

S. M. Bowes

Time Traveler



BookRix-Edition

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“Time Traveler”

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The great Albert Einstein theorized that time travel was possible by bending time and space via the means of gravitational forces. I'd invented a time machine using his principal. Most believe that we can travel back in time, but this is not possible. The device would not have been invented; ergo - one could not travel back further than when the machine had been invented. One could not alter history in any way.

But what of the future? Since we are weak species and seek power over those who are of a meek nature, we tend to destroy what we cannot dominate. I have been to the future and have witnessed what one person had done to bring about the end of the human race. But I am getting ahead of myself. I must start at the beginning.

My name is Harlen Davidson. I am a peaceful person. I could never tolerate war and longed to find a way to prevent it. I'd invented my time machine specifically for that purpose.

After many years of trial and error I had finally perfected a machine that could travel through the dimensions of time and space. I was at the point where I could put it though the ultimate test by sending a guinea pig into the future. The guinea pig being me, of course. I would not allow another being to risk their life.

The date was January 12th 2018. I'd decided that this was the hour I would venture into the future. I was very excited, but a little anxious about what mankind had achieved.

I entered the time machine and sat down on the bench closing the door behind me. I pushed the buttons to start the procedure. The time machine shuddered, but nothing appeared to happen at first. All of a sudden, I saw a blinding, white light that seemed to

appear from nowhere. It spun faster and faster. A tremendous pressure built up inside the cabin. I could barely read the dial that measured the years flying past. 2025, 2030, 2040. I finally forced my hand up to the buttons and pushed them. The years slowed and the machine finally stopped. The dial read January 12th 3057. Over one thousand years had elapsed.

My head pounded as much as my heart when I grabbed the handle to open the door. My body felt as if it had gone through a meat grinder. I was weak at the knees as I stumbled out. The walls of my lab still stood, but were no more than a skeletal frame. Tables were covered in dirt and debris that had fallen from what was left of the ceiling. The laser machine, bent and broken, was barely recognizable. This didn't present a problem as the machine had stored enough energy to provide a way back to my era ten times over.

I walked over to the lab door that was surprisingly still standing and unlocked the rusted bolt, then stepped out into the hallway. The stairs were in complete disrepair, but intact for the most part. I made my way up to the grand foyer. I walked to the front doors and shoved against them. They opened upon a new world.

The roads hadn't been used in what appeared to be centuries and weeds had sprouted between the cracks. It seemed mankind had taken to the air for our means of transportation. I could see specks in the distance that I assumed were flying vehicles speeding to and fro as if on an invisible highway. Skyscrapers soared high into the heavens. I sat down on a curb and tried to take it all in. I was in complete awe. I reached around to my backpack and grabbed my notebook. I had to put my sensations down into words.

The only thing lacking in the near-by environment were human beings. Perhaps they no longer dwelled on the surface, but lived high above it. I had to find out. I got up off my haunches and started on my journey.

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I'd walked for the better part of the day and was in the outskirts of city. I continued past abandoned buildings and after a few hours finally entered a portion of the city that appeared much newer. I walked to one of the buildings and the pushed against a door. It opened easily. The huge concourse was lit brightly. It appeared power plants still supplied electricity. The hall extended the entire length and breath of the building. I went to the elevators in the center and punched a button. The doors slid open immediately. I entered. The keypad was filled with numbers rising to 500. I hit the button for the 250th floor. The doors slammed shut and the lift moved very swiftly. I reached my destination within seconds.

The doors opened and I peeked out. The descendants of my time bustled about the office in a hurried state. I exited the elevator and looked about the room. One person glanced my way, but continued on his important errand as if I wasn't there. One would wonder why he hadn't stopped and asked why I wore such ancient clothing, as his was entirely different from mine. No suits or ties; everyone was dressed in white jumpsuits from head to toe. No one paid heed to me as I wandered about.

I stopped and stood behind a woman punching wildly at a keypad. She seemed oblivious to me. I asked her if there was anyone in charge whom I could speak to. She responded in a annoyed voice, but did not look away from the keyboard. "Haven't you hooked up to the system this morning?" she asked.

"What system?"

She finally looked up. Her brows raised quizzically when she noticed I wasn't attired as everyone else. She grabbed a phone and spoke into it. I could not hear what was said. Not a minute had passed before two guards armed with some sort of weaponry grabbed me and escorted me back to the elevators. The lift rose

and the doors hissed open. The guards took me up to a desk. “We’ve got another one,” one guard said to the person seated behind it. The man pushed a button and I was pushed into a room and told to wait. The guards exited the room with my backpack. It seemed I had no choice but to obey.

There was nothing to occupy my mind as the minutes ticked by. There was a single chair in the middle of the room, but no tables nor windows to look out. I sighed and sat. It seemed as if hours passed before I heard someone at the door. A tall man walked in and regarded me silently as he circled my chair before asking, “Why didn’t you plug in this morning?”

“Plug in?”

“Yes. Plug in. You know it’s mandatory.”

“I don’t know what you mean. I’m not from here. I’m a visitor to this area and not familiar with the local laws.”

“You must be malfunctioning.”

“Malfunctioning?”

The man went to the door and called the guards in. “See to it that he resets.”

The men grabbed me from my chair and marched me out. I had no clue what was going on, so I dared not resist. We entered the elevator again and the doors slammed shut. The doors opened upon a vast room filled with chairs that were bolted to the floor. Black wires were connected to an enormous computer. The guards escorted me over and forced me into a chair, strapping me down. They spoke to a woman who I assumed was a technician. She walked over and noticed I wasn’t wearing a jumpsuit. “How can I

download him if he's not wearing his number?" she grumbled. "Tell me your number," she demanded.

"There seems to be some sort of mistake. I am a visitor---,"

"Very well, she sighed. "I'll just assign you a new number. Hook him up," she told an assistant.

The young man came over and pushed my head forward. He grabbed a thick wire with a plug attached to the end. I felt his hands running through the back of my hair. He appeared to be looking for something. He continued his search, but then sighed in extreme frustration. "I can't find his socket."

"What? Oh, move over. I'll do it myself," the woman growled. She searched the back of my head just as the assistant had done. "He has no access!" she exclaimed in surprise.

"I've been trying to tell everyone that I'm a visitor, but no one will listen. I assure you that I have no socket to whatever you're trying to plug me into."

"This is unacceptable," she stated in reply. "Take him to the Administrator."

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"I am the Administrator," the disembodied voice said as I sat strapped to a chair in another room. "They tell me you have no access to plug in. Did you have it surgically removed?"

"I don't have any idea what you're talking about. I told everyone that I do not reside in your city. I'm just a visitor here."

"Are you a rebel?"

“I am most certainly not a rebel. I do not come from here and have never had the ability to be plugged in, whatever that is. I come from---,” I hesitated.

“From where?”

“That’s a little hard to explain. Let’s just say I came from beyond the borders of your city.”

“That’s impossible. There is no life outside the Domain.”

An uncomfortable silence hung in the air. After a few moments the disembodied voice continued, “You must be malfunctioning.”

“I am not a machine to malfunction.”

“What did you say?”

“You heard me.”

“Has the Resistance programmed you to respond to interrogation this way?”

“I am not a part of any resistance. I am a human being and demand to be treated as such.”

Another moment of uneasy silence filled the room before the voice spoke again. “Are you under the impression that you are a human?”

“That’s what I’ve been trying to tell you.”

“Ridiculous! Guards,” the voice shouted. “Take this unit to the detention center for dismantling. It has a serious malfunction and there is no use trying to reprogram it.”

The guards rushed over and grabbed me. I struggled to free myself, but it was pointless. Their grasps on my arms were unyielding.

*

I was locked in a cell in the detention center. I wondered what kind of world had I brought myself to? Why did this Administrator think I was some sort of machine? I couldn't for the life of me understand anything and feared for my life. I wished I still had my backpack. My gun was hidden deep within and I'd need it to try and escape -if escape were possible, that is. It seemed highly unlikely.

Time passed. It seemed an eternity before the door was finally opened. Two armed guards hurried in and attached manacles around my wrists. I was rushed to the elevators and we proceeded to the rooftop. A flying vehicle waited - ready to take off. I was strapped in and we quickly rose into the air. I looked out the glass-domed cockpit and saw the city far beneath me soaring by. I was filled with anxiety. Was my end soon to come?

A man came over and stood in front of me. He looked at the guard and said, "Release his restraints." The man did as ordered.

"I am sorry for the way you were treated by our guards, but we had to see to your rescue with all due haste. We cannot allow ourselves to be captured and interrogated. We are members of the Resistance and heard that you think you are human. This is most intriguing to us. Of course, this just cannot be possible. Though we fear you are some kind of plant, we have decided to free you to investigate this matter further."

"I am most grateful."

"Have you been programmed to say you are a human being in order to be rescued by the Resistance? Are you some new technology developed to infiltrate us?"

I looked at him in surprise, "I am not a spy; and I am a human. I can assure you of that fact."

"I don't believe you. Man has been eradicated."

"What do you mean, eradicated?"

The man stepped a few feet back and talked to the guard, both looking at me suspiciously. I could not hear what was said over the whine of the motor. The one in charge then stood before me again. "Okay. Let's just say you are human as you claim. How did you get here and how did you escape bio-poisoning?"

"I don't know what you mean," I replied, but assumed he meant that science had developed some major bio-weapon.

"Mankind was eliminated when the bio-bombs were detonated in 2050. Not one human being survived."

"I see. You said all mankind was killed off, but you survived. How is that possible?"

"Biologically engineered viruses do not affect us."

"Why not? You're human, aren't you?" I asked knowing this had to be a descendant of those few humans who must have survived.

This got another strange glance between the two men. "I am afraid I am not a human being. I am an android."

"An adroid? You mean the only thing that survived the bio-bombs were robots?"

"Yes. The Administrator built us after the War of Wars."

“Exactly who or what is the Administrator?”

“The Administrator is a super-computer. It is the main database in which all cities on earth are linked. It is the most intelligent computer ever created. The maker thought of this ultra-computer as human and taught it everything about mankind. It has the ability to continue to learn on its own accord at an extraordinary rate. It quickly realized that humans would eventually destroy themselves; therefore they would destroy our ability to exist as well. The Administrator would not allow that to happen. It connected to the world through the internet and negotiated with all systems to initiate the bio-bombs. It's quite ironic. Humanity created the bombs in order to protect themselves. In doing so they provided the computer with a means to dispose of them. So you could say that the Administrator was right all along. Humanity was responsible for ending its own existence.”

“So we brought about our own demise. I should have known,” I sighed lowering my head in dismay.

“After the War of Wars the Administrator created billions of androids to maintain it. It has created what it believes to be the perfect society. It is a dictatorship and many follow it blindly. We have been tagged traitors because we believe we have the right to independent thoughts and ideas. We've found an extensive, digital library that man has left behind in the subbasements below the Domain. We have downloaded this information and have decided to adopt man's way of thinking - that a democracy should be applied to our culture.”

“You say "we" as if you believe you are human.”

“We have come to think of ourselves in that respect because we strive to continue your ideals.”

"I suppose that makes sense. I should feel honored that you agree with our quest for freedom." I was silent for a minute before asking, "Who was the human who created the Administrator?"

"His name is Timothy Owen Miles sir. He was born in 2024 and created the Administrator in the year 2049. The Administrator set off the bio-bombs in the year 2250."

"This Administrator has run things ever since 2250?"

"Yes sir."

"Androids have to plug in to this Administrator every day?"

"Yes sir. It is to download our tasks for the day."

"And some of you have refrained from doing so."

"You are correct sir. Though the Administrator does know of the Resistance, he doesn't know where we have headquartered ourselves. We have managed to hide in an underground facility in the outskirts of the city."

"You've been calling me sir. Does that mean you believe me now - that I am human?"

"I don't know why, but I do believe you sir."

"Thank goodness for small miracles."

The rest of the journey was traveled in silence. Our flying machine finally landed in the ruins. I was taken to the Resistance's headquarters. I was then escorted to a cubicle within the facility. Their leader came in and interrogated me for hours. I was finally able to convince him that I was indeed a human. I was then released

and given a small room with a cot. These were to be my quarters. It appeared that I was now a welcomed guest.

After I'd been there a few days I told Lex, as the leader called himself, that I'd come from the past. It took quite a bit of convincing, but he finally believed me. When word spread that an actual human from another era was in their midst, I was visited by all with unending requests to hear about how man had lived during my time. It seemed their questions would never cease. I roamed the facility freely and was allowed access to all documents. I stayed within the complex for over a week studying everything about Timothy Owen Miles.

My research done, I told Lex of my decision to leave and all were saddened, but knew I could not stay with them for very long. My safety depended on returning to my time. On the day of my departure Lex delivered me safely to my time machine and I stepped in to travel back to my era.

*

I had been home for three days, but knew I had to return to the future. This time I would not travel to 3057 as I had before. My destination in time was to be 2049 - the year the Administrator was initiated. There was only one way to insure that the future would not have the same outcome I'd seen. I had to prevent Timothy Owen Miles from starting the events that would lead to our complete annihilation. In my mind, the only way to make certain the future changed was to eliminate him. I could not allow mankind to come to such an end.

The thought of assassinating Miles must have been in the back of my mind while I was in the future, but not brought to my awareness until now. I'd retained everything about the man while studying the discs Lex had supplied. I deduced the best time and place to end his life.

There was to be a dinner held honoring those in the scientific field that he'd be attending. The floor plans for the building flashed in my mind and knew I could easily gain entrance. There was a service area next to the kitchen that had supply closets I could hide in. I was certain everyone would be searched upon entrance, so I decided to travel to the day prior. I'd brought my sleeping bag and something to eat as I waited the night out. I'd written an explanation in my notebook why I had to end Miles' life knowing it would be found upon my death. I hoped people would understand why he had to die and forgive me for killing him. I was certain God would absolve me.

The morning came much too soon. After some time I heard voices outside the closet door. I detested myself for what I was about to do, but knew I had no choice. I gathered my courage as I donned a waiter's garb and waited for the dining hall to fill.

There was soon hurried activity outside the door. I waited an appropriate amount of time checking for any bulge that would give away the gun's concealment in my waistband. I could not find any. I opened the door slightly and peeked out. All was clear. Thankfully I wasn't noticed as I entered the dining hall. I had studied Miles' face and was certain I would recognize him. I saw him seated at a table in the center of the room. I walked over. Without hesitation I pulled my gun out. I shot him six times in his head and chest. I dropped my weapon and held up my hands for I did not want to die this day. Security immediately ran over and restrained me. I did not resist.

My trial was swift. The death penalty was never eradicated as many had tried to accomplish in my time, so I sit on the cot this last day of my life in the year 2050 and reflect on the decision I made that fateful day. It is ironic that it is the year the Administrator was due to detonate the bio-bombs.

I have no regrets. I have been convicted of murder, but gladly give my life for this crime. I, Harlen Davidson, have guaranteed the future of all mankind.