


Universal Justice
(Chapter 1)

Prelude:

I got the idea for this story from watching the movie called “In Time”. I had seen it several years ago, but could not remember all that took place. I watched it a few days ago again. I thought it was unique enough that I wanted to model a new story after it. So some scenes I got from the movie, but it gave me the chance to weave my own plots into it. There will be no unbeknownst or none-the-less anywhere in the script that follows. 

To continue:

If you recall, I am the one with the time machine. Adele and I have gotten bored with living a peaceful life. The life and death adventures from the past were hard to top. They made us feel more alive. Adele came up with the idea of righting wrongs across the galaxies. In one of our past journeys, she had heard of a time frame where the rich and fluent take advantage of the poor. I will once again use my pirate name Culin.

Let's give Bart a call and see if he and Carly want to join us. We hadn't talked to them in quite a while. I was shocked to find out that Carly had passed away a few month before. Why didn't you tell us? I was too depressed to even do simple mondaine things. I am so lonely without her. I told him what Adele and I had in mind. I have nothing else to do and this might take my mind of my loss. I will join you.

This was a very strange time and place. After you were born, and at some point in your later life, you would wake up with a time clock stenciled into your wrist. The clock would display how much time you had left before you would die. There were different ways to add time to your life-clock. You could work at some factory, steal time from others, or be born into a time rich family. The time wealthy lived in a different elitist zone. Kind of like the Beverly Hills zone. Some had already lived to be over 100, but still looked as young as the day their life-clock appeared. However you looked at that point, you didn't age any further. One guy in particular, had investments all over the planet. He was already over 100 and his life-clock still showed he had more than 100 years left. He also had a vault with a time cartridge

containing 1 million years of time. In order for the rich to survive, they had to conserve the limited resources of the planet. What that meant was they had to make sure that the poor did not live too long. One way they did this was to keep raising the cost of everything. To ride a taxi, it cost you 1 hour of your time. Time was the only monetary currency. The only way to purchase anything. Stay one night in a motel, it cost you 1 month of your time. Time cassettes were used to take or give time depending on whether you worked or spent. They were about the size of those old 8 track tape cartridges. You just placed your wrist next to the end and download or spend time. I aimed my time machine to a hilly area above the city. Far enough off the beaten path so that no one would likely discover it. I took the flux module out, just in case.

As soon as we exited the time machine, a glowing time clock appeared on each of our wrists. Must be something required to exist in this place. We each had a day's worth of time as the clock started to tick down. We need to get an idea of what is going on in this place. Just like anywhere else, the best place to get intel is in a bar.

Fortunately we were all dressed like the rest of the patrons. Twentieth century attire. Works for me. As we walked down towards the center of the city, it was obvious we didn't land in Beverly Hills. We noticed a woman running down the street. Not sure what or who was chasing her. Then she just fell down and didn't get up. We tried to come to her aid, but then we noticed that her life-clock had expired along with her. Strange that no one thought this was unusual. We saw others just walking along as if nothing had happened.

As we entered the closest bar, we noticed a young man at the rail buying drinks for the whole place. His life-clock displayed a century and a half. This is equivalent to a guy in skid-row wearing a Calvin Kline suit and a Rolex on his wrist. He is asking to get beat up and robbed. Eventually, he leaves his stool and heads for the restroom. I see three unsavory dudes get up and follow him. It doesn't take a genius to know what is going to happen next. I signal Bart to follow me. Two guys had already entered the restroom. The third was blocking the door. The restroom is temporary closed, he said.

A forearm to the throat ended any further comment. Bart gets inside before me. As a pirate, he has been in plenty of fights. Besides, he was still in mourning over Carly. He takes his frustration out on the two guys holding Mr. Rich. We need to get you out of here. Bart escorts him out the side door while I retrieve Adele. She was facing some danger of her own. A couple guys had cornered her thinking she was an easy target for the taking. Excuse me. When they turned to look to see who was speaking, Adele kneed one in the crotch and I crunched the other's kneecap. I grabbed her and we hurried out the same door that Bart had gone through.

Looking back, I saw that we were being pursued by some of the bar's patrons that had witnessed Mr. Rich's life-clock exposure. We needed to find some place safe out of the way. I asked him, do you know of any safe hiding places near us? I grew up on these streets, I do know of a place. We took a few back alley turns and ended up in an area with lots of warehouses. One had a chain and lock that was not secured. We slid the door aside, all got in and I ran the chain around the door handles and snapped the lock closed. Outside we could hear the guys cursing and kicking the doors. Our door stayed closed. Finally the noise outside abated. I think we are safe here until the morning. What were you thinking? Hanging around that bar with a platinum's worth of time on your wrist. To tell you the truth, I am just tired. I am almost 200 years old. When I think of how the system is stacked against ordinary people, it makes me sick. I just want to end it all. Well, don't let our efforts go to waste. You can always end it all another day. We all found some place to sleep. This was not the Ritz Carlton, but it was at least safe. No rats either, another plus. The next morning we all woke to a surprise. Our life-clocks had increased by more than a half a century and Mr. Rich was gone. I rushed out the door and caught a glimpse of him rounding the corner. I followed him and he stopped at the top of a bridge overlooking what was supposed to be a river. Instead, it was just a water drainage channel with only a dribble of water down the center. As I approached him, I noticed that his life-clock was ticking down to zero. Before I could reach him, he zeroed out and fell off the bridge.

Back at the warehouse, I told Adele and Bart what I had witnessed. There is definitely something wrong with this place. In order to get to the bottom of

it, we need to travel to where the elite live.

Unaware that my image had been captured by a security camera near the bridge, I thought that I was still incognito. The time police had arrived and were conducting an investigation into Mr. Rich's death. They assumed that he had been robbed and pushed off of the bridge. Who do you think was their prime suspect?

The man in charge was not just an ordinary policeman. He was known as the "Time Keeper". He monitored all the time transfers that occurred on a daily basis. When he noticed that three half a century plus time owners passed over to the elite area on the same day, he knew this was too much of a coincidence. Especially when the diseased man found in the drainage ditch had lost all of his 1.5 century time at once.

It had cost me a year's worth of time to pay the toll to cross over to Paradise zone. We arrived at a fancy hotel with an attached casino. It cost me six months to book a one night suite. We were all famished and the first thing we did, after shower and change was go to the hotel restaurant. We all ordered our favorite delicacies and paid a high price for it too. Bart even gave the waitress a big tip. At another table sat one of the most gorgeous girls I had ever seen. Short dark hair and the biggest brightest blue eyes to go with her perfect shape. It looked like she had finished her meal and as she glided by our table, she commented, "You all aren't from around here are you?" How do you know? No one gives away time so easily. If you really want to lose time fast, visit my father's casino. Is there a cover charge? No, but you would need to lose those clothes. It's formal attire only to get in. Her name was Carla. Too close to Bart's recently passed away wife Carly. He was immediately smitten. Bart, being a true pirate, also had the looks of a famous swashbuckling actor from the past. Errol Flynn pictured here.



Side Note:

She reminded me of the cute girl who played Alfalfa's girlfriend in "The Little Rascals". One of the first shows that I watched in the mid-50's. Her name was Darla.



Guys start getting interested in the opposite sex early on. I can remember watching the Little Rascals and was infatuated with Darla, pictured here. The first girlfriend I can remember was Charlene. I was in 4th or 5th grade and we used to hold hands. Later in life, I ran into Charlene again as a teenager. I was in 10th grade and they had a dance at school. I escorted Charlene to that dance. I was totally ignorant on how to treat girls. My Dad drove us to the dance. After, I told Charlene that my Dad would take her home, we just needed to walk from the school back to my house. Not a big deal right! I think it was close to a mile. Easy for me, but she was wearing high heels. Not a good outcome.

When I graduated from 8th grade, I had a crush on a girl named Marilyn Charm. I was going to go to a different school. I had to go back to public school. I was wondering how I was going to live without seeing her anymore. Actually, I almost forgot her real name. So I guess that must mean I am over her. Young emotions are very strong.

To continue:

It looked like Carla had noticed Bart's handsome physic too.

The Casino:

Universal Justice

(Chapter 2)

Bart and I had purchased tuxedos. I don't even want to tell you how much time it cost. Adele could wear anything and she would still be the most elegant woman in the room. We all three made it to the entrance of the Casino. Do you have a reservation? I thought it wasn't necessary for time rich patrons as we showed him our time clocks? You may enter, but it is customary for new quests to make a donation. That won't be necessary. It was Carla who met us at the door. These are my special guests. She grabbed Bart's arm as we were ushered in with out further ado. Besides being accompanied by Carla, Bart was in his element. He is an avid gambler and rarely loses. Carla brought us to a table where several high class patrons were playing. One man in particular stood out. Carla said, this is my Dad. He didn't look much older than Carla. The woman standing behind him didn't look much older either. This is my Mom, Elise. We all bowed and introduced ourselves. Pleasure to me you all. Will you all be playing? Bart responded, just me, if that is OK. Adele and I were happy to just watch. Several hands played out, then the crucial hand was dealt. They were playing Texas Hold-em, popular across all the Galaxies. As the flop was revealed, Bart never blinked an eye. He has the ultimate poker face. Carla's Dad, Joule bet a half century of time. If Bart called, he would be down to only a minutes worth of time before he timed out. No hesitation, I'm all in as he downloaded his entire life-clock minus a minute remaining. I was prepared to jump in and transfer some of my time to Bart before he was gone. It turned out not to be necessary. Joule turned over two pairs, Aces and Eights. Bart just smiled, mentioned that was the dead man's hand and flipped up 3 threes. Joule's smile never left his face. Quite a bold move betting almost your entire life-clock. Bart rubbed it in by saying, I had no doubt that you had a weak hand. The smile disappeared from Joule's face.

Well I hope you three enjoy the rest of the evening. I shall leave you to it. Adele and I wanted to roam around and gather some intel. Carla and Bart

strolled out the side door to the back patio.

This is written from Bart's perspective:

Carla escorted me out the side door to the patio. Their private beach had the perfect access to pristine ocean waters. Bart started to take off his suit. What are you doing Bart? It has been a while since I saw such crystal clear waters. I want to go for a swim. Want to join me? I have never ventured out in open waters before. You mean with this awesome beach, you have never swam here? I swim in my private indoor pool. You don't know what you are missing as he slipped off the last of his clothes. Carla wasn't used to such wild and spontaneous behavior. She couldn't quite understand what was happening as she entered the water sans clothing too. They had previously ditched her two constant bodyguards. Bart was a gentleman when it comes to ladies. He did not intend to take advantage of Carla's joining him. They saw the guards looking around, so they swam inside a nearby cave.

About an hour later, Joule approached Bart. I saw you leave with my daughter out the side gate. Where is she? I imagine she is with her bodyguards as she suddenly reappeared through the side door. Her bodyguards were at their assigned stations. Joule gave him a suspicious look, there was nothing he could say at the moment though.

The three time travelers resumed their intel gathering. You could get a lot of information without asking suspicious questions by just listening to the gossip. Oh, did you hear about that timeout yesterday. One guy was trying to get a time loan at the bank, but they refused his request saying he didn't have sufficient collateral. He timed out right there on the spot. Similar conversations were heard among other groups. These people did not realize that having to maintain their lifestyle was the root cause of the poor people's troubles.

Suddenly the Casino front doors burst open and the Time Keeper stepped in along with three of his marshals. You three are under arrest for murder. We didn't murder anybody. How do you explain all the time you just received? The time was voluntarily given. No one voluntarily gives away a century and half of time. I could see discussion was useless. It was Bart who acted first. He pulled a knife that was strapped to his ankle and grabbed Carla. He never

leaves home without one. With a knife at her throat, he commanded the marshals to back down. Joule said, please do as they ask. My daughter is in danger. We backed out of the side door and ran to the nearest town car. This was a Chrysler built like a tank. No keys were needed. No one in this section needs to steal anything. Bart shoved Carla into the back seat and Adele and I took the front with me driving. We were headed back toward the slums. How are you going to get through the toll booth? Even this car will not be able to smash through those steel cylinders they put up. You are absolutely right about that as I veered off center line and smash through the toll both itself. This car was living up to its reputation as a real tank car.

We arrived back in town where we started. We have to ditch this car. We get out and I send it into the same drainage channel that Mr. Rich dived into. We found a low rent motel and paid for two nights. We tried to hide our wrist time clocks, but the clerk at the motel must have gotten a glance. A half hour after as we settled in our new “safe” spot, the motel door burst open and 5 dudes came in with one guy brandishing gun. I took him to be the leader. So these must be the “time bandits” mentioned before. Bart, once again, brought out his knife. The boss just smiled. Haven't you heard the movie line “Don't bring a knife to a gun fight!”? Bart underhanded the knife and stuck it right in his throat. I guess I missed that movie. Then all hell broke out. One of the biggest dudes decided that Adele was the easiest opponent. She was a black belt in Karate. One snap kick to his head and it was lights out. Bart dispensed the two others while I was struggling with the last one. He had me in a grisly bear squeeze when he suddenly went limp. It was lights out for him too as Bart smashed his head with the table lamp. How appropriate. Lights out, get it. Never mind, if you have to explain a joke, it didn't work.

We needed to get out of there. What do we do with the body? How about giving it to the clerk. He deserves that for his loyalty. We took time all the way down to half an hour from the knocked out survivors. Let's see how they like to scramble for time as their clocks tick down. Bart also kept the gun.

We needed a plan. I decided to use Carla. Call your Dad and tell him we want 1 thousands years ransom to return you unharmed. She made the call

and gave the details of where to meet.

The Exchange:

Universal Justice

(Chapter 3)

So the exchange was all set up. I stood at the appropriate corner holding Carla. Adele and Bart were hidden, but were watching. I told Carla that we were going to deposit the ransom time in the local time bank allowing anyone to receive time free of charge. The three of us had already helped by downloading most of our half a century. We all only had 2 days worth of time left. The time for the exchange arrived, but no one showed up with the ransom time. Carla was not surprised. She said, my father did not amass all his time wealth by giving away 1000 years. What are you going to do now? You can leave. Call your father and tell him we let you go. You know, I can tell him that I volunteered to join you. He would believe me as he knows I am reckless. He has lots of influence and can get all three of you a lawyer to deal with the Time Keeper. I don't think this particular Time Keeper will accept deals. Here, take this gun, just in case. She went to a near by phone booth, deposited the required time. When her father answered she said, you couldn't even spare one second of time. You know I would do anything to protect you. Don't worry, they are coming to get you. They know where you are. I was just sitting on the curb watching Carla when a car appeared and the Time Keeper got out. I was unaware that he was aiming a gun right at me. Carla saw what was happening and without thinking she shot the Time Keeper in the arm. He dropped his gun. Carla ran toward Bart as he came out of hiding. The four of us quickly exited the scene. We ran back to our former safe place in the warehouse alley. At least there was no clerk to turn us in.

Well this certainly changes things. Since you shot the Time Keeper, I don't think the story of your being a hostage will hold up any longer. You are now one of us. A fugitive.

What is your new plan? We have no choice other than to steal time. Carla

said, instead of taking from the poor, why not take from the rich. After all, is it really stealing something that has already been stolen? This seemed like a good saying.

We needed more than just one gun. Carla had made the escape along with us while wearing a pair of real diamond earrings. Let's go to a pawn shop and see what we can get in exchange.

Pawn shops are notorious for ripping people off. People come in there out of desperation hoping to turn their priceless family jewels into real monetary help. This place was no different. Bart was just the guy to deal with them. After all, he was a real pirate. Carla's earrings were at least worth 1 year of time. When the clerk offered 2 months, Bart pulled his gun and made him an offer he couldn't refuse. He got out of there with 2 years worth of extra time.

Next it was to the gun store. These guys were actually reasonable. We got enough armament to allow us to execute our plan.

Carla was knowledgeable of how her father operated. Once a week, on a Wednesday, an armored truck would arrive at the local time bank and deposit his week's worth of profits. Now that the four of us were armed, we commandeered one of those trucks. Instead of trying to unload all the time cassettes, I just drove the armored truck through the bank's front plate glass entrance. This worked just as good as the Chrysler. I announced to the surprised patrons that today all the time modules were free. Word spread and it didn't take long for the poor and needy to disperse of the free loot.

Of course this showed up on the news outlets. I imagined what the look on Joule's face was like now seeing his daughter part of the heist of his own time treasury.

Side Note:

This reminded me of the Patty Hearst story. You have all heard of Hearst's Castle.

Patricia Campbell Hearst (born February 20, 1954)^[1] is the granddaughter of American publishing magnate [William Randolph Hearst](#). She first became known for the events following her 1974 kidnapping

by the [Symbionese Liberation Army](#). She was found and arrested 19 months after being abducted, by which time she was a fugitive wanted for serious crimes committed with members of the group. She was held in custody, and there was speculation before trial that her family's resources would enable her to avoid time in prison.

At her trial, the prosecution suggested that Hearst had joined the Symbionese Liberation Army of her own volition. However, she testified that she had been raped and threatened with death while held captive. In 1976, she was convicted for the crime of bank robbery and sentenced to 35 years in prison, later reduced to 7 years. Her sentence was [commuted](#) by President [Jimmy Carter](#), and she was later pardoned by President [Bill Clinton](#).

To continue:

During the next few weeks, they managed to rob three other banks before Joule shut down his deliveries. Bart and Carla grew closer. In fact, you could say that they were a couple now. Bart told her that they were not normal visitors to her time frame. At first, she could not fathom what he was talking about. Still confused, she let it slide for now. He said that where or when (to be more precise) he comes from, there are no life-clocks. You live as long as your body allows, and then you die. She was not sure if this was good or bad. He said that when we are finished here, I can take you to my time frame and you can experience exactly what I am describing.

So after these three heists, Colin said that this could go on forever. We are helping the poor, but only in small increments. We need to do something substantial or we might as well just leave. Carla said what if you could get the 1 million year cassette? That would provide lots of relief to many. She came up with the plan.

Her plan was for her to surrender. She arrived back at her father's casino headquarters voluntarily raising her hands and she approached the steps. Joule came out with dozens of bodyguards with guns aimed at her. He told them to be careful, not to harm his daughter. I see you have hired many more guards Daddy. It's best to be careful. I guess you should have been more careful with your vetting process as Colin stepped forward from out of the guard troops and aimed a gun at Joule's head. Stand down, he told his minions. What do you want? We would like to take a peek inside your vault. He backed Joule into the Casino doorway. Carla followed in behind. As they approached the vault, Carla said, let me guess, the password would not be my birthday, right! She pushed in the numbers for her younger brother's birthday and Voila! The vault door opened up.

She grabbed the precious cartridge and went back outside. Colin said, we are not done with you yet Joule. We are making a citizen's arrest. You are guilty of defrauding the common people. We will take you back to the slums for trial.

He was tried by a jury, not of his peers, but of those he hurt. I think they let him off easy. He got a one year's sentence with the following condition: He had only 1 day left on his life-clock. As his time clock ticks down, he has the option of renewing for another day as long as he deposits 10 years of his profits into the local time bank. This lets the poor share in his time credits. They also show him a video history of all the poor that have timed out due to his extravagance. This is to continue during his 1 year sentence.

The 1 million year cassette was also deposited. This gave time relief to the most needy.

The Time Keeper was not done with me yet. He still thought of us as criminals, even though we championed for the common folks cause.

We had one more run in with him before we returned to our present time frame.

Universal Justice

(Last Chapter)

We are kind of done here. Not sure how long this balancing of time will last, but we are leaving the poor with a little hope. It is time to get back to the time machine before our own clocks run out.

Bart asks Carla if she would like to go on vacation. Not really knowing what is in store for her, she trusts Bart to not lead her astray. Sure, I think we could all use some rest and relaxation. Called R&R by the military. Bart was thinking more like I&I. Called intoxication and intercourse in the military, but he did not say that out loud.

As we walked up the hill toward where we left the machine, I see the Time Keeper is blocking our way. It is 3 or 4 against one, if you count Carla. I tell Bart, let me handle this. You get everyone else back to the machine. Here is

the flex module. I will take care of the Time Keeper. If for some reason, I am later that ½ an hour, take off without me. You sure you want to do it this way? I need to make something clear to this guy.

As I get within vocal range, I say, let's handle this man to man. We don't want to shoot you or have you shoot anyone of us. Fine by me, as he tosses down his weapon. I do the same.

Bart escorts the others past him.

If you have been paying attention, you will have seen that we gave all the heisted time modules to the poor. The million year module was also deposited into the free bank to distribute to the needy.

All that is fine, but I believe you killed the first guy and I still have an exit wound where Carla shot me.

I have experienced hand to hand combat before, but I imagine this Time Keeper is no slouch. We circle each other before engaging. He makes the first move. As he lounges at me, I use his forward momentum to flip him back over me and he lands on his back knocking the wind out of him. Not wanting to lose my advantage, I run at him, but he leg kicks me and I am upended. Now he has the advantage. We alternate advantage, disadvantage. This is taking too much time. I say that now because my own personal life-clock only has 15 minutes left. I notice that he suddenly looks very pale. He has also forgot his own time. I see that it is ticking down with only 10 seconds left. This would have been over if I had just stayed away from him. With only 5 seconds left, I rush to him and transfer 5 minutes of my 15.

Why did you do that? Like I told you before, we did not kill anyone and we are not killers. We are going to disappear and you will never see us again. Who are you guys? We are time travelers from a different era. A place where we try to have freedom and justice for all. Not perfect, but you guys could use some of that here in this time frame. I believe you have just enough time to get back to your car and transfer your credits.

With that, I leave him and hurry up the hill. I have only one minute left when I hit the time dial and disappear.

When we returned to our own era, the life-clocks on our wrists disappear. Same thing happened to Carla. At first she was frightened thinking that she has timed out. Bart consoles her and says you are perfectly fine.

After this time travel, we all felt that we really needed a vacation. I was trying to think of a good place where Carla would appreciate our era. Some place where none of us had already been. Nice France and Monte Carlo was out. (Besides, Bart was probably still a wanted man there.) We had spent too much time in the Bahamas now and in the past.

How about Fiji?



They say a picture is worth a thousand words.

Bart and Carla enjoying the view and a drink



Carla snorkeling with Bart



Adele and I are also drinking





Do I need say more
One of our excursions



Were not starving either



Sorry no pictures of Adele and I. I was always the one with the camera.

Carla was really enjoying this vacation, but Bart sensed some anxiety in her expression. She didn't want to bring it up, but eventually she told Bart that she wanted to return home. She was worried about her father, mother, and brother.

Bart said, I will return you back to your home time anytime you want. How about just enjoying the next week or so. I don't want you to leave just yet. She agreed, and she lost the anxiety knowing she would be going home soon.

I told Bart that Adele and I didn't want to time travel so soon, but he is welcome to use the time machine to bring Carla back. He had traveled with me often enough to know how to use all the controls and the maps.

Back home, after the vacation, we said our goodbyes to Carla and they left. I expected Bart to reappear soon, since he could pick the time he wanted to return. Normal time progression is suspended while using the time machine. When he didn't return right away, I started to get a little worried. Did he get trapped in the Future?

Finally, my machine appeared back in my underground bunker empty. There was a written log on the seat.

This is what it said:

The following is from Bart's perspective:

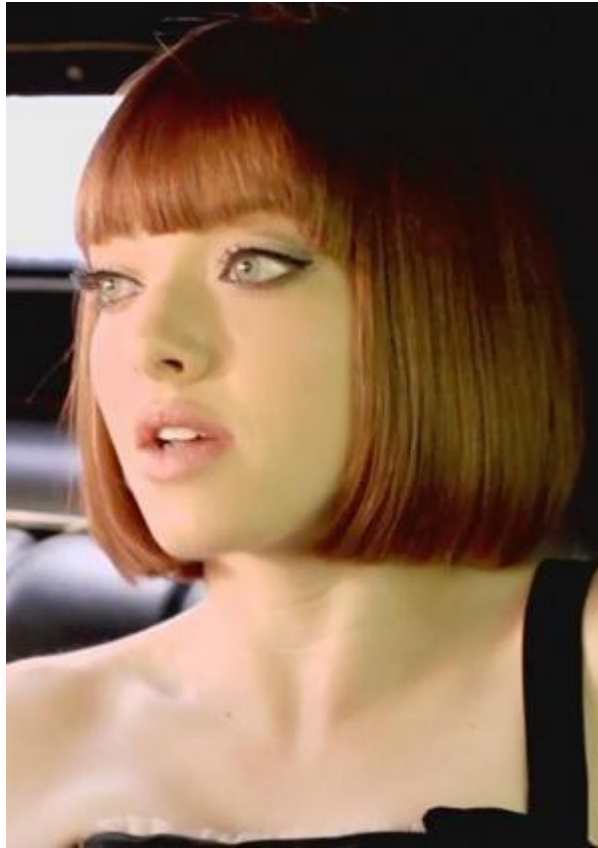
Colin, we chose a time six months from when we left. This is what has happened. Carla visited her father in jail. She noticed a big change in his attitude. He no longer seemed arrogant. In fact, he was repentant. Apparently, watching all the harm he had done to the common folks sunk in. Instead of just releasing his required time credits, he voluntarily doubled them. He said that when he got out of jail, he wanted to set up a charity to help those he had harmed the most. Carla was so relieved to hear this. I asked him, what about the Time Keeper. Jule said, he finally realized that the three of us told him the truth. Colin's life saving time transfer had done the trick. He has lifted the arrest warrants on all three of us. At least I don't have to worry about being jailed here myself.

I told Carla that I really didn't want to live to be 200 years old. I did want to stay with her here and help with the charity organization. Six months later, Jule was released from jail. He followed through with his promises. Carla and I got married. I filled my life-clock with enough time to reach 60 years old. At that time, I told her I wanted to return to my own era and live out the rest of my years normally. She agreed with me and wanted to do the same. So sometime in our future, you will need to come and get us. I am 35 years old right now. You are a little older than me. So after 30 years of your life there, come and get us. I hope you will still be alive. If not, I will be trapped here. If all works out, Carla and I can rejoin you and live out our golden years.

Fact from fiction:

Of course this whole story is fiction. A lot of the story line came from the movie "In Time".

Amanda Seyfried played Carla.



I plagiarized a lot of the story line, but altered it to fit my own story.

There were no time travelers in the movie. Justin Timberlake was the only hero.



Vincent Kartheiser played Joule
Just the right look too.



Raymond Leon played the Time Keeper

Another perfect fit



This was a pretty good movie. There were some drama scenes that I did not use. A little different twist than what I portrayed. You should watch it someday.

The End