I chuckled rather nervously, not liking where this was headed. Mrs. Smith’s remark had hit a little too close to home. I couldn’t help but wonder for a split second that if she actually knew what Sarah and I were up to. No, that’s impossible, I told myself. She can’t. There’s no way.

 Mrs. Smith continued on about how time travel was absolutely dangerous and not to be trifled with, and that she’d like to have a word or two if she caught anyone actually going back in time. I began sweating nervously. Mrs. Smith seemed to notice how uncomfortable I was, and right out asked rather suspiciously if Hazel and I were going back in time. I was doomed.

 Hazel spoke up. “Mrs. Smith, if Zachary and I were using the time machine and had somehow altered history, wouldn’t we have known this by now?”

 Mrs. Smith inwardly processed this for a long moment before nodding, seemingly convinced. I inwardly sighed with relief. That was way too close.

 The doorbell suddenly rang and I jumped with alarm. Mrs. Smith got up and left the room to see who it was. Hazel grabbed my arm and quickly pulled me up the back stairs and into the library. She shut the door hastily.

 “That was quick thinking,” I said. “You didn’t lie, but you didn’t quite answer the question either. Brilliant.”

 Hazel shrugged. “I couldn’t let her know. It would jeopardize everything.”

 “Listen, you stay here and keep Mrs. Smith distracted while I find Wilbur and tell him all the information we gathered this morning,” I said.

 Hazel nodded agreeably. “Right. Be quick about it, I can’t keep her distracted forever. You know how she is when she’s on to something.”

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