



PRAVDA?

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Do Over, Chapter 4: Go ahead and call the Po Po, Hoe *by Dan Kirby*

So where I last left you off in my little vignette I was being stared down by what I was guessing was some dude looking for Sarah Conner. A group of grizzled, post-apocalyptic looking Mad Max characters in what looked to be a truck from that same movie. After all of my time travel misadventures with people coming from the future to warn me about my relationship decisions, I did not see this shit coming. Anyway, I immediately booked it. It's funny how fast you can run when someone is shooting at you with a machine gun.

Thankfully I had been next to one of Pittsburgh's many stupidly large hills, so with each bounce from the ground I propelled myself nearly into freefall as I sprinted toward the bottom of this valley. In the meantime, I yanked my phone from my pocket and began dialing the number for campus police. Because yea, I'm smart enough to call for help, maybe not smart enough to wonder what campus police can do to stop Commando. As you would guess, after a few seconds my luck ran out, and a machine gun bullet hit me in the leg. I collapsed, and the Warthog ran over me. Thankfully it had immensely big wheels, so it went right over me without touching me at all. My phone clacked to the ground, with an active call going.

As luck would have it, completely unrelated to my call to campus police, a random police car happened to be coming up the road at that very moment. The Mad Max f***ers swerved to the right and crashed into the side of the hill. And I lost consciousness.

I woke up later in the ambulance. Everything seemed pretty normal at first, there was a paramedic above me, I could that his nametag read KESDEN. The short paramedic above me said "Oh hey, you're awake. Good to hear, what's your name kid?"

I groggily said, in a British accent "My name is...not important." I was pretty out of it, the pop culture reference generating part of my brain was operating autonomously.

"Oh god, he's doing it again." said the paramedic. I blacked out again. When I woke up again I was sitting up, looking out of the back of the ambulance, and the two paramedics were looking in at me. My eyes darted around, I gathered we were in some sketchy back alley somewhere. Well, I thought, I knew the US healthcare system wasn't perfect, but shit. The taller of the two paramedics approached me. She said, "We have healed you master, repaired the wounds of your feeble human body. We apologize for the attack by those rebel scum."

"We shall not fail you again," said Kesden. Something was DEFINITELY off. For one, the tonality of their voices had almost entirely disappeared.

"I don't understand, what the hell is going on?" I

said. They looked at each other but said nothing, I heard a mechanical whurr, and I got the strange feeling they were communicating. Kesden then turned to me and said "HUMAN MALE, YOUR WOUNDS ARE HEALED, YOUR HEALTH RESTORED. DO NOT QUESTION WHY, IT IS NOT SAFE TO TELL YOU. WE MUST RETURN TO OUR...HOSPITAL." He dwelled on the last word for about twice as long as it should have taken to say in his previous cadence. They pushed the stretcher I was perched on out of the ambulance, shut the back door, and got in the front and drove around the corner.

Out of the distance I could hear the computerized voice from earlier say something, I couldn't make it out. But I did hear the word "PULLBACK" and then the metallic clangs. I ran after the sound, finding the ambulance stopped in the next alley over. I approached and looked in the driver's side window. There was no one in it. I opened the back door, still no sign of either Kesden or his female companion.

My phone was gone, but I still had my wallet. So I walked out into the street and tried to hail a cab. One slowed down to greet me and I got in the back. In a split second the other door opened and a skinny, silky haired brunette about my age got in, right as I said "Take me to Oakland please."

The girl looked at me, I looked at her confused. She had a bubbly, sorority girl voice. And in it she said "Hi there, I was hoping we could share this cab. I'm Betty, I go to Pitt." I was a bit flabbergasted, but answered "ugh, ugh okay, my name is Hudson, nice to meet you."

As we began our cab ride she seemed to ingratiate herself to me immediately, after talking for maybe five minutes I felt like we'd known each other for years. We chatted about Doctor Who and random Internet memes, I could tell she found my nerdy personality cute and endearing, in that way that sorority girls often do. I realized as we got off of the Oakland exit I was about to tell her about all these weird misadventures I'd been having, it slipped out as if it wasn't even an issue. And as I started, with the strange visit from myself.

Her voice suddenly changed and she said "Are you Hudson Timbers? Birthdate: July 5, 1993. Birthplace: Red Bank, New Jersey Carnegie Mellon Physics class of 2015?"

"Ugh, yes, that's me..." I said confused.

"Zefram, doors," she said. The driver clicked the LOCK DOOR button and the door locks clicked down all at once. Almost immediately a metal cage covered the rear and side windows. "Betty" produced a badge with an hourglass and a pair of scales of justice emblazoned on it. I could see on it the name THRESA GAMBERINI and the badge number 1337. Emblazoned around the symbol were the words UNITED NATIONS TIME POLICE AGENCY

"You are under arrest for violation of United Nations Temporal Continuity Code 277515-537-BH, concerning altering past events. You have the right to remain in temporal sta-

sis until an attorney can be appointed to represent you. If you cannot afford an attorney you may use compound interest. Any actions you take without council may unfavorably alter the timeline and harm your defense.”

At that moment she pointed a shiny raygun at me, and blue circles seemed to emanate from it enveloping my body. And I blacked out.

And now for your daily dose of puppies *by mmeyerho*

