

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

TITLE: White Boy

DIALOGUE: "Now, do it now,
don't wait, don't think about
it, just do it."

OPTIONAL SCIENCE IDEA: "Earth
starts receiving
transmissions from the
multiverse."

WHITE BOY

[REDACTED]

"Now, do it now, don't wait, don't think about it,
just do it White Boy." What nonsense. Let me give you some
backstory. It's Sunday morning, early morning, and I'm
sleeping soundly when a gentle tapping noise wakes me up. It's
coming from the window I can tell, so I roll out of bed and
pull the curtains open. It's one of those delivery birds, an
old school rusty type mecha-pigeon. Do they still make these
fuckers I think to myself. But I digress, I open the window to
see what the fuck the commotion is all about and the little
guy jumps into my room. It's pretty banged up as you'd expect

with relics like these, but it manages to stammer about like the drunken little bot that it is. It coos about for a bit, you know, in that lo-fi way that people back in the day loved to hate. After a bit of song and dance it vomits your standard issue thumb sized hologrammer. I grab it quickly before it stains the carpet and rush to the bathroom to wash away the excess oil. As I run the water I wonder who the fuck sent this through. Was it grandma? She's been dead for eighty seven years, but it sounds like something she would do, send messages from the afterlife. Creepy, but sweet. All of a sudden I hear the pigeon move about again. First, there's this spring like noise immediately followed by a soft thud, like a soft landing. Then, spring again, but this time silence. A few seconds later, a sharp, but quieter sound rises from down below. I don't see any of it, but it's easy to guess what went on. The little winged messenger first jumped up to the window sill, then went kamikaze on me and dropped to its death. It fell over the heliport so probably landed on some shitty flying saucer type parked downstairs. Mecha-pigeons man, what are you going to do? Anyway, I dry the hologrammer birdie puked up and dry it on my t-shirt. It looks old and I'm not even sure it's going to work. I feed it into the wall mainframe and wait for it, but nothing. It usually takes a few minutes for the gears of my living room walls to warm up when

it's cold, and it's been a bitter winter. So I put the kettle on. It's Sunday morning and all this commotion has earned me a cup of tea, one of those epic ones. I'm about to start the brew when all of a sudden the goddam thing starts playing from the other room. The hologram. I drop everything, rush out of the kitchen and would you fucking believe it? Right in front of me, a holographic life-sized spitting image of White Boy is looking back at me and delivering this random message in a loop, over and over again. "Now, do it now, don't wait, don't think about it, just do it White Boy." Oh, and here's a turn of events, did I mention that I am White Boy? Yeah, weird times. So I'm looking at myself deliver a message to myself without any recollection of having recorded a hologram. So by now I'm pretty confused. I go downstairs to look for contact details on the remains of the pigeon and, as expected, the thing is splattered over a saucer, scattered all over the place of course. I find the little black box and look up for hotline contact details. I find it. I keep it pithy as I'm low on credit, and I'm always low on credit. But anyhow, I telepathise through to their matrix and get some relevant info to investigate further.

Back upstairs I try to piece this one together, but the details are scarce at best. What do I know? Yes, I sent the hologram to myself. From another temporal plane, aka from

the future. The message should not have been on a loop though, something was wrong with the holocode. So what else is new. A replacement holo is on its way. It'll be a few hours though, so here I am, waiting. I put my VR goggles on and hook myself to the infinite multiverse. Can you say a fuckton of channels? I randomise the headset and land on a show on coming from Andromeda. I feel pervy when I decode the lives of our neighbours. But anyhow, the show is already midway and the host is talking to this guy who has a six foot long trunk coming out of his chin. The guy is crying these yellow pus like tears. What a sob story. He goes on about his trunk being too short and how he wishes he could have a longer one. At this point the host stops him mid sentence because the smell of sulphur is making him ill. I can't be sure, but it's probably from the crying. It's probably a west Andromeda thing, outer rim. Just then it hits me that I haven't left the solar system in decades, the galaxy even longer. I had a lady in my life once. She loved to travel. But I let her go. First Earth problems I guess. The show goes on, the host says some more crap, I guess it's emotional because the audience starts crying as well and I'm sure the whole place smells delightful. Then some sort of drumroll starts playing, but sounds more like trumpets, actually more like children screaming, it's hard to tell. Then these massive doors open right behind them.

This could get interesting. Then out comes the tiniest little centaur, like the size of a small puppy. The centaur is pregnant clearly, which is irrelevant, but I thought it was interesting. Our equine friend lets out a shrill yell saying that he is a trunk doctor and is ready to operate, but instead of a longer trunk, he offers to create two shorter ones. As compromises go, it sounds reasonable.

At this time I need a piss so I go for a slash. My urine is purple again, maybe I should cut down on the moon crickets. All of a sudden I feel old and I can't remember what colour my stool is. I suddenly wonder how long do I have left and whether I've wasted my life. How many times have I respawned? It's not a rhetorical question, I actually lost track. There was so much I wanted to do, and fuck me, none of it came through. My biggest regret? Losing Lulla. That's easy. I want to cry but I've developed a phobia of sulphur all of a sudden. I try to get my mind off things and go back to the VR, where the centaur is operating on trunk guy. He uses a a laser pen to live the trunk open, but instead of blood, tiny little spiders come out. Millions of them. Some of the savages in the audience leap forward and eat them off the floor. Like it's no big deal. That's why I don't travel. The last time I left this house was to see Lulla. That was decades ago. The fourth sun was still rising every couple of weeks. That was a long time

ago. I'm interrupted by tapping on the window again. It's another mecha-pigeon. I need the rest of the message now, so I let the guy in, fetch the hologrammer, wash it, dry it and shove it into the mainframe. The gears are still warm so the message floods the room immediately. It's me again. White Boy. And I tell myself. "White Boy, it's me, by which I mean you, I'm sending this message from the future to help you change the past. Lulla loves you, go to her, but don't wait, she dies of spontaneous metamorphosis after returning from Neptune's gaseous lakes. Go find her White Boy. Now, do it now, don't wait, don't think about it, just do it White Boy." My heart races for the first time since the double transplant and I start making far fetched plans of finding her and running away together. Maybe starting our own colony in Mizsdilsdgvlisgr. But then, life catches up with me, like it always does. The hologram is dated "6th of July 86,567-s". I sent the message from the future, but that future is now the past. Lulla is long dead. I am too late again, so I sulk. Feeling sorry for myself. It's only natural. I fantasise of a way out of this one. I could try sending another pigeon back in time to warn young White Boy, but I'm all out of credit. I'll think of something. I wonder how the peeps in Andromeda are getting on.