

**BROKEN  
SHARDS  
of TIME**



# BROKEN SHARDS of TIME

NYAH NICHOL



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This book is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents are either the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.

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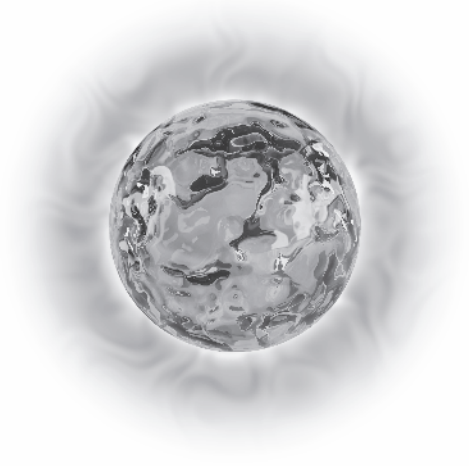
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*This book is dedicated to*

*Mom and Dad, the most amazing parents ever;  
Silas, my brother and bestie;  
Everett, my sister and proud owner of two hermit crabs,  
Hermie and Hermie 2.0;  
Grace, my godmother, who is a writer like me;  
and Titus, my crazy little brother, who sometimes  
wears two pairs of underwear.*

≡ PART ONE ≡  
**WREN DERECHO**





≡ 2 HOURS and 59 MINUTES  
to SILEO TERRA

May 27, 2070, 9:01 pm...

I didn't think it would come to this.

I never intended to be against the world.

Now I was about to face my greatest enemy: myself.

One of us had to win.

One of us had to fight harder.

One of us had to be stronger.

I chose what was right, yet somehow it was wrong.

I tried to write my own destiny, but my story was engraved in stone.

The past had moulded me, but I refused to let it define me.

I followed the path I had carved out, yet I was unfamiliar with where I ended up.

I selected the best option but wound up with the worst outcome.

The future seemed like an endless maze, yet too suddenly, it passed.

That was how I ended up here.

I had gotten myself into this crazy upside-down catastrophe, and now I had to find my way out of it.



≡ 18 YEARS, 2 MONTHS, 11 DAYS, 9 HOURS,  
and 15 MINUTES to SILEO TERRA

March 16, 2052, 2:45 pm...

**B**lurred lights flashed continuously, just like the searing pain coursing through my body. My parents had been here a second ago. It didn't make any sense. I didn't know what to do. I didn't know what to feel. I didn't know what to think.

The skeleton of the sedan still surrounded me, and I was aware of my seatbelt holding me in tightly. Lightning and thunder encircled me, drawing my attention to the storm outside.

"HELP ME, PLEASE!" I tried to force out the words gurgling in the back of my throat but failed miserably. With every agonizing second that passed, I felt myself fading away.

Seconds felt like hours. So much pain. And then darkness.

Time passed. I drifted in and out of consciousness, but I was dimly aware I wasn't trapped in the car anymore. The next thing I knew, I heard voices that seemed distant, yet somehow, I knew they were not. My ears struggled to work properly.

"She will die."

A few faint words in the ever-spreading darkness squirmed their way into my mind. I felt a thin sheet that had been loosely laid over my body being pulled up to my chin.

"We haven't tested it on humans yet."

The voices were so familiar, yet I could not recognize them.

"It's the only thing that can save her."



≡ 18 YEARS, 2 MONTHS, 11 DAYS, 10 HOURS,  
and 56 MINUTES to SILEO TERRA

March 16, 2052, 1:04 pm...

“Stormy, can you get in the car?” Mom asked impatiently as she popped her head into my room. Her cropped hair, styled in a pixie cut, was a darker auburn than mine. I studied the freckles sprinkled across her face. I liked how they softened her stern expression. She spun around and disappeared down the hall.

“Yeah, yeah,” I muttered. My name wasn’t Stormy, but my parents liked to call me that because when I got angry, I resembled a storm. My real name was Wren Derecho.

Annoyed, I reluctantly put the book down on my nightstand. I always read to calm my mind. After an argument I’d had with my mom earlier that day, it had felt soothing to dive into another world. My mom’s disruption yanked me unwillingly from the story I was engulfed in. I’d been irritated because Dad had said he was leaving again for “an extended period of time” after we visited my uncle. He always left with barely a day’s warning, and my mom just went along with it, cancelling appointments and postponing plans with friends and family. It made my blood boil. I’d told my mom it wasn’t fair that our schedules always had to revolve around Dad and his work, but deep down, I was just upset he wouldn’t be around again.

Still sulking a little, I trudged down the winding staircase and through the short hallway to the garage door. My uncle, William Derecho, wanted to show my father something he had been working



on. Naturally, I, too, was curious. Uncle William was a skilled and talented inventor, a scientist of sorts who worked for a government organization called the Department of Advanced Innovation and Research, but my father and his associates just referred to it as DAIR. My uncle was everything I wanted to be when I grew up. I loved spending time with him, working on our special experiments. The last time I saw him, he let me help him build a fully functional miniature-sized rocket outside the government facility. He even let me attach the nose cone all by myself.

I slammed our sedan's door shut and waited in the backseat, staring out the window and absentmindedly twisting a piece of my red hair around my finger. My dad's voice startled me, and I turned to see him staring at his phone in the shadows of the garage. As my eyes adjusted to the darkness, his familiar square frame leaning against the workbench became more visible. I noticed the salt and pepper patches that had just recently started appearing on the sides of his clean-cut brown hair made him look more sophisticated.

"Looks like they're starting early," he mumbled, pulling at his bottom lip with his thumb and index finger. He always did that when he was nervous. My dad worked for the same obscure organization as my uncle. However, he spent most of his days travelling instead of working at the large government headquarters, even though a lot of the projects he helped with were stored there. He was secretive about his work and rarely said a word about it to anyone. All I knew was that he specialized in sourcing out uncommon materials. Dad had once told me there were secrets stored within the drab walls and cracked bricks of the large building—secrets containing ancient and modern-day breakthroughs. Uncle William said that one day, those secrets would ultimately save the world.

Dad slid into the passenger seat. "Stormy, you need to remember to be careful and to stay out of the way. The work they're doing is dangerous..." I stopped listening as he rambled on about all the rules I had to follow. Sometimes I thought Dad forgot I was ten years old now.

It was going to be a long car ride but so worth it. I couldn't wait to see Uncle William because I knew he would set up a fun experiment to do with me.

As soon as Mom jumped into the driver's seat, we hit the road. I drummed my fingers on the armrest and gazed out the window. After more than an hour of riding in silence, I noticed dark clouds beginning to gather above us while Dad made yet another phone call. He was pretty much on his phone for work all the time. That's why Mom usually drove.

"Is it just me, or is it getting darker out?" I asked. My eyes scanned and searched the sky. Suddenly, a great crash of thunder shook the whole car, shattering our peaceful drive. The thunder was followed quickly by a blinding flash of lightning. My mom slammed on the brakes, and my heart began pounding so hard, I thought it would burst out of my chest.



## ≡ ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nyah Nichol was born and raised in Cold Lake, Alberta, where she currently attends high school. Her hobbies include reading, drawing, and crocheting. She has three younger siblings who can be annoying at times, but sweet and awesome the rest of the time. She has a mom and dad who love her very much and support her in everything she does.