagna. Lasagna was his favorite food, but he couldn’t shake the feeling something had gone



wrong with the letter. Korean wasn't his *best* language when it came to writing, so naturally he was worried something had gone terribly wrong.

"Ethan?" Someone's voice startled him into reality. Ethan turned to see his soon-to-be-brother-in-law tapping his shoulder. It was Kevin, another adolescent boy whose older sibling was getting married. "Yeah?" Ethan responded, trying to veil his anxiety.

"What's going on?" Kevin asked. "You have that thinky face again."

At this Ethan's mind instantly went to war. Should he make up a lie, or should he tell him the whole truth?

"I was chosen," Ethan sputtered. Instantly he felt a wave of dread overcome him. *Stupid!* He thought. *Why did I say anything?*

"To write a time travelling letter?" Kevin asked.

Crud.

Ethan nodded. "But I'm not the best at writing in Korean," he said, words travelling out of his mouth without permission. "Something tells me I wrote it wrong."

"Well, the world hasn't exploded yet," Kevin pointed out.

That was reassuring.

"Thanks," Ethan said, returning his focus to his food. Why was he worrying so much? It would be fine.

It had to.

## Chapter 5

Jun's school, Seoul, South Korea, 2077

Jun Ahn

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Jun couldn't stop thinking about the plan. How was he supposed to know it wasn't a prank? How was he supposed to shut it off, if it was

real? Aagh. There was no way to tell other than to just check. Giselle had failed at faking sick, so she had come with him to school. He took a deep breath and shook his jacket. It was a brisk sixty-seven degrees outside, but still he couldn't feel comfortable in his jacket.

Jun caught a look from his sister— a slight nod and a wheeze. He nodded back.

*Here we go.*

Jun raised his hand and spread a slightly strained expression over his face. “Mrs. Leo?” He asked, letting feigned panic slip into his voice. “My sister— she’s having an asthma attack!”

At this cue, Giselle wheezed loudly. Then she went into a fit of cough-wheezing. “May we get her inhaler?” Jun said. A quick nod from the teacher. Jun guided his sister, who was feigning her ragged breathing all the way to the front doors. Once they were far away enough, Giselle began to breathe normally; her act was over. They only had a couple minutes before the school would suspect something was off. Jun pushed open the doors and they ran.

“So where’s the plant at?” Jun said once they were a good two miles away from their school.

“I don’t know,” Giselle said between breaths. “We— we could call a taxi.”

This was true. Jun pulled up a map on his phone. “It’s about twenty more miles away from here,” He said. “It would cost about a third of our money to get there.”

Jun and Giselle had scraped up about half a million won [about 350 USD] before leaving for school that morning. It would be enough to buy a couple meals and transportation. So Jun and Giselle called a taxi and headed downtown, not saying a word to anyone the whole way down.

## **Chapter 6**

California department of environmental protection, 2077, United states

Omniscient

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Nobody was active. After all, it was 2 a.m. in the United States. Through the darkness, a shadow moved. It belonged to a thief, a criminal breaking in. He crept through the shadows, weaving around the walls and security measures. An alarm made him jump. Had he been detected?

“Alert. Alert.”

The thief froze in his tracks.

“Low O3\* levels detected. Location: South Korea and surrounding areas. Alert. Alert...”

\*Ozone

He let out a sigh of relief. He would live another day, after all. However, he couldn't help the curiosity creeping up on him. He slinked closer to the control panel and was met by what seemed like *hundreds* of screens looming down on him. One of them showed a large red patch over northeastern asia. Another was showing the schematics of the largest solar/nuclear plant in the world, nicknamed the “Big Charger.”

When he looked closer, he found power levels like he'd never seen before. They were at least the maximum levels of the readings. He saw an alert flashing off about high solar power.

“Hey!”

He spun around and found a security guard pointing a flashlight at him.

And then he was gone.

## **Chapter 7**

The power plant, Seoul, South Korea, 2077

Jun Ahn

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Jun stood with his sister in front of the largest power plant. He wasn't quite sure how they were going to get *into* the place, but he knew what they had to do once they were.

"Jun?" Giselle asked.

"Yeah?"

"Are you ready?"

Jun nodded. "Ready as I'll ever be."

Jun started walking to the back door. He had to go around a *lot* of solar panels and barren construction sites, so he was bewildered when he saw Giselle waiting for him.

"How— how did you get here already?" Jun panted. Giselle pointed in the opposite direction. "I took the short way," she said. Jun looked behind her, and she indeed took the short way. She had walked no more than a hundred meters. Jun shrugged and pushed open the back door, only to be greeted by a labyrinth of computers and machines.

Jun crept through the shadows, carefully observing every machine he saw. He and Giselle had separated and were connected by two walkie-talkies. He saw computer screens, some blaring silent warnings, some powered off, and even some that were simply charred remnants. After what seemed like hours of navigating, Jun finally got to the first nuclear generator. He pulled the emergency shutdown switch, and bolted for the exit.

Someone was waiting for him.

"What are you doing here?" A guard growled. Jun backed away into the control panel.

"I don't know," Jun said. Then he ran up to the guard and kicked him in between the legs. The guard doubled over, screaming in pain, and Jun ran over him and picked up his walkie.

“Giselle,” he said, running to the next nuclear cell. “They know I’m here.”

## **Chapter 8**

Jun Ahn

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“What do you mean, they know you’re here?!” Giselle whisper-shouted into the walkie.

“I just attacked a guard and I’m running,” Jun panted. “How many have you shut off?”

“Two. You?”

“One. There’s one more to go, and I’m headed over there right now.”

“Okay. I’m headed over there right now.”

Jun put away his walkie and focused on his surroundings. If he kept running straight ahead, he would reach the last reactor. He looked around and realized he had a stitch in his side.

*Ow.*

*Keep running, Jun.*

It was getting extremely hard to breathe by now. But he had to keep going. Jun was breathing raggedly and running slower and slower. When he had told his teacher that Giselle was having an asthma attack, it was true that she had asthma. But he did, too. And running full speed in tight-fitting underclothes was *not* helping. Neither was having his inhaler at school.

*You can’t stop.*

*Keep... running...*

He couldn’t breathe at all. He stopped and sat down, hoping to regain his strength. The world was spinning, and he fell sideways, and upside down, and everything was getting darker. As he slipped unconscious, he saw Giselle running towards him.

*I failed.*

And then there was nothing.

## **Chapter 9**

Seoul General Hospital, ICU (Intensive Care Unit) lobby, 2078

Giselle Ahn

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Giselle waited nervously for her visiting time. Every day she had visited her twin brother, and every day he was still unresponsive. Nearly a year had passed since he had a near fatal asthma attack, and he'd been in a coma ever since. She had gotten him balloons and candies for their fifteenth birthday, but she wasn't sure he'd be awake for it.

"Giselle?"

One of Jun's nurses poked her head out of the door. "You can come in now. Your sister is waiting."

This irritated her. "*He's my brother,*" Giselle hissed through gritted teeth, shoving past her.

"Miss!" The nurse exclaimed in her snooty voice. "Nothing is on Samantha's records about her being a boy. Okay?"

"I want to punch you in the face so badly right now. Look. At. Him." Giselle turned her back to the nurse and set the balloons and candies by her brother's bed. As she refused to listen to the nurse's yammering, she caught a movement in her eye. Jun! She held his hand and pressed it to her knee. Jun's eyes slowly opened.

"G—Giselle?" Jun's voice was barely audible, mostly due to the ventilator mask over his nose and mouth. About three weeks into him being in the hospital, Giselle had convinced most of the nurses to call him Jun, but there were a few nurses that refused. This was one of them.

Giselle waved the nurse away, who huffed something about "untrustworthy "

"Jun," Giselle breathed. She gave him a light hug. "You were so brave."

Jun chuckled. "Couldn't have done it without you," he said. Giselle pulled the balloons closer and a letter left on his bed stand. "Happy birthday," she said. Giselle took her free hand and helped Jun open the letter. It was from Ethan, the same person who delivered the first letter a year ago.

*To Jun and Giselle Ahn-*

*Thank you*

*-Ethan G.*