

Colin and the Wormhole

**March 31<sup>st</sup>: 2:45pm**

My name is Colin Wheedle and I can't believe what I've just found. I cannot believe it. It's hard to get my head around. It's too big. It's bigger than big. It's... I'm going back to have another look. See if my eyes are playing tricks on me.

**March 31<sup>st</sup>: 2:48pm**

My eyes aren't playing tricks on me. It's still there, it's.... crazy! Crazier than crazy! I still can't get my head around it! That's why I'm making this audio journal on an old Dictaphone I bought but never used, to record everything because ... I'll just say it: there's a bloody wormhole in my bedroom!

I just moved the bookcase to get behind it to vacuum – why, I don't know, I've never vacuumed behind there before – and there it was. A bloody great wormhole! Swirling away like...well, a wormhole in the wall. And it definitely *is* a wormhole. What else could a weird smoky churning circle be? Nothing, because it's a wormhole. *My* wormhole.

**April 1<sup>st</sup>: 4:45pm**

It was tough today at work, trying to concentrate knowing I've got a portal to another universe at home. I lasted until lunchtime and then booked the rest of the week off. I usually stick to a very rigid pattern of holidays throughout the year, have done since I started work, but this is a game-changer. I must have looked distracted because Tillie asked if I was all right. She seemed quite concerned. I said "What?" to her, and just walked off. A bit rude, but...

Jason Wyvern

So I got home and was about to start investigating the wormhole proper -- poke it with a broom, chuck a ball into it, find a daddy-long-legs to send through in a jam jar on skateboard and then pull it back to see if it's still alive – when Scrumpy, my cat, rips into the bedroom and leaps through the whirling circle. Just leaps through it! Well, without thinking I followed him and...

It was pretty much what I expected from the inside of a wormhole. A giant tunnel snaking away into the distance, with weird walls that looked like solid smoke. And the whole thing doused in a spooky ambient light. Thankfully Scrumpy hadn't got far. He was just sitting there, staring, hypnotised by it all. Which is what I did. Just stared. Hypnotised by it all. It is seriously awesome!

### **April 1<sup>st</sup>: 9:15pm**

I'm going through it. I'm going to follow the wormhole to wherever it leads. Parallel universes. Other dimensions. The past. I've seen enough *Star Treks*, *Sliders* and *Stargates* to know that, yes, there may be trouble ahead, but it'll all work out in the end and I'll have a crazy adventure along the way. Possibly involving dinosaurs, apocalyptic wastelands or weird dystopian futures where men are enslaved by women in PVC, who have whips and nipple cla-

-I'll go through tomorrow. I need to prepare my wormhole pack and get a good night's sleep first.

### **April 2<sup>nd</sup>: 9:00am**

Packed lunch – check. Flask of tea – check. Flick knife I found in the street when I was at college and kept despite mom telling me it was illegal and I should get rid of it immediately – check. Spare Dictaphone battery – check. That should do it!

Jason Wyvern

Right, time to go. Time to prove my dad and my careers teacher at school wrong! I can take risks! Here goes. One small step for man, one giant leap for Colinkind...

**April 2<sup>nd</sup>: 11:05am**

I've been walking for two hours. Thinking about what I'll do when I pop out the other end into another world. I'll spend a few hours exploring the new planet, possibly rescue someone, and then come home. Then revisit the new planet later in the week, or maybe the weekend, with the long term goal of setting up a second home in this other dimension.

How great is this, though? Being a Portal Explorer!

**April 2<sup>nd</sup>: 1:05pm**

There's a lot of walking involved in being a Portal Explorer. And these Polyvelts are far from ideal for walking. I really should have brought my bike.

**April 2<sup>nd</sup>: 4:56pm**

These Polyvelts! Maybe I could have got my Nan's Jaunt Mobility Scooter in here? She'd have kicked off but it would have made it easier for me.

**April 2<sup>nd</sup>: 7:09pm**

I've come to a slope, quite a steep one. The tunnel curves down at an angle. I don't really want to go back – bit of an anti-climax if I do! – so I'll carry on. Providing I take it steady, don't rush, I shouldn't lose my balance. And since steady is my speciality I very much doubt I will slip and-

**April 2<sup>nd</sup>: 7:11pm**

Ow-Eee....Aah... Ow.... Eee-Aaaa.... Ow..... Ugh....

Jason Wyvern

**April 2<sup>nd</sup>: 7:24pm**

That was quite some fall. Well, nine separate falls, since I bounced from one incredibly steep section of tunnel to another. It was like being in a water slide with no water--just creepy smoke-rock, and lots of it.

I don't think I broke anything, except... *ugh!* My flask. I'm covered in hot tea. I hope that's tea.

**April 2<sup>nd</sup>: 8:24pm**

I'm trying not to think about getting back up that slope later. It was practically vertical at points. How can I scale a mini cliff? It's....

...best not to dwell. It'll be fine. Whatever world I pop out into will have their own version of Millets, so I can get some mountaineering gear – ropes, grappling hooks – to get me back up the slope. If not, I'll improvise and steal a clothesline and some big knives that can act as hooks. It'll all work out.

**April 3<sup>rd</sup>: 1:08am**

The roof's getting very low. I'm doing this weird crouching walk. It doesn't look good, and it's murder on my back, which is already pretty sore from the nine separate falls it just went through, but it's better than crawling.

**April 3<sup>rd</sup>: 2:23am**

I'm crawling along a stretch of passageway no bigger than a car tyre. It's pretty claustrophobic but I can't go back. Must go on.

**April 3<sup>rd</sup>: 2:33am**

Jason Wyvern

This is one tight fit. One very tight fit indeed... whatever happened to Tight Fit? *“In the jungle, the mighty jungle, the lion sleeps tonight...”*

**April 3<sup>rd</sup>: 2:41am**

The tunnel is ridiculously tight. I'll have to strip naked and lubricate myself to come back, so along with the grappling hooks and rope, or clothesline and knives, I'll have to get a lot of olive oil or margarine from somewhere....

**April 3<sup>rd</sup>: 2:57am**

Jesus, it just gets tighter. This must be how it feels to be Colgate toothpaste.

**April 3<sup>rd</sup>: 3:19am**

Finally, the tunnel has widened! We're back to what I assume are regulation wormhole dimensions. Even so, maybe this wasn't very sensible? This whole adventure? I should have phoned the police about the portal. Or the council. What made me think I could do this? I spend my whole life not taking risks then suddenly take the stupidest risk ever in the history of stupid risks. I don't even know if this wormhole will lead to an oxygen based world, it could lead somewhere with Cyanide for air! It could lead to Volcano World or Flying Tarantula Planet or Venus Mantrap-

-No time for regret. Got to keep moving forward. It'll work out all right. One thing I'm definitely not going to do is panic. It's not my way. I'll just carry on walking and it'll all be fine. There'll definitely be no panic from me, no panic at all.

**April 3<sup>rd</sup>: 3:22am**

Jason Wyvern

OH MY GOD!! I'M TRAPPED IN A FUCKING WORMHOLE BETWEEN DIMENSIONS!! WHAT WAS I THINKING? WAS I *EVEN* THINKING? I'M SO HELL-BENT ON ESCAPING MY DULL LIFELESS LIFE I DID THE MOST DIM-WITTED THING IMAGINABLE! WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCKING HELL IS WRONG WITH ME? AND FUCK ME, THESE SHITTING POLYVELTS ARE CRUCIFYING MY FEET!

**April 3<sup>rd</sup>: 7:56am**

What does any of this matter? It's all pointless. Like my life, inputting data, day after day, week after week, year after year, decade after decade. What's the point of that? No point.

Oh, and ignoring the fact that Tillie might like me. Actually goes to the trouble of talking to me and I just brush her aside, like I'm Mr Big Shot. Mr Rude Shit, more like. Why have I never just rang her and asked if she'd like to go somewhere? What is wrong with me..?

This stupid incessant tunnel. Is it even a wormhole? Maybe I'm trapped in a seriously epic Aero bar? Or an intergalactic anthill? Or this is an artery inside a really giant giant? Except there's no blood, so maybe it's a dead giant that's been drained by... a dead giant drainer.

What am I blathering about? It's a bloody wormhole. A wormhole that just goes on and on and on and on and on and on, winding away into the distance, on and on and on and on, like a Slinky Spring stretched well beyond the recommended length, on and on and on and on and on and on...

**April 4<sup>th</sup>: 1:11am**

I've been in this godforsaken tube, this hellish never-ending gullet, for ...three days? Three days! I've eaten my squashed sandwiches, sucked all the tea out of my shirt, and somehow

Jason Wyvern

managed to lose the flick knife. So that's something for mom to be pleased about, knowing that the illegal flick knife is now out here between worlds, a billion miles from anywhere.

I'm going to die here, trapped in an everlasting rectum. Perhaps somewhere on Cat World, giant felines will pick up the slightly rank odour of my corpse and all wander around for a while with their mouths open?

**April 4<sup>th</sup>: 8:45am**

I'm crawling. Literally crawling. Too tired to stand. I'm on all fours, inching forwards. My throat feels like the Sahara, so very, very dry! Still, I move forward, trying not to think about the terrible, terrible thirst....

**April 4<sup>th</sup>: 2:21pm**

I just drank my own urine. Not nice. Which just leaves empty despair and gnawing hunger to contend with. God, I am so hungry. Next thing you know I'll be eating my belt for sustenance.

**April 4<sup>th</sup>: 4:45pm**

I'm eating my belt for sustenance. Eating Top Man belt and drinking piss! Thanks *Star Trek*, *Sliders* and *Stargate*!

**April 4<sup>th</sup>: 6:18pm**

What month are we in? Maybe May? Maybe we're in a whole new inter-dimensional month – Frutember? Tubeober? Mix-

Jason Wyvern

-What's that ahead? What is that...? Light at the end of the tunnel. Light at the end of the tunnel? Different to the horrible muted light that permeates these godforsaken walls. Could this be the... end? Could it?

It is! It bloody is! I've done it! I'm not going to die here! I've come through! I've triumphed! Ha ha! Here I come T-Rex's and girls in rubber and-

-I'm in a small room. Daylight shines through a grimy window in need of cleaning. There are what look like rakes and trowels and... is that a lawnmower? This all seems a bit familiar, like-

-Great, the inter-dimensional corridor's come out in my own shed. I could have walked to it in two minutes, instead I waste four holiday days, ruin a perfectly good belt and have breath that smells of wee. Mother-effing wormholes!

Well, that's that then. Adventure over. I should go clean my teeth and feed Scrumpy ... oh, and do something else.

**April 4<sup>th</sup>: 7:13pm**

“Tillie? Hi, it's, er, Colin...from work, I wanted to ask you something...”

THE END