



'Your what?' Helen asked.

'My skateboard. There it is! Great! It looks OK!'

'What's it for?' Robert asked. 'Do you use it for carrying things?'

'Yes. Me!' the boy laughed. 'You stand and ride on it. It's fun.'

'Let me try!' said Helen. She stood on the skateboard and Robert pushed her across the floor. 'It doesn't go very fast.'

'It does when you go down a hill!' the boy laughed.



'What else is different in the future?' Helen asked.

'Well, when I want to write something, I touch letters and numbers.'

'You're too poor to have a pen for writing letters or invitations?' Robert said. 'Here! Have one of mine!'

'Thanks! A few children still use pens in the future,' the boy said, 'but millions send several messages each day to their friends on small machines that they keep in their pockets. They talk to their friends on them too.' He looked at Helen, 'You're holding one, actually!'

'This?' Helen said.

'Yes. It's called a phone,' the boy said. 'I came back for that too.'

'We have to walk or go on horses to talk to our friends,' Helen said.

'Some children ride horses in my time, but lots more ride bicycles or travel in cars ... metal machines with engines and wheels.'

'Like trains,' Robert said. 'I've read about those.'

'That's right, but much smaller.'





‘And when people are ill ...?’ asked Helen, who was thinking so hard about all this amazing information, she was beginning to get a headache!

‘In the 21st century, ambulances will drive them to hospitals where amazing cameras can see inside their bodies. Buses and taxis will take businessmen and women to work in skyscrapers too.’

‘Skyscrapers?’ Helen asked.

‘Buildings that are so tall, they sometimes touch the clouds,’ the boy answered.

‘And places called airports will be full of flying machines that take hundreds of passengers to any country in the world.’

‘Next, you’re going to say that people will be able to fly to the moon!’ Robert laughed.

‘That’s right,’ the boy said. ‘Brave people called astronauts will fly around the Earth or visit other planets in rockets that fly 500 kilometres through space every minute.’

‘I think I prefer finding out about the past,’ Robert said.

‘Well, you can do that too if you want ...’ The boy smiled, took his skateboard and phone and disappeared back into the mirror.



‘Interesting, but he knew nothing about history. Let’s meet someone from the past after lunch,’ Robert said and left the room.

Helen smiled and looked at the future boy’s message again. ‘Flying machines?’ she thought. ‘Where’s my favourite drawing pencil?’