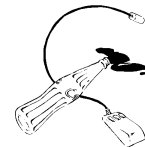




PRAVDA?



The Official(?) Newsletter of the KGB

Editor: Margaret Meyerhofer
(mmeyerho@andrew.cmu.edu)

Price: 2 nominations for h0tttt
Volume 15, Issue 13 — 19 March, 2012

Do Over, Chapter 5: Better call Saul *by Dan Kirby*

It was after this, my second blackout that day (I'm not sure if "day" is the correct word), that I woke up in the future. Where I last left off my story I had been arrested by the time police for the actions of (FUTURE!) me to alter the timeline, and cause at least two different kinds of apocalypses. But I'll get to that later. Anyhow, I woke up in what I had a feeling could be called a prison cell. Although, it could also be called a hotel room in our time period.

A computerized voice said "Good morning Mr. Timbers, would you like some breakfast? Or to review our law library?" I was on a bed about my side, next to it was a glass bedside table with a light on it. The light came on by itself, as did the one above my head. In front of me was an enormous screen, and on it seemed to be the sun rising around the world screen-saver. A clock was displayed at the top of the screen, it said it was 14:43. On my left was a door. On my right, where a window would normally, instead there were just paintings. One of Washington Crossing the Delaware, the other of a ship adrift at sea.

"Wha, wha, where am I?" I asked

"You are in Rahway, New Jersey, at the Rahway State Correctional Facility, this is a medium-security cell. You are in holding here pending your trial for violation of United Nations Temporal Continuity Code 277515-537-BH. Would you like to speak to your attorney and/or review legal documents?"

The computer flashed a few screens of Rahway, or what Rahway was like here, in the future. I don't know if you know anything about New Jersey, but this Rahway had a lot more glass skyscrapers and flying cars than the Rahway I was used to. I noticed there was some sort of iPad looking thing sticking out of an arm that could be brought over in front of me. I also realized I was immensely hungry.

"Can I have pancakes and sausage and some orange juice please?"

"Certainly," said the voice, "your order has been placed with your prison block's Warden, it will be prepared by the next available chef."

"Ugh, thanks, I guess, what's today's date anyway?"

"Today is Wednesday, June 2nd, 2106."

I pulled the pad over to myself and started it up. I tried to find the web browser so I could start getting lost in future-Wikipedia. Although pretty quickly it spat out "WARNING: ANY ATTEMPT TO GLEAN FUTURE INFORMATION FROM THIS GOVERNMENT OPERATED INTERNETWORKING DEVICE WILL BE A VIOLATION OF UNITED NATIONS TEMPORAL CONTINUITY CODE 426531-243-QN AND IS THEREFORE FORBIDDEN"

"Alright then, I guess I might as well look at the law I'm accused of breaking, can you send my attorney over after I'm

through with breakfast?" I said.

"Certainly sir."

I heard what sounded like a text message notification and looked to my left to see the door to my "cell" open, a clean looking "guard" walked in with a tray of food. "Hello Mr. Timbers," he said, "How are you today?"

"I'm okay, as okay as I should be I suppose."

"Enjoy your breakfast," he said putting down the tray. As he left he reminded me that I can request the services of the prison massousse if I'm not feeling better from the effects of the stun ray, or of time travel. I wasn't sure if I was supposed to tip him.

"Computer, can you explain precisely what the government's version of my story is to me?" I asked.

"Yes sir," said the computer as I began to wolf down my pancakes. According to the prosecution, in 2036 you went back in time to 2013, setting into action a chain of events that caused you to invent a self-aware military robotic operating system. This system, put into service by the United States Marine Corps in 2045, in the new timeline, quickly declared war on mankind and nearly destroyed all of humanity in what would be called the Fourth World War. Only through the quick action of the Time Police were we able to bring you here, to the proper timeline's future."

"Interesting," I said, putting down my last bite of sausage.

And at that point I heard a loud explosion. The wall on my right side blew open. And my friend from the ambulance, the short robot paramedic, walked in. He still had his Pittsburgh EMT uniform on, but instead of a right arm he had a large gun. Behind him were three more robots, two were in their more natural form, all metallic and weaponry, the third was his ambulance driver.

"We're here to rescue you, master." said Kesden, the paramedic. The two metallic robots formed up by the hole where the wall used to be and exchanged shots with prison guards outside. I could see how big the prison was now, it was actually one of the city's new skyscrapers. I could see probably thousands of other "cells." Kesden reached out a hand and touched my shoulder. He pressed a button that seemed to protrude from his side. I heard that "EMERGENCY PULL-BACK INITIATED" CLANGCLANGCLANG, and we were immediately enveloped in those blue and white lights.

And there I was again, back in 2013. In Rahway. New Jersey.

God Damn It.

Stay tuned next week for the shocking conclusion of Do Over!

Kittens, back by popular demand

by mmeyerho

