

sigh at the fresh mountain air swirling around my shoulders. I can't help but take a moment to close my eyes and bask in the sun.

I have just arrived in the summer of 1905 to meet Kimberly for an interview. Kimberly is from my first book in my time travel series. I think she would be a great option for someone to interview because she is very open, honest and personable.

I look around to see if she is out in the garden as usual, but do not see her.

She must be inside her cabin, I decide. She does have several children after all.

"Zoe!" I hear a man calling my name, and look over towards the barn. "It's nice to see you again!" I smile at Shaun. He is admittedly one of my favorite male characters with his charming personality and humor. I am so glad I introduced Nicky to him; before he fell in love with her, he had lost that goofy grin I love so much.

"Shaun, it has been a while!" I speak to him as I walk through the tall grass to get to him and the horse he is leading out to the coral.

*“I hear you came to visit us for an interview.” His grin spreads, and I can tell his is about to tease me. “Although, I can’t imagine why you would interview anyone but me.” “Not even your wife?” I tease back easily. I know he doesn’t need to be in the spotlight; he only enjoys joking with people.*

*“Hm, well I suppose she would be a charming person to get to know better,” he hedges.*

*“You know I would have a much more entertaining interview than you.” Nicky comes up behind him, and wraps her arms around him. He turns around to kiss her simply before turning back to me, while keeping an arm around his wife. One thing I love about their relationship is they are able to show their affection without any reservations.*

*“Nicky, It’s nice to see you,” I say sincerely. “You know I would love to interview every one of you, but I would like to start with Kimberly. Do you know where I can find her?”*

*Just then we hear Kimberly shout in frustration.*

*I look at Nicky curiously. She sighs, then explains. “She wanted to cook something to serve you during her interview.”*

*“Ah.” No further explanation is needed. We are all aware that cooking is not one of Kimberly’s talents. “I’d better go see what I can do help then. It was nice to chat for a few minutes.”*

*“Absolutely. Good luck!” Nicky calls after me as I make my way over to the main cabin. I can smell the smoke that is wafting out of the kitchen window, and shake my head.*

*“Kimberly?” I knock on the door before opening it.*

*Kimberly is scowling at an apple pie on the counter that is darkened to a near black and overflowing everywhere. She jumps at the sounds of her name, and whirls around to look at me, flour on her face.*

*“Zoe! I hadn’t realized it was time for our interview yet.”*

*She looks dejectedly at the pie on the counter. “I’m afraid I got distracted.”*

*“You know you didn’t have to cook for me.” I come over to give her a hug.*

*“I know. I just have to try every now and then. I have gotten pretty good at dinner rolls!” She states proudly. “I guess I just thought I might be getting used to this wood stove by now. It has been over twelve years now,” she chuckles to herself.*

*“Dinner rolls! That’s no easy feat.” I laugh with her.*

*“Luckily I do know a trick. Believe it or not, I have had to salvage a pie before.” It doesn’t take her long to scrape off the blackened top crust to reveal the apple pie filling underneath. “The rest should taste just fine!” She steps back, and presents the pie.*

*“It looks great now! I’m impressed!” I laugh again. She scoops out the apple filling out onto plates, and brings it over to the table, and I savour a few bites before starting on the interview.*

*“So, Kimberly, I want to start with a question that I am sure everyone has been wondering. What do you miss the most about 2005?”*

*“Oh that one is easy. Hot showers! It takes so long to heat water out here, that the tub never gets as full as I would really like it. I dream about nice, long, hot and steamy showers all the time!” she says with a smile, and I already know without asking, she would never give up her family for the opportunity to have hot water.*

*I laugh easily with her. “Showers are even better than take-out?” I tease.*

*“Oh.. Well, can’t I say I miss both equally?” she chuckles. “Chinese takeout was a wonderful go-to dinner!”*

*“Okay, I’ll allow it,” I say while I am still laughing. “Next question: If you could go on a vacation to any time period, in any country, where would you go?”*

*“Hm.. That one is hard. If you had asked before I came to meet Patrick, I would have said the 1800’s. So, I guess my answer will have to change. I would travel maybe another fifty years back in time to England. I think it would really be incredible to experience a ball in all its glory!”*

*“I would have to agree with you there; that would be quite the experience,” I say with a smile, and take another bite of the pie filling. It really does taste good, despite the blackened appearance when it first came out of the oven.*

*“Now, what is your favorite thing about living in 1905?”*

*“Raising my children. I love how easy it is to teach my children good ethics, and how to work hard. They will always appreciate what they have, and treat others with respect. Each of my children are so wonderful and special in their own way, and I can’t imagine a different world that would develop their personalities in a more productive way.”*

*“I can agree with you there, your children are wonderful.”*

*As if on queue, Richard, Katherine and Josephine come in.*

“Ooh, pie!” Richard shouts, going over to the kitchen to get a better look. When he sees it’s haggard appearance, his face falls. “Did you bake it?”

Kimberly and I both laugh. I speak up for her. “Yes, she did, and it is delicious!”

He seems to find that a good enough answer, and scoops some onto a plate for himself, and his two sisters. Josephine crawls into Kimberly’s lap while her brother is serving the pie, and peeks at me shyly. I smile, and wave to her. I have always had a soft spot for sweet little personalities like Josephine’s.

Richard and Katherine bring the plates over to the table, and sit down to join us. “Thank you for allowing me to come spend a little time with you all today.” I say with a smile.

“Anytime,” Kimberly responds. “Are you sure you have to go so soon?”

“I’m afraid so. I would like to get home before dark.” I kiss each of the children on their heads, and head back out into the woods. Once safely in the forest, I clutch my borrowed time piece to my chest.

It pays to know a wizard. I think to myself as I disappear into thin air.