

eventually winds up at the Curse of Dimensionality.

Commentary on The Curse of Dimensionality: A short story

"What?" you ask. "Didn't I just read about the curse of dimensionality?"

That's a fantastic observation, reader. I'm certain that you are wondering why you're about to read yet another entry about the curse of dimensionality.

I was in a creative writing sort of mood that day. I'm not sure why... creative writing moods tend to not end very well for me. That's why I've put most of the creative writing in the back of the portfolio. The idea is that you'll never get around to reading it, because I will have bored you with technical descriptions before you get here.

Looks like you got here.

Darn.

I guess I'll explain the thinking behind writing this story. I had just written about the Curse of Dimensionality, and I thought about how that sounded like a cool title for a short story (go figure!). I started formulating ideas as to what sort of plot such a story would have. I came up with what I thought was a pretty good idea; a short story named "The Curse of Dimensionality".

It's too bad I never finished it. I guess that's a theme.

I'll just give you a rundown of what was supposed to happen after this. The scientists were supposed to get the QSS working, but then it turns out there are buggers in every universe, and they're spread too thin (the Curse of Dimensionality!) throughout the fifth dimension and all of humanity dies. Kind of sad. I guess the characters are all better off since I didn't actually finish the story. Good for them.

Writer's Notebook: The Curse of Dimensionality: A short story

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- > you said it's done?
- > almost. have to wait for peer review.
- > don't wait! dude, this is big. you realise you're pretty much saving humanity?
- > don't get ahead of yourself, bro. it'll only be a few more days. then we can explore the /true/ potential of this technology.

Joseph Lenton sat up from his desk, pushing his hovering chair backwards. He peered down at his watch. Two thirty-eight in the morning. Not that it mattered. Joe couldn't sleep tonight, no matter how much he wanted to; His team, of which he was the lead, had just compiled its research from the past two and a half years into a neat, groundbreaking package that had just been sent off to Germany for peer review.

This wasn't the sort of work that Joe particularly liked to do. He liked the theory, the numbers. When it came down to getting into the actual, physical *machines*, Joe choked. Too many things could go wrong when you were building Quantum Sync Shifters for *real*.

It's not like Joe had much of a choice. His team had been assembled and mandated by the Democratic People's Federated Republic of the United Territories and Provinces of the Great