

Chapter 2 – Problems are growing!

How should I put it? Nothing seemed strange and yet it seemed off at the same time. What do I mean by that? Well, I saw more older cars than usual, much more, in fact, and even the road ahead seemed to be different. That can't happen from one giant thunderstorm, right? Right!?

At least my trusty DeLorean was working just fine, not even a lightning strike could change that. My great little car. I just love it. Thanks, Dad, for spending so much time on it!

Just a few more minutes, then a nice rest and I can forget what happened on this more than unusual drive home. That was my plan, but do you know the saying 'plans are made to be broken'? To cut to the chase, this was one of those occasions.

'What in the...?', was all I could say when I drove into Thurmont. The weirdness did not stop. Why in the world was there so many ... old commercials and ... old election posters? Obama vs. Romney. That was when? 2012? Is my hometown celebrating some festival with the theme of, like, *2012, the year the world should have ended*? Something was not right.

It was like the entire city was taken back into the year 2012 and let me tell you, they did a really convincing job with it. Nothing, and I mean NOTHING, showed any signs of the actual date in time. It was the year 2025, but not when you were driving around in Thurmont. Why did Christian not tell me that we had this fancy festival? Was he wanting to surprise me? And...such preparations take weeks, and I should have noticed something during my last few visits. Was I THAT blind?

God, thinking about all of this gave me such a huge headache. Maybe it was a result of me touching the charged car? Definitely need to pay Tiffy a visit and let her check me!



All I wanted was to go home. Be sorry towards my boyfriend for being THIS late and skipping our lovely dinner. Being the great guy he is, he understands this. Gosh, he is just the greatest. I am such a lucky girl for having him. Girls, believe me, the nice guys are totally worth it!

Oh yeah, returning home. You thought it was weird beforehand? Now it was getting even weirder. I arrived at the apartment we rented ... or rather I arrived at where our apartment SHOULD have been ... but there was no house! It was GONE! This was the first time I ushered these words:

‘What in the world? Have I traveled back in time or some stupid shit like that? Am I dreaming? Is this real?’

I once again looked at my phone. 14th of March 2025. As it should be, but I am not stupid, and I realized a thing or two. There were just too many indicators for this crazy theory to not have some ground to stand on and once you eliminate the possible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.

‘Think, Dorothea, think...’

Okay, time for a recap. What has happened so far? I drove home. A thunderstorm occurred. My car got hit by lightning. It seemed as if I was ‘out’ for some time, even if I was still driving. I touched my charged car, and the energy went through my body it seemed. Everything looks like I was in 2012 again. So...

‘Is it truly possible that I... went back in time. In a DeLorean? If this is truly the case, will I get sued by Universal? What should I do? I need to find out the truth. I need to meet someone, but who?’

Tiffany!

In my mind, she was the only one that could help me, but ... how should I find her? How should I speak to her? She would call me crazy. I needed to prove to her that I really was her sister and all. Please, let this all be just a really, really, REALLY stupid dream.

Man, all of this made me nervous. I mean, if my theory was right and I was indeed back in time, it would mean I would meet a younger Tiffany. Once again, think, Dorothea.

All things looked like I was back in 2012. That was 13 years ago. That means, Tiffany must be 22 years old, while I am 8 years old. Was Tiffany even in Thurmont during that time? I cannot remember. Those years are such a blur in my memory.

But one thing became clear. It seemed to me that I accepted the thought that I was indeed a time traveler now... man this sounds crazy and insane, but I am asking you now: If you were in my shoes, given all the same information I had, would YOU think differently? So, in a way, I was anything but crazy. I was rational. Which made it even more scary for me. My situation went from bad to worse in my mind. What else could there be, to change that? All of this put so much stress on me and my body showed me those signs as well. It was as if my entire body was tingling from all that stress and it somewhat hurt too.

‘No, Dorothea. Don’t get distracted from that. It’s just the mental stress in you. Ignore it. You need to find Tiffy and you need to find her fast. She is the only person I trust but before this...’, I said to myself and then I thought it would be a good idea to park my DeLorean somewhere else before starting to look for her.

Man, I have to say, my hometown has changed so little in those 13 or so years and yet so much at the same time, IF I truly went back in time. I still feel like some crazy person saying this.

Going back in time, especially with the kind of car I drove. This was no fever dream ... or was it? Has that lightning strike somehow confused my brain or something? Is this all a dream? I still wasn't sure about it. All I knew was that everything seemed familiar but yet so many details seemed different. Advertisements, the cars being driven, heck even the clothes of people in some way. Have we really changed that much over those years?

One thing I noticed basically immediately was that not everyone was constantly on their phone. This is one thing that definitely has changed. We all got so much more addicted to our mobile phones it is crazy. Of course, if this truly was 2012, you see people walking and working on their phone but not to the extent that we do it nowadays.

But enough of this. I was on a quest, so to speak. Two quests in fact. One was to find my sister Tiffany, and the second was to find out if I was truly back in time. And if that was the case: HOW in the world should I convince Tiffany that I was no random psychopath? Would she see the similarity between me and my younger self? So much went through my mind and even more. Believe me. All this was such a trip for me.

'Think, Dorothea. Where could Tiffany be? And if so, I need to catch her alone. The more people that witness my, erm, rather unusual argument that I was from the future, the more guaranteed it was that they put me in an insane asylum or such. Definitely not an option. I needed to get home again because who knows: the last thing I wanted to create was some sort of time paradox. Just who knows, how much 'Back to the Future' truly was on the nose on that front. I know, it was just a science fiction movie, but here I was, actually back in the past, or so I thought I was at the very least!

'Okay. It is 2012. I was 8 at that time. Tiffy is 22 right now. Where was Tiffy at that stage in my life? Was she at university? If so, I am mucked. Wait. Didn't I already ask myself the exact same question before? God, it drives me crazy. Not only this, but also this still tingling feeling I have from time to time. It starts to annoy me big time.'

I felt how I got more and more annoyed, maybe even angry at the world and my situation. I felt so helpless and lonely. Like really lonely. I simply could not just go and speak to random people, even some I recognized. No, stick to your plan. No other contacts, just Tiffy. Remember what happened in the movie. I said to myself that I will not ruin everything and create a situation in which I need to fix something due to my stupid handling of a situation. Tiffy. Just Tiffy. She is the one I trust. Time to go. Maybe I will even find her just by walking through Thurmont, I just hoped.

Another thing that was clear to me was: Whatever I do, I will NOT go anywhere near my parents' house. Far too risky. So, the easiest spot was out of the question, even if I wondered if I would see my younger self by accident. I was 8. Man, that was long ago. A cute little girl. A playful child. Would I even recognize myself? Sure, I would ... right?

You see, my confidence in myself went lower and lower during all of this. Traveling through time sounds so fun on paper, but not if you do it by accident with no idea on how to go back. This is a big problem, believe me.

I was wandering aimlessly, and minutes turned to hours. No signs of success. Thankfully most of the time, people left me alone ... at first at least.

There was this one guy that really tried to flirt with me, but I faked a German accent and told him that I was just a tourist

traveling. It worked. Why am I able to fake a German accent? Short answer. I have some friends over there.

But the longer my anything-but-fruitful look for my sister went on, the more things changed, and it all started with an observation on my part.

‘Man is it me or are people smaller than they are nowadays?’, I was starting to wonder. I was a pretty regular-sized girl at 5’4” so I was used to being around taller people. But I had this feeling, that I was in fact one of the taller ones around. Weird, but once again I tried to give this no ground. I was on a mission, and I got even more desperate. No time to think about this. I was probably just imagining things due to me being so helpless, or so I thought because over time people actually started to gawk at me ... and looked even smaller. Wait...they did WHAT!?

Believe me, I never drank a bit of alcohol in my life, and I never touched any drugs, but I swear that the people got even smaller during my search. I felt towering suddenly. They became like little children. Wait ... it wasn’t them that were getting smaller, it was...

‘Hey, how did you get so tall, beauty?’, another guy asked with a mesmerized look towards me. Man was he small. Easily a head smaller than me and I just looked at him confused.

‘You must be like 6’7” or so. Never seen a girl this big!’

It then hit me. Not only did I go back in time, no. Even worse. I was growing too. And it seems rather fast. I gave the guy a pretty non-answer and then walked away again. I tried to hide behind a wall and took a deep breath and then I looked at myself. My clothes seemed normal and all. But it was true. I was taller. Much taller. Wait. I grew that much, and I did not notice it!? What kind of a crazy person am I!?

'Wait! The constant tingling! Is that it!? Is this me growing!?'
Why? How?'

My mind was rattling down thought after thought. How and why? I asked those questions a lot since my little time-travel shenanigans started. I was so in the zone, I simply did not notice it, but I noticed now and gosh ... I was huge!

I always wanted to be taller, I wanted to be like my sister and now I overtook her with ease, but this was not the time to celebrate. I needed to find her. FAST! Not only was my time traveling an issue now, no, I needed to find a reason for my newly found growth ... and make it stop!

And as luck would eventually come to me, I spotted Tiffany. She looked so different, but I knew it was her. The style of her clothing, the long and wild red hair. So different from the clean and slick doctor she was nowadays, but I recognized her face and her voice.

'That's right!', I remembered her with this look. 'This was during the time she was in a relationship with that asshole. Joey something. What an idiot. Tiffy went through hell because of him. Oh, I wish I could just go to him right now and kick him in the ass with this newly grown body of mine. He deserved it!'

I was hiding as well as I could. Tiffany did not notice me. She was coming out of a library and then went on to go... wherever she would go.

My goal was in sight, and I had to follow her, but how should I start the conversation, I asked myself. Before all of this the conversation would have been all like 'hey, I am your sister from the future, help me please' but now it would be like 'hey, I am your sister from the future, and I suddenly started to grow huge as well. Please help me.'

My situation got worse and worse, and I feel so sorry for this ill-fitting and really bad pun but: my problem was growing by the minute, just as I was as it seemed...