Dear Reader,

I’m not exactly sure how this whole time travel thing works, but I figured that regardless of whether or not this letter will still exist when I get return, I should at least try to share my story in the event that I do not make it back. I’m guessing you are probably pretty confused right now as to what I’m saying. I get that. So, let me start from the beginning.

So, my name is Jake Castillo. I am a fourth year English and Communication student at UCSB. I am the son of a single mother. I have one older brother. I was born in Simi Valley, CA but I was raised in the San Fernando Valley. I had a small group of friends from high school who I am still extremely close with. They are like family to me. I love music, I love playing soccer and I love to be outdoors. Oh, and I also just recently found out I can time travel.

Yeah, I know that probably sounds pretty crazy. I thought the same exact thing, but it’s the truth and that’s that. I discovered this new ability after I bombed one of my midterms last quarter. You see, the weekend before the test, I had gone home for the weekend and had told myself that I would get a lot of studying done, so I went ahead and brought my book home with me. As you might have guessed, I did not get any work done. Come Sunday evening, I pack up my stuff, get in my car and head back up to school. When I get home, I reach in my backpack to get my book (I figured I better start studying now to make up for all of the work I didn’t do over the weekend) only to find out that the book was not there. Yup. I had left it on my desk in my bedroom. At this point, I just accepted that I was doomed, went to sleep and prayed that I would be able to bullshit my way to at least a B.

I’ll spare you the gritty details and just say that my prayers were not answered that night. As I was walking out of the classroom, I played my departure from my house the night before over and over. And then suddenly, I was there. I was back home, with my backpack and laundry bag in hand, walking to my car. At first I thought I was just daydreaming, but then I realized I couldn’t snap out of it. I immediately put my bags down, ran inside, grabbed my book, and ran back to my car. As soon as this I did this, I was back on campus, walking out of my classroom, except this time instead of being filled with disappointment, I was confident and relieved.

For the next couple weeks, I tried to do this time travel thing over and over again, to very little success. You see, from what I’ve gathered, I can only go back in time if it to do something I really want to do. I’m talking like burning desire, from the bottom of your heart, the depths of your being kind of desire. And in the case that you do desire going back in time enough, you will be transported back in time, given the chance to change what you want to change, and then as soon as you have either failed or completed that task, you are suddenly transported back to the new and hopefully better future. With that said, I am not about to try to go back in time and, yes, you guessed it, stop Hitler from taking over Germany.

Wish me luck,

Jake