**The Dangers of Curing Boredom with a Time Machine**

“Got any sevens?” Mark asked.

“Go fish,” said Diane. “Any kings?”

“Here.” Mark flicked one at her. “Any fours?”

“Go fish. Any jacks?”

“Go fish. Nines?”

“Here you are.” Diane sighed. “Mark, this is boring.”

He raised an eyebrow. “Hey, you’re the one who wanted to play.”

“I wanted to play something *fun*. Not *Go Fish* of all things.”

“Well, what would you rather do?”

Diane pointed at the time machine in the corner.

“Honey, you *know* that only causes trouble.”

She smirked. “It’s *fun* trouble, though.”

“Fine.”

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“Go fish is boring,” Diane declared as she stepped out of the time machine.

“Yeah, we’re gonna play poker, now that there are four of us,” said Mark, sitting down with the earlier Mark and Diane. “Diane, could you grab the chips?”

Mark groaned. “This is ridiculous. How did Diane talk you into this?”

“Hey!” Diane protested. “Why do you assume it was my idea?”

He raised an eyebrow. “We’ve been married for *how* long?”

“I don’t actually know,” said the Diane from the future, scratching her head. “Time travel and all. I think I’ve been in this relationship for a month or so longer than you, Mark.”

“How could the difference gotten so large?” Mark asked, rubbing his chin.

“All the threesomes,” said one of the Dianes. “You do really like them.”

“Well, one of you is so nice, how could I turn down two of you? And speaking of...” he waggled his eyebrows.

“No, not again,” Diane said sternly. “I’ve had enough. If you get to have a threesome with two of me, *I* want to have a threesome with two of you!”

“Fine by me,” said one of the Marks. “I didn’t realize it bugged you, you’ve never mentioned it before,” said the other.

“Hold on, what will *I* do?” asked the Diane who hadn’t requested a threesome. “I don’t want to be left out.”

“How about we all get involved?” Mark suggested. “If we bring back another pair of us, we can have a Mark and two Dianes, and a Diane and two Marks, all at once.”

“Sounds good to me,” a Mark and two Dianes chorused.

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“Actually,” said Diane, stepping out of the time machine, “we’re all gonna have threesomes. Pair off, everyone! Two Marks and a Diane, two Dianes and a Mark!”

“Oh, come on,” the earliest Mark protested. “It’s getting crowded in here, and we’ve only got one bed!”

“And we can’t all use it at once,” added the earliest Diane, “then it’ll be an orgy, not threesomes.”

“Hmm...” Three men rubbed their chins while three women scratched their head.

“Alright, forget the sex,” one of the Marks suggested. “If we go back just once more, we’ll have enough for a really good game of Presidents!”

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“Nope!” said Mark, stepping out of the time machine, “we’re gonna play a rousing game of Presidents!”

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“There are ten of us now, that’s enough for a game of basketball!”

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“Eighteen people is enough for a game of baseball...”

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“Thirty people is enough to play rugby...”

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“Two thousand people is enough to start a revolution...”