



J. Swimdog

incredible air shuttles all hinted at a level of technological advancement that was difficult to comprehend. They couldn't wait to explore the interior of the school and see what other marvels awaited them.



As the digital twins approached the entrance of the school, the original Jason and Kyle braced themselves for whatever mind-bending revelations lay ahead.

With a deep breath and a nod of encouragement to each other, the avatars stepped through the doors of Edison High.

CHAPTER 13

Marvels of Modern Education

AS the avatars stepped through the entrance of the futuristic school, they found themselves in a vast, open atrium that seemed to defy conventional architectural norms. The space was bathed in a soft, ambient light that emanated from the walls themselves, which appeared to be made of a translucent, energy-efficient material.

In the center of the atrium, a towering holographic display caught their attention. It showcased a constantly shifting array of student projects, artwork, and scientific simulations, each one more impressive than the last. The avatars watched in wonder as a group of students gathered around the display, using gestures and voice commands to interact with the three-dimensional images.

"Welcome to Edison High School, the pinnacle of modern education!" a friendly voice chimed from above.

The avatars looked up to see a sleek, floating robot descending towards them.

"I am Ava, your personal academic assistant. How may I guide your educational journey today?"

Avatar Jason and Avatar Kyle exchanged glances, unsure of how to respond.

"Um, we're just here to explore and learn about the school," Avatar Jason said hesitantly.

Ava's facial display shifted into a warm smile.

"Excellent! I would be delighted to give you a tour of our state-of-the-art facilities. Please follow me."

As they walked through the school, the avatars marveled at the incredible advancements in educational technology. Each classroom was equipped with interactive holographic projectors, allowing

J. Swimdog

teachers to create immersive, hands-on learning experiences. Students worked collaboratively on virtual projects, their progress seamlessly synced across their personal devices.

In the science labs, the avatars witnessed experiments that seemed to defy the laws of physics. Students manipulated gravity, explored miniature black holes, and even teleported small objects across the room using advanced quantum technology.

The arts department was equally impressive, with students creating stunning virtual reality masterpieces and composing music that adapted to the listener's emotional state in real-time.

As they approached the school cafeteria, the avatars were amazed by the array of food options available. Students could control their calorie, protein, fat, and carbohydrate intake by selecting appropriate foods and quantities from a holographic menu. The menu provided detailed nutritional information and even suggested personalized meal plans based on each student's dietary needs and preferences.

"This school is incredible!" Avatar Kyle exclaimed.

"Maybe we should move to this area so we can attend Edison High."

Ava smiled and shook her head.

"That won't be necessary," she explained. "Our school air shuttlecrafts bring students from all over the region. No matter where you live, you can still be a part of our educational community."

As they continued their tour, the avatars noticed a large holographic display near the main office, showcasing the current date and time: Monday, September 23, 2124, 8:07 am.

Throughout the tour, Ava provided insightful commentary on the school's cutting-edge curriculum.

As they reached the end of the tour, Avatar Kyle, feeling more at ease, decided to ask a question about the school's mathematics curriculum.

"Ava, what kind of knowledge do students gain in mathematics here at Edison High?"



Ava's face lit up with enthusiasm.

"Our mathematics program is designed to provide students with a strong foundation in basic concepts, but we also delve into more advanced topics. Students explore complex subjects such as multivariable calculus, differential equations, non-Euclidean geometry, and stochastic processes in probability theory."

Avatar Kyle nodded along, pretending to understand perfectly well what Ava was talking about, even though he had no idea what most of those terms meant. He maintained a serious expression, trying to appear deeply engaged in the conversation.

Avatar Jason, however, could see right through his brother's facade. He watched as Kyle nodded sagely, his brow furrowed in feigned comprehension. It took every ounce of Jason's self-control to keep from bursting into laughter at the sight of his twin's overcompensation.

As they exited the school, Jason couldn't hold back any longer. He turned to Kyle, a mischievous grin spreading across his face.

"Multivariable calculus, huh? "

Avatar Kyle shot him a playful glare.

"Hey, I understood every word she said! I just... didn't want to show off, that's all."

The two avatars dissolved into laughter as they made their way back to the school entrance, their virtual tour of Edison High complete.

In their rooms, Jason and Kyle were still chuckling at the exchange.

"Dude, you should have seen your face when Ava started talking about all that advanced math," Jason teased. "You looked like you were trying to solve the mysteries of the universe!"

Kyle threw a pillow at his brother, grinning.

"Shut up! At least I asked a question. You just stood there like a statue!"

Suddenly, their argument was interrupted by the sound of the garage door opening.



CHAPTER 14

Suspicions and Schemes

THE sound of the garage door opening cut through the twins' laughter. Jack, who had been sleeping peacefully in Kyle's room, immediately started barking and raced downstairs to greet the returning family members.

Jason and Kyle quickly followed their energetic pet, nearly forgetting to turn off their monitors in their haste. The holographic images of the future school still illuminated their screens, casting an otherworldly glow in the dimly lit rooms.

As they reached the bottom of the stairs, they were greeted by their parents, who had just returned from a party.

"Hey boys, how was your evening?" their dad asked, hanging up his coat.

"It was great, Dad! We were just, uh, playing some new video games," Jason replied, trying to keep a straight face.

Their mom bent down to pet Jack, who was happily wagging his tail.

"Did you boys remember to take Jack for his walk?"

Kyle's eyes widened. "Oh, shoot! We totally forgot. We'll do it right now, Mom!"

Grabbing the leash, Jason and Kyle headed outside with their furry companion. They watched in amusement as Jack gleefully chased squirrels and sniffed the tracks of a hare, his tail wagging with unbridled enthusiasm.

As they strolled through the neighborhood, the twins began to discuss the incredible adventures they had experienced that day.

"Can you believe all the stuff we saw in the future?" Jason exclaimed.

"The flying cars, the holographic displays, the alien technology!"

Kyle nodded vigorously.

"And the story about Sergeant McCoy discovering the aliens? That blew my mind!"

Their minds kept returning to the story of Sergeant McCoy and his discovery of the aliens living among humans.

"You know, if Sergeant McCoy is going to discover the aliens next summer, they could already be living among us," Kyle mused, his brow furrowed in thought.

Jason nodded in agreement. "Yeah, and remember when we were at the school of the future? I could have sworn I saw our astronomy teacher there."

"No way!" Kyle gasped. "Mr. Thompson? You think he could be an alien?"

"I mean, it's possible," Jason shrugged. "What if the aliens have abilities we don't know about? Like living longer than us?"

The brothers began to brainstorm ways to determine if their astronomy teacher was indeed an extraterrestrial. However, they quickly realized that the specific set of signs Sergeant McCoy had used to identify the aliens would be difficult to apply in this situation. Suddenly, Jason had a flash of inspiration.

"Wait a minute, what about our friend Tim? He never loses at chess, and remember how he kept winning at pinball during Spencer's birthday party?"

Kyle's face lit up with realization. "You're right!"

"I've got an idea," Jason grinned. "Let's invite Tim over for a sleepover next weekend. We can ask Mom to make that lentil soup with beef for dinner."

"The one that always gives us crazy gas?" Kyle laughed.

"Exactly! And during dessert, we can slip a couple of drops of dill water into Tim's tea," Jason suggested, a mischievous glint in his eye. "Remember how Grandma used to give us that when we had trouble passing gas as kids?"

Kyle hesitated for a moment, wondering if their scheme was too harsh.

J. Swimdog

"I don't know, man. Isn't that a bit much?"

"Come on, it's just a harmless prank," Jason insisted. "And if Tim really is an alien, we'll know for sure!"

As they finalized their plan, Jack, who had been sitting patiently at their feet, let out a soft whine, indicating his readiness to return to the comfort of the house and his awaiting bowl of food.

The brothers noticed that darkness had fallen and the mysterious mist had nearly dissipated. Exhaustion from the eventful day began to settle in, and they found themselves less disheartened by the fog's absence than they might have been earlier.

With a shared nod of understanding, Jason and Kyle made their way back home, their minds still buzzing with the incredible discoveries they had made and the secrets they hoped to uncover.

CHAPTER 15

Secrets Unveiled

THE following week was a whirlwind of activity for Jason and Kyle.

Between school, swimming practice, and band rehearsals, the twins barely had a moment to catch their breath. As members of the school swim team and their rock band, where Jason played guitar and Kyle played drums, they found themselves constantly on the go.

Despite their busy schedules, the brothers managed to find time to talk to Tim and invite him over for a sleepover the following weekend.

"Hey, Tim!" Jason called out as they passed him in the hallway. "Want to come over to our place next weekend? We're planning a sleepover."

Tim's face lit up with excitement. "Definitely! I'll bring my new pinball table too. It's huge! My parents just gave it to me."

Kyle grinned, giving Tim a high-five. "Awesome! We can't wait to check it out."

As the week progressed, the mysterious fog made only one appearance, leaving the twins worried that it might vanish entirely. They couldn't help but feel a sense of urgency to uncover the truth behind their extraordinary experiences.

Finally, the much-anticipated Friday arrived, and Tim joined the twins at their house. The boys spent the afternoon playing basketball in the street and taking Jack for a walk around the neighborhood.

When they settled down to play with Tim's new pinball table, the twins couldn't help but notice their friend's uncanny ability to win every single round.

"Dude, how do you do that?" Jason asked, shaking his head in disbelief as Tim racked up yet another high score.



Tim shrugged, a mysterious smile playing on his lips.

"Just lucky, I guess."

Kyle and Jason exchanged a worried glance. While it could have been a coincidence, they couldn't shake the memory of Sergeant McCoy's discovery that the aliens possessed an unusual talent for pinball.

As dinnertime approached, the twins' mother called them to the table, where a steaming pot of lentil soup with beef awaited them.

"Mm, this smells delicious, Mrs. Becker!" Tim exclaimed, eagerly ladling a generous portion into his bowl.

During dessert, Kyle looked for an opportunity to discreetly drop a few drops of dill water into Tim's tea. He waited for the perfect moment, his heart pounding with anticipation.

Jason, noticing his brother's intent, quickly jumped in to distract Tim.

"Hey, Tim, did I tell you about our latest band practice?" he asked, his voice a little too loud and enthusiastic.

Tim turned to Jason, his eyebrows raised in interest. "No, what happened?"

"We've been working on this classic Pink Floyd song, 'Another Brick in the Wall,'" Jason explained, his eyes darting briefly to Kyle, who was carefully unscrewing the bottle of dill water under the table.

Tim's face lit up with recognition. "Oh, I love that song! The guitar riff is iconic."

As Tim launched into a discussion about the merits of Pink Floyd, Kyle seized the opportunity. With a quick, furtive motion, he tipped the bottle over Tim's tea, allowing a few drops of the dill water to fall into the steaming liquid.

Jason, still engrossed in the conversation, gave Kyle a subtle nod of acknowledgment. Mission accomplished.

As the evening wound down and the boys prepared for bed, Kyle and Jason agreed to meet in front of Tim's room at midnight to put their plan into action.

"Okay, so we're doing this, right?" Kyle whispered, his eyes darting nervously towards Tim's room.

J. Swimdog

Jason nodded, his expression a mix of determination and apprehension.

"Yeah, we have to know the truth. Meet me in front of Tim's room at midnight. We'll listen for any signs."

Kyle stifled a laugh, the absurdity of their plan momentarily overtaking his nerves.

"Hey, if Sergeant McCoy's discovery is anything to go by, it's a real thing," Jason countered, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. "Plus, with the dill water in his tea, there's no way he can hide it. Unless he's an..."

"Alien," Kyle finished for him, sobering slightly. "But what if we're wrong? What if Tim's just a normal kid who happens to be really good at pinball?"

Jason placed a reassuring hand on his brother's shoulder.

"Then we'll know, and we can put this whole alien thing behind us. But if we're right..."

"If we're right, then our best friend is from another planet," Kyle finished, the weight of the possibility settling heavily on his shoulders.

"Exactly," Jason said, his voice low and serious. "So, midnight, in front of Tim's room. And Kyle?"

"Yeah?"

"Let's keep this between us, okay? No one else can know what we're doing."

Kyle nodded, the gravity of their secret mission clear in his eyes.
"Got it."

With a final nod of agreement, the twins parted ways, each retreating to their own room to wait for the appointed hour, their hearts racing with a mixture of fear and excitement at the prospect of what they might discover.

At midnight, standing outside the guest room door, the twins held their breath, straining to hear any signs of flatulence. At first, there was only silence, suggesting that the lentil soup had no effect on Tim.

But then, a faint sound drifted through the door. It was Tim,

humming strange, otherworldly melodies in his sleep. Jason and Kyle looked at each other, their eyes wide with a mixture of shock and excitement.

"Did you hear that?" Kyle whispered, his voice trembling slightly. Jason nodded, his mind racing to put the pieces together.

"The pinball skills, the lack of gas, and now the weird sleep-humming. It all fits."

"Our best friend is an alien," Kyle breathed, the weight of the realization hitting him like a ton of bricks.

Stunned by their discovery, the brothers retreated to their rooms, their thoughts swirling with the implications of what they had just learned.

As they lay in their beds, staring up at the ceiling, they couldn't help but wonder what other secrets the future held.

CHAPTER 16

Revelations and Realizations

THE first light of dawn had barely begun to filter through the curtains when Kyle crept into Jason's room, his footsteps muffled by the plush carpet. He gently shook his brother's shoulder, rousing him from a restless sleep.

"Jason, wake up," Kyle whispered urgently, his voice tinged with a mix of excitement and trepidation.

Jason's eyes fluttered open, and he sat up groggily, rubbing the sleep from his face.

"What's going on?" he mumbled, glancing at the clock on his nightstand. "It's barely 6 am."

Kyle perched on the edge of the bed, his hands fidgeting nervously in his lap.

"I couldn't sleep at all this night," he admitted, his gaze flicking to the door as if to ensure they were truly alone. "I kept thinking about Tim and what we discovered."

The events of the previous evening came rushing back to Jason, and he felt a sudden jolt of adrenaline coursing through his veins.

"I know, it's crazy, right?" he said, keeping his voice low. "I mean, our best friend, an alien? Who would've thought?"

Kyle nodded, his brow furrowed in thought. "So, what do we do now? Do we tell him we know his secret?"

Jason chewed on his lower lip, considering the question. On one hand, the idea of confronting Tim with their discovery was both thrilling and terrifying.

"I don't know," he said finally, his voice heavy with uncertainty. "I mean, what if he freaks out? What if he doesn't want anyone to know?"

Kyle sighed, running a hand through his tousled hair.

"But he's our friend, Jason. We can't just keep this from him."

The twins fell silent for a moment, each lost in their own thoughts. The weight of their discovery hung heavy in the air between them, a secret that could potentially change everything.

Finally, Jason spoke up, his voice filled with a newfound resolve.

"Okay, how about this? If the fog comes back today, while Tim is still here, we tell him everything."

Kyle's eyes widened, a glimmer of excitement sparking in their depths.

"And we can prove it to him by connecting to the future internet again," he said, his words tumbling out in a rush. "That way, he'll know we're not making it up."

Jason grinned, feeling a surge of anticipation at the prospect of sharing their incredible journey with their best friend.

"Exactly. We'll show him the avatars, the futuristic Chicago, all of it."

The brothers nodded in agreement, their plan set in motion. They knew that the path ahead was uncertain, but they also knew that they couldn't face it alone. If Tim truly was an alien, then they needed to confront the truth together, as friends and adventurers.

The sun was already high in the sky when the boys finally stumbled out of their rooms, rubbing sleep from their eyes. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee and the absence of Kyle and Jason's parents indicated that they had already enjoyed their breakfast and departed for a shopping trip.

"Looks like it's just us," Jason grinned, stretching his arms above his head. "You know what that means?"

"Computer games!", Tim and Kyle chorused, their faces breaking into matching grins.

But first, the trio set about preparing their own breakfast, moving around the kitchen in a well-choreographed dance of pouring cereal, toasting bread, and slicing fruit. As they sat around the table, munching on their food, the conversation naturally drifted to school gossip and their plans for the day.



"I heard Ms. Anderson is planning a pop quiz next week,"

Tim said, his mouth full of toast.

Kyle groaned, dropping his head onto the table dramatically.

"Not another one! I barely survived the last one."

Jason chuckled, shaking his head. "That's because you were too busy doodling in your notebook to pay attention, bro."

Their laughter was interrupted by a sudden bark from Jack, who was eagerly wagging his tail by the back door. The boys glanced outside, noticing the damp grass and puddles from the previous night's rainfall.

"Looks like Jack needs his morning walk," Tim said, already standing up to grab the leash.

As they set off, Jack bounding ahead with endless energy, the twins couldn't help but notice the faint tendrils of fog curling around the same spot they had encountered before.

When they returned home, Jack was a mess of muddy paws and damp fur, courtesy of his enthusiastic squirrel chasing. After cleaning him up and ensuring he was fed, the twins steered Tim into Jason's room, their expressions uncharacteristically serious.

"Tim, we need to talk to you about something," Kyle began, his voice hesitant.

Tim looked between his friends, his brow furrowed in confusion.

"What's going on, guys? You're kinda freaking me out."

Jason took a deep breath, meeting Tim's gaze steadily.

"We know your secret, Tim. We know that you and your parents are... aliens."

For a moment, Tim simply stared at them, his mouth hanging open in shock. Then, he burst out laughing, clutching his sides.

"Oh man, you guys really had me going there for a second! Good one!"

But as the twins remained silent, their expressions unchanging, Tim's laughter slowly died away.

"Wait, you're serious?"

Kyle nodded.

"We are, Tim. We've seen things, incredible things, and it all points



to the truth about your family."

Tim shook his head, disbelief etched across his features.

"I don't understand. My parents, aliens? That's impossible."

Realization dawned on the twins. Tim genuinely had no idea about his extraterrestrial heritage. They exchanged a glance, silently communicating their next move.

"We can prove it to you," Jason said, already moving towards his computer. "Just watch."

With a few keystrokes, Jason connected to the future internet, the holographic display springing to life before their eyes. Tim watched, his jaw dropping, as the futuristic Chicago materialized before him, complete with towering skyscrapers and flying vehicles.

But it was the Beans Sculpture that truly captured his attention. As the description of Sergeant McCoy's discovery filled the room, Tim's face paled, his hands trembling slightly.

"I... I had no idea," he whispered, his voice barely audible over the hum of the computer. "I think I need to have a serious talk with my parents when I get home."

Together, the three friends delved deeper into the wonders of the future Chicago, their avatars guiding them through the incredible sights and experiences. Time seemed to fly by, and before they knew it, the sound of a car pulling into the driveway signaled the arrival of Tim's parents.

CHAPTER 17

The Truth Unveiled

THE following day, Jason's phone buzzed with an incoming call from Tim. As he answered, he was surprised to hear Tim's voice, calm and even slightly cheerful.

"Hey Jason, I talked to my parents last night," Tim began, his tone suggesting a weight had been lifted from his shoulders. "They confirmed everything you and Kyle told me."

Jason's eyes widened, and he quickly motioned for Kyle to come closer, putting the phone on speaker.

"Wow, that's... that's huge, Tim. How are you feeling about all this?"

Tim chuckled softly. "It's a lot to take in, but I'm okay. Actually, my parents wanted me to invite you and Kyle over to our house for a chat. They want to explain things in person."

Kyle leaned in, his voice filled with excitement.

"We'd love to come over, Tim. But your parents, they're okay with us knowing their secret?"

"They are," Tim confirmed. "But they did ask that we keep this between us. No telling anyone else, okay?"

The twins exchanged a glance, nodding in agreement.

"Of course, we won't say a word," Jason promised.

After hanging up, the brothers told their parents that they are going to play tennis with Tim and would likely spend some time at his house afterward.

As they arrived at the tennis court, Tim was already waiting, a knowing smile on his face.

"Ready to learn the truth?" he asked, his eyes sparkling with anticipation.

The trio made their way to Tim's house, where his parents greeted the twins warmly. Seated in the cozy living room, Tim's father, a tall, slender man with kind eyes, began to speak.

"First of all, we want to thank you boys for bringing this incredible discovery to our attention" he said, his voice filled with sincerity.

Tim's mother, a petite woman with a gentle smile, continued.

"It's true, we are from another planet. Among our people, children learn of their heritage when they turn 18. That's why Tim didn't know about it until now."

"We were surprised and overjoyed to learn about Sergeant McCoy's discovery," Tim's mother said, her eyes glistening with emotion.

"To know that the people of Earth treated us with kindness and allowed us to make a home here... it means more than you can imagine."

As the conversation continued, the parents shared more about their culture and the challenges they faced in adapting to life on Earth.

The twins listened intently, their minds reeling with the confirmation of their suspicions. Tim's father went on to describe their home planet, a world of breathtaking beauty and advanced technology. However, a catastrophic event had forced them to seek refuge elsewhere, ultimately leading them to Earth.

"The consequences of the disaster must disappear, but not soon," Tim's father explained, a hint of sadness in his voice. "And yet, our people hope to one day return to our planet."

Tim's mother nodded, a glimmer of hope in her eyes.

"When that happens, we would be honored if our friends from Earth, which has become our second home, could also visit our planet."

Tim's father leaned forward, his expression serious.

"But we need to prepare for this. And the Sculpture of Beans that your avatars saw in future Chicago plays a very important role in this preparation."

J. Swimdog

The twins exchanged a look of surprise and curiosity.

As the conversation drew to a close, Tim's parents presented the twins and their son with a special gift. They each received a wristband, a narrow brown leather strap adorned with a small figurine in the form of a flat twisted ribbon, shaped like an infinity symbol.

"This is one of the symbols of our planet,"

Tim's mother explained, her eyes shining with pride.

"Wear it as a reminder of our friendship and the bond we share."

The boys accepted the wristbands with gratitude, touched by the gesture and the trust placed in them.

Before the twins left, Tim's parents had one final request.

"We ask that you keep this knowledge to yourselves," his father said, his expression serious. "And please, don't use what you've seen in the future to try and change the present. It could be very dangerous."

Jason and Kyle solemnly agreed, understanding the gravity of the situation.

On the walk home, the twins were silent, each lost in their own thoughts.

"Can you believe it?" Kyle finally said, breaking the silence. "Our best friend, an alien... and we're the only ones who know."

Jason nodded, a small smile playing on his lips.

"It's like something out of a science fiction novel. But it's real, and we're a part of it now."

Suddenly Kyle stopped abruptly.

"Listen, I remembered where I saw exactly the same bracelet. Our astronomy teacher has it."

"He only wears it with long sleeves. That's why the bracelet is not easy to see."

"Shiitake mushrooms..." The smile left Jason's face. "Him too?".

"By the way, now it turns out that we were the first to discover aliens on our planet, not Sergeant McCoy."

Kyle continued calmly, believing that the answer to Jason's question was already obvious.

Eighth Bean. The mist.

Jason looked at his brother in confusion.

“Damn, Kyle, stop asking cryptic questions. My brain is about to explode.”



CHAPTER 18

A Tempting Proposition

AS Jason and Kyle approached their house, the familiar tendrils of fog caught their attention, swirling and beckoning from the edge of the woods. Jason's eyes lit up with excitement, the possibilities of further exploration dancing in his mind.

"Kyle, look!" he exclaimed, pointing towards the ethereal mist.

"The fog, it's back! We could still explore the future, even with what Tim's parents told us."

Kyle followed his brother's gaze, a sudden thought striking him.

"You know, Jason, we've been exploring the future through our avatars, but what if we could actually go there ourselves? Like, physically enter the fog and see what's on the other side?"

The words hung in the air between them for seconds, its implications both thrilling and daunting.

Jason's eyes widened, the idea taking hold in his mind.

"You're right! Remember when we chased after Jack and ended up in the fog? We saw those lights and what looked like a city...What if that's just the beginning of what's out there?"

Kyle nodded, excitement building in his voice.

"Exactly! We could walk those streets, see those buildings up close? We might discover things that even our avatars couldn't access. It could be the adventure of a lifetime!"

A grin spread across Jason's face, the possibilities seeming endless.

"Imagine flying in one of those cheese-shaped planes or visiting the Big Wheel. And the eighth Bean, Kyle! What if we're the ones who could see it?"

For a moment, Kyle hesitated, a flicker of doubt crossing his features.

"But... what if it's dangerous? We don't know what's really out there. What if we get lost or something happens to us?"

Jason placed a reassuring hand on his brother's shoulder, his eyes shining with determination.

"I know it's a risk, but think about it - we have a chance to see the future with our own eyes, not just through our avatars. That's got to be worth something."

The temptation was palpable, the allure of the unknown tugging at their sense of adventure. As they stood there, contemplating the possibilities, a sudden bark from behind the front door startled them.

"Jack!" Kyle laughed, shaking his head. "It's like he knows we were just remembering him."

Jason chuckled, the tension of the moment briefly broken.

"He probably wants to come with us, the little adventurer. Can you imagine Jack in the future? He'd be chasing robotic squirrels".

At the word "squirrels", Jack raised his ears and looked warily towards the approaching fog.

"No, not today, Jack," Kyle stroked the mischievous pet.

The image of their beloved Jack navigating the futuristic world brought a smile to his face.

They knew the risks, the potential dangers of meddling with the future. But the lure of discovery, the chance to witness firsthand the marvels they had only glimpsed through their avatars, was almost too powerful to resist.

As they played with an excited Jack, tossing his favorite toy and laughing at his antics, Jason and Kyle knew that they stood on the precipice of a decision.

The ethereal mist seemed to pulse with an otherworldly energy, its secrets tantalizingly close yet just out of reach. The brothers stood at the threshold of the unknown, their hearts pounding with a mixture of fear and exhilaration.

Would they heed the warnings of Tim's parents, content to keep their knowledge of the future confined to the safety of the virtual world? Or would they take the leap, stepping into the unknown and risking everything for the chance to experience the wonders of

J. Swimdog
tomorrow?

Only time would tell.

The day drew to a close and the fog continued to beckon...



FOR NOTES

FOR NOTES