

# A Night in Paris

**PART 1**



**BY RYAN AND TERRY**

GRADE 10A

## A Night in Paris (Part 1)

The silence faded one morning, and the grinding of metal can be heard around a laboratory at the MIT (Massachusetts Institute of Technology). It was a hot bright day, and the birds were chirping in the college garden. The sun was out, and its light was shining all over America. The day was June 23<sup>rd</sup> 2012. Almost every lab has a scent of coffee, and empty, white, Chinese takeout containers were scattered all over the ground. The engineering institute building in MIT was packed with a lot of students this year. All of the students and engineers in the building were all busy with their studies, researches, and works. Engineering was one of the best courses to take in college because it was somewhat fun. It was a very big field and it was one of the things to learn in order to acquire and apply scientific, mathematical, economic, social, and practical knowledge. Engineers invent, design, and build structures, machine, devices, systems, materials, and processes that will revolutionize technology, and change the world. For this year, there were two *summa cum laude* (meaning “with highest honor”) students in the engineering field. Terrance Yohan and Randy Benton, who did outstanding, work last year. Terrance Yohan created an eco-friendly engine that converts plastic into electricity by absorbing it without burning it. The machine was 100% heat-free, and uses trash as resources. As of today, the whole United States has over 9000 branches of plastic fueling stations. Randy Benton created a vacuum-like machine that suctions radioactive particles, and converts it into oxygen. Randy’s creation helped and saved Japan from radiation since the 2011 Tōhoku nuclear power plant meltdown incident. The two best engineers will never work together, and were always rivals since they both received *summa cum laude* at the same time. As of today, Terrance Yohan can be seen at his lab, doing what he does best. He was a mechanical engineer, working on his latest project, which he has been working on for 6 months. He was inventing a new kind of battery, that puts over 9000 *trilowatts* of energy into a single box the size of a 3x3 Rubik’s cube. His work was near in completion, but someone was holding him up, delaying his work. That someone was Randy Benton, colleague majoring quantum physics. He was Terrance's mortal rival, and their minds were equally intelligent. They hate each other, and they always try to invent new stuff that would be more victorious than the other. While Terrance was working on his new cubic battery, Randy was doing calculations and blueprints on making a time machine, which Terrance find absurd and surreal because it was impossible to ever make a time machine. Since Randy was a quantum mechanic, he was trying to defy all odds, showing the world his creation.

Their research and development went on for months at a slow, calm, and steady pace; however their speed came to full throttle when the engineer’s institute program made a contest for the best invention. The winner will receive an award, and it’s none other than the Nobel Prize for engineering. It’s an engineer’s dream to have the Nobel Prize because it will represent their high knowledge in their field. This was their holy grail, and everyone in the building will do their best to get the hard to obtain reward. Terrance and Randy were busy the whole day, but they were still paranoid one of them will sabotage the other first. Terrance was a long brown-haired, tall, handsome, young man who studies mechanical engineering. He was now nearly complete with his energy cube. He was now plotting a way of sabotaging his rival Randy. He was positively sure that he was the best in the institute, although the only one that can match his strengths

was Randy Benton. Randy was a tall, fair, intellectual, shorthaired quantum mechanic. He was also near in completing his time machine. Even though he worked hard on the time machine with years of his life's research, he was not sure if it would work. He really wanted to win so much, that he plotted a way of stopping his rival, Terrance from winning the Nobel Prize. It was now a battle of wits to win the Nobel Prize.

The contest was nearly at bay, and all the engineers were almost finish with their contraptions. The building was very loud, drills and hammers can be heard everywhere. Very interesting tools and devices have been made in the institute. From ray guns and lightsabres, to hover boards and mech suits. Vintage antiques can be seen on other booths, from gramophones to vintage cameras were present. One of the gramophones was playing an old song from the 20<sup>th</sup> century. It had a very fine tune, and the song appeared to be in another language. The singer's voice was beautiful and heavenly, and it was revealed the song was in French.

*Jusqu'à présent, j'adorais les voyous  
Les p'tits mectons en casquette  
Mais dans Broadway, j' suis chipée tout à coup  
Par un coquin bien plus chouette*

*Pour me prouver son ardente passion  
À la minute amoureuse  
Il casse les vitres et même la suspension  
À petits coups d' mitrailleuse*

*C'est mon gangster  
De lui rien ne m'étonne  
Sa garçonnière  
C'est un coffre de vingt tonnes  
Il sait y faire  
En amour, mieux qu' personne  
Et je donnerais Rockefeller  
Pour une nuit d' mon gangster*

The French lyrics roughly translates to:

*So far, I loved the thugs  
The little cap in mectons  
But on Broadway, I am suddenly sneaked  
By a rogue much more fun*

*To prove to me his burning passion  
The minute love  
He breaks the windows and even the suspension  
In short bursts of machine gun*

*This is my gangster*

*Him, nothing surprises me  
His bachelor  
This is a safe twenty tons  
He knows how to do  
In love, the better that person  
And I would give Rockefeller  
For one night of my gangster*

The song was all over the building that morning. Apparently, the gramophone playing the French song was an upgraded gramophone that was ten times louder and clearer than the usual ones. The gramophone was upgraded by an engineer in the institute. The engineer was also participating in the competition. The upgraded gramophone will be a good device for listening to very old records in high definition sound quality. All of the inventions in the building were surprisingly perfect candidates for winning the Nobel Prize. Some of the works and inventions already broke the laws of physics, which can change the world, but there were only two inventions that stood them all, those were the time machine, and the energy cube. Physicists and theorists would love to learn about the two devices; it will definitely change the technology of the world. The energy cube was a device that was useful for powering a city. One small cube could generate enough power to a town for a decade! It was a groundbreaking invention. The other superior invention was the time machine, patented by Randy Benton himself, a device that can teleport people to another time period, which has never been done before. The quantum physicist definitely perfected how to make one, which Randy and other scientists claimed he did, and it will definitely cause great controversies and perhaps danger. The time machine was to be feared and used with caution, even Randy himself was afraid of its powers. Both Randy and Terrance wanted to have the Nobel Prize for publicity and recognition. Although Randy would go outside the box, and even break the laws of physics just to gain his title, and turn down his long-term rival Terrance.

However, one man's paranoia was another man's burden. Terrance feared his eco-friendly mega invention wouldn't stand a chance against a time machine. Ironically, Randy thought Terrance's invention would beat him, so they both put their plot to work. The night before the contest was calm. Everyone was asleep in their own dorm, excited in slumber for the upcoming event, except for the two. Both Terrance and Randy, all dressed up like a black ninja, sneakily and stealthily tip-toed to their rival's garage where their inventions lay. They both crawled to their enemy's base simultaneously, not noticing each other because of the void of darkness covering their peripherals. Coincidentally, none of them brought their custom night vision goggles. Randy arrived in Terrance's cubicle, and there he saw the shining cube. The light from the cube was so bright; Terrance had put a tinted glass base to cover the cube. Randy unlocked the case with his lock picking skills, and replaced the energy cube with a false decoy hologram transmitter that scans and copies the object perfectly minus the performance, although the transmitter didn't duplicate the intense amount of bright light. Randy stole the energy cube and put it in his suit, and went back to his safe haven. Terrance arrived at Randy's cubicle the same time as Randy arrived to Terrance's cubicle. Terrance found the time machine's schematic, and with curiosity, he scanned and downloaded the schematics into his protophone. Terrance had a hard time tweaking the time machine to self-destruct mode

with the help of his custom state of the art *Zwizz Army Tool* because of the time machine's super advance software. Randy's software was in *Elvish* language, and only Lord of The Rings die-hard fans could decode the software if only they were an intellectual engineer like Randy.

Moments later, Terrance still didn't manage to overwrite the software, and Randy went inside the room. Both of them were surprised, and instantly, flame bursted in their eyes.

"What are you doing in with my time machine?! You are trying to sabotage it!" Randy yelled. Terrance had been caught with his action. Terrance never got this scared in his entire life; he had a sudden feeling he will get disqualified from the competition. Before he lost hope, he thought of a counter attack.

He replied, "I'm going to ask you the same thing! Why are you still awake?" The light from the energy cube illuminated through Randy's black ninja suit. Randy noticed the light.

"You bastard! You stole my hard worked creation!" Randy quickly added.

Terrance answered, "You're the bastard! You're destroying my time machine!" Both of them were really angry, and they sheathed their fists and braced their selves. They were about to engage melee combat. Terrance tried to punch Randy in the face, but Randy's agility swipe made Terrance's fist to miss. Randy then quickly tackled Terrance in the torso and shoved him to the ground. The fight was intense, but no one was around, or awake to witness it. Terrance pushed Randy away into the desk, and stood up. The energy cube was on the ground, almost got kicked by Randy, but luckily he noticed it before it was too late. He picked it up, and put it inside his pocket. Randy then dashed like a bull pushing Terrance again, but into the time machine. The shock from Terrance's landing turned on the time machine. Randy went in to strangle Terrance's neck. Terrance panicked waving his hands, his arm hit a lever and numbers from the screen were shuffling and dialing up. The code 1920 RDM appeared, and lights were flashing inside the machine. The telephone booth-styled time machine was charging up. The two men were too busy to notice it, and both of their adrenaline rushes were so high, that they didn't even notice their own surroundings. The machine shook and rumbled, and epileptic flashing lights shone, and suddenly disintegrated them. With Randy not knowing around what's happening in his surroundings, he didn't know that his time machine was fully operational, and was now taking them to an unknown time period. Both of the men were vaporized safely, and now disappeared from our modern day period. Smoke and a gust of mist surrounded the time machine. When the fog evaporated, no one has seen the two boys since. No one knew anything about their time travel accident.

In a dark alley the two boys were unconscious, lying on the floor. It was rainy and foggy. The sun dusked down with its rays of light to the opposite side of the earth, and the moon was slowly climbing its way to show off its glory to the sleepy, drowsy citizens. It had a silent ambience, but only the rain and traffic filled up the sound of the alley. It was very cold, and the sound of cars passing by can be heard nearby. The steam was coming out from the manhole, and light posts were flickering outside. Only when the rats gnawed the two boys' pants had awoken them up from their deep slumber. They saw each other, and realized they were fighting.

Terrance yelled, "Where are we? What have you done?"

"This is your fault! Why did you have to break-in in my station? You dirty prick ruining my hard worked creation!" Randy answered.

"Explain to me why you have my energy cube in your pocket! This is preposterous, since your time machine did this, you better take us back to where we left." Terrance replied with an angry tone.

Randy said, "The time machine I invented is only a prototype, and I haven't finished working on the return pad. Thanks to you, I won't win the Nobel Prize, and be crowned the best engineer in MIT. The only option we have now is to build a hopefully working new time machine out of the parts we can scrape from this place, but the problem is I do not have the schematics with me, it might take me months to recreate the blueprint from scratch."

Terrance replied, "I don't even bother getting mad at you, at least none of us will win that Nobel Prize. All I want now is to return back to our time period. Luckily, I scanned your time machine blueprints when I was *inspecting* your station. I think we should have a truce for now just to get back home. With your quantum mechanics and my mechanical engineering, we can both return home with ease." Terrance, with his face empty of hope, sat on the wet floor, and calmed down.

Randy said with a smile on his face, "Okay, truce... We will help each other build the time machine. It will be very complex since most of the parts of my time machine like the flux capacitor will be impossible to obtain here with raw materials. I don't even know if this era has already invented the stuff we will need. We need to know where we are, and most importantly when we are... first, so our goal will have a more narrow and easier path." He stood up, looked above the apartments and grabbed some clothes for them to wear, so they can look the part for the time period they were in. They took velvet coats and trilby hats. They definitely looked like Italian mobs, but they don't act the part.

"Let us go, and find more information about this time and place. We are going to ask the locals, but I be very careful, do not do anything that can alter the future. Do not try changing the future, or else the consequences will be dire." Randy told Terrance. The two boys went out of the alley, and search more information on where they were in.

After a long one-hour walk on the rain, they reached an alive, bright town with people and traffic everywhere. It was still dark and rainy. They arrived at a public building. It was covered with bright flashing lights, and swing music can be heard inside. The two boys stood at the front door, and wondered what kind of place was it. Suddenly, a woman went out of the door, all dressed in a colourful gown. She was wearing make up, and her dress was flashy and elegant like a peacock. The music and the art deco design around the place made them suggest that they went back to the past, instead of going forward to the future. Before both of them went inside, Randy reminded Terrance,

"Remember, do not say anything about the future, nor do anything that can alter the timeline. Also, never show anyone your gadgets and tools, or else we will be on the front page of the wall street journal." Randy held and turned the brass knob, opened the misty glass fine-crafted door, and went in with Terrance. The music got louder as soon as they step foot on the fine carpet revealing tons of people. All dressed fancy and formal; the people inside the building were dining and enjoying their time. Waitresses can be seen in fine lingerie and pin-up costumes, giving drinks and cigars to the lovely people inside. The aroma of liquor can be sense throughout the place, and it was quite dark and foggy, flashing lights, and confetti can be seen flying around the place also. The two boys

looked around and saw a stage. Women in flashy gowns were dancing and singing, and all of them look gorgeous. Then they realized they were in a cabaret bar, but they were still uncertain what year they were in.

Terrance said, "It seems like we are in paradise. Lots of sexy, glamorous women,". He humorously added, "Let's stay here, we could have all these women with our money, it'll be cheap for us! Haha!"

"Calm your horses! This isn't a brothel; it's a Broadway cabaret." Randy replied. "We must find someone who we can talk to, and ask information on where we are, and where we could stay for the night. We need to rest first, and tomorrow, we shall ask where we could get scrap metal for our time machine." The girls on stage were playing a French song, and doing the can-can. The full moon was finally at its full potential outside the burlesque singing its silent lullaby to the slumbering citizens. The boys were still positive they could go back in time without any trouble, without any disruption.

The boys finally found the bar section of the burlesque, where they sell the liquor and alcohol. The bartender was there, and he appears to be cleaning some of the mugs. The bartender was wearing a red vest with ruby studs around them. He was no ordinary bartender, he had a suave, curly moustache, and his hair was combed and gelled to make him look like a real gentleman. The collection of bottles on the background certainly made the boys drool; it was covered with shiny brand new bottles of liquor fit for a king. Surprisingly, they were all cheap at that place, or probably all cheap on that era. The boys approached the moustached bartender. The kind bartender offered them a shot of their best wine.

"Good evening fine gentlemen, welcome to *Balaban and Katz Chicago Theatre*. Here is one of the cabaret's fine liquor, on the house. You two gentlemen certainly look like you're not from around town. The liquor is my greeting and welcome for both of you. You two should enjoy tonight with fine music, this Chicago is known for its grande cabaret and bar that would certainly reach your level of happiness and tranquility. Moreau Poley at your service," the bartender said it with a French accent.

"Yes, we are not from around here, we would like to know what the name of the city or town we are in, and would like to know the date please... It seemed that with odd circumstances, we bought an outdated newspaper when traveling off route to this place," Terrance said with a not so intimidating face.

"Oh you are in Chicago City of course, famous for its divine pulchritudinous women, and elegantly tasteful liquor. Today is December 6, 1923, three hours before midnight," the bartender gladly replied.

"How come this town has so much French people?" Randy asked Moreau with curiosity.

"The town is fairly new, only three years from its birth. French refugees escaped to Illinois from Paris cowering from the deadly conflicts of the Great War. As soon as we bought an abandoned theatre in this town, we turned it into a cabaret bar, and our business boomed and grew very fast. The Americans liked our concept of art and music, that is why after three years, there are a lot of Americans and French in this particular town," Moreau answered with honour and pride. Randy nodded with awe and compassion.

Randy said, "It is amazing how your life became better as soon as you established positive feedback on top of those heavy burdens and problems you have encountered."

Moreau agreed, and replied, "And that's why never give your hopes up, and keep reaching your goal." The message Moreau told Randy, reminded Randy of his hard worked time machine, and his goal of getting the Nobel Prize. Randy will never give up on making a way for them to get back to their own time, just to win the Nobel Prize.

The two boys stayed in the theatre for a while to have some rest on what was currently happening in their lives. They sat down on the finely crafted wooden chair, and put their drinks on the marble tiled table. The burlesque cabaret bar, Chicago Theatre, doesn't look like the one people currently go to in the 21<sup>st</sup> century. It was heavier in French architecture and design. The place was very small compared to the current one. It was the first French cabaret bar in the United States, and many French immigrants live near that area. The place didn't look like an opera house. The stage was small, and red flashy curtains cover the backstage. Tables and chairs for dining were set before the stage for guests to sit down and socialize. The bartender and the bar itself sit on the side, and was usually populated by drunkards and partygoers. For convenience, attractive waitresses dressed in Victorian corsets and lingerie fetch drinks and liquors to people sitting down on the table. Performers at the stage usually did song and dance that was majorly French themed, and often sung or played in French. The bar was still young, two years old to be precise since its construction, and the French cabaret era was still new to America. American people find it very interesting, and French people have the feeling like they're right at home. It was ten o'clock in the evening, and the place was still active with people. Most of the performers were women who were incredibly talented. The guests usually go there to see the women's eye gazing performances. Terrance and Randy were watching a can-can dance by a group of beautiful talented women called *Les Filles Magiques Fantastiques (The Magic Fantastic Girls)*. They were all wearing beautiful can-can outfits that looked like they were wearing crimson rose petals, and black soft fabric. They were also wearing a rich velvet feather headdress that simply looks stunning. They were all kicking and dancing. The dazzling lights, and colorful dresses made their performance looked amazing. Randy grabbed his watch, and looked at the time.

Randy said, "It is almost midnight, we need a place to sleep in, and I'm going to ask the bartender if he knows a place where we can sleep." Terrance heard Randy, but did not react. He was in trance with the group's performance. Terrance had always been fond of attractive and talented women. He leaned his chin on his hands, and gazed at the dance.

As soon as Randy was on his way back to the bartender, the can-can dancers just finished their dance, and the announcer went up the stage. The announcer's suit looked like what a ringleader of a circus wears.

The announcer said, "Let's give a round of applause to *The Les Filles Magiques Fantastiques* everyone! For our next act, some lovely singing by Chicago's best... Lara Dubois!" As the singer goes up the stage, Terrance's eyes and mouth widely opened. The very gorgeous singer sat on the chair on stage, and grabbed the hanging microphone. She said in a very polite manner with her seducing voice,

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen. My name is Lara Dubois, and I'm going to sing a song I wrote called *Les Amants de Paris* meaning Lovers of Paris. I wrote the song on a ship en route to Illinois from Paris, so I dedicate this song to my hometown Paris." She then closed her eyes, took a deep breath, and started singing in French.



*Les amants de Paris couchent sur ma chanson  
A Paris les amants s'aiment à leur façon  
Les refrains que je leur dis  
C'est plus beau que les beaux jours  
Ça fait des tas de printemps et le printemps fait l'amour.*

The verse roughly translates to:

*Lovers of Paris every my song  
In Paris the lovers love each in their own way  
Every moment I tell them  
It is more beautiful than the beautiful days  
Because my spring and spring made love.*

Terrance was filled with awe, and was mesmerized by her sweet voice. It was no doubt Terrance was in love. Meanwhile on the other side of the cabaret, Randy approached Moreau again.

"Do you know a place, like an inn or hotel where we can sleep for the night?" he asked.

"Why yes sir, but unfortunately all hotels and inns in Chicago are all occupied since the construction of this very theatre. Don't worry sir, I will try to call and telegraph the hotels and see if there will be available for you and your associate. Please wait."

Moreau replied. Randy sat on the bar chair, grabbed a drink from the waitress, and think of ways he was going to gather parts for the time machine. Terrance on the other hand was still not out of his hypnosis from Lara's sweet melody. Finally, Moreau finished sending telegraphs and calling people, and got the results back. He called Randy.

"Excuse me sir, unfortunately there are no more rooms available in the whole city. I apologize for the inconvenience."

Randy replied with great fear and nervousness, "But where are we suppose to stay?! You can't just possibly let us sleep on the streets!"

"Sir I'm sorry, but you're not the only one who has no place to sleep to. The nearest town with an inn or hotel is 20 miles from here. I do not recommend it, but that might be your only choice. I'm sorry sir, and good luck." Moreau replied while trying to stay calm. Randy looked at the windows, and saw it was still raining. He had fear and worry on his face, and also cluelessness. This was their first day, and things were not moving well. Randy seems to be the only one worried between the two engineers. Terrance has his mind with Lara. Speaking of Lara, Her beautiful song finally ended, as soon as Randy walked back to Terrance. Everyone applauded, and Lara gave her thanks and left the stage.

Randy finally arrived at their table. With great depression and worry, Randy didn't even bother telling Terrance that they were shelter-less. Terrance stood up, and told Randy, "I'm going to go back stage, and congratulate Lara. I have never been so thrilled in my whole life! She is just stunning and amazing, I must meet her!" Before Terrance left, Randy stood up as well.

"I'm coming with you," he replied sadly.

"Don't even think about it! Don't try your ways with her!" Terrance replied hastily with caution.

"Don't worry I won't, I have much more important matters to attend to. Don't forget, we need to build the time machine so we can go back to our time. Don't tell her anything about the time machine or what we really are. We must not alter the timeline. Who knows, she might be the president of the United States if we do something bad." Randy answered. The boys walked out of the table, and into the side of the stage. The wooden door had a sign saying Restricted Area, Staff Only. That didn't stop Terrance from going in. He crawled under the red curtains on stage, and luckily, no one saw him. Randy, with nowhere to go, crawled under the shimmering curtains, and followed Terrance. The backstage was filled with clothes rack with costumes and gowns hanging on them. The two boys walked in a hallway that consists of series doors located on both left and right. They walked closer, and each door has a gold star sign with a name on them. Names like, Monroe, Bourget, Faux, Descartes, and Simone were on the doors. They reached the end of the corridor, and saw a door in the middle. The sign also had a gold star with a name engraved. The name on the door was Dubois, and it was the room Terrance was looking for. With great delight, he knocked on the door, and hoped for the best. The brass knob on the door moved, and the door itself was pulled back by an arm. The person who opened the door was none other than the beautiful Lara Dubois. She was a gorgeous girl, a brunette with soft skin. She wasn't wearing any make-up, but her face was still pretty. She was an Au Naturel, and she had perfect white teeth. Her eyes were hazel brown, and her lips were soft and luscious. Lara looked at Terrance.

"Good evening, how may I help you?" She said while smiling.

"Good evening ma'am, my name is Terrance Yohan, and this is my friend, Randy Benton. I just want to say, your performance tonight was simply astounding! You have a voice of an angel, and you are very beautiful." Terrance answered bravely. She smiled and blushed.

She replied, "Thank you my kind sir. No gentleman has ever complimented me before. All I see here are drunken men. You are certainly one of a kind. You must not be from around here."

Terrance answered with joy, "Why yes I'm from the-" Randy elbowed Terrance, thus stopping Terrance of revealing they're from the future. Terrance suddenly remembered and said, "From Massachusetts!"

Randy interrupted Terrance again and said, "We were on a 10 day expedition from Massachusetts. Apparently, our own homemade automobile broke down, and we are finding a place to gather parts for repair. Do you know a place where we can get scrap metal?"

Willing to help, Lara replied, "Yes yes! I know a place just off the block, but please come in. You gentlemen seem tired. You need some rest; you are welcome to come inside." With great gratitude, both the boys thanked Lara, and went inside her small room.

The two boys entered Lara's small dressing room / bedroom. Turns out all the performers on the cabaret live inside the theatre. Lara's room was filled with posters and awards. Posters of various cabaret events and pictures of famous French performers can be seen hanging from her blue-green wall. In her table, her awards were in display. The awards showcased her talents for singing. The boys were astonished at her achievements.

There was a photo of Lara standing in front of the *Moulin Rouge* cabaret. It was revealed Lara was one of the performers who were in *Moulin Rouge*, the best cabaret in Paris.

Lara said, "Please, make yourselves feel at home! I will set up the beds for you. You will be sleeping here tonight since I know you have no place to stay." Randy shrieked in happiness, and shook Lara's hands.

He said, "Oh thank you thank you thank you! How can we ever repay your gratitude?"

She replied, "You don't need to do anything; I'm just trying to help you and your friend. Now please, have a rest Randy, there are some clothes outside if you want to change. I will tell you tomorrow in the morning where you could find parts for your machine."

"Thank you very much!" Randy said, and sat down on the chair. Once he sat down, he started meditating, thinking of ways to rebuild his time machine with parts gathered from a junkyard set in 1920s. It will be a challenge for both engineers. The technology in the era was too primitive for building the time machine with the blueprints Terrance got on his protophone. Randy took a sketchbook from Lara's cabinet with her permission, and wrote calculations and words. Randy was thinking of how to power the time machine. He then remembered the fight he had with Terrance. The cube he stole from Terrance's lab might be useful in powering the time machine. It seems to be a group work, and Terrance's energy cube will be useful for their time machine. While Randy was writing down plans on his desk, Terrance was busy with something else. He was outside the room, and in the balcony with Lara. They were having a conversation, and it seemed like Terrance and Lara were in love.

Lara noticed and said, "You know, you look like a gangster with the suit you are wearing."

"Oh no! It's not what you think I am not a gangster. I am a mere mortal who wish to be with you." Terrance replied nervously.

"Haha, of course you're not a real gangster, but you are MY gangster. You shot me, and stole my heart." She then proceeded to smile and wink. "You are very interesting and I love to be with you too." Lara laughed. Terrance grabbed her hand and kissed it.

Terrance replied, "Let's be together my love, you could come with me back to Massachusetts once the time ma- I mean the automobile is complete."

Lara answered while blushing, "My gangster! Yes I would love that, life in cabaret is great, but I cannot stand showing my talent to these drunken people! Yes I would love to go with you!" Both Terrance and Lara hugged beneath the twilight. Randy didn't know Terrance invited Lara to go with them back to Massachusetts, although Terrance didn't say when. They all went to sleep, and the two wondered how they're going to build the time machine from scratch. Everyone was now asleep under the comfort of the moon.