

From Here to Eternity

A 1953 movie starring Burt Lancaster, Deborah Kerr, Montgomery Cliff, Donna Reed, and Frank Sinatra

Chapter 1

(Bart in Trouble)

(Part three of my Time Travel Trilogy)

(Read “Time and Time Again” and “Timely Seasons first”)

In a former adventure, I had returned Bart and Carly back to Nassau and came up with this idea on how to communicate.

There was a hard rock face in the area where I landed my time machine. I said, if you get into troubled, carve a message into this rock. Adele and I will return to Nassau, via regular air flight, for vacation each year. I will check this rock each time.

The message on the rock in Nassau was disturbing. I had never thought I would ever use my time machine again. Each time was a risk and now that I was happily married and had a good life, I didn't want to temp fate. I needed to figure out what kind of trouble Bart was in. After all, he did venture with me to the 27th century, risk his life to help me rescue Adele, and realign the direction of the human race. I discussed this with Adele and she agreed we need to investigate. I told her that she should stay here and let me go by myself. She said, where you go, I go. It did no good to argue with her. I have addressed that issue before.

We both dressed up in vintage pirate garb suitable for those times. I didn't need to worry about whether our dress was realistic or not. I had lived there and so had Adele. During our vacations in Nassau, we did lots of tours. One particular place sparked my interest. It was near a natural cave and was listed as a pirate treasure hideout. I knew this was bogus. I had seen this cave myself and it was in a remote area far enough from town that no one even knew it existed. This was the ideal place to land my time machine and hide it. I didn't want to have to worry about someone discovering it like the farmer did before.

So we arrived and ventured into town. I entered Bart's local hangout but he was no where in sight. I asked if anyone had seen him. I was an old friend of his and was looking to meet up with him. They said haven't you heard? He was captured by the English and is slated to be hung in a week or so. This was worse than I expected. Adele and I went to the house we had stayed in before. Bart had purchased the house right out and was the legal owner. We found Carly inside extremely distraught. She said that she told Bart that they had had enough money to live on all their life and didn't need anymore. He said he heard of a good prospective voyage that was guaranteed to add considerable money to their hoard. I think it was more the lure of the pirates life that he was longing for. I guess his voyage to capture an English frigate full of bounty did not pan out like he hoped. I told Carly that I would attempt to rescue Bart. I needed to return home to gather some items to help me. I left Adele with her to console her.

I learned that the place where he was taken was an old English seaport that was famous for catching pirates and putting them to the gallows. What a bunch of hypocrites these English were. They sashayed around in their powdered wigs pretending to be pious noblemen when they all had slaves and were as corrupt as any politician. I wasn't going to mess around with attacking them with cutlasses and swords. Besides, I was just one man. Even with my kung fu, I was no match for such a large group. I needed what I called an equalizer. Something that packed a punch and kept on punching. Several weapons came to mind. AK-47, AR-15, Thompson sub-machine gun, Gatling Gun. I chose the M-16 combat rifle. Why? These were readily available, ammunition was inexpensive and easy to buy. They didn't jam or get too hot in use. I had to adhere to the local gun laws when I purchased it. I had to wait 2 weeks to be checked out and cleared before I could pick up my gun. It was limited to 10 rounds in the clip and had to be broken down in half to insert a new clip. These were all laws supposedly to curb criminals. Do you think criminals followed these laws? Of course not. I bought a 25 round clip on e-bay. I watched a Youtube video on how to remove the breakdown pin and also how to make the gun fully automatic. Semi-automatic means, you have to pull the trigger each time to fire. Full automatic means you just hold down the trigger and the rifle fires as rapidly

as it can.

Don't worry. I know that Bart will face the gallows within a week from when I left. But time is relative. All the time I spent in preparation isn't logged back in 1600 Nassau.

I returned back to Carly's house. I needed some more intel before I transport to Bart's location. I go back to the bar and ask if anyone has a map of the port where Bart was taken. Apparently, he still had some loyal friends there. They provided me with just the info I was seeking. They asked me if I needed some help. I tell them, it is better if you don't see what is going to happen. They were skeptical of my ability to save Bart.

Carly and Adele are insistent that they accompany me. I told them that it would be better if I didn't have to worry about protecting them along with saving Bart. It was like talking to a wall. I said, OK. You can come, but I want you both to stay near the time machine and keep a lookout. I give them each a rifle with a scope on it so they can observe the action. Also, they can cover our escape if my rescue is successful.

The day of Bart's scheduled execution lots of the town people turn out. I guess hanging pirates is a big attraction for them. There were lots of big wig politicians actually in their big wigs. This is perfect. I integrate myself among the onlookers. I have changed my attire to look like a nice upstanding English citizen. The weather is accommodating. It is a cool autumn day. This makes it easy for me to hide my M16 and my topcoat has lots of pockets for extra clips. Bart is on the hanging stand. I need to alert him somehow of my presence there. I raise my arm and shout out, "Death to all Pirates". Bart looks my way and recognizes my voice. The others in the crowd take up the chant. The big wigs signal to silence the crowd. They start to reel off all kinds of charges against Bart. Most of them are bogus. He has never ravaged and raped women and killed children. His only crime is being too greedy and not satisfied with what he already had. The real criminals are the hypocrites spouting off to rile up the crowd. Finally they finish with their spectacle. They ask, is there anyone who disputes the charges lodged against this vile pirate? I raise my hand and voice and say yes I dispute this whole

farce of justice. I open my top coat and start spraying bullets into the shocked faces of the executioners. I mow almost all of them down before the crowd panics and total chaos ensues. In the confusion, I rush to the hanging gallows and cut Bart loose with my trusty Rambo knife. Don't leave home without it. We make our escape and head toward the hill up where my time machine is waiting. Some of the local military have regained their composure. They see us fleeing up the hill and start to pursue. Bart is in a weakened state and I can see he is having trouble getting up the hill. I grab his arm, but even then, we are going to be overtaken by the pursuers. Several are only a few feet from catching us when Adele and Carly earn their stripes. Once again, the women have proven the deciding element in keeping us safe. After the first two followers are shot down, the rest hesitate and retreat back down the hill. This gives us enough time to enter the bubble and port back to Carly's home in Nassau.

I am not sure what these events will do to the fabric of time. I am fairly sure that the story of the bold rescue by an unknown assailant will be talked about until the facts will get completely buried in mystery.

I asked Bart, what were you thinking? You have a wife now and plenty of money. Why risk all that? He said, I already got the riot act from Carly, don't pile on. I said OK. Lets go down to the saloon and have some of the brew I have come to favor. Back in my own time, I haven't found anything to rival it.

I asked Bart, what do you want to do now? After my near death experience, I would like to visit that ocean paradise we vacationed at after our Konehead victory. I have got an even better place for you to try. I invested some of my money in stocks and struck it rich. I recently bought a villa on the French Riviera. Aren't we at war with France? Not for a long time now. Beside, you like to gamble right? I will take you to Monaco. Bring some of that loot with you. It is worth 1000 times more in my time than here.

We arrived back to my underground bunker. I returned my machine, sans flex capacitor, back to its storage place. We sell some of Bart's pirate loot on e-Bay to provide him with some gambling money. We all head to my villa

via normal transportation. Bart and Carly have never flown on airlines. I had to make them some fake passports in order to travel. I am getting good at this.

We spent a few days recovering from the last trip. Some gourmet diners at fancy French restaurants, snorkeling off my luxury sailboat that I keep in the Nice marina. (That's pronounced (Niece) not nice.

Bart is anxious to try his luck in the Monaco casinos.

Chapter 2 Bart in Trouble

We leave the wives home as this is Boy's Night Out. So on to Monaco. Bart is really enjoying the spectacular environment that Monaco presents. He is doing OK gambling with the high society French aristocrats. One in particular, who has been losing regularly, looks like trouble. After another losing round, he confronts Bart, saying that he thinks he is cheating. Bart says something like, "If you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen." This is said in Bart's old Nassau French accent. You can see the color rising in this guy's cheeks. He says to Bart, "You have offended me, you uncouth lowlife!" I challenge you to a duel. Apparently, this is a common way to handle insults. Bart says, "Whatever you like, I need to sharpen my swordsmanship. I haven't exercised for awhile. I try to intercede but to no avail. Bart wasn't use to backing down. So where do you want me to give you a lesson? I have a private room in this very hotel. One of the on-lookers comes up to me and says, this is Monsignor Peier. One of the finest swordsmen in all of southern France. It's too late to prevent the confrontation. I will just have to go along and watch.

I accompany Bart along with Peire's entourage. I guess he wants to demonstrate his prowess at fencing in front of his fan club. So they enter a room that looks like a combat arena. On the wall are several expensive looking blades. Peire shows Bart his collection and offers him his choice. Bart is no novice on selecting blades. He picks up one. Peire says, good choice. He also takes one off the wall. Each blade has a rubber tip on the

end. The first thing Bart does is take of the rubber tip. A look of concern appears on Peire's face. We don't usually remove those. Bart says, I don't know what kind of game you play here, but where I come from we don't play sissy games. Once again, a darker color of rage appears on Peire's face. Have it your own way though I warned you. The match begins. Each opponent goes through a feel out period. Neither one making any aggressive movements. Peire sees that Bart is not as unaccomplished as he thought. I have seen Bart in action in real combat. My impression is that Bart is just toying with him as a cat would a mouse. Peire gets impatient with the matches progress. He begins making more aggressive movements. Bart looks calm and smooth. Peire starts to sweat. This is not going as he planned. In fact, his opponent is making him look like an amateur. Bart is starting to tire of this farce. The next time Peire make a move, Bart slices across his trouser line and Peire's pants falls down. I think this is enough and signal to Bart to quit. Humiliating Peire in front of his fan base is a dangerous move. Bart bows, turns his back and starts to walk away. Peire secures his trouser string and surges toward Bart with what appears to be a killing thrust. I shout, "Look out!" Peire runs right into Bart's reverse blade. It penetrates Peire's body, but luckily it was not a fatal blow. He falls down to the floor. I grab Bart and say it is time to depart. I can only save you so many times. We exit the casino and make it back to our parked car. I told Bart, we don't know what kind of retaliation this Peire guy has. It looks like he is well known and rich. I think we need to get out of here and disappear. Bart agrees. Back at our villa, I tell Adele and Carly about what has transpired. I say, we need to get Bart out of town before some corrupt police come banging on my door. I take Bart and Carly to the train station and buy them a ticket to Paris. Here is some money. Go spend some time in one of the most romantic cities in the world. I will handle any incidents caused by tonight's drama.

The next morning I get a knock on my door. It is the local gendarmes. We are looking for this man, as they show me a picture of Bart. I say I met him last night, but I don't know where he is. What is your association with him? I am just a casual friend. What is the problem? He is wanted for accosting a one Peire Montclair and wounding him. I witnessed the confrontation at the gambling table and the following sword fight. I didn't see anything wrong

with what that fellow did. In fact, Peire tried to stab Bart in the back and accidentally ran into Bart's blade. Peire tells a different story. I bet he does. I can only tell you what I saw. We would like to search your property. I don't have anything to hide, but unless you have some kind of warrant, I would decline. We know you left with him, you got caught on video surveillance cameras. It is true, I gave him a ride to the train station. He said he had some business in Marseilles. They asked, what do you know about him? I say only that he told me he was a pirate, but I took that as some kind of joke. Maybe there was some truth in that. I guess they didn't have the proper warrant, so they left. It is typical of these rich aristocrats to buy off the police. I told Adele, lets hang out here a few more days until the heat is off, then meet up with Bart and Carly in Paris.

End of Chapter 2

What next?

The four of us in exciting Paris?

This could go on and on. Time travel offers an infinite variety of adventures, but it might be better to stay put. I am not a cat with nine lives.

Some suggestions:

Adele wants to record history as it really was. Interview with a cave man. Witness the crucifixion of Christ. The French Revolution.

How about “Bart the Gladiator” in the Coliseum.

The possibilities are endless. Just like Eternity.