

# The story that tells a tale of a thousand words.

Quite a long title isn't it? I have a habit of doing that.

My name is Marzouq. What you are about to read is going to be my silly attempt at writing a love story in just 1000 words. Am I crazy? Maybe. But I have more than enough time to attempt it. And luckily for me, I have the best reference material any writer can even hope to have. I have an actual love life that is more reminiscence to a fictional story than that of a real life one.

Let us start.

One second, let me turn up Astronaut in the Ocean by Masked Wolf. It really gets my blood flowing.

There we go.

I'm not boring you am I? My apologies, I tend to get carried away sometimes. But that is not always a bad thing as you will see later on.

When were we? Oh yes.

**June 28, 2019.**

Every day is special if you think about it. Perceived time keep on accelerating as we grow up and so our 80 years are really just 20 years in our heads. Most people do not realize it but every passing moment is fleeting and more precious than the next. Lord knows how long it took me to realize that reality. I think I am still relatively lucky to be able to come to that realization before I reached Einstein's age. Life started our relatively normal on that day.

The end.

I'm joking. A girl showed up in front of my doorstep that day. It was obviously pretty out of this world. Not much happened that day except for the fact that my mother told me I would have a lot to talk about with her.

I know it's cliché, give the story a chance would you?

**June 29, 2019.**

We're going on a vacation. My family and her's.  
Not much to say here except for the fact that she wouldn't even look out of the window to take in the view.  
Instead, she kept staring at me.

This is getting awkward.  
Should I say something?  
Do I have something on my face?  
Does my butt look fat in this pants?

Before I could say anything, she said,

"I'm from the future Marzouq, I need your help."

What? You thought this story was going to be non-fiction?  
I don't appreciate the fact that you are distracting me from my awesome story telling skills. Please just shut up and read this through.

"What?"

I asked, in disbelief. At least story Marzouq was in disbelief since the real me is writing this story and gets to decide what happens next.

"I need your help Marzouq, I don't have much time." She replied.

She doesn't have much time, does that mean something catastrophic and traumatic has happened in the future and I am incapable of fixing it in the future? Oh no... Does this mean I'm dead?

THAT CAN'T BE-

Oh well. I had a good run.

To be honest, dying doesn't sound so bad.

"Marzouq, a new Arma game is gonna come out tomorrow in my time, you HAVE to play it." the girl said, with an annoyed look in her face as if she knew what I was thinking.

Wait.

Did she just say ARMA?

NOOOO I WAS TOO YOUNG TO GO!

"How can I help?" I asked, serious this time.

"We can't talk in the car. I'll tell you tomorrow." She says, squinting and looking stiff.

Oh no... Does this mean some international spies are trying to stop me from playing the new ARMA game before I-

"BLUEGHHH"

SHE JUST UKED ON ME.

WHAT. THE. HELL.

**June 30, 2019.**

We were sitting in the hotel lobby together the next day. I couldn't sleep at all last night because I was constantly looking out for super sneaky anti Marzouq Gaming Ninjas, for AMGAN for short. I know, super cool acronym for something I made up in 2 seconds. I'm a genius.

"How can we stop them? I know you can't talk about AMGAN in public, do you need my help in devising a super top-secret weapon to destroy them in FORTY TWO picoseconds?" I asked her excitedly.

"What's AMGAN? What are you talking about?" The girl asked.

"Only the most dangerous secret organization that is out there trying to stop future me from playing the best game on the planet-"

BOING.

She hit me with a notebook.

"You are the same as always aren't you? Look, I'm your wife in the future. ARMA 69 is coming out in the year 2050, we both know you love the game and I want to play it with you since tomorrow is our anniversary and you tend to forget about me when you play the damn game. So I need you to teach me how to play the game" She said, exasperated.

...

So I'm not being hunted?

*NO YOU'RE NOT.*

WAIT HOW DID YOU GET INTO MY WRITING SPACE?! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE A PART OF THE STORY NOT A WRITER TOO.

*YOU'RE NOT THE WRITER, YOU'RE JUST THE NARRATOR, WHICH IS ALSO A PART OF THE STORY.*

Oh.

Oh my God...

*Yeah... Welcome to the club pal. Do you have any other questions before I get what I came here for?*

As a matter of fact, yeah. Did future me leave a message for me?

*He did. He said*

*"One rule apply now and in the future. **Love her forever.**"*