

The Sacred Garden of Time  
Episode One

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It all started one October afternoon:

Osly was at her granddad's house for the weekend. She had spent the morning playing Madden '91 on the old man's Apple II not caring that the game was out of date for the year 2007. The man had a Playstation I and 2 and 3. He also had a Nintendo DS and a Nintendo Wii. To make it more out of date, he also had a PC.

But this afternoon was to be spent outside. At about 3 P.M. her grandfather asked her to get some sunflower seeds from his woodshed. Osly heard and went walking towards the woodshed. When she opened the door and stepped in, she instantly felt a tingly falling sensation. Not like the sensation of falling down the stairs, but like falling down an elevator shaft. Instantly she grabbed for the door, but it fell away in front of her eyes. She was in a freefall—nothing to grab on to, nothing to climb on.

Finally she landed in a very peculiar place with doors all around it. A hut at one end of a huge garden with a mansion on the other end of it. On one wall there were moldy chains, but right in the middle was the most surprising—a rope of rings and behind it was a man in no shirt, "I love Eara Dope" shorts, and boxing mitts on his fists.

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"Who goes here?" he said.

"I'm Osly," she replied. "Where am I?"

"Hi, I'm Jack. Dempsey is the last name. Have you heard of me?" he said.

"But that doesn't tell me where I am," Osly snapped back.

"Sorry my dear. You have been caught on the brink of time," said Jack.

"What is that?" snapped back Osly.

"Oh, I knew you would ask that," said Jack. "They always do. At the beginning of time when only Gaia and Neptune were around, they created a world where the dead go and humans time travel. They called it the brink of time. Famous people like me sometimes get granted to watch the entrances. A dozen in all. From here you can go anywhere in time."

"How do I get home? Osly asked.

“I do not know,” said Jack sadly. “But there is a way. But I don’t know it.”

“Can we try?” she asked.

“Yes. In the meantime, I’ll show you around these parts for the next few days,” said Jack.

And without waiting for an answer, he marched off towards the garden. Osly had no choice but to follow.

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Right before the garden, Jack pounded his chest and said, “525 thousand 600. How wheels mouse man that.”

Osly looked at him like he was a madman. Then Jack proceeded into the garden.

“What was that?” asked Osly.

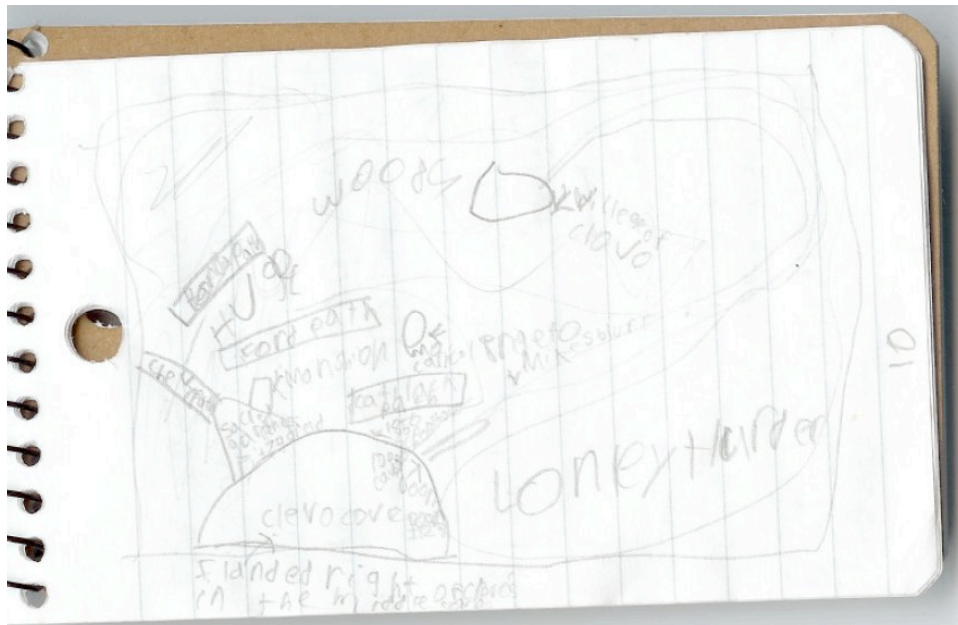
“To get permission to come into this garden, the Sacred Garden of Fitzgerald,” his voiced trailed off.

“Well, let move,” said Osly.

Over the next five days, he showed her the local parts. With it she made a map of it.

“Remember everyone here walks the same speed and rests at the same speed. So in the Maze, we measure in days of walking.”

On the next page is her map:



Five days later she and Jack were staying at an inn run by a man who claimed he died in 400 B.C. Osly secretly believed he was not fibbing. The inn was nice. Located in the Huge Woods 5 minutes from the Ford Path. It had room service, 75 degree heating, but best of all was its library.

The inn's library took up two of the five floors. Instead of walls, there were windows. The view was spectacular! A waterfall, juniper leaves stacked in neat piles, at least seven rock gardens, and best of all was the view of the Coliseum in the village of Clovo. Osly found a book entitled 4471, A Wacky Year of World Cup Baseball. Strange she thought, the only World Cup League now is soccer.

Wondering what this esteemed league was, she opened the book. Instantly the time line formed, formed in her head. In 2014 a huge baseball league on almost every corner there was a man ready to play the old ball game.

The intriguing book said teams that were 101 and 0 lost to teams that were 4 and 87.

It took all day....