

Eve and
Peterson

Narrative Story Graph

Title:

A Visit To The
Past

Sizzling Start
Zoe finds a brand new car in her garage from her friend Ivy saying it's a time travel car.

Exciting Ending
(Action climax)
Zoe realises that she has dramatically changed the future in a big way.

Character Wrap-up
(Emotional resolution)
When she comes back she sees a lot of time machines. When she goes inside a museum, she is hot stuck.

Gradual build up of tension

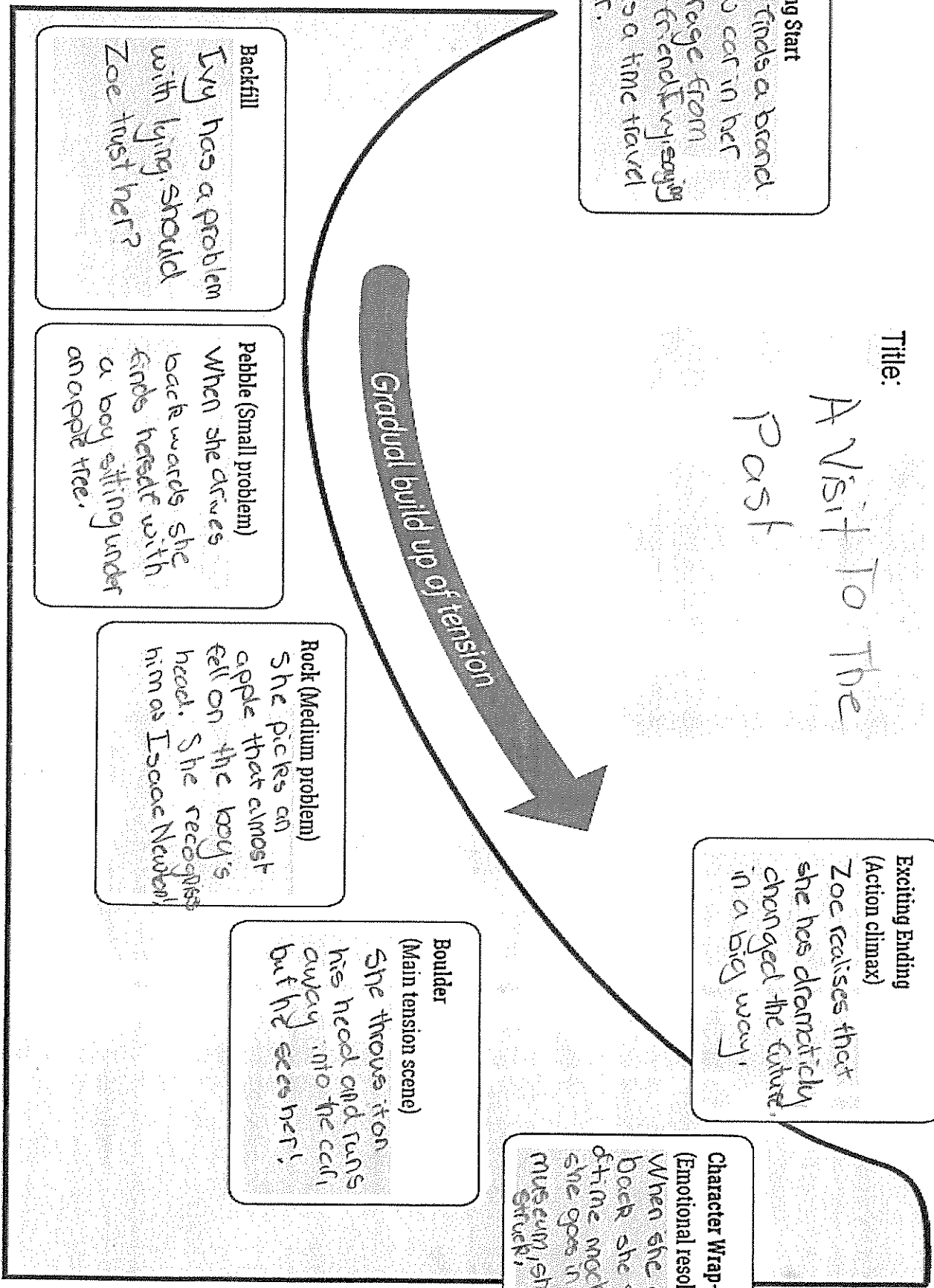
Interest level

Backfill
Ivy has a problem with lying, should Zoe trust her?

Pebble (Small problem)
When she drives backwards she ends her seat with a boy sitting under an apple tree.

Rock (Medium problem)
She picks an apple that almost fell on the boy's head. She recognises him as Isaac Newton!

Boulder
(Main tension scene)
She throws it on his head and runs away into the cell, but he sees her!



A Visit To The Past By Eleanor Peterson

Zoe stared at the brand new car that had been left just outside the museum. It was black all over and glimmered invitingly in the torchlight. Her friend Ivy had sworn that it was a time travelling car, but that didn't mean much because Ivy had a nasty habit of lying. Even so, wouldn't it be nice to try it out? As she slipped inside the car, she wondered where she could go. No ideas came to her, so she decided to just try going backwards. She started the car up, put on her seatbelt and reversed slowly, hoping that she was doing the right thing.

There was a jolt, Zoe immediately saw a swirl of distorted faces and colours. Her stomach heaved and she had to swallow back a mouthful of bile. Everything happened in less than a millisecond, then the world regained its normal stability. Zoe plodded dismally out of her car. She might as well have a look around before leaving, she reasoned with herself. She definitely couldn't remember this place. Zoe walked over to a young man sitting close by, hoping that he could help her.

He wore old fashioned clothes and was sitting underneath a handsome apple tree. As Zoe drew close, she saw an apple drop through the air, about to hit his head. She held out a hand and caught it in mid-flight, then crunched down through its red skin. She looked more closely at the young man. He did not notice the stranger who was standing next to him still, but Zoe felt like she remembered him from somewhere. She searched her memory – fancy wig, falling apple - and found his name. Isaac Newton! If it was, then she had just caught the apple that inspired him to research gravity! She looked down at the fruit in horror.

As an ocean of disorganised thoughts and ideas started to flow through her head, she panicked and picked the easiest option. She threw the half eaten apple onto Isaac Newton's head. It struck him juicily and, she hoped, inspirationally. As she sprinted to her car, she looked behind her and could see that he had spotted her. Isaac opened his mouth, looking like he was about to shout at Zoe, but she was already too far away to hear.

As she landed back next to the museum, it was daytime, and Zoe saw a confusing blur of colours from everyday life as she squinted in the bright light of the sun. As her eyes adjusted to the brightness of the morning, she stumbled up the front steps and into the museum, desperate to get away from the garish colours of billboard advertisements and the painfully loud sounds of cars driving. At the front desk she noticed an exhibit she had never seen before. The world's first time travelling car, first designed by Isaac Newton. Even stranger yet, he was called a "famous artist". Wait a second, Zoe thought, isn't Isaac famous for his work on gravity? Zoe strode through the museum with a purposeful expression on her face, stopping at the art section. And with a gaping mouth she looked upon what she had done.