

TIME AND TIME AGAIN AGAIN
(Prologue, the Future)

Culin and Adele decided to risk a future time travel. Looking back, they both wished that they had just stayed at home.

Upon journeying to 2027, the reception they got was not what they had expected. As soon as they arrived, they were both arrested and thrown in separate jails.

In the future, robots did all the work. The majority of humans have lost all their muscle mass and were abnormally skinny. Anybody still looking robust, with muscles and weight were considered rebels of the realm. They called them “Exemplars (Exempts for short) for their exemplary physical forms. Apparently, Culin and Adele fit that description.

History recorded some of the pioneers of the future developments. Elon Musk was one of them. He eventually produced giant rockets to the moon where his robot workers assembled a moon base. From there, they ventured on to Mars and established the first colonies of humans on Mars. Technology giants like Facebook CEO Mark Zuckerberg advanced AI so that human contact was no longer necessary. Realistic sex dolls were available so that any ugly guy or girl could have the partner of their dreams. You could see your doctor from your living room sofa. Order anything and have it delivered to you doorstep via drones. Microsoft CEO Bill Gates produced the first home based quantum computers, which advanced communication and research by leaps and bounds.

See what has become of the human race. It is not pretty

Culin and Adele in the 27th century.

Timely Seasons
(Chapter 1)

So Adele and I discuss what to take with us on our unknown journey. We really can't think of anything. We dress in clothes that would be good for

camping or hiking, not knowing the condition or weather where or when we were going. I also decide that we should just transport in place. Who knows what my house will look like 5000 years from now. This was a lucky choice. My Google map module will not work for the future. For all I know, we will be transported into a deep ravine or under water. What would 5000 years of earthquakes have done to the area surrounding our house. I have replaced my Rambo knife since I gave my other one to the blacksmith in the Medieval times. It is always good to have one close by.

So whirl and vibrate, we wake up still in tact and still in my basement bunker. It was a good thing I made this like a bomb shelter. We ascend the stairs and try the hatch door code. Nothing. This does not surprise me. My basement still has the tools that I use to maintain my machine. I get a crowbar and pry the panel off. A bunch of dirt falls down from above. Not to worry. If we are buried underground, we can just get back in the time machine and go back home. I start to dig up through the dirt and after several feet, I see some light. We are not that deep underground. After pushing through the rest of the dirt, we emerge in a large park. I don't see anyone around just yet. We both push the dirt back over our panel to hide the entrance to our basement. We are lucky to have arrived on a day with good weather. In fact, the air is extremely fresh and smog free. Maybe mankind has finally learned to take care of our home planet. Adele and I start to walk around hoping to run into someone to tell us about the time frame we landed in. We finally see a couple of people walking around. They all look frail, like they hadn't eaten in days. When we approached them, they looked panicked and turned away from us. What the heck is going on? We keep walking hoping someone will talk to us. Suddenly, we are surrounded by these box like vehicles with no wheels just suspended in the air. My scientific mind figures out that these future humans must have perfected magnetic levitation. The occupants look speciously like military or police.

Before I know it, we are surrounded and are about to be taken into custody. I was all ready to give them a 20th century kung fu demo when they sprayed some kind of mist in the air and we both passed out.

When I came to I was alone in some kind of invisible cell. This reminds me

of the first time I tried virtual reality. As I walked toward what looked like a door some bars appeared out of thin air and I couldn't move any further.

The door opened and one of the skinny dudes approached me. He reminded me of those Koneheads from comedy shows long ago. Skinny body with an out of proportion head. I guess I was just as foreign to him as he was to me. I asked him, why did you arrest me and where is my wife? What wife? No one has a wife. Are you purposely trying to deceive me? We can see who you are. Where is the rest of your team? I am not sure what he is talking about, but I suspect that my physical appearance has something to do with us being captured. Man I am really starting to regret having made this journey. And what have they done to Adele. Another thing that puzzles me. How did the authorities know about us in the first place. I suspect that everyone in this future has a built-in cell phone chip in their body and communications are wide open and instant.

As these thoughts were spinning around in my head, there was a big explosion and the door I had first seen was blasted open. Several normal looking guys burst in pushing the Konehead to the ground. The VR cell disappeared and they grabbed me and I willingly followed. They spirited me away from the jail building and we escaped in one of those floating boxy modules. I guess news travels fast in the future and the communication isn't limited to the government types.

We arrived at what appeared to be some kind of hideout in the rocky hills far from the city center. Instead of bringing me a cup of coffee or a glass of wine, I felt like I was still a prisoner. I was being interrogated by one of my rescuers. What were you doing walking around in open sight? I had to come up with some kind of explanation that didn't involve me revealing the existence of my time machine. I don't know if others after me had figured out the how to teleport through time. Maybe I had stumbled on a secret that others failed to see. Sometimes the answer isn't in the complicated mathematical equations surrounding time travel theory, but it is in the obvious. I was just simpleton enough to recognize that. At any rate, I concocted a story that would explain my naivety about the current situation. I said that my wife and I had arraigned to be put into suspended animation.

We had just woke up and started to roam around checking out our new environment when we were arrested.

It was my turn to ask some questions. I needed to know what was going on and how to find and rescue Adele.

I asked this guy, what has happened over the last 5000 years? Instead of him taking up his time to tell a long story, he directed me over to a table and brought me several volumes I what I guessed where history books. He said, don't ruin these, there are not many books left in this world.

End of Chapter 1

Timely Seasons *Chapter 2*

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8

**To every thing there is a season,
and a time to every purpose under the heaven:
A time to be born, a time to die;
a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;
A time to kill, and a time to heal;
a time to break down, and a time to build up;
A time to weep, and a time to laugh;
a time to mourn, and a time to dance;
A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together;
a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;
A time to get, and a time to lose;
a time to keep, and a time to cast away;
A time to rend, and a time to sew;
a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;
A time to love, and a time to hate;
A time of war, and a time of peace.**

5000 years of history condensed in the following paragraphs.

Elon Musk and Mark Zuckerberg collaborated and mass produced AI robots that could take over all manufacturing. Men decided they didn't need to work anymore. Also, synthetic AI dolls allowed even the ugliest man or woman to have the partner of their dreams. No one wanted to get married anymore. Why have a wife who might disagree with you when you could have

gorgeous synthetics who would respond to your greatest desires? The government banned marriage all together. Babies were farmed at a biological facility. Men and woman, no longer make physical contact. What a boring world the future turn out to be.

Over time, mankind split into two factions. Those who quit using their minds and muscles and those who adhered to the old ways. The two groups were designated “The Skinnys” and the Exemplars or Exemps for short. Over time, the Skinnys developed frail looking bodies with oversize heads. They became virtual listless coach potatoes. The Exemps continued to value physical and mental attributes.

One thousand years ago, the government banned all weapons in the interest of world peace and harmony. It seemed like a noble goal, but it didn't work out quite that way. Corrupt government officials, who didn't want to relinquish power, took control of the wimpy Skinnys and labeled the Exemps as rebels.

Bill Gates, Elon Musk, and Mark Zukerburg were honored as genius tech giants.

There was one other guy from history that was also admired by the Exemps for his genius. It was a guy who published an anti-government blog from his home in Tucson, Arizona. He said, all governments eventually turn corrupt. They try to take away all guns and freedoms from their the citizens. They continually increase taxes them to support their communists agendas. He was eventually gunned down by government thugs on his 40 acre compound near a city called Kingman. He did not go down easy. He had fortified his compound with lethally equipped robots, that he controlled from inside his home. His property was setup with trip wire bombs and he had lots of armament. He took down 23 of those thugs before they got to him. The Exemps valued his combat strategies and admired his courage. He referred to the two competing government factions, Democrats and Republicans as “The Demonics” and “The Reptilians”. How appropriate.

So I asked the rebel leader, what kind of weapons do you have? He said they

make some weapons, like the bombs by making and using gun powder. Other than that, they just rely on their superior strength in hand to hand combat.

So it was those bombs that help you free me from jail? That is correct. I need to mount a rescue to save my wife. We don't want to risk our lives to save a woman. They are not as physical as the men. You don't know my wife. I will figure out how to save her myself.

What about that mist they sprayed on me that rendered me unconscious? We have a deterrent for that. We wore a mask soaked in an orderliness solution, that cancels out the mist's effect.

I need to leave for a short time. I will bring back another guy to add to your team. If you could arrange to have me dropped off back where I was captured, I will take it from there. We can do that without any danger.

So they did dropped me off at the park near my secret hatch. I returned to my underground bunker. I set my time machine date back to my present time frame. I needed to change clothes. There was only one person I could trust to help me rescue Adele. That was Bart.

I returned back to Nassau. I set the date for a couple months later than when I had left. It wasn't hard to find Bart. I guess he always favored the same bar. I went inside, with my disguise in place, and spotted him sitting along at a corner table. I went over and sat down. He said, who are you? I said, just a guy that wants to buy you a beer mate. He recognized my voice. What are you doing back here? I said, I need your help. Some authorities have captured Adele and I need to rescue her. I need you to come with me to my city. How long do you think this will take, he asked. Not sure, but probably at least a couple weeks. I saw some concern show up on his face. Do you have some obligation that prevents you from coming? He said, I am getting married. What? You remember that house we stayed in planing our escape from Martinique? Yes of course I remember. Well, when you and Adele were out buying groceries, the guy's daughter and I took a fancy to each other. I told her I would come back to see her soon. When I returned, her father saw me as a rich buccaneer worthy of his daughter's hand. So I

brought her back to Nassau with me and we are living in the same house that I rented for you and Adele. Can I bring her along with me? This was an added complication, but who am I to deny him his happiness. I remember how I felt about Adele. I said, sure bring her along.

We three returned to where my time machine was hidden. I told him to bring his sword and bring one for me. I had landed in a place distant from that farmer's barn. I didn't have time to deal with him. I had just camouflaged the machine with some brush. I quickly removed it. Bart's fiancée's name was Carolina. He called her Carly for short. They both had puzzled looks as I motioned for them to get inside the bubble. I jumped beside them. I asked Bart, do you trust me? He said, yes with my life. I said, that is good because you might be risking it on this adventure.

I set the time for 20 minutes later when I had left the future. So here we go, back to the future. Sounds funny saying that. Whirl, vibrate, and pass out. We wake up back in my underground bunker. I need to give them a brief lecture on time travel. I tell Bart, you really don't know me. I was never a pirate. I had just traveled back in time to live an exciting life on the sea. And indeed it was exciting. Much more than I bargained for. I explained what happened to me and Adele upon arrival to the future. So I updated them as much as I could in the short time I had. Both had incredulous looks and I don't blame them. Are you ready to see the future?

We all three emerged into the park. After securing the trap door, a rebel magno-car greeted us. That is what I dubbed the levitation vehicle. I had told the rebels to return about 20 minutes after I had left. We were all spirited back to the rebels underground hideout. A random thought entered my mind. This is just like H.G. Well's book. Except the rolls are reversed. Instead of the Eloi being the innocents, the underground rebels were. The above ground Konehead government was the evil one.

Instead of referring to them as Skinnys, the rebels like my term Koneheads. So from now on, that is what we called them.

I introduced Bart and Carly to the rebel leader. I didn't provide any explanation as to who they were or how they arrived. I didn't want anyone to

know about my time machine. In fact, I was surprised that the future didn't have one of these. I suppose all that complicated mathematical theory was too hard to understand when the answer was something simple and obvious. Someone like me, who was basically a simpleton, stumbled on to the secret that made it feasible. I just told the leader that we had two more recruits for their cause. He was satisfied with this explanation.

I asked if he knew where Adele was kept. He said that they knew. None of us four have an embedded cell chip so how do you know? He said that he has spies among the Koneheads and they pass along intel. Can you draw me a map of the location? No problem

Timely Seasons *Chapter 3(The Rescue)*

For every season, turn turn, there is a reason, turn turn.
Song by the Birds band.

There is a time for peace and a time for war.
Peace didn't work, so war it is.

Bart and Culin approached the building where Adele was being held. They were not sure exactly where she was or who was guarding her. They carry a couple of rebel bombs with them and their swords. Apparently, the art of forging weapons was lost after the weapons ban went into effect. They had covered their noses with the shield masks. They brought an extra one for Adele. If the Konehead defense was as feeble as the rebels say, this should be a quick in and out operation. As they mount the steps, they are blocked by some Konehead guards. A couple karate chops and kicks renders them helpless. Bart and Culin enter the building. They encounter a couple guards in the corridor and quickly subdue them without knocking them out. Culin asks, where is the female rebel being held? The guard says, I am not authorized to divulge this information. Culin, using his sword, decapitates the guard. He turns to the other one, how about you, are you authorized? Bart has never seen Culin this determined. The other guard points toward the right swinging door. Bart knocks him out. Culin and Bart get through the

next several corridors and easily disperse any opposition. Finally they reach the cell where Adele is held. Culin looks in and sees her lying down on a wooden bench. She raises her head and he can see she is extremely weak. There is recognition in her eyes and a slight smile crosses her lips. From the other entrance, a Konehead enters and he looks like someone in charge. He is alarmed when he sees Culin and Bart. They grab him and tell him to disable the invisible barrier. He says that is not possible from here. Bart and Culin place an explosive charge near the barrier parameter and take cover. The explosion does its job and Culin races inside to lift up Adele. She says she has not been given any food or water. That explains her weakened condition. He tells the supervisor, so this is how you treat prisoners. Haven't you ever heard of the Geneva convention? Bart has a puzzled look on his face. Of course he has never heard of it either, since it was not formed until later centuries. The supervisor says, you will never escape here. I have alarmed an entire regiment of your presence. Culin says, that is good. I don't want to have to chase any of you Koneheads. By the way, I have a special treat for you for the way you have treated my wife. As he starts to leave the room, his last task is to shove his sword right through the supervisors chest. Culin and Bart hack there way through throngs of Konehead guards until all three are out of the building and safely away. The bloody massacre left inside the Konehead stronghold, should be a harsh reminder of who they were facing.

The story of Adele's rescue is passed on to the rebels via their embedded spies. When Culin and Bart return to the rebel camp, they are greeted with great enthusiasm. They want to know more about these long knives that Culin and Bart used.

It seems that the future world has taken a step backwards. Robots do all the work and mankind has become lazy and uneducated. Reminds me of some of the young kids and adults in my time. With the advent of calculators built into their cell phones, many cannot use simple math without that crutch. Even the rebels have lost the concept of invention. We tell them that they can make their own long knives by mining for ore and forging blades like the blacksmiths of old.

I am starting to feel like we should just return to our own times. Things were much better. I imagine that Bart and Carly maybe feeling the same thing. At the same time, I feel some allegiance toward these Exemps. They saved me and helped me recover Adele from jail. I needed to know more about the political scene.

The rebel leader said that this war has been on-going for over 500 years. The city, that we are in right now, is the World Headquarters of the Elite government. The Central Command are all here and govern the entire world. We have penetrated the outside perimeter many times, but when we get to the center core, our troupes are mysteriously defeated. No one has ever returned from the assault.

One question that has plagued time travel discussions for years is: What happens if you meet your own self in the future? Would one or both of you cancel out each other? I can answer that question. I have traveled up and done the time scale and never met myself. So my conclusion is, only one of you can exist and any one time in any time frame. This is comforting to know or I would not be relating this to you now.

I asked Bart if he wants to return to Nassau now. He says he will stay to aid me if I want to help the rebels. I say lets see if we can make more progress than they did over the past 500 years. Sometimes I really think I am stupid. I have this machine that can go back to the past and get some real weapons. I should have brought my nine millimeter with me. Not only for me, why not bring a whole arsenal of weapons from the past and train the rebels to use them? I mention this to Bart and he agrees. This is a solid idea. I tell the rebels to forget about these long knives. I will bring something that should be a game changer. The four of us go back to my time machine bunker. We transport back to my present time frame. Adele needs to recover from her jail time. In fact, I recommended that neither her nor Carly should return with us to fight the Koneheads. Both of them object. I learned a long time ago, don't argue with women who have already set their minds.

Since time was relative, there was no hurry to return to the future. I needed some of my own present time to acquire the arsenal I wanted to bring. I told

Bart, Carly, and Adele to luxuriate in the Jacuzzi and load up on gourmet foods that I prepared for them. I made sure Bart had an adequate supply of ale that was as close as I could find to his normal brew. I heard no objections as I went out my front door.

As it turned out, we needed the woman more than I could have ever realized.

To be continued:

World War III, or was it IV, V, or VI. It is hard to keep count.

Timely Seasons
(The War to end all Wars)

I bring my collected arsenal to the rebel leader. I said, I need to train your fighters on how to use these weapons. We only have a limited amount, so we have to conserve as best we can. He says, OK. I will arrange for my men to learn. I said no. Not just your men. The Koneheads believe your women aren't valiant enough to fight. This is one of their weaknesses. We must exploit all options. So for the next two weeks, we conduct training exercises. We must only practice with simulated rounds due to the limits of our bullet ammunition. Myself and Bart will lead the assault. We have a dozen rebel partners along with us. I tell the rebel leader, the woman will be our ace in the hole. If we run into unexpected resistance, we can call on them to help. I have them plant comm chips in the four of us. Now I can communicate directly with Adele. Her and Carly are the leaders of the woman's group.

We don't need a stealth plan. This will be an all out frontal assault. Take no prisoners. We advance on the Konehead command center. Bart and I still have our swords. Nice thing about them, we don't have to re-load. Our team mounts the headquarters steps. There are many guards in our way. We hack right through them and enter the centralized area. The rebels with me say, our past assault teams had made it this far before, then our communications with them ended. No clue to what happened. Of course we all have our anti-mist masks on. Suddenly, the corridor is sprayed with mist. The whole group starts to falter and pass out. What is going on? Before I lose consciousness, I send a signal to Adele. Go back, it's a trap. We are doomed.

I pass out with the rest of the team. When I wake up, expecting to be in jail again or dead, Adele is hovering over me. We are all back at the rebel hideout. I said, what happened?

Adele related the following report of events:

When I got your message, at first I was going to call a retreat. But Carly and I were too worried about what might happen to you and Bart. (I was thinking, “What wife doesn't always follows her husbands order's, ha!”) Besides, we had trained for this. I ordered a follow up all out assault. We got to the main corridor and saw all the guards that you had cleared out of the way. When we got to where all of you were passed out, a mist was sprayed down on us. But nothing happened. We were not affected by the mist. We continued on and broke into the central office. We quickly subdued the command leaders, either by shooting them, or ku fuing them. Remember, you had me take months of martial arts training back home. Carly didn't have this advantage, but she was fueled by anger over what happened to you and Bart. After we took over the command center, the rebel leader brought the rest of his troops in and secured the area. During some interrogation of one of the prisoners, we found out why we were immune from the mist. Their leading chemist had formulated a secret mist, different from the one used outside. He never imagined that woman would storm the command center. So he made a strong double dose that only affected men's DNA to insure the men would be disabled. So it was male arrogance that saved us.

Now that the rebels held the world central command center, they could advise other groups on how to take out other Konehead facilities.

I told Bart, Carly, and Adele, that our job here was done. It is time to return to our own worlds. I asked Bart if he would like to spend some time at my home in 2020. He agreed to stay around awhile, but said Nassau was his home and he and Carly wanted to go back to their own time too.

Back home safe and sound, I discussed my time machine with Adele. I said, let's put my machine in mothballs and never use it again. I just want to make three more trips.

I transported the four of us to the Maldives. We rented adjacent bungalows, right on the water, and spent two glorious weeks swimming, snorkeling, eating gourmet dinners, and sipping fine wine as we watched the sunset.



What a place to dine.

After that well deserved vacation, we brought Bart and Carly back home. I told Bart that I was hanging up my time machine and would most likely never see them again. He said, it had been an amazing adventure being my friend. I am sorry to have to say goodbye. I told him, I thought of a way for us to communicate if he gets into some trouble. 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.

Transporting back home, I enclosed my time machine in a protective shell and removed the flex capacitor that powered it. Even if someone else found my machine one day, they would not know how to use it. I placed the flex capacitor in a secret location that even Adele didn't know about. No one would ever use this again without my permission.

Life went on and Adele and I enjoyed staying home. Five years later, on one of our vacation trips to Nassau, there was a faded message carved into the rock. I could barely read it because it was eroded so much by the weather. I could still make it out though. It read: Help

End of Timely Seasons