Molly and Billy were quite sure they could make it home in time for supper.

What they didn’t account for was the intricate weaving of reality and fantasy that

they would need to unravel before finding their own century, their own continent,

let alone their own house. You see, Molly and Billy weren’t just down the street

at the neighborhood park and playground. Moll-Bill, or B&M, as they often referred

to themselves, were thoroughly, utterly, and quite inexplicably stuck. They were, not

to put too fine a point on it, out of time, out of place, and it would seem, out of luck.