

Wasted Time

The sunny days were his favourite. The days where Fraser would dream of his time travelling adventures whilst settling placidly on the peat bank with a cool breeze brushing over his pale face and weaving through his hair. Fraser would be wrapped homely in his mam's lace shawl, in his own world, free from work, studies, chores and duties and the cotton clouds over the blue blanket would drift with the endless time spent whilst laying carelessly in the breathing, blooming plum heather. He is a time traveller, passing slowly through time.

Fraser was sat down at the lopsided table in the damp room along with his dad, a man with a welcoming smile and everlasting wrinkles. His father had a way of making everything okay, he was calm. Easy. Timeless. The food served for Fraser was the usual boiled tatties and occasional fish, but he never whined, he was too busy dreaming of the next adventure and never dwelling on the past. After the meal Fraser's mam would read the only book in the house to Fraser for bedtime, 'The Countries of the World'. Fraser did not understand the words, but he enjoyed looking at the shapes of the land on the pages. With a whirling mind Fraser got very little sleep and would often lay awake whilst his Mam and Dad would whisper of matters concerning him. Most of the dialogue he did not understand but he could tell by their tone they were worried. They would say things like; what if he never works and daydreamers grow into wasted space, but Fraser would just listen as his mother's shawl was held tight in his grip.

Fraser had now left home to live along with his wife. Mam would visit often. She came with goods and laughs, along with the frayed shawl of his childhood. She would knit for his children and tell stories. They craved a prolonged visit, but we knew she needed to travel home and care for Dad. Times were different. A dream stole the father of the listening children. The dream of defying time, sailing with the Vikings, conversing with the forgotten monarchs, understanding the ways of future, past and present. An obsession. Fraser would spend precious nights fiddling with screws and hammers as his children grew old, trying to create a masterpiece of a machine which could take any living thing to anytime in the universe. He built a sardine-coloured invention with great pipes and a large doorway. He began to test it with things like mice or rabbits, however these creatures which were sent through time often did not return to Fraser while he sat cross-legged waiting anxiously on the dark kitchen floor.

The years spent on inventions snatched Fraser from life and the things that matter. His children were old, and he hardly saw them. They would come for holidays and birthdays but never stayed long. They brought joy back to the home once flooded with warm candlelight and the smell of freshly baked

bannocks but that feeling left along with them. A dream once a million miles away was close. Fraser could see his machine coming together and every day he became closer and closer to his goal.

Old and alone now, Fraser began to regret the time spent on wasted dreams, wasted time, wasted memories. As he sat beside a limp lace shawl leaning against the wooden walls of his home, the towering silver box in the centre of the room began to churn away and away and away. Astounded Fraser's thoughts on all those wasted moments began to drift from his mind and as his lonely house on the edge of the world lay bare, with only memories to accompany it Fraser could live on as he passed gradually through time.