

Kony 2018

by Jessica J. Kellen

“Time is only what you make it.

During a lapse of judgment a moment passes but time holds
eternal.”

- A

*The characters and places in this book are purely fictional,
any likeness of character is unintentional and coincidental.*

Chapter Número Uno – The Paradigm Shift

Mania erupted in the now desolate streets of Washington D.C. a cacophony of cackling the source of which was not witch but a man, a man unlike any other.

Joseph J. Kony sat back in his leather swivel chair, his eyes passing over the streets in front of him.

His smug demeanor was perhaps justified as he had managed to become the president of the United States of America. A quite difficult position to acquire, especially for men of his particular race.

Before Kony there was Jessica, Jessica was dead now and had been for five years.

In her life she claimed the white house by force, leading a coup against the slightly mad Donald J. Falter.

Regardless, Jessica Kellen forcibly took the role of president from Donald Falter, and, whilst in-office she was not what any sane person would call a... uh, well, sane person.

She put Falter to shame with her own particular brand of insane obsession, perhaps this is due to the theory of QUCC, or perhaps this is just a thing that is a thing because it has to be a thing?

But she declared war, on the world and proceeded to take over the whole world (and then after that, the multiverse) just to find one man; Joseph J. Kony.

She failed.

Now Joseph was all that was left of those times, Jessica was gone, he remained.

Realistically he had all the reason in the world to be sitting atop this throne, he'd done what no other man would've be able to do, fight against time and space itself and win. His chief advisor, Snowman knew this very well, but snowman didn't talk much. Snowman just stared.

However despite his projection of grandeur inside he was under a great deal of stress. half of his mind grappled by the Israeli plight and the other half by his want to escape the simulation he was supposedly inside.

But who trusts a Snowman?

He swiveled his chair around so the window faced him.

Fist to chin he held a glass of champagne loosely between his fingers, striking a delicate balance between normalcy and chaos.

His fingers wormed around the glass, it moistened as he did becoming even more slippery, but it never fell. The glass was fully under his control.

“Snowman, my glass is rather... empty,” he said, gesturing to the Snowman, Snowman didn't move, didn't talk, or didn't act in any way, he... she... it just stared at Kony and yet not even 10 seconds later an attendant walked into the office carrying a bottle on a silver platter.

“Leave it down there would you,” Kony demanded, to which the attendant forced the bottle into a bucket brimming with ice.

Kony had only heard Snowman talk once, and this terrified him. He could tolerate Snowmans presence but it did unnerve him a touch, not knowing what lie behind those malevolent eyes.

He'd heard tales of the infinite layers of Hell, of the 5 primordial beings, of eternal damnation but even these tales couldn't disturb him more than Snowman could.

He however, could not survive without Snowman, it was a powerful ally.

He continued to watch the sun go down, he'd fitted the presidential chair with a royal red felt and coated the rim with gold, Kony didn't realize this, and he probably never will, but everyone thought it looked retarded, even Snowman, who aimed to remain impartial to all events.

Not long after the previous attendant excused himself another attendant entered the room, "Kony, sir." he said, "I have some vitally important information about the upcoming election."

"Hmm, yes, the subjection of rivals is going well I presume?"

"No, sir, not at all, Hillary Clintlight has just announced she plans to run for presidency once more."

Kony scoffed, "There should be a limit to how many times you wish to throw yourself against a wall made of concrete."

The attendant made no attempt to reply.

Kony rubbed his chin, not really thinking too hard, but wanting to seem like he was in deep thought regardless.

“Very well then, have her assassinated.” he said, snapping his fingers, the attendant saluted, “I’ll give the order, sir.”

Kony swiveled around again and continued to watch the sun go down outside, its harsh orange light filling the room.

“What fools.” he chuckled with an air of pretension, “To stand against me is to stand against god itself.”

“Oh and one more thing sir.”

“What is it?”

“Jessica Kellen, she has returned.”

The champagne glass fell to the floor and shattered.

The Snowman simply stared.

Chapter Número Dos – Jace W. Conners

Limbo is very quiet and very empty.

It is like this by design, not that it was designed just that well its an infinite expanse of nothingness.

So the fact that their was so much noise was a rather significant occurrence.

“Two-hundred... wait no, three-hundred-thousand, three-hundred-and-seventy... four.”

“Two-hundred-thousand-three-hundred-and-seventy-five.”

“Two-hundred-thousand-three-hundred-and-seventy-six.”

Suddenly, a thought.

“Is DNA racist?”

The thought was gone.

“Two-hundred-thousand-three hundred. . . and uhh... seventy two? Three? Fuck, I lost my place again.”

Jessica looked down dismally, “White.” she muttered whilst staring at the floor that wasn’t really a floor, just, kind of a not really there thing that resembled a floor because of its location relative to Jessica's.

“White.” she muttered whilst staring at the white walls that weren’t really walls or really white just the distant faraway horizon that encapsulated the world around her, “White...” she said again, sighing as she began to start counting again.

The only colour or hue that differed from white in this Limbo was from Jessica herself, who was still wearing the same attire she was when she was killed by herself.

She remembered leaving the temple that she arrived in, stumbling out of its massive marble doorway, scrambling forwards a few steps and then looking back, the temple was gone, only white had replaced it, and after that, white was everything.

The last colour of another human being was probably that of Elliot Rodger, the Former Satan of Single Hell, a man who had already killed her once before.

That was when he resurrected himself, she would still be dead if Donald Falter didn't go back in time and stop him from coming back by making sure he died a fulfilled man.

(Consequently this meant that the school shooting plan that he had was executed perfectly, meaning more people died than those which were ultimately saved. The event is now known as the "bloodiest atrocity since 7/11" Falter was desperate, he can't be blamed.)

Anyway, due to Falter's actions Elliot remained as the Satan of Single Hell, unwilling or perhaps, un-wanting to perform reverse necromancy once again and just sat there with contentment.

Jessica had long since accepted her doomed fate to wander this white landscape forever, the suffocating emptiness was long since numb to her, and all she did was concentrate on the counting.

"One."

“Two.”

“Three.”

“Four.”

“Five.”

“Six.”

Suddenly a gigantic hole was ripped in the emptiness and light flooded out.

A man stepped through the hole wearing a leather trench coat and red rip-aways, his eyes were hidden by dark black glasses, the rims of which were golden, on the right breast of his trench coat was a sewn on badge saying “Semper fidelis” his head was very visibly balding despite his relative youth but the immense reach of his power consumed all conscious thoughts of the man.

“Jace W. Connors.”

Jessica stepped back, “What?”

“My name.” he said with a stoic, flat tone, expressionless and calm, his body held no sway, he was still and ready, like a soldier, his shoulders broad, he had the pose of a hero but the dirty and unshaved stubble reminded that he was nothing of the sort.

“Your name is Jace?” Jessica said, rubbing her chin,
“Alright, okay, mine’s-”

Jace cut her off immediately, “It’s Jessica, I already know.”

“Wait... first, who, no, what.... Hmm, how, how did you get here?”

Jessica was estranged by Jace’s presence.

“I see.” he said, looking up and down Jessica, “I did not expect your timeline... to, well, make it” quickly adding “but by the laws of QUCC I guess one of them must’ve.”

Jessica ignored this though she knew the laws of QUCC quite well.

“Who are you... really?”

“I am Jace W. Conners, esteemed Satan of Quadruple Hell, that is who I am.”

Jessica rubbed her chin again, “How--”

“Crossing the boundaries of four mere hellscapes and then entering the Limbo of the first is like child’s play for a being of my magnitude” Jace interrupted.

“But I thought that the power of Satan’s decreased down the hells.”

Limbo went silent.

“Satan Displacement Theory only highlights the minor difference in power between the infinite Satan's, true, a Satan from centuple Hell would possess only 1/100th the power of the Single Satan, but I possess a quarter of the power that Single Satan has, which means I am still fully capable of transitioning between the upper echelons of the Hellscape, in other worlds, my ranking on the Pyramid Rabbi is still large enough to exist as a mutlihellular being.”

“Regardless theirs a bit more nuance to it anyway, like for example the Satan in Infinite Hell is outright the strongest of all of us.”

Jessica pressed her knuckle into her temples as hard as she could, hoping that she would somehow push it hard enough and make herself brain dead but in the end she gave up and then sighed, “Fine, what do you want from me though?”

“Your assistance, plainly put, I need you to find someone for me.”

“Can’t you not just go and find them yourself?”

“No, despite my Pyramid Rabbi level being moderately high I cannot remain in the mortal realm for longer than a few minutes, at most 5 if I push it.”

“Well... Jace, you are forgetting something incredibly vital, the timelines collapsed on themselves when the multidimensional Jessica alliance collapsed. That includes my universe”

“That’s not how it works at all Jessica.”

“What? That’s exactly how it works.” Spouted Jessica naively.

“The universe is dictated by forces far greater than field hockey, and besides, your timeline is completely fine.” Jace replied.

“Wait, what?”

“Your timeline was not destroyed when all the others were.”

“So... I can go back?”

“Yes, all I need is for you to make a pact with me.”

“A deal with the devil? Sure thing!”

“Okay, here is my task; by any means be it murder, deception or murderception, find Tupac, and rescue him from his captors.”

“Two Pack?”

“An American rapper who died under mysterious circumstances in a gunfight that no one seems to know anything about.” Jace said without a touch of irony.

“Alright, can do.”

“And another thing Jessica, no matter what, do not attempt to find Kony before our contract is complete.”

“Yeah, yeah, just resurrect me already.”

“You’re already resurrected.”

Jessica looked around to see that she was in a bustling market square with people peddling hats, and overpriced sweets that clung to the plastic bags they were contained in as they melted in the sun.

“Remember Jessica, do not attempt to find Kony.” Jace said as he faded from reality.

“Okay, now to find Kony.” Jessica said, and shortly after she took her first step she felt her arteries fill up with a rough salt-like substance and the veins pulse as blood struggled to push through and out.

“Yeah, yeah, I’ll go find Two Pack.” she said out loud, much to the confusion and disgust of the pedestrians going about their day.

Her heart settled.

‘Well, I said i’d find Two Pack, but I honestly don’t know.’

“Well, if all else fails I’ll just go see Sam.”

She started walking and after her first few confident steps and proceeding less confident steps she knew that she was probably gonna be seeing Sam.

Chapter Numero Tres – The soon to be not king of Single Hell

Elliot Rodger sat upon his majestic throne as he always did, at the time he did not comprehend or understand that when he came here all those years ago he unknowingly displaced the Satan that was here previously, annoyingly this was not actually Satan himself, but another human that replaced whoever Satan was prior, who knew how many layers deep the original Satan was displaced to.

Even more frustrating to the moderation team, given that there is almost an infinite number of Hells' the Satan we know as Single Satan could be lost forever, displacing down the Hellscape for eternity.

But, of course, Elliot was blissfully unaware of the afterlives plight, and if he did know it is unlikely that he would care much at all really, even after he died in a suicide his sight was always placed firmly on the mortal realm, carefully observing the going-ons of the various inhabitants, it wasn't until the Child Soldiers split off self arrived at his temple that he focused his sights on Jessica Kellen alone.

He'd become wholly invested in her downfall.

“Jessica, that vile wretch, has been resurrected.” Elliot said with a mix of anger and melancholy to the Child Soldier whose being was now three separate entities residing in three separate realities, it was for this reason that the ancient arts of necromancy were outlawed.

The inter-dimensional police, Interpol, rarely enforced it though.

“Indeed she has” the Child Soldier replied through the swollen flesh that formed his head, “but we cannot do anything about it, we traveled to Triple Hell but the Satan there refused to aid us.”

“What about Double Satan?”

“Who?”

Suddenly the Child Soldier froze in place, as his PTSD triggered; snowflakes filled his vision and filled the temple with snow until all he could see was two beady eyes and a long single carrot that stared hatefully.

It wasn't until the next day that he recovered from this, he had stood there without sleeping or moving, only with visions of being frozen solid.

“Alright... I did it.” Elliot Rodger said as the Child Soldier came back to reality, “I think I have nailed reverse Necromancy.”

“Really? You finally have?”

“Why yes of course, I am the Supreme Gentleman after all my dearest Child Soldier, we no longer have to remain observers in this war of attrition, we can instead now, be active participants in the downfall of Jessica Kellen.”

“We'll be resurrected In different timelines though, won't we?” the Child Soldier said as one tear rolled down his cheekbone.

Elliot Rodger looked down in dismay, “Most likely, it is true, yes, but if we can just find the blueprints of Nikola Tesla we'll surely be able to cross the interdimensional gap.

If Jessica Kellen can do it, then so can the Supreme Gentleman.”

“Yes.” the Child Soldier said clenching his fists, “Time itself may try to stop us, but... we’ll find a way.”

“Why yes, of course we will, if not in those timelines then the infinite number of other timelines that exist concurrent to each other, we are guaranteed to find the blueprints, we just have to put our mind to it... that was how Jessica Kellen did it, right? She united her multidimensional selves against Kony...”

The Child Soldier perked up, “That didn’t work, remember.”

Elliot replied, “Sure it didn’t work for her but we don’t have a goal quite as grand.”

“I guess we can try that. Yeah, let’s do it.”

They both stood side by side and watched the endless unmoving void outside of the temple, a serene image in its calmness, a terrifying image in what that calmness truly meant.

Elliot dared not venture out, in the many years he’d resided as Satan of Single Hell he hadn’t once set foot outside of his temple.

Most people, when they arrive either run outside in a frenzy and are never seen again, or they kill themselves once they realize they are in Hell.

The only person to deviate from this much expected norm was the Child Soldier, their relationship was a strong one, having spent so much time together, but it was completely platonic given that they come from a timeline where the conceptual idea of being gay was erased.

It is yet unknown how Donald Falter's brief trip to the past caused such an oddly specific effect on the fabric of space and time; some especially curious scientists that were researching the subject actually observed that pretty much every animal, from every observed species were also affected by it, this had some pretty bizarre effects on the workings of nature, almost 50 new species that were thought to be extinct suddenly came back in large amounts, even the infamous dodo bird returned.

There were also some Nobel Peace Prizes that didn't exist before as well. No clue what that means though.

One explanation that has been proposed for this is that the timeline shifted, colliding with another timeline that just so happened to lack the concept of same-sex sex.

It would also appear that the collision was in fact only temporary as 40 years after, Donald Falter returned a small section of the youth population, the next generation if you would, started exhibiting gay behaviors, this was initially thought of as a degenerate behavior and got people arrested, but after about 5 years a lot of social progress happened and gay-marriage itself was legalized.

Funnily enough people in the afterlife, the deceased, are still affected by the laws of their timeline from the moment they died, this is why Elliot and the Child Soldier are not gay, because they died before homosexuality was a thing.

Another, but much less popular theory is that the gene for homosexuality itself was erased and only after several generations (let's say, 40 years worth) could the new 'gay gene' mutate and proliferate, this would also confirm that Elliot and the Child Soldier aren't gay, they simply lack the genes.

This theory is less popular not because of its validity, but an air of discomfort arises when it is brought up because people really don't like the idea of being born gay.

But regardless, the point is Elliot and the Child Soldier are not gay, and are completely straight and have a purely platonic relationship.

Elliot Rodger reached out his arm and suddenly his body lit up, he was about to perform 'it', reverse necromancy that had never been done before, he turned his head to the Child Soldier, "You surely realise that once you go back there will be two of you in the real world." Elliot Rodger said, with a strange degree of care, the Child Soldier nodded, "Of course."

Elliot made cutting motions into the air before raising his hand to the sky, lightning struck down around the temple and the air thinned, a hole was torn in the fabric of space time and the light of the real world bled into the temple.

They both stepped out together, knowing that one day they would be reunited.

Chapter Numero Quarto – Top Trump

Donald J. Falter and Hillary Clintlight sat on their Leather Sofa, the flickering of the CTR Television occasionally illuminated their faces as they sat in the dark, the news was playing but neither of them were paying attention to it.

“Hillary, Hillary, are you sure you want to do this?” Donald Falter asked, “Yes Donald, I am fairly sure that me saying that I want to be president means that I want to be president.” Hillary robotically spat.

“Hillary, this is gonna be yuge Hillary, yuge!”

Hillary sighed, “I know, I’ve ran for presidency before...”

“Reminds me of the time I met Jessica Kellen at the store.”

“When was that?”

“Five hours ago, Hillary.”

“Five hours? She disappeared more than five years ago, why is she showing up now?”

“No clue Hillary, no clue at all, she showed up looking for Tupac, she said it was yuge and she had to find him, but she left and then--”

“And then?”

“Sorry Hillary, I apologize, I was about to hit my 140 character limit.”

“What?”

“She left and disappeared again, but let me tell you Hillary, it was yuge, she showed up and then disappeared, just like that Hillary.”

Falter and Hillary continued watching the news on T.V. their relationship was peculiar to say the least, peculiar, and unlikely almost as unlikely as the infamous delegate thief Soarin Ted.

It was standard for Hillary to die long before this point, she is of course one of the causes of the great Falter Depression, a depression that doesn't refer to the economic situation of america but the actual real depression of Donald Falter signified by his donning of the Dinosaur Suit, and in the some timelines, his transformation into the Gorilla Whale, decimating most of the timelines that couldn't defeat this monster.

This timeline however was different due to the actions of Jessica Kellen it was saved from death by Falter.

But little did Falter or Hillary know that Hillary running for President put her life in grave danger.

“Well, let's hope Jessica doesn't return.” Hillary said, curling her wrinkled hands around a gun that was concealed in her pantsuit, “Jessica Kellen is a bad omen, a really bad omen.”

“Hillary, Hillary, it took her 40 yuge years to cause real damage.”

Hillary added “She also made sure Kony was President of the United States of America...”

Donald pulled at his fat rolls, like a beard “Well Hillary, there was no way that she could know at the time.”

“He’s called ‘King of the Congo’ because he enslaved Ugandan children and took over Africa with an army of Child Soldiers.

“Hillary, Hillary, he entered the voting system legally, he was democratically elected and if that's what the people want then that's what--”

“The people get...” Hillary finished.

Suddenly an earthquake shook the house, the rumbling caused the lights to swing and the furniture to be shifted from right to left over and over again, vases fell down and smashed and cracked and just a general mess was made.

“Another one?” Falter said, getting to his feet, “Hillary, I think we’re having an earthquake!”

Soon the shaking stopped and dust floated down from the ceiling, the T.V. switched itself off and the light bulb burst into razor sharp shards, “It’s exactly like yesterday.” Hillary said, holding her hands to the doorframe.

The universe is dictated by forces far greater than field hockey

Suddenly the room turned ice cold and a snow like substance blew in through the windows shattering the glass as it poured in.

Chapter Numero Cinco – Saving World Peace

Jessica Kellen clenched her fists for a minute and danced around before frantically pressing the down button on the elevator, a relatively infamous elevator, when the elevator hit the ground floor that she was on, the sound of air being forced out of a metal piston could be heard as the doors opened.

The elevator was luckily empty.

She stepped in and pressed a key multiple times, top floor, her destination, she stepped backwards and rested on the back of the elevator, only barely noticing what she saw out of the corner of her eye.

“I could have sworn this elevator was empty.”

The Snowman rubbed its chin as if pondering a great truth and then shrugged.

“So...”

Jessica tried to speak, but as she slurred the last syllable of the first word and got ready to begin the next she saw a finger thrust into her face, “Yes, I do want to find Tupac.” Jessica responded as if she understood what the Snowman was saying, I wish I could translate but it is a functionally undecipherable language.

Snowman pointed to itself with its thumb and then pointed towards Jessica, this one was pretty easy to infer.

“You can help me?” Jessica asked, pointlessly, suddenly she felt a sharp pain in her chest again, arteries swelling as blood struggled to pass through and into her heart, it was like before when she said she was going to find Kony, Snowman realized this but didn’t respond, just stared, and as it stared the pain lessened.

‘Don’t do it Jessica’ the voice of Jace reached her, it was as if two godlike beings were fighting to the death on the battlefield that was her heart, not in the romantic way but in the any second now she might have a heart attack way.

She swiftly ended it by calmly explaining to Snowman that she’d rather do it herself.

The Snowman clenched its fists and then vanished.

Suddenly the pain in Jessica’s chest seemed to disperse throughout the rest of her body and then slowly fade, heart attack averted, she looked around suspiciously, thinking that Snowman might still be around. “Never in any timeline has this happened.” she said as the elevator reached the top floor with a ding.

Sighing she stepped out of the elevator as quickly as possible, delivering a witty one-liner about the length of time it took as she left.

She looked around, the yellow-stained white wallpaper lined corridors of the top floor, ripped in more than one location, revealing the brown plaster that was hastily laid in behind it.

Sam Peek’s office was just ahead, she walked through the cold corridors and then kicked open the wooden door with efficiency, as if she’d done it 100 times before.

The handle embedded itself into the plaster wall and a waterfall of dust poured from the ceiling though it couldn't be seen very well, the room was pitch black and only the silhouette of a man could be seen sitting on an old leather armchair in the corner of the room.

Jessica let herself in and flicked the lights on.

Sam Peek was sitting in a chair, staring down without moving, his cheeks slightly wrinkled and his hair overgrown and grey from repeated re-bleaching, the brown pigment remained in only a few strands, his beard had grown down to his ankles making him look endlessly wise, or just homeless.

“Sam Peek, the completely unrelated to school shooting guy, what is up?!” Jessica blurted out, finger guns and all, in version ‘A’ of the timeline (the current timeline now has been so thoroughly screwed with backwards and forwards travel that it doesn't even have an alphabetical notation, so it's just considered timeline n, n being whatever because who cares.) Sam Peek was infamous for shooting schools and school shootings, to put it bluntly anyway, there's no real way to sugar coat things, he shot up schools and got away with it. Every. Single. Time.

However, after Donald Falter finally reached rock bottom and went back in time to help Elliot Rodger pull off the perfect school shooting, it was such a bloodbath that even Sam Peek, a guy known for school shootings previously, wanted nothing to do with it growing up, which is how in this timeline, he became completely unrelated to school shootings.

There's a point to all of that, so keep it in mind.

“Sam Peek?”

Sam didn't respond, he just sat there, unmoving; unmoving apart from the twitching of his index finger. "Jessica... Kellen." he croaked, "After all these years, you have the audacity to shove your way in here now, after ruining everything, you dare to step foot in this office..?"

"Uh, yes?"

"Get out of my office."

"But..."

"Get. Out."

"This isn't an office."

"..."

"This is Guy Heaven Gym, remember?" Jessica sincerely stated.

"Leave."

Jessica stared at Sam, irritated, "Fine."

She swiveled around on heel and stormed out of the room, as she walked out she saw Snowman, out of the corner of her eye down the corridor to her right, she stopped dead in her tracks, stepped backwards and tilted her head right, hearing the joint between her spine and skull creak, "Nothing..." she said, her breath condensing in the air.

"Must've been imagining things."

She quickly collected herself and then began thinking, “Who would know where to find Tupac?”

“Hmmm.”

“Donald? Matpat? Myself? Wait a minute... Robert Mugabe.” She said, slamming her fist into the palm of her hand, “He only lived around the corner.”

Jessica gasped at the shocking realization, how could she have been so stupid, she rushed to the elevator and descended to the bottom floor, Mugabe would have the answers that she wanted, the answers she needed.

As she ran down the stairs of the mass of welded steel that was colloquially known as a skyscraper she briefly shared glances with a man who looked severely out of place.

The brief glance was all it took, he stopped as he realized he'd been seen, he was wearing a large black trench coat and a pair of sunglasses connected to an earpiece via a white coiled wire.

His hair was either slicked back or greasy. It was hard to tell the difference.

He looked at her from behind the glasses.

“Have you seen Hil...” he paused his well rehearsed question, “Wait a minute.”

He reached his hand into his coat.

“I... should be going.” Jessica said, turning the other way/.

“You are Jessica Kellen.”

“No, wrong person, sorry.”

“Public enemy number 1, Jessica Kellen, I know your face well.”

He pulled out an RPG-7V and aimed it at Jessica’s face, clumsily but precise enough given that an explosion from this would kill everyone in the vicinity.

Jessica looked at it, confused mostly, “Wait, if you’re after Hillary then why bother with me?”

“What? Because you’re wanted Jessica, that’s why.”

“But, do you get paid more if you kill me? Would anyone know if you just let me go? I’m sure both you and I realize that when you pull the trigger on that thing there will be nothing left of me or you.”

“Jessica, it is against the law as a keeper of said law to ignore a top-priority fugitive, I am sorry but you’ll either have to come with me or I’ll pull this trigger.”

“Look, wait, no one will know, right?”

“I’ll know.”

“Yeah, you may know but no one who cares will.”

“I care.”

“No you don’t”

The man scratched the stubble on his chin. “Are you trying to dupe me?” he asked, reminding Jessica that he had a rocket launcher in his hands by curling his fingers around the trigger again.

“Nope.” Jessica said, shaking her head, “No duping here.”

The man lowered his RPG and after shaking hands with Jessica put it back into his pocket and walked right on past Jessica, without looking back.

“Phew.” Jessica breathed a sigh of relief when he was out of hearing range, “If he had fired that thing I’d be literally dead... again.”

Jessica went the opposite way, despite the fact that it was about 10 minutes longer, she didn’t want to risk him changing his mind and blowing up the entire street.

She did eventually reach the street that lead to the Glorious Zimbabwe Town, one of the worst Ghettos in America, Robert Mugabe lived in the trailer park right in the centre and ruled it as a sort of crime boss.

A ball of dirt floated past as she entered the trailer park, it seemed it had gotten worse since her time in office, gangs on every corner, brown paper bags being slid across park benches and gunshots could be heard hourly, luckily for Jessica she was ‘down’ with the hood.

Being literally the most wanted criminal in America was pretty gangsta.

At least that’s how Jessica thought it worked.

The wind blew heavy, so heavy that it made the thin aluminum sheets which made up most of the walls bend in and out, the peeled off paint fluttered and doors slammed open and shut like they were in some kind of haunted house.

Jessica made her way to Robert Mugabe's house, though, it's a wonder how anyone could live there, one would think the disease and plague brought up from the shit-water sewage bubbling through the unmaintained pipework would have killed him, but he was alive somehow.

Jessica rolled down her sleeve over her hand so she could open the caravan door without touching it, she briefly inspected the fabric after she opened the door to see a thick brown paste over it.

When she walked inside the door blew off its hinges with the wind and bounced around through the trailer park.

Mugabe was sitting on a decrepit armchair, the spongy filling was easily seen beneath the torn and ripped fabric, Mugabe's fat-folds rolled downwards with the forwards gaunt of his heck, his eyes were closed and snot flicked out of his nose with each breath and was sucked in with the inhale.

Jessica inched forwards as saliva built up on his blue shirt.

"M- U- G- A- B- E-" Jessica shouted straight into his ears, he blinked once and then his eyes flicked open, "Jessica?"

"Mugabe, you've uh, really let yourself go." she said, "I know it." he replied with a degree of sass that Jessica would have expected from that one meme.



Yeah that one.

“Anyway, I need your advice again Mugabe, it was very helpful last time.”

“My advice?”

“Yes, see, I recall something that the War Jessica said to me five years ago, ‘The strongest Jessica’s unite both their gay and non-gay selves.’ when I spoke to you before you told me to kill my gay self, well, tell me how to do what the War Jessica said, tell me how to unite my gay and non-gay self.”

Mugabe glared as drool ran down his bottom lip, he adjusted his cracked glasses, “That is not something I can help you with Jessica.”

“Why not?”

“Because Jessica, that power is a power that lies dormant inside all of us, and that power comes from inside.

“What does that even mean? Just tell me how to do it.”

Mugabe placed his sausage fingers on top of each other.

“I cannot Jessica, but I can say that you will soon learn the true power that comes from uniting the gay and non-gay selves, the two halves united, yin and yang, equilibrium, something so potent, so powerful cannot be taught, it must be experienced.”

“Strange, how did the War Jessica do it then?”

“I simply cannot say.”

Jessica stormed out with a mix of anger and annoyance that was mild in fervor, as she walked down the stairs the caravan collapsed behind her revealing an extremely pensive Mugabe, not surprised in the slightest.

Jessica thought back to who else might be of assistance, she already knew there was no chance that she was going to Matpat for help, she couldn't stomach him, in her mind he was a truly repulsive creature that lurked in the darkness, crept through the shadows and screeched its words without care, the words, “It's just a theory.” echoed through her mind.

Jessica sighed, “Falter, I guess, he has the time machine so that's good enough.”

She walked out of the ghetto and into the downtown suburbs and right to the corner shop that Donald Falter worked at, on the way back Jessica came up with the outlines for a strategy to find Tupac. She already knew that Sam was who she needed to find Tupac, he knew everything and even if he didn't he'd know a guy that knew, or know a guy who knew a guy who knew, basically, he'd get the job done, Sam Peek was the answer.

But Sam Peek was feeling under the weather, stricken with a strange depression that Jessica didn't quite understand, nor could she do much about, but Falter could.

So she thought to herself, "How can Falter stop Sam's depression?"

Her answer? "Donald Falter will save world peace."

"Donald." she said as she burst through into the corner store, he was there, "Jessica... Jessica, It is good to see you, let me say that this is-"

"Go back in time for me real quick."

"Jessica, Jessica you look sad Jessica, SAD"

"What? That's irrelevant."

"What happened?"

"Uh, Mugabe told me that he can't tell me how to unite my gay and non gay selves."

"Well Jessica, consider the lesson a great, great man gave to me; 'Donald, you can't just insult your way into the white house.'"

"O-kay, what am I supposed to be considering here?"

"Well you see Jessica, when someone tells you that you can't do something, do it anyway."

Donald Falter gave a quick thumbs up with his small hands.

“Inspirational.” Jessica sighed, “But anyway, go back in time for me.”

“No.”

“What?”

“No Jessica, that’s way too yuge of an ask.”

“Are you sure... maybe we can come to some kind of agreement?”

“Hmm... Actually Jessica you’re right, we can come to a agreement.”

“That was easy.”

“I need you Jessica, I need you to get Hillary elected, oh, and make sure she doesn’t get killed along the way.”

“Nevermind.” Jessica said pensively in realization that it wasn’t going to be as easy as she had hoped.

“Well if that’s what you want, then I’ll just have to do the impossible, I’ll have to make Hillary Clintlight president.”

“It’s the only way to save world peace.”

Chapter Number 0 msnpawny

Jessica lowered her guard as Kony approached, her stance relaxing, she sensed no hostility from the man was trying to kill, only a sense of reason, and calm - clearly he wasn't all that he was made out to be.

Kony threw Jessica a bottle of water, he blatantly saw that Jessica wasn't well adapted to the intense Ugandan heat and even the dry jungle canopy that towered above couldn't provide enough protection from exposure.

"I was sent here to kill you." Jessica said as she looked at the bottle with suspicion, was it poison? Drugged? These questions ran through Jessica's mind, but Kony knew she'd drink it eventually.

"I realize that, but I don't think you will."

"Maybe not if I drink this, what is in it anyway, cyanide? Ricin? Arsenic?"

"It's a bottle of water Jessica, it has water in it."

"Well you wouldn't tell me if it was poisoned anyway, I'm still not drinking it."

"That's fine, I actually only came here to talk."

Kony removed his Ak, popped out the cartridge and threw it to the ground in one continuous sequence, "See? Only talking."

"Kony, you have another gun right there."

“Uhh.”

Kony shuffled his secondary gun behind him.

“Well whatever, I’d put down my gun... if I had one.”

Kony turned around and walked back down the same path he came from, despite not being prompted, Jessica followed.

“So, what did you want to talk about.”

“Right now? Nothing, you’ll see when we get there.”

Jessica scratched her head in confusion, “What do you plan to show me?” she asked

“I literally just said, you’ll see when we get there.” Kony responded

“Kony, look, about 1 minute ago I was going to kill you.”

Kony stopped dead in his tracks and- Wait a minute, what chapter is this?

Oh, wrong tape, chapter 6 was it? Numero Sixo?

Chapter Numero Seis – Mission Impossible

Jessica walked through the door into an upper middle class hallway, photographs of John Falter and the rest of the Falter family tree were arranged in linear order across the hallway, like time was moving backwards as you walked across.

John G. Falter - 1907/1985, Nikola Trump - 1856, 1943, Eric C. Falter - 1837/19015, Louis- *'Wait a minute.'* Jessica thought as she traced her steps back, Donald Falter watched her suspiciously as she eyed the various names, "Nikola Trump eh." she laughed to herself as she began walking forwards again. Time travel really fucked this universe up.

It's probably easy to imagine the surprise on Hillary's face when Jessica walked into the living room, actually, it might be pretty hard now that I think about it.

Her wrinkles folded up into more wrinkles and her nose curled inwards, her brows furrowed and then she saw Falter, the confusion in the air was still blatant but at least someone could explain it, so that was a relief.

Jessica and Hillary hadn't met up until now, they'd heard about each other of course, though Hillary happened to hear more about Jessica than Jessica did about Hillary.

Donald Falter quickly explained what Jessica and he agreed on.

"Donald, this, you're a genius." she said, dragging one wrinkled witch-like hand across the other, her nails unclipped and pointed.

"Hillary, it's about time someone realized that."

“Donald, if this works, if I get elect--”

“You’ll get elected.” Jessica suddenly said, “What?” Hillary asked, bewildered, “You’ll get elected, trust me.”

“But How?”

Jessica smirked, “I made some fliers.” she said, dropping piles upon piles of a4 sheets of paper from her arms, seemingly no one else noticed her bring them with her but they did notice the giant mound of disordered fliers lying on the floor.

“Probably should have thought twice about doing that.” Jessica said scratching the back of her head, “Well, Falter can clean it up.”

“I’m not clean--”

“We need to first go around the entire country and place these everywhere, every house, every streetlight, every park bench, every bus stop and every corner shop, I’ve done the math and examined multiple other universes, 50 years ago this was how Hillary managed to get elected instead of Falter.”

“I get elected in other universes?”

“Uh, yeah?”

“How?”

“Hillary, have you ever heard of the Infinite Monkey Theorem?”

“Are you... comparing me to a monkey on a typewriter?”

“No, just your presidential campaign.”

“Anyway, point is, an infinite amount of you’s are president and an infinite amount of you’s became president.”

“But, if an infinite number of me got elected, then why aren’t I president?”

“Because 1.88 is bigger than 1.66, basic maths.”

“What does that even mean?”

“Figure it out yourself, in the meantime, fliers.”

Hillary looked at Donald, and then looked back and Jessica, bewildered, “But...”

“No buts here Hillary.” she said, giving her the pile of fliers, “You’ll manage.”

Jessica smiled as she felt the pile of papers weight shift from her fingertips and into Hillarys.

“Alright, go and do it.” Jessica said sitting down on the sofa.

“Bu--” Jessica shot Hillary a dirty look and her face turned to horror as she found out she lost the battle of willpower that she didn’t even realise was being fought, she shuddered as she backed up out of the room to hand out fliers,

“Jessica...” Falter said, clearly realizing that Hillary obviously didn’t get elected by handing out fliers.

Jessica didn't bother responding to Falter instead she stared at the TV as the light bounced around in her eyes, suddenly her iris was filled with static and Kony appeared, though he was very hard to see since she had brown eyes, Jessica grabbed the remote and turned the TV up.

-- After a brief static and a screen that said Presidential Broadcast Kony's face appeared--

“Greetings fellow americans!”

‘Greetings’ could be heard in reply from the crowd

“We are closing in on the end of the current election cycle, of which I am certain I will win, and despite my extreme confidence I still believe it is a time that every American to express his and her deep love for democracy, liberty and truth, so when the time comes, get your phones out, download the voting app and vote for the same person everyone else is voting for... me!”

Cheering is heard from the crowd.

“Thank you, thank you, but now, for the actual reason why I am here, at this glorious pedestal, with these glorious people, and it's not just to flatter you, I don't need to do that to win the presidency, I can just k-- It is because I regret to announce that there has actually been a sighting of the war criminal Jessica Kellen.”

Booing is heard from the crowd.

“Nothing confirmed yet, but she has been seen entering the residence of Falter, Guy Heaven and a local ghetto.

Remember that if you see Jessica Kellen proceed to take action and call the police immediately, failure to do so will result in death.”

-- The TV switches off, static fizzles off of the screen as the sound fades away --

“Why do you have a CTR anyway?”

“Jessica, this is gonna be yuge to you, but did you know they have tiny little microwaves in LCD--”

“Never mind.”

Suddenly knocking was heard on the door, constant, firm and well paced knocking.

Knock

Knock

Both Jessica and Falter fell silent and a sickly feeling swept over both of them as the room turned ice cold.

Knock

Knock

Well someone had to answer it...

Knock

Knock

“You know what Yessica, I’ll get it.” Falter said, getting up and trudging over to the door, at the door was a figure that no one expected to see.

“They... tried to kill me.” Hillary muttered as she stumbled in, the rain pouring heavily from beyond the door, she fell to her knees covered in blood, and soaked thoroughly, upon closer inspection, it would appear that she was unharmed completely, a smoking gun in one hand.

“So... you didn’t hand out the fliers?”

Hillary glared at Jessica, Trump glared at Jessica.

“Fine!” she exclaimed whilst going back to the couch mumbling, “We’ll do something else if you’d kill a man and pretend that you were attacked just to not hand out fliers.”

“That’s not wha-”

“There is no need to make excuses, I would have done the same thing, I get it.”

“Anyway, my next strategy is the actual one that got Hillary elected in the other timelines.”

“Wait, the fliers weren’t?”

Jessica laughed, “Well, no not necessarily, don’t get me wrong here, the other Hillary's DID hand out fliers and also got elected, but that doesn’t mean *that's* what got them elected, in fact it was touted as a giant waste of time and money.”

“Then... why did you suggest it?”

“Hey, don’t blame me, you asked what the other Hillarys did, I told you.”

“Alright, whatever, let’s actually win this dumb election.”

“...”

“For real this time.”

“How?”

“Well, there was this pretty interesting strategy that I heard one of them used, clones going door to door and convincing people to vote, not only did it massively increase voter turnout but it resulted in Hillary getting 99% of the votes.”

“So I became president like this?”

“What..? No, she-- you didn’t win the presidency just the popular vote.”

Hillary sighed for some reason, maybe at the hopelessness of her situation, but she didn’t know what Jessica knew, “We may as well try it.” Jessica shrugged.

Falter immediately got up in response, crumbs from a bag of cheetos he was eating from slid down from his white t-shirt, streaks of grease painted on by the crumbs, with his mouth full he said, “Yuge idea Jessica, I actually have a cloning module in the time machine.”

“I don’t know how it works, nor how I even got a time machine in the first place mind you, but we can just copy Hillary a few times right?”

Jessica rubbed her chin, before changing the motion from a rub to a scratch, truth be told she wasn't from this timeline so she didn't know the specifics well actually, she was from this timeline, but she wasn't, when she arrived here, the first time she went back in time (Something impossible normally, but she went back to a timeline that allows going back in time, via wormhole usually, this doesn't create a new split in the timeline like QUCC would, it just destroys the timeline and erases everything that happened afterwards, or maybe it would be better described to say it overwrites it, since time is experienced linearly for the most part pretty much everyone is unaffected by this overwriting process as it's on a moment to moment basis, a planck basis to be specific, there's also cases where timelines get overwritten at the nodes where time splits because of QUCC, this causes the timeline to exist as its own separate instance, repeating itself forever without a beginning or end but this explanation has gotten overlong and verbose so just draw a line and then draw a smaller line in the space provided below and pretend that's an accurate representation of what I'm describing.)

Point is, the original timeline didn't have a time machine with a cloning module, this timeline did.

“Well, cloning it is.” Hillary sighed as she fumbled on the loop handle for the basement hatch, she pulled it up to about knee height, rested the splintered edge of it on her knees, squatting down a bit to support it and then put her hands underneath the wood to push it upwards.

Thick dust and dirt layered the inside of the wrinkles that covered her hands.

A thick stench oozed out of the halls below, everyone climbed down the ladder sequentially, first Donald, then Hillary and then Jessica.

As they walked down the darkened hallway Jessica pushed past to the front of the group and stopped when she got to the door, it was locked by a passcode.

After quickly entering it and pressing the (what should be green, but was more brown) enter button, the door's locks could be heard releasing and Jessica pushed them open into a circular room filled with consoles, warning lights and in the center was a circular platform.

“Wait a minute Yessica, how do you know the passcode?” Falter asked, Jessica looked backwards towards Falter who was still stumped at this revelation, “Infinite timelines, or something like that.” Jessica responded, “Sad!”

Jessica turned a few dials, each of them had mechanisms in them that made them click as they turned, like the knobs that control the hobs on a cooker.

She brushed her hand across several glass panels and enameled surfaces to wipe away the dust, she found a switch that was conveniently labeled, though the labeling was worn, “Clone” at the top and “Time” at the bottom.

She flicked it upwards and, ostensibly the time machine was now a clone machine, fingers crossed anyway.

“Okay, step into the time machine.” Jessica said, gesturing towards the circular plate in the corner of the room.

Hillary hesitantly trotted up to the circular plate, Jessica flipped a few switches and suddenly the entire room was filled with energy.

Displays lit up with information and graphs all in a feint cyan colour, small led lights turned either red or green depending on whether or not their corresponding switch was on or off and two large pieces of metal machinery lifted themselves into the air, circling around Hillary, the momentum of the circling increasing and increasing and increasing until it was a blur of flesh and metal, and as if she was vaporized and reconstructed, she was vaporized and reconstructed.

“Woah, Jessica, was she just vaporized and reconstructed!?”

“Yes, she was just vaporized and reconstructed.”

All of a sudden a new and different Hillary stepped out of the original Hillary, like Eve being created from Adam.

“That was disgusting.” Falter said and Hillary’s body deconstructed into a pile of goop, a third Hillary stepped out and one after the other Hillary after Hillary stepped out of the time machine, simply popping into the world, Donlad looked at a meter on the side of the time machine, “Uh, Jessica, this is yuge, the Synthetic Human Element isn’t decreasing.”

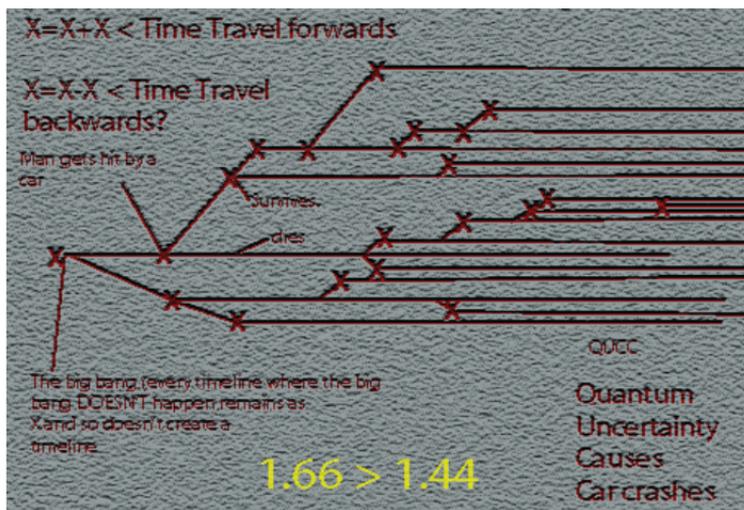
“Don’t worry Donald, all according to plan.”

“How?”

“Infinite timelines.”

Jessica had gone against what they had agreed upon, she didn’t clone her particles she instead imported infinite Hillaries from the infinite timelines.

Jessica looked up at a poster that was hung up on a wall:



After longingly and woefully staring at the poster her concentration snapped and her focus was brought to the large crowd that had emerged, evidently it would seem that Falter Turned off the machine before too many could leave.

She had to do it this way because using the Cloning method would have only given maybe 10 new Hillarys at best, in front of Jessica right now was too many to count, it was hard to breathe, in fact, it was a serious issue; way too much Co2 with way too little ventilation.

“Alright, first thing’s first, let’s head outside.” Jessica said, leading them all up the ladder, out of the house, and into the streets.

Luckily it was night-time so cars wouldn’t run over the many Hillary’s blocking the streets, they looked like a brood of hens, each poking their heads around cautiously, Jessica was cautious too, and for good reason, when dealing with infinity anything could go wrong, any number of these Hillarys could be a sociopath or a serial killer, she just had to hope that wasn’t the case.

Jessica marched down towards the front of the pack and then pivoted around on her heel like a true military man.

“Alright.” she commanded, but the rambling crowd of haphazard Hillary’s couldn’t hear her.

“ALRIGHT!” Jessica shouted, her voice echoing throughout the streets, suddenly the Hillary’s turned around in sync and stood at attention.

“I am sure you all know why you’re here?!”

“To hand out fliers!” they said, in sync so it sounded like they were shouting, Jessica shook her head.

“That plan is out the window now, You’re going to go door to door, asking everyone to vote for you, yes, by everyone I mean everyone, we can’t afford to win the popular vote but lose the electoral vote, oh, and when you get to state representatives, slap them around the face with the \$100,000 that is in your back pocket and tell them that if they give their vote to you, they will get all 100,000.”

“Given how many of you there are we should get this done quickly, now go my minions!”

They all saluted and marched haphazardly to wherever they were going.

“Which one is the real Hillary?” Donald asked

“We’ll find out when they go back to the original timelines.” Jessica replied.

“Now we wait I guess?” Donald further questioned.

“Now we wait.” Jessica gently sighed.

And 5 months passed, the army of Hillary clones harassed every single American, forcing each to vote for her.

“The debates are on.” Trump said, pressing the power button on the remote, the TV switched on, there was Kony standing there by himself at the podium, there was a podium adjacent to him where it seemed his opponent was supposed to be, but it was empty.

The room was silent before tapping could be heard on the mic, “Uh.” the debate moderator said, “Hillary appears to have not shown up...”

“She’s probably dying amirite?” Kony said into the mic, much to the apparent displeasure of the audience as they collectively groaned, Hillary had had some health issues in the past, bringing that up now was just poor taste, he immediately backed down and apologized for his statement.

They couldn’t have known he was actually referring to his many world class assassins.

Jessica heard the door unlock and swiveled her head around to the sound as she scooped another spoon of ice cream from a tub she had squeezed in between the two cushions of the sofa so it wouldn’t fall over.

Hillary burst into the room with some shopping in her arms and switched off the TV, “Shouldn’t you be at the debates?” Jessica asked with a mouthful of ice cream.

“The debates don’t matter.” Hillary sighed, “Come election night every single American in this country will vote for me anyway.”

“Could have at least turned up.” Donald Falter said, Hillary didn’t bother justifying herself and before she could Jessica asked “Where are the other Hillarys’?”

Hillary looked down at Jessica who still had the spoon dangling from her mouth like a retard, “I merged with them all.” suddenly Jessica trembled as Hillary’s eyes became eclipsed with shadow, a trail of red light emitted from them as Jessica’s tunnel vision worsened.

“It’s worse than I thought.” she whispered under her breath, she’d fused with the other Hillary’s, something that takes absurd levels of psychic energy and coordination.

The superposition of multiple beings by separating themselves into multiple time streams...This on its own does nothing unless every single person is coordinated. Jessica had her fingers crossed in hope that Hillary didn’t realise the immense power she’d just obtained.

“Well.” Trump said, “We’ll see if she wins in two months time.”

“Yeah yeah.”

-- 2 Months Later --

The TV was on as lines of static moved up and down the screen, Donald was adjusting the TV antenna to pick up the signals, eventually the polling results flickered onto the screen, they were all collected.

“Well fuck.” Jessica said.

“This is yuge.”

Hillary had won 100% of the votes, not a single person, not even as a joke or to go against the mainstream voted for Joseph Kony, not even Kony’s men voted for Kony, not even Kony voted for Kony, it was a perfect turnout.

“Well.” Jessica said getting up, “I don’t know how, but we did it.” Donald nodded in agreement but Hillary didn’t look happy.

“Well Jessica.” Donald said, getting up to his feet, “Let’s go to the time machine, it’s about time I kept my end of the deal.”

They headed back down the hatch to the basement and Falter got into the machine, Jessica made sure it was switched to teleport mode, it wasn’t.

“Strange, someone’s been in here and messed with the settings.” Jessica said, looking around, she saw Hillary glaring at her, her eyebrows were down and together, her lips narrowed and her forehead somehow sprouted more wrinkles, she looked like a raging bull caught in freeze frame, at least she wasn’t moving.

Jessica switched it back to teleport mode, “Right Falter, you’ll be going back in time and saving Sam Peek’s ‘World Peace’ from being canceled.”

“Of course.” He replied firmly.

“Oh and one more thing.” Jessica said, “From now on, you’ll be known as John Titor.”

“Alright.”

“But, your secret name that will be known only to me, is Donald Falter.”

“AND, your secret name that neither myself nor Hillary Clintlight will call you will be, Donald Trump.”

“Nice.”

Trump nodded as Jessica switched the teleporter on, the metal plates swirled around him and he was consumed by blindingly bright blue light, as it faded all that was left was thin air, John Titor was gone.

“Jessica.” Hillary stuttered, “Can you come with me?”

Jessica cautiously turned around, Hilary stood there, nervously trying to stop her hands from shaking.

They climbed the ladder out into the house and walked up the stairs into the open balcony.

The wind was heavy and it was raining, Jessica and Hillary were protected from the rain as the canopy above shielded them.

Hillary pulled out a cigarette and offered Jessica Kellen one,.

“I don’t smoke.” Jessica said refusing it.

“Neither do I-- we.” she said lighting the end of the cigarette, “But recently, something’s been on our mind.”

With a degree of fear and hesitation she placed her hand inside her jacket, “When we came to this world, there was a pile of blood and flesh in the time machine.”

“That was us wasn’t it?” she said, whipping a gun from her coat and pointing it at Jessica, “You killed us on purpose didn’t you?” Hillary hissed like a snake.

“You did it because it was funny didn’t you?”

Jessica quickly blundered, “N--”

Bang.

Red streaks of crimson seemed to flow through the air like a ribbon as Jessica helplessly toppled backwards off of the balcony, her limp body falling into the foliage below.

Chapter Números Siete - Finally

The Camera pans on Elliot Rodger, known as Elly to his friends, he was sitting at the back of his classroom, there was scratches down his desk and on his chair because he was given the ones they scavenged from the skip outside the school.

Somehow when he came back to life he was in a prison cell, he was right at the end of his sentence and the guards were waiting for him to leave for a while, it didn't take long for him to be forced back into school again and so that was how he got here, sitting on this chair.

The class was rabbling and rambling, waiting for the teacher to begin his lesson but then suddenly, almost randomly, a rock burst through the top of the classroom crushing the support beams that held up the roof. The rock seemed to be screaming as it was swathed in the flames of re-entering the earth's atmosphere, at first the entire class thought that they were screams of pain, which is confusing because it was a rock, but everyone was too caught up in the fact that a meteorite had just crushed the person sitting beside Elliot Rodger.

Anyway, the rock was gay or something and the teacher started to speak, "Dude, I think that rock was trying to kill you, Elliot." he said, "It was yelling Fuck you Elliot as it fell."

Suddenly trepidation kicked in, Elliot frantically looked around, he knew what was going to happen, everyone else did to, the teacher's lips parting to speak seemed to take years to Elliot

“But that’s just a theory.” he said, Elliot immediately snapped out of his trance and plugged his ears with his palms, “A GAME THEORY.”

Everyone but Elliot fell to the ground laughing as the mangled corpse of Elliot’s classmate bled into the dark blue carpet, *this was insane*, Elliot could only think to himself.

“Alright everyone settle down.” The teacher said as they all got to their feet, “Today we will be learning about bees, an integral resource in utilizing the powers that bee.”

Powers that be? Elliot thought to himself

“No Elliot, the powers that *bee*~.” the teacher said, suddenly Elliot throttled backwards, he must have imagined it, “You didn’t imagine it Elliot.” the teacher said, “Telepathy is a pretty basic proponent of the powers that bee, those that have yet to unlock their root chakras often possess it.”

Everyone scurried to their chairs and eagerly awaited their lecture whilst Elliot desperately tried to suppress his thoughts.

Suddenly the teacher stared directly at Elliot Rodger through his thin-rimmed glasses, the piercing blue of his iris locked with the deep brown of Elliot’s.

“Elliot Rodger.” he barked, “Why are you sitting like that?”

He was curled up in his seat, his feet fighting for space on the chair, it was pretty safe to call it a fairly odd way to sit.

“But sir, if I sit normally my shoes will get covered in blood!”

Elliot stared innocently but the teacher held the bridge of his nose, “Elliot, you know that’s not a valid excuse, you said the exact same thing the last time this happened.”

After ten seconds Elliot lost the battle of will and reluctantly placed his feet into the pool of blood.

“Okay.” the teacher coughed, “Firstly, can anyone tell me what colour bees are?” he asked the class; suddenly a girl with braided pigtails shot her hand into the sky with desperation.

“Okay, you seem eager to answer.” the teacher said.

He pointed to the girl with pigtails, she nodded and then stood up, “Yellow and black.” she stammered before sitting back down, the teacher lightly clapped his hands.

“Good, good, bees are indeed yellow and black.” but then added “If you exclude like 20,000 other species of bee you fucktard”

“But *siiiiir*.” Elliot whined, “That question *hardly* seemed difficult.”

“Elliot Rodger.” the teacher sighed, “Unfortunately, we had some parents complain about their children not passing last year, and given that we already made the pass mark as low as we could the year prior the only thing we could do was make the syllabus easier.”

“That’s Stupid!” Elliot exclaimed.

“Welcome to America.”

“Biting social commentary”

Police arrived at his school as he was leaving and he was sent to jail, after a lengthy prosecution, the judge was lenient and merciful, only giving him 15 life sentences without parole. This was opposed to the normal 30 for insulting the entire class and violating several hate speech laws, as well as treason.

He was assigned to cell #15, just a dingy room with 2 beds and a toilet, he shared the cell with a white man named Tyrone, he called himself a 'Nega' but Elliot shrugged this off as just a quirk of his, rather than anything serious.

Little did he know that Tyrone was going to have a bigger part in this story than even him.

Chapter Numero Ocho - Life after Presidency.

Kony brushed down his vest top that was covered in conspicuous stains.

Today was the big day for him, the day he got his brand new dream job.

He pushed open the rather retro looking doors, maroon wood with a silver trim and a nice little porthole in the center top of both.

The scent of tobacco lingered in the admissions, he went up to the man at the desk who was wearing a dark red waistcoat and looked just about ready to leave.

“Your ticket.” said the Clerk, holding out his hand, “Oh, no you got the wrong idea, I’m here to book a gig.” Kony corrected.

“The Manager’s up top.” the clerk said pointing to a staircase, “Thank you.” Kony replied, tipping the clerk and trotting his way up the stairs, there was only 3 doors at the top, conveniently the only one that was labelled said “Manager”

He pushed the door open to see a fairly overweight, balding white man, snoring like a pig. Drool ran down his chin like a viscous waterfall, “Uh, hey?” Kony said, the man continued snoring.

Kony pulled a gun out of his pocket and shot it into the air, “HEY!?” he said, suddenly the manager looked around terrified but when he collected himself, all he saw was Kony.

“Hey.” the man said rubbing his eyes, “I was president like a day ago, let me book a gig here.” Kony blurted, the manager rubbed his eyes and blinked twice as if to confirm that the man who was in front of him was who he claimed to be.

“Uh, sure.” the manager said in a somehow familiar manner, wiping the saliva from his chin and neck with his red-blue striped tie, “Nice.” Kony replied, jubilantly they shook hands and exchanged kisses which was customary in this Post-World-Peace-Pre-Gay timeline, but $X=X+X$ so what can you do about it?

Be a QUCC?

Joseph waited outside the comedy club until midnight, he had exactly 2 hours to prepare a comedy show and when he was ready he went up to the stage.

He waited with trepidation as the curtain obscured the crowd; pools of sweat saturated the inside of his clenched fists, suddenly the curtains drew backwards revealing a theatre that was packed to capacity.

The crowd roared as Kony stepped out onto the stage and a bright spotlight traced his every movement, suddenly he was calm and ready, an unusual sense of flow came over him and he felt like he was being carried by a calm stream. He looked the crowd dead in their eyes and delivered his best joke:

“Blah, blah, blah, blah, blah.”

Dread swept over him for a split second, dread that was completely blown away as the crowd erupted into rabid laughter, they couldn't contain themselves as hard as they tried, some of them were falling out of their seats clutching their chest, one guy's skull was *actually* cracked open because another guy jolted his head forwards too fast. Soon though, the laughter died down as they anticipated the next epic zinger by Joseph Kony

The audience waited and Kony delivered his next best.

“Blah, blah, blah.”

Again the crowd erupted, like a stampede of elephants they laughed and cackled, it was deafening, literally, he doesn't realize this now but in the future Kony would be sued for causing half the theater to turn deaf, a lot of injuries were caused that day and a lot of people suffered, but you know what? Kony thought it was all worth it, for comedy.

One person in the crowd wasn't laughing though...

“This isn't funny at all.” Jessica moaned.

“I thought it was pretty funny.” the Child Soldier said (Not the one that was with Elliot but a different timeline version.)

Jessica was in disguise, she had survived being killed by Hillary, if only barely, she knew this had to happen because it had happened in multiple timelines before, all the warning signs were there; Hillary performing fusion, the original Hillary melting, the ominous depression that occurred because of it.

So Jessica wore a full set of plate armor under her clothes beforehand, though she wasn't sure what would happen if she did die, she imagined Jace would resurrect her but she didn't know, so she didn't try it.

“Blah Blah Blah Blah.”

Jessica anticipated the next deafening roar of laughter, she covered her ears in-fact, but when the crowds didn't respond Jessica was startled, she noticed that the room was darker now, a lot darker, she turned around to see what Kony was doing, but her vision froze in place when she saw it was not Kony, but Snowman staring right at Jessica!

The spotlight illuminating the malevolent beads that the Snowman called its eyes.

The moment she saw the Snowman it disappeared.

The audience erupted with laughter and a bout of tunnel vision swept over Jessica.

“Blah blah blah blah.”

The audience laughed.

“Blah blah blah blah.”

The audience laughed.

“Blah blah blah blah.”

The audience laughed.

Jessica was getting increasingly nauseated and couldn't control her own thoughts any more, they were just a jumbled incoherent mess, she turned to the Child Soldier, for some reason she couldn't hear him laughing, when she turned around Snowman was only a foot in front of her face, its carrot nose pressing into Jessica's own nose.

Within an instant the Child Soldier returned but the equation $X=X+X+X$ was burned well into her vision, "That's not right." she whispered to herself in a moment of clarity and thoughtlessness, "It's $X=X+X$ not $X=X+X+X$ "

Jessica clutched her head and ran out of the comedy club, "What is this?" she asked herself as Snowman began to replace people in the crowd, flicking through them like it was nothing, "If $X=X+X+X$ is true..." she said, stumbling down the corridor, knocking off several paintings on the way, "What does this mean?"

She burst through the doors of the comedy club and stumbled towards Guy Heaven, cupping her ears as hard as she could so she couldn't hear the eldritch utterances of the Snowman, " $X=X+X+X$ ".

Chapter Número Nueve - The Truepac Conspiracy

The Eldritch truth was tough to bear, Jessica had to release this burden, but to do this she knew that she had to complete her quest, finding Tupac. To this end she ran towards Guy Heaven, the place where the newly reformed Sam Peek would be.

Jessica stumbled through the door that lead to Sam Peek's study, the plaster that was placed over the hole in the wall was smashed through again, he was back to his former self, that meant that John Titor did his job properly.

“Whats up JESSICA?” Sam said, “SAM.” she blurted out as she walked to the end of the long table that was at the centre of his study, “I need your help.”

“You need my help huh? Name literally one occasion where you DON'T need my help.” Sam said and Jessica just glared at him, “Yeah, whatever, do you know where I can find Tupac?”

Sam rubbed his chin, pondering the question that had just been posited , “HMMMM.” he said, “HMMMMMMMMMM.”

Finally Sam informed droningly “Okay, actually funnily enough I do, a friend I met 5 years ago around the time you disappeared, he was searching for a man known as ‘Eazy-E’ due to the mysterious circumstances around his death, as far as I could tell he’s been searching for 10 years, shortly after I met him I did some digging and found out that Eazy-E was not the only one that died to mysterious circumstances, several came before and after, Biggie Large was one of them and also, well... Tupac, the man you’re after.”

“What do you mean by this?” Jessica Kellen said whilst rubbing her chin in confusion.

Sam gritted his teeth, “What I mean is that they’re involved in the same web of lies, Tupac, Biggie Large and Eazy-E, if you find the person who was looking for Eazy-E you can no doubt find your way to Tupac.”

“Okay... yes, I guess you have a point... so what was his name?”

“He went by the name... Ice Cylinder.”

“Ice Cylinder huh, guess I’ll track him down.”

Suddenly Jessica's palms tensed up, “Uh Sam.” she said, nervously, “Yeah?” Sam replied, “Can you tell me what X=X+X+X means to you?”

Suddenly the room turned cold like an ice cube, “Get out.” Sam said, a thick mist seemed to creep up through the floorboards, “But...” Jessica tried to protest.

“Get... Out.”

Jessica left the room as fast as she could by backpedaling to the exit, “What was that about?” she breathed a sigh as she closed the door behind her.

When she turned around again she saw Snowman down the corridor and the same tunnel vision she got at the theater returned, a vignette began to obscure her vision.

Snowman was gone.

The vignette snapped.

She looked left, the camera panned left, she looked right and the camera panned right.

“It’s gone.”

“Ice Cylinder.” she said to herself, her lips still trembling but her voice was calm, “I guess I’ll try to find him.”

She went down the elevator and walked down the steps of the tower down onto the pathway, it was raining still and also midnight.

Suddenly a lowrider pulled up in front of her, a big black dude was sitting in the car staring at Jessica.

The lowrider was brown with red lines running near its rims, the rims themselves were silver but a dirty silver that was covered in dust and dirt from driving, the wheels had those tires with the white strips like the ones Lightning McQueen gets in Cars (2006)

Jessica opened the door and got in the back without a word from the man in front.

“Ice Cylinder?” Jessica asked, he just nodded and then shushed Jessica as she began to ask more questions, cutting off a potentially long and drawn out backstory dump, this man is your hero, appreciate him.

Suddenly the heavy *katatataatata* of a helicopter engine could be heard as a helicopter with the Israeli flag underneath it emerged from behind the towering skyscrapers.

Ice Cylinder put the pedal to the floor and zoomed off throughout the streets with speed that caused Jessica's skin to be pulled backwards, the Israeli helicopter rained down a hail of bullets, each narrowly avoiding the car as Ice Cylinder flicked the hydraulic switches causing the end of the car to raise up and then drop to the ground.

He turned the radio up, it was eurobeat.

A mountain of water erupted as Ice Cylinder deftly drifted around the corner.

Deja Vu

He quickly brought the car under control as it swerved left to right from the precise breaking drift that he just performed.

He used the hydraulics to raise and lower the car at will whilst bullets narrowly avoided us, he swerved out of the city and into a dense neighborhood, the Israeli helicopter backed off and flew out of the sight behind Guy Heaven.

He then spun the car around, kicking up more and more of the rainwater from the puddles as the engines revved harder and faster, when he realized that they were in the clear he brought the car into an instant stop and then swiveled round in his seat, he took off his sunglasses and tossed them aside.

“You're looking for Tupac right?” he asked, Jessica nodded, “I am yes, I also heard you were looking for a man named Eazy-E.”

“That's right, Eazy motherfucking E, managed to track him down to Israel but well, I haven't been able to even go to Israel to try and find him.”

“What’s stopping you?”

“Those Israeli cocksuckers made me a criminal and an enemy of Israel, I’m not even allowed to board a flight to Israel, and if I could I’m sure I’d be arrested the moment we landed.”

“Alright, how can I help.” Jessica posed.

“Well Jessica I understand that you have a relatively high ranking on the Pyramid Rabbi.”

“The fuck’s a Pyramid Rabbi?”

“You don’t know? You been living under a rock or something my zinga?”

“I’ve literally made someone president, you try doing that from under a rock.”

“Alright chill, I’ll just explain it on the double. So you’ve let your gay-self take over and also destroyed your gay-self right?”

“Well yeah, how did you kn--”

Quickly interrupting Ice Cylinder added- “That’s the third layer of the Pyramid Rabbi, a concept developed by the Zionists to help target high profile individuals, personally I’m rank 2, a 100% straight zinger.”

“Are you saying that you can only become stronger by being ga--”

“Some say there is a 4th layer, and by that I mean there IS a 4th layer, and likely many more than that.”

Jessica tried to process this information but the rules seemed just a bit too arbitrary, even for her.

“Okay, sure, but how does me being on the third layer mean I’ll be able to help you reach Israel?”

“Well Jessica my zinger, if you listened you’d know that I have a plan.”

“We’ll book a flight to Palestine, where I am not banned, about an hour before the plane lands we’ll take over the plane with brute force and keep everyone hostage, then we fly towards Israel and guide the plane into the tallest tower.

Before the plane hits we’ll parachute out and enter the streets of Israel and split up to look for them, after that we’ll kill the President of Israel, hijack another plane back to America and everything will be perfect.”

Jessica conceded that his plan was excellent and to her taste, not a single thing could go wrong and so after agreeing on a meet up point, an airport and a date they shook hands and went their separate ways.

Jessica jumped out of the low rider, Ice Cube honked once and then sped off.

Chapter Numero Diez - Illumination

The lights went out, the Child Soldier was lying there on the ground, he'd just returned from Hell, the last thing he remembered was stepping through a dark and eerie portal, then he was here, which meant the reverse necromancy worked at least. What timeline was he in though? Was Elliot here?

He shifted himself around quickly, it was light again, then it was dark promptly afterwards.

“BAZINGA.”

The lights turned on.

“Oh no.” The Child Soldier said, rolling back over onto his front.

“I forgot that *this* was my timeline.”

It was pitch black.”

“I forgot that my timeline collapsed with the other ones.” he said sighing, *maybe it would have been better to stay in Hell*, he thought to himself.

Now this wasn't entirely true, timelines cannot collapse, or at least, can't be destroyed which is what he thinks happens.

They can't be destroyed because mass cannot be created or destroyed, basic shit, but it can crumble and despite common knowledge being that time is only something that exists as a sequence of events what it actually is is a tangible and very real object that when zoomed out sufficiently looks like a line.

Think of an animator using an onion skin to animate the frame after the last, that's what time is, the last frame doesn't go anywhere, it still exists and it makes up the line we call a timeline.

This also meant that time could be cut, molded, moved switched around and most importantly, collapse. This meant that the Child Soldier's timeline was a little bit weird.

And by a bit weird I mean that it was essentially completely fucked, nothing worked the way it was supposed to, or at least, the way it did before it became fucked, fragments of wrong bits were wedged together. Bits of brick were cold welded with bits of who knows what else and there was mysterious anomalies everywhere.

The Child Soldier began to move backwards, as he did he felt his leg being sucked deeper, he tried to claw onto the floor beneath him but it wasn't helping, his leg was being mangled as he was dragged backwards into an indescribable force, like a massive blender that was chopping what once was his knee into this fine and bloody gore.

The moment he let go he was quickly sucked in entirely and mangled completely, who knew how much pain he felt in his last moments, he didn't have time to register it as he found himself back where he started, somehow alive.

"Time seems to be looping." he said to himself, barely able to breath over the shock and fear he had, but he managed to keep himself together.

After some daring experimentation he found that there was some places that he could move too if he was really careful, if he moved a few centimeters right for example he wouldn't be entirely mangled and by trial and error he might be able to make it to an area of semi-stable time, but for now he was trapped in what seemed like a strobe light and he'd probably be here for quite a while.

Suddenly the light came back again and he saw a car floating over his head and the rotating mass of mars fly past his face, suddenly there was an immense heat that vaporized him in seconds that he could only assume was the sun, or just a random star.

It didn't matter that much because the moment he gained conscious thought again the lights turned off.

Being scorched by the sun was not a pleasant experience by the way.

He tried moving backwards, but his leg was quickly ripped off, he tried to hold on for dear life but gave up quickly as he realized it would probably be less painful to just let it happen and be devoured by whatever was doing this to him.

He regained consciousness, immediately he tried to move left, positioning himself in a plank-like position, he shifted himself, inching further and further and then he tried to move backwards, it worked for a while until he accidentally leaned his head left and promptly felt his skin get ripped off of his skull and his eyes tear out backwards through his brain, slamming against the inside of his skull until it cracked from the external pressure and his eyeballs flung out along with the rest of his brain matter in a long souplike trail.

He regained consciousness and tried moving forwards, it didn't take long for him to get mangled yet again as his flesh was ripped from around his hand and his skeleton was dragged into the void.

Through trial and error he managed to angle himself in such a way that he managed to move his the entire length of his body backwards, an entire 5.9 feet, now that's what I call progress.

And then he was mangled again.

Suddenly the light appeared again and many planets spun around, people were walking over his head but also all around him in a sort of nonsensical manner that made him feel like he was floating.

The light disappeared again.

He continued crawling backwards, trying a different angle this time.

He was mangled.

He went backwards at a 40 degree angle right from his starting position, around 1 and a half meters, then he turned 20 degrees left, and moved backwards some more.

He wasn't mangled.

With confidence he moved backwards even more.

He was mangled.

Dead.

The lights disappeared.

The lights returned again.

He crawled backwards, left, right, backwards some more, sliding down a small crevice.

Mangled.

Backwards, left, right, backwards some more, right a bit, back a bit, left a bit.

Mangled.

Backwards, left, right. Backwards some more, right a bit, back a bit, right a bit, back a bit.

Mangled.

Through trial and error, over and over again, death after death.

The lights came back.

He managed to slowly make his way towards a--

The lights went away.

Entrance of some kind, beyond it he could see light even though the lights were off.

He could see, well it looked like other people...

He slipped out, he was in a chunk of earth floating through space, it was a town square from who knows how many years ago with a skyscraper in the centre. There were a variety of people on the island with him, Romans, Greeks, Cyborg looking punks that were probably from the future, they were all looking at the apocalyptic scene in the sky.

He looked too, "How am I supposed to get to Elliot like this?" he asked himself, dismay swept over him and he sat on a small rock, watching the pitch blackness of space.

The lights turned on, then some other, incomprehensible stuff happened, the world turned from 3D to 2D, and his organs were flattened, he experienced the world, only briefly as a flat plane, everyone was a line to him though he could judge the shape and distance of other people by the distance of the lines relative to other lines.

Then the world turned 1 Dimensional, everything looked like a point, and then 0 Dimensional, he couldn't even comprehend comprehension, and then it was back to 3D again.

The lights disappeared.

Chapter Numero Once - 7/11

It was the seventh of September, Jessica was looking around the crowd of people for her partner in crime, she was on a bench with blue cushions for the seat and backrest, it was the kind you'd see in an airport, which kind of made sense because she was in an airport.

She was starting to have doubts, maybe Ice Cylinder backed out last moment, but she was pretty quickly reassured as she panned her head back to the left, suddenly she noticed someone was sitting next to her, coming from seemingly out of nowhere.

“Yo.” Ice Cylinder said, “Y-Yo.” Jessica replied, startled more than anything, “You got your ticket?” he asked, Jessica rummaged through her pockets and showed him all of her documents, passport and all, Ice Cylinder showed his in return.

“We’re good to go then?” Ice Cylinder asked putting on his glasses.

“Well, we’ll have to wait for the plane first.”

“Zinger I know that.” he said, “How long we waiting tho?”

Jessica turned her wrist to her face and stared at the ticking hands of her watch, “About an hour.”

“Oh.”

Even though he was wearing sunglasses you could see the disappointment kick in.

“So...” Ice Cylinder said, “I guess we should discuss specifics?”

Jessica nodded, “It’s important we don’t fail here, if we do then we’re stuck in the air with no way of getting back.”

“Alright, well here's the plan I cooked up, you go to the front and I’ll go to the back, when you’re ready to do the deed just stand up and I’ll stand up too, that way we probably won’t get attacked.”

“Why does you standing up mean that we won’t get attacked?”

“Bitch, everyone know Ice Cylinders top gun.”

Jessica rubbed her chin suspiciously, “You do realize I was president of the united states not long ago right? If anyone's top gun here it’s me.”

“Don’t be a fool, FOOL, they look at you and they’ll think, ‘I’ll break her like a twig.’, they look at me and they think ‘He’ll break me like a twig.’ understand?”

Jessica sighed, “I guess?.”

“Good, how long left?”

Jessica looked at her watch again, “40 minutes.”

“Shit zinger.” he said, “Why didn’t we come later?”

“You were the one who decided on the time.”

Ice cube looked around agitated, but he gave up and accepted his fate quite quickly.

-- 40 minutes of complete silence elapsed--

Jessica shown the plane TSA agent her passport, "I was the president by the way." Jessica said to the agent who seemed uninterested.

"You can go."

Jessica continued outside and made her way up the stairs to the plane and took a seat right at the front, not next to the window mind you but next to the runway so no one could sit next to her.

She saw Ice Cylinder shuffle his way to the back of the plane and sit down right at the very back. It didn't take much longer than several hours for the plane to take off, by this time Jessica Kellen was unfathomably bored but her interest was soon piqued by the people sitting in front of her, it looked like Elliot Rodger and someone else who was extremely short.

Jessica curled her hands into fists, in another timeline Elliot Rodger had killed Jessica but John Titor aka Donald Falter aka Donald Trump reverted this when he went back in time and made Elliot's school shooting a success, thus stopping him from self-resurrecting as a vengeful spirit.

Which was what made this so strange? In this timeline the same thing happened, Elliot Rodger pulled off a school shooting so bad that it turned even Sam Falter off of the idea, so how the Hell was Elliot back?

Jessica pondered the nature of his return and the person sitting next to him who seemed to exude an air of mysterious arrogance.

Despite wanting to she didn't ask him because that would go against the plan, she just hoped Elliot hadn't seen her, in this timeline they met once and only once in Hell, but that was only a brief encounter as Jessica accidentally got lost in limbo.

There was no way he knew she was back, she thought, no way at all.

Elliot and Tyrone were sitting at the front of the plane, they'd just escaped prison via a complex pulley system, Elliot also used his Reverse Necromancy which funnily enough also functioned as a mechanism for teleportation, this is probably because the planes of Hell and the universe itself were more intertwined than we once thought and Elliot's Reverse Necromancy merely teleported him between the layers of Hell and the Mortal Plane.

Though this does bring into question Elliot's true power Level, even Quadruple Satan couldn't manage this feat for long, only managing to stay on the mortal realm for a few minutes.

Elliot Rodger did manage to displace the current Single Satan so perhaps he was extremely strong, but what is more likely however is that his root chakra is aligned with teleportation much like how Jessica Kellen's root chakra is the bilingual ability to speak spanish with a level of fluency that cannot be mathematically calculated.

But it takes immense effort and time to truly realise one's root chakra, often only manifesting when a person is pushed to the brink.

Some go their whole lives without ever awakening them, but to realize a root chakra you first have to understand the powers that be and sadly, the universe is dictated by forces far greater than field hockey.

There was one other person with a root chakra of teleportation though and that is Joseph Kony who mastered it so well that he can immediately teleport wherever he wants as long as he has an anchor, in most timelines the Child Soldier is the anchor and in one timeline he managed to go to Hell by switching with his Child Soldier and then used that to escape Jessica Kellen when they bumped into each other.

Wait a second, that was this timeline.

Okay well that was a massive waste of time, so lets get on with this plane heist.

Ice Cylinder was at the back of the plane, pretty bored, he knew that Jessica wouldn't stand up for a while as they agreed to seize the plane close to Israel, but that still meant several hours of sitting around bored, still though he had ways of curing the boredom.

The flight attendants were starting to get suspicious when he asked for his fifth glass of water without going toilet once, this was his gambit, drink as much water as he could without pissing himself once, a challenge he'd never once failed, but a challenge that you might not want to do during a planned terrorist attack.

Nothing ventured nothing gained he thought to himself.

There was a man sitting next to him frantically sweating, he had a long coarse black beard with food particles strewn in it and was wearing stained white robes, he was clearly religious, sikh or something if Ice Cylinder had to guess, but that didn't explain why he was sweating and suddenly Ice Cylinder got worried, *what if they know*, he asked himself, he was looking around frantically and realized that actually, everyone looked on edge for some reason, *how do they know?*

Ice Cylinder was worried for not a second longer as he realized that it was fine and the plan was actually perfect and nothing could go wrong. Jessica was also pretty bored but mostly worried, she had no clue what Ice Cylinder expected from her, how on earth was she supposed to help in any way, the Pyramid Rabbi meant nothing to her, it was just words and she didn't see how it would help her take over a plane in any capacity.

Jessica was probably overthinking it, she did take over the multiverse in like, a day, so she was probably gonna be fine.

Elliot Rodger was still talking to Tyrone about something, Jessica tried to listen in but the plane's engines were too loud and didn't let many words through.

A flight attendant came bringing food, she reluctantly gave Ice Cylinder a glass of water whilst also shooting him a glare, as she walked past Jessica Kellen with a trolley of food Jessica stood up to get some, not realizing that her standing up signaled the start of the terrorist attack.

As soon as she stood up so did Ice Cylinder and the man next to Ice Cylinder, and Elliot Rodger, Tyrone... and the rest of the plane.

The flight attendant looked around in fear and slowly backed up but before she could Jessica grabbed her wrist, spun her around and held her neck in place by way of choke hold.

“Nobody move or I’ll kill her.” Jessica said in a very improvised manner. The rest of the plane seemed to collectively shrug: “I was planning on doing that sooner or later.” one man said, “Allahu Akbar.” the man next to Ice Cylinder added.

“Jessica is that you?” Elliot Rodger asked with a degree of surprise.

No one knew what to do or say, but it seemed the plane was occupied entirely by terrorists.

“Well if we’re all here to take over the plane then there should be nothing to fight about right?” said Ice Cylinder diplomatically, “We’ll just fly it into Israel and get it over and done with.”

The flight attendants eyes nervously flicked around.

“ISRAEL!?” One man screamed, “We are not blowing up any Israeli building! We are blowing up filthy Palestine.”

Ice Cylinder sighed, “Look ok...” he said, “You can do that afterwards right? We’ll fly it into the building we want and then you guys can do what you want to do, take turns and stuff.”

They all looked among each other and nodded, “Oh yeah, now that you put it that way.”

“Good so we agree.” Ice Cylinder said making his way to the cockpit, Jessica let go of the flight attendants neck and joined Ice Cylinder, the rest of the plane followed as Ice Cylinder kicked through the door and went inside.

He punched the pilot in the face and threw him into the mob behind him, he did the same to the co-pilot and then gestured to Jessica to get into the co-pilot's seat, she got in and then Ice Cylinder whispered to her, “Grab the parachute from under the chair.” he said, “Why?” Jessica whispered back, Ice Cylinder put on the parachute, “We’re crashing this plane, with *no* survivors.”

Suddenly he swerved the plane around and Jessica quickly strapped on the parachute, they were headed straight towards the tallest building in Israel, its spire pierced the clouds as the plane rocketed towards it, Ice Cylinder fiddled with some buttons before pressing a massive red one, soon alarms screeched throughout the plane and the emergency exits exploded open, massively decreasing the air pressure in the cabin, everyone clung onto whatever surface they could.

Ice Cylinder grabbed Jessica who had only just managed to buckle the parachute on and then dragged her through the terrorists who were waiting patiently to use the plane, they both jumped out of the exit as its hull started to rip through the concrete of the building.

The air exploded above them as they deploy their parachutes, as they did, the sudden deceleration caused Ice Cylinder's bladder to give way and as they slowly lowered to the ground a pale yellow liquid dribbled from his trousers, spreading out in the wind to form a thin mist, covering the streets below, and as they continued to descend the droplets refracted the light, causing a double rainbow to form in the sky. A double rainbow that stood tall above the collapsing, burning building.

Jessica and Ice Cylinder looked on in wonder as they softly touched down on the ground, the world was collapsing around them.

Chapter Numero Doce - Elliot Rodger

Elliot's body jettisoned through the air like a plastic bag, his body tore through the sound barrier at mach speed forming a cone of air around him as he hurled, crashing through building after building, shattering windows, passing by office workers and into the homes of innocent citizens until he finally crashed into a baby swing in a park, filling it perfectly.

Tyrone landed gracefully next to him.

"How many survived?" Elliot asked, struggling to free himself from the child swing, eventually he leaned forward a touch too far and fell out onto the tarmac, grazing his face.

"Just us by the looks of it."

"We never should have trusted them."

Elliot got to his feet and saw what was behind Tyrone, it was Jessica Kellen holding a gun straight to his head, though, strangely this Jessica looked different to the one on the plane.

She held two fingers up to her earpiece, "Target Elliot R. and Tyrone have been apprehended." she said into it, "Jessica Kellen is not with them but she has landed in Israel somewhere., should I?"

"No... Jessica will come to us." a voice responded on the other side of the microphone, "However, if you see that thing just remember it can't... well it won't harm you just ignore it and return to base."

Jessica pressed the gun directly on Tyrone's head, "If you don't want to die, comply." she said.

Suddenly Elliot charged at her with fury, but as he did an invisible forcefield caused the skin on his fist to singe completely off revealing the fat and individual strands of muscle underneath, he recoiled backwards in pain, the Jessica looked down at him grimacing, "I warned you." she said as she pulled the trigger.

The lights disappeared.

The Child Soldier looked around for his companions that he had managed to form a small civilisation with, they'd just disappeared, not just them, but everything, it was pitch black and not a thing could be seen.

He'd only died a few times in this semi-stable pocket timeline and luckily he had pretty much nailed getting through the fracture that he always revived at, most people panicked immediately but after a few days it calmed down and after a week some ground rules were set. Despite this there was still panic as heinous crimes like murder were a constant by people who realized they could get away with it.

Overall though things were slowly improving, it wasn't what anyone would call good, bad things still happened.

Some people formed the Independent Republic of North Island that controlled well... the northern part of the island, sadly a few people decided that they were unhappy with the rules that were put forth and decided to claim the north side as their own, probably because it had the big tower with an infinitely filling McDonalds restaurant whenever the time looped around again.

They also commonly raided the Island which wasn't a separate island, per se, but a rather uncreative name of the time vagrants (what the Islanders called themselves to sound cooler), some petitioned to name it South-Island but contenders to this claim say it would give the Independent Republic of North Island unneeded legitimacy.

It was dark outside, well, colourless but the colourlessness of it only registered as black to his retinas, the absence of light, not a single thing seemed to exist but him, the Child Soldier who was about to make a fire for the night was suddenly consumed by it.

This was a common occurrence but he realised that as time went on (or didn't go on) the intervals between the lights turning on and off actually got slower indicating that time was slowly repairing itself or at least that's what he assumed.

Every time the light turned off a few pieces of land was restored to the surrounding area and sometimes land was destroyed but overall it seemed to be a net-gain, curiously though it led to a lot of crossed fingers as more land for the north side gave legitimacy to the republic and land taken from the south side weakened the south side's power as they needed to expand outwards.

“Oh good, the lights are on.”

Elliot Rodger ran to Tyrone's corpse as he bled from the brain, “NOOOOOO!” Elliot cried as he held the corpse in his arms, Jessica pressed a button on her earpiece again, “I Killed Tyrone, had to, merge timelines A234 at coordinates 3421.1203123, 104.2132343245, -1233.324234234 with B234, same co-ords.”

When she released the button Tyrone immediately vanished from Elliott's arms and re-appeared behind him, "Elliott?" he asked, "How did you... wasn't you just?" he looked back around, lost, Elliott looked at the brought back Tyrone. "Next time I won't bring him back." Jessica said pointing the gun towards them both.

"Don't do anything." Tyrone said to Elliott who was bleeding from his hand and ready to attack again, suddenly Ice Cylinder swooped down from out of nowhere and kicked Jessica in the back of her head, knocking her to the ground, he then grappled her by the neck, his fingers denting her skin before tossing her aside, "Come with me if you want to live." he said, and then suddenly a gaping hole pierced through his body as Jessica Kellen shot him in the chest.

"Dark again..."

The Child Soldier was out collecting berries from Ruin Moss, a new type of moss that mutated from mold due to the high levels of solar radiation that was present thanks to the major thinning of the atmosphere.

It'd been less than a year and there was already new flora everywhere native only to this particular pocket of time.

Anyway, they're called ruin moss because they grow at the top of crumbled skyscrapers and coated them completely creating greenish spires around the island.

The night was coming soon and the Child Soldier grabbed an armful of the berries from the top of the skyscraper and flung himself over the side of the building, grabbing onto the moss that tore easily and let him slide down the side of the skyscraper with relative ease.

When he got to the bottom he cautiously looked around, it was dark now, but you could still see them...Space Monkeys, Aliens that had only appeared in the past few months, they looked like monkeys with charcoal fur and they came from space so the creatives of society decided to name them "Space Monkeys". Anyway, the Space Monkeys surrounded him, there was 10 of them, each stronger than 100 men, their only weakness is that they are visionaries, and by that I mean, they are highly sensitive to light, their only weakness.

That's why they stayed at the bottom of the island whilst the sun was up and slowly rotated up to the top whilst the sun was down.

He took a flare out of his pocket and ignited it, he slowly backed up, one arm full of berries and the other with a flare, the space monkeys shuffled backwards, he threw it to the ground right next to them and whilst they were distracted and startled he ran off as fast as he could.

Berries were steadily dropping from his arm, and it should be noted that they weren't actually berries, but a parasitic fungus that thrives in the moist moss, it can also absorb great amounts of water thanks to consisting mostly of a giant water chamber, when it's dry during the summer the berries can give the moss water in exchange for nutrients which is how they survive, it's a fairly basic symbiotic relationship.

He ran to the camp as fast as he could occasionally looking behind himself to make sure he was not followed, he was sure he wasn't followed yet had continuously saw dark figures in the night, he assumed they were just illusions or tricks of the mind.

Since the south and north divide more divisions happened, the old north became the republic of North-West Island and the Republic of North-East Island, luckily for the southerners the east and the west were fighting each other too much to even bother raiding southern territory.

Unluckily for the southerners however was the fact that land constantly grew on the Island side of the island and its expanding territory caused a power vacuum.

It was easy for one person to rule when the south was just a small street, but now it's the size of a town and it was causing a bit of trouble, the divide is nowhere near as big or as problematic as the North-East, North-West divide but every now and then some asshole would declare revolution, kill the current leader only for him to revive again the next day.

Most of the problems arose from the fact that people of a multitude of different ethnicities from who knew how many time periods were all trying to coexist with culture, language and technology barriers at every single point in their alliance.

Sometimes you'd see christian monks from around the renaissance constantly feuding with people a few thousand years into the future, for acts that the monks deemed unholy, Roman Legates would spy on soldiers that seemed to be pulled right out of the middle of World War 1 in order to figure out how their weapons worked and really no one could seem to trust anyone else.

It was a society built on complete mistrust of the fellow man.

And as the Child Soldier entered the gates of the camp and passed into the streets of the settlement he suddenly found himself in the streets of Israel.

Chapter Numero Trece - Kony

Kony looked at his watch, the hands seemed to tick painfully slow especially to Kony who was half awake and in a job he really didn't want to be at, he sighed and then adjusted his tie so it was looser around his neck and wasn't suffocating him quite as much.

The air conditioning was faulty today, his shirt was clinging to his collar bones thanks to his sweat which was only aggravating him to sweat more

He got madder and madder about all of the tiny little things that seemed to be going wrong in just a few minutes.

His face was itching, he tried to scratch it but it only made another one appear, this time it was his balls, he looked around to see 10 of his co-workers, each of them seemed to be staring at him, though in reality they were all far to busy and stressed to care about Kony.

He endured it as he waddled to the elevator, *'Why am I even here?'* he asked himself, *'I used to be the president for fucks sake, I used to have battles with a time faring space-maniac, I used to have an army... '*

He'd considered ending it for a while, the only thing keeping him in this world was, well... uh, I'm sure it's something important.

Anyway, the elevator was taking infuriatingly long and when it did arrive a woman almost the entrance wide dawdled over to her walking stick, fat rolls swaying in stride, seemingly unimpeded by her grease covered body.

Her hairy armpits could be seen under her vest-top which barely kept her hulking body inside of it, well, barely isn't the right word, it strictly didn't as dough shaped fat poured out from the bottom, she managed to wind herself just getting her walking stick.

She picked it up and then turned around to get her bag at an even slower pace, as if she was tempting Kony, she bent over to get it and all of her fat shifted downwards so her belly was touching the ground, as soon as she put two disgusting fat hands around the fake leather handles of the bag she suddenly farted a disgustingly wet fart that would surely persist in the elevator for days until the cleaners come and bleach it, you could see the folds in her grandma skirt ripple with the force.

At this point Kony couldn't even think as the lady slowly stumbled past him, his hand accidentally brushing her grotesque body, only slightly, but even that was enough to make him belch.

He looked at the elevator in despair, he was honestly considering quitting his job if it meant not getting in this fucking elevator that not only stunk but was at least fifty degrees, he stood there for a minute before stepping forward and then stepping back again, the stress of this decision was legitimately killing him on the inside, but eventually he bit the bullet and walked inside.

Before he could revel and promptly be overwhelmed with disgust by the thick musk of that woman the entire elevator was filled with snow from bottom to top suffocating Kony as he struggled to breath, he flailed his arms around helplessly as they refused to move and all he could do was pivot left and right on his spine, he was quickly losing oxygen and so he opened his eyes, snow started to pile in them too, scratching his retina, he helplessly blinked to get it off, he was trapped in the bitch black, he couldn't scream because if he opened his mouth it'd be filled with snow, *'What is happening?'* Kony screamed in his mind.

Suddenly a light shone through the snow, illuminating it completely so Kony could see white from that whiteness, suddenly two black malevolent beads popped out of the now and stared directly into Kony's soul, suddenly the snow disappeared and melted and he found himself in the middle of a street.

He stepped backwards as he realised he was standing right in front of a trail of blood that appeared to be relatively fresh, he was too disorientated to think about anything like what caused it though, it probably didn't even register consciously to him as blood and he only stepped back due to instinct.

He walked around in random directions but then simply resorted to pacing back and forth and then to biting my nails before he snapped out of it, he looked at his hands, they looked normal. He looked up and ahead, it pivoted upwards slowly and as he did the body of Snowman entered his field of vision, and then disappeared, he looked at his hands again, covered in snow.

In a daze he stared at his palms before brushing off the snow on his hands, he decided that the best course of action here would be to teleport with his Child Soldier, so he assumed the position and reached his arm forward, he brought it backwards and suddenly he found himself looking into the deep void of space with the heat of the sun blazing down on him, it felt like it was 10x hotter, on the floor around him was a whole bunch of purple berries, he bent down to grab one and felt that they were more like marshmallows in consistency and not as juicy as they looked from afar, afar being just a few feet.

He looked around, honestly he was fine with this, this entire turn of events was all he could ever ask for and more, it was really refreshing to actually not know what the fuck was going in.

He walked into the camp, two men who looked like Roman soldiers nodded their heads at him in greeting, they had Ak-47s aimed directly out into the darkness and suddenly bullets exploded from them, he turned around and saw a strange dead monkey that looked like it was following him, he was at the point where he had all the pieces of what was going on, but couldn't quite fit it all together, he turned around nervously and continued into town with anticipation hanging over his shoulder, he saw one man using crushed berries to paint a logo onto a building made entirely from old ceiling tiles and in the centre of town a crowd had formed to watch what looked like a Caveman fighting a Zulu Impi, the Impi was graciously blocking blow after blow from the Caveman's heavy club, the variety of people who were all together enjoying the show was honestly heartwarming until Kony suddenly snapped out of it and realised he was in who knew where doing who knew what, he decided that he'd let his Child Soldier handle the mess that he got himself into position, he preferred Israel anyway, it was colder.

He swapped places with his Child Soldier and then decided he was going to have a stern talking with him later, he specifically told him not to go anywhere dangerous, he was the only way Kony could reliably teleport, and he somehow had managed to get himself stranded on a giant rock in the middle of space with a bunch of freaks.

“Just where the Hell did he go?” he asked himself, and then he looked at the ground some blood had been dragged from the pool and formed into a word, “Kony?”

Kony didn't have long to consider what it was before he heard someone shouting in spanish, but as he ran to investigate who it was the ground quaked beneath him and a flash of white light filled the sky, almost completely blinding him.

He shielded his eyes and ran to a block of flats that was just over the road, it was only three storys so it wasn't that tall and it sounded surprisingly empty, he opened the front door and noticed a slight sticky substance that coated it, as he walked in there was a quite distinct stench of urine and his footsteps echoed off of the empty halls as he walked up the stairs and up to the roof.

The wind blew harder up here and he looked around, he was just going to judge what was going on by eye sight alone but saw one of those pay to use binocular station that admittedly looked pretty filthy but he still ran to it anyway, better than squinting.

Evidently the shutter that normally blocked the binoculars from being used was broken as he could see just fine when he looked through them, and when he managed to focus on what was causing the intense white light, he almost couldn't believe his own eyes...

Chapter Numero Catorce - The Hunt Begins

Jessica and Ice Cylinder walked through the dusty streets for a while, admiring the mayhem they'd caused as the screech of fire engines blazed past them and ambulances came by in the dozen, who knew how many died, or how long it would take for the authorities to arrive on the scene but it didn't really matter to either of them.

Neither could be suspected of anything because literally no one in their right mind would think anyone escaped that crash alive, also because neither of them planned to stay for very long, they'd find Tupac and Eazy-E and leave.

"So." Jessica said to Ice Cylinder, "So..." Ice Cylinder replied.

They were both pondering where to go from here which itself was a mystery, all they planned to do was to get to Israel and whilst in hindsight it might have been a good idea to look at google maps or something and try to plan out a search route, but they didn't do that.

Both of them knew that Tupac and Eazy-E were close, it wasn't something that they could see, hear smell or taste, but it's something they could feel, a gut feeling (which is actually a result of timeline siphoning, but that's another story.)

"Let's split up." Jessica said to Ice Cylinder, "Zinger what are you a FOOL?"

Jessica stood there astounded, "Well how do you propose we do it?"

"We search TOGETHER."

“But, we can cover more ground if we split up...”

“I ain’t a FOOL, FOOL! I know that, but let’s say you somehow find Tupac and Eazy, what then? You have no way of telling me that, I’d just be wandering around Israel forever, that is why we’ll stay together.”

Jessica stroked her chin and then withdrew two black beads from her pocket, “Here.” she said handing one to him, “What am I gonna do with beads zinger?”

“Quite simple actually, what you think is a black bead is actually, yeah, just a normal bead.”

“What? How will that help?”

“Look okay, Here’s what’s gonna happen, in about 5 minutes that bead is gonna turn into an earpiece when time gets overwritten.”

“But isn’t it already established that overwriting timelines does nothing because the rate of time overwriting is equal to the rate of time elapsing thus that people of the original time will still experience it as they normally would.”

“What the fuck?”

“What?”

“No it was just that was, verbose... “

“So what? The point still stands.”

“No it doesn’t, just trust me here.”

Jessica pulled out a small silver controller, “This can let me stop time, allowing us to be overwritten, if I pressed it normally then we’d be frozen forever, but hopefully, when the future me gets someone to go back in time she makes sure to tell them to remove the time stopper from my bag.”

“What?”

“If I don’t have the time stopper, then time will unfreeze? It shouldn’t be that hard to grasp...”

“Jessica, don’t you see, if you don’t have the time stopper to stop time then how do you stop time to be overwritten?”

“It doesn’t really matter at that point, the fundamental chain of events that lead to me using the time stopper itself is gone because we already have the earpieces.”

“But, wont the me here right now be overwritten? Or worse still, frozen in time forever?”

“Too late to consider the moral implications nowww.”
Jessica said pressing the button on the time stopper.

“Testing 1, 2, 3.” Jessica said, the earpiece in Ice Cylinders ear buzzed, with slight satisfaction he responded, “I can hear you.”

“Okay good, looks like I calibrated them right when I brought them.”

“Why did you bring them anyway? There's a sizeable risk that they could have alarmed the metal detectors that the airport security use.”

Jessica rubbed her chin, “Come to think of it, I don’t even remember packing them...”

“Well whatever, just don’t breath to hard through them otherwise the gain will be unbearable.”

“Alright Jessica, I’m going this way okay?” he said pointing down a relatively nice looking street with a road that looked smooth and clean, Jessica had the less savoury choice of a skid row-esque ghetto.

Jessica was about to say a parting speech but Ice Cylinder had already gone.

Jessica reluctantly continued down the street, it was littered with trash, plastic bags, tins and the like, graffiti lined the walls, “Death to Israel, Glory to Palestine.” was what one said, it was seemingly sprayed on top of many previous graffiti indicating a chain of replies in a back and forth proxy graffiti war.

“YO!” Ice Cylinder shouted, a piercing sound reverberated through Jessica’s ear, “What the fuck was that for?” Jessica asked, “I told you that the gain is unbearable.”

Ice Cylinder didn’t reply at all.

He instead turned around and started walking backwards so he could watch the jets of water shoot into the sky to try and extinguish the burning building, “Fools be watching the building burn.” he said, “No wonder the streets are clear, they’re all admiring the rubble.”

Jessica didn't respond, Ice Cylinder continued to make conversation despite the fact that it was completely one sided, "If only I had my lowrider." he said, "We'd find Tupac in seconds, or my AK, shame I couldn't sneak that on the plane really."

Jessica was still thinking hard trying to come up with a logical place where the Israelites would have hidden Tupac.

"What would Sam do in this situation?" she asked herself as a source of inspiration, she continued said train of thought for a minute before it was suddenly stopped and her gaze was brought to a school, a thin layer of ash started to rain down from the sky as the particles from the explosion that were kept aloft by the breeze of warm air were starting to lose that energy and fall to the ground.

Looked like snow.

Where can I find these criminals that have held Tupac captive for as long as they have, what hubris would lead to silencing one of the best musical talents this side of the 1990's, Jessica was suddenly and quite irrationally angry especially considering she'd never heard a song that she could reasonably identify as by Tupac in her life, you could play her a Tupac album and she wouldn't be able to tell but regardless she was fuming.

Jessica took the speaker out of her ear determining that Ice Cylinder was being too fucking loud for her liking, she needed to think hard about trying to find Tupac.

The speaker that she had was buzzing as she twirled it around her index finger, and then she heard a loud gun shot that rippled through the air, someone fired a gun and she didn't need the earpiece to hear this.

She hastily shoved it back into her ear and listened in, “Jessica... you there?”

“Yes, why?” she asked seemingly not hearing the desperation in her voice, “I can see someone who, well, she looks just like you, identical even, minus the haircut and clothes.”

“Shot one of the guys that were on the plane with as and then brought him back to life like it was nothing.”

Suddenly her mind went blank, “Did you just say... she looked like me?” Jessica asked, Ice Cylinder hesitated before answering, “Exactly like you yes.”

Suddenly her long unused chronosense chakra activated and she felt for the first time in years a disturbance in this timeline, a slight pull towards the wound as it healed itself, “Someone has merged two timelines together.” she said, unable to come to terms with what just happened, “And it looks like someone caused time to be overwritten...”

“But still, they just merged two timelines together? At specific points? Just like that?”

Jessica couldn't really believe it.

“What?” Ice Cylinder asked, “Doesn't matter... look okay Ice Cylinder what I'm about to ask of you is something that will probably lead in your death, but ambush her and try to kill her.” Jessica said, she gulped as she felt the time merger complete, like a 6th sense she could feel it, her constant meddling with the fabric of space time gave her a sort of forced affinity with time, different to birth affinities known as root chakras.

Ice Cylinder took a deep breath, for a breath moment he fully realized the eternity of darkness that waited for him when he died, he realized that and did it anyway, "Alright, good luck Jessica." he said jumping off the block of flats and swooping down through the air, kicking Jessica square in the head, forcing her body to collapse and fall to the ground, immediately he grappled her by the neck squeezed as hard as he could and tossed her aside, "Come with me if you want to live." was the last thing that Jessica heard from Ice Cylinder, followed by a gunshot.

Jessica Grit her teeth and silenced the thoughts that would try and dissuade her, she ran in the direction of the time distortion, continuing the search for Tupac whilst also trying to save Ice Cylinder.

Chapter Numero Quince - I to the mother fucking S land

Steady progress was being made on the humble island,
Island

The Child Soldier still hadn't recovered from the surprise he got a few years ago when he found himself in Israel for a few minutes, because of this he was suddenly inspired to find a way back to reality again, he'd forgotten in the years he'd spent on the Island what a place other than this ruin was like, with nothing covered in moss, it wasn't all bad in the more civilised locations, places that were mostly brought under the control of people, where buildings were newly erected every day and maintained by the same people that made them.

The border issue was finally settled which was also good, the two sides were united under one banner at least.

They didn't share a border however mainly because of the large distance one had to travel in order to get from north side to south side, you'd have to cross a place known as no man's land.

A road was being built though, with guard stations being constructed along those roads, it was a slow process but it would ultimately help unite the two sides further.

It turned out that there was beings far far more dangerous than the space monkeys, though they were still a threat; dogs turned wild and rabid at the drop of a hat, barbarians sometimes left society in search of their own path, often resorting to murdering travelers and the like, and giant feral bees with stingers the size of knives created giant feral bee hives to make more giant feral bees.

Anyway the Child Soldier was trying to figure out how to get back, he didn't know reverse necromancy like Elliot did, though he really wished he did, in fact, he didn't know any dark magic of any kind, but he did have one small advantage that he could use, he was surrounded by people far more knowledgeable than him, men from the future.

The Child Soldier head to the tent where a few of these people decided to create a cult, the leader was sitting at the back whilst the others were hooded in cloaks and sat in two parallel rows in front of him.

“A guest?” the man said, he looked weirdly familiar somehow... “I have come to learn your ways.” the Child Soldier said kneeling on a red pillow that was positioned in front of a fire.

“Ahh, good.” the man said, “Well - I am John Titor, these are the people who accompanied me from my time, 2203, they are however in extremely deep thought right now so please refrain from disturbing them at all costs.

“Regardless.” he said, resting his elbow on his knee (he was sitting cross-legged on a pillow) and then resting his head on his chin, “What brings thee hither, what have you come to learn from us.”

The Child Soldier collected his ideas together before speaking and after a brief pause in which John Titor waited patiently to finish he finally spoke, “This isn’t natural right? Surely by all means this timeline is a mess.”

The man smiled quaintly, “Veritably, the current state of things and existence, the like, are actually not correct, they’re... dysfunctional, the very nature of time is convoluted here.” he replied, spreading his arms out like a prophet, “The timeline from which we come and in which we reside in at current has fractured, into many pieces due to instability onset by actions of external timelines.”

“To put it without eloquence or vivacity the timeline fell apart because of the chain that lead to the timeline being formed in the first place being broken, disclose a piece of information to me, do you know the basic principles of the universe, the principles of Q.U.C.C.”

“You mean Quantum Uncertainty causes Car Crashes?”

“That is it yes, the principle of Q.U.C.C. by right of a phenomenon called quantum uncertainty every interval of planck time that occurs will cause the timeline to divert slightly, this happens an infinite number of times but if mapped out of paper it will look not too dissimilar to a tree, the mathematical model, not a actual tree, but the thing it shares with real trees is that if you cut down a section of a tree, all of the parts being held up by that section will also fall down, or collapse.”

The Child Soldier nodded, these simple abstracted explanations pleased his ears.

“Well, in principle someone stopped the QUCC that caused this particular tree of timelines from occurring, and time that cannot be supported simply breaks off and the branches to that are self-repaired by the flow of time itself, the only problem is what to do with the waste product left behind?”

“Waste product?”

“The Laws of Physics apply even to something as grand as time itself, mass cannot be created, and it cannot be destroyed, though mass is infinite, that infinity has to go somewhere, it can't just not be, and where does all of that mass from the crumbled timelines go?”

“Here?”

“Precisely, we're living in a time-wasteland.”

“Okay, so this timeline was collapsed because someone changed the past?”

“Correct.”

“Then wouldn't that just cause another branch rather than destroy this one?”

“Not at all, there's two forms of backwards time travel, backwards constructive and backwards destructive, if you travel back in time linearly you will inevitably create a branch in which you from the future go back in time, this is constructive, new branches are formed. If you go backwards in time to something called a node and destroy that node, then the branches connected to that node are destroyed, but, a new branch is created in which those branches are destroyed and the node never happened.”

The Child Soldier rubbed his chin.

“There is actually something quite interesting going on here if you’re paying attention.” John Titor said, “Notice the Romans outside, they’re all dead when you and me are alive in our respective timelines, the same molecules that make them could even be inside you right now, in our time the Romans have all been broken down and re-assembled into new matter, probably in a plant or tree, those plants and trees still exist even here in this mess of a timeline, and so do the Romans.”

“So... mass has been created?”

“Perhaps, like I said prior, there’s infinite mass regardless of what you do, perhaps each planck length of time has its own mass separate to the preceding and succeeding planck lengths, thus allowing for mass to exist as it does here, but that probably doesn’t help us in any way.”

The Child Soldier looked at his watch impatiently, it was dirty and beaten but it still worked kind of, “So how do we escape this pocket timeline?” he asked, “We’re currently coming up with a solution of sorts to this, our best engineers are building rocket engines on the side of the island, the only problem is that the island keeps on growing and receding and every time it grows or breaks where the engines are located, the engines get destroyed.

We’ve calculated the places with the lowest probability of growth but as it also turns out those with the lowest probability of growth also have the highest probability of destruction, you’ve probably seen the huge circular hole in the island right? Well, we’ve narrowed down, or at least theorised as to what the exact mechanics behind these formation/deformation systems are.”

“Look I really don’t see how this is rele--”

“When an island piece form it increases the chance of the clusters of empty space around it to form, when an island piece deforms it does the opposite, but to the clusters that are already filled, this is what causes formation to mainly occur on the north and south sides whilst deformation mainly occurs on the east and west, eventually - given enough time - the chance for deformation will reach 100% splitting the island in two, unless there’s a system in place we have yet to observe.

In fact, It is highly likely that this isn’t even the original island suppose this has been going on for a few hundred years, the island splits becoming smaller, grows, splits and grows, over and over again, the islands becoming more numerous, perhaps this will happen here too? Perhaps we’re just a clipping of the original humans, perhaps there are humans out there on other islands, humans that have escaped, islands that have been eradicated by the wildlife.

But anyway, that's why engines are so difficult to put on the island, apart from that we are currently developing a wormhole drive that can allow us to cross to a stable timeline, but until then, there's nothing you or anyone can do.”

Chapter Número Dieciséis - El Blanco

The streets all looked similar to Jessica, the houses were all the same, the trash piles were all the same, the graffiti was... pretty unique actually but that's besides the point, she didn't even need the streets, all she needed was the pull of time and space itself, for that was what was guiding her.

She ran through a tight alleyway and into a park, the baby swing gently rocking back and forward in the wind, "This is the source of the distortion." Jessica said looking around.

She found a trail of blood, it looked fairly fresh, less than 10 minutes she assumed, the source of said blood however was nowhere in sight, even on the long stretch of road that the blood extended across.

It hadn't even begun to dry though, that was a clear indicator that the source was nearby, and what that source might be worried her.

She turned her wrist around and looked at her watch, about 7:03, the sun was going down which wasn't good, it was significantly easier to hide in the dark than it was to hide in plain daylight, but if the person who caused this blood trail was who she thought it was then this was bait, not an attempt at hiding or running away.

She followed the blood trail regardless, cautiously following the splattering that went along the street, as she walked she noticed that the trashiness level of the streets were decreasing, the overall quality was increasing, there was less graffiti and less piles of garbage everywhere, this trend continued, as houses started to have balconies, and flags, and balconies with flags, pothole incidence steadily decreased, in fact - the road was paved with bricks, red bricks - and whilst she was admiring the brickwork on the ground she didn't notice that she'd come up to a set of stairs leading to a rather fancy looking building with a neo classical facade, "Wait a minute." Jessica said, realizing that she'd accidentally walked all the way to the Prime Minister's office.

But she didn't have long to process this fact as she saw herself, another Jessica Kellen, pointing a gun right at Elliot Rodger as the guy who was on the plane with him begged her not to shoot, in her other hand was the corpse of Ice Cylinder held by the collar of his shirt, when the War Jessica noticed that she was being intently stared at she let the corpse tumble down the stairs.

"I can't believe you've done this!" Jessica said as she watched Ice Cylinder's body topple top to bottom like a broken slinky.

"Done what Jessica?" the war Jessica asked as she pointed the gun towards Jessica, "Put that thing down, you could hurt someone." Jessica demanded, they stared at each other, the War Jessica with the assumed upper hand, that upper hand being a gun, even so Jessica kept her ground.

The War Jessica wrapped her index finger around the trigger and squeezed it backwards exploding a chunk of lead through the air with a trajectory that would easily and quickly pierce through her skull but instead Jessica hurled her hand in front of her face and caught the bullet in the palm of her hand, she crushed it and let it fall to the ground.

“I said... that could hurt someone.” Jessica reiterated her previous point, the War Jessica scoffed and tossed her gun aside, “I see you have ascended to the point where conventional arms can no longer harm you.”

“Woah. Si, I didn’t even think about that.”

“Alright, I’ll add stopping bullets to my list of powers.”

She mocked as she walked down the stairs menacingly, “No matter, I have trained my entire life for WAR, I am the WAR Jessica, I have a Pyramid Rabbi level of much higher than 3.” she said.

“Oh yeah? What’s that?” Jessica asked mockingly.

“4.”

“Huh, that is higher.”

The War Jessica leaped into the air and performed a 360 degree front flip before plunging towards Jessica without hesitation, her foot extended, Jessica barely reacted in time to block the attack and even though she stopped it she felt the bones in her palms rumble as the War Jessica began her next flurry of attacks, it was clear that this was no joke.

“This is 4 huh? I’m disappointed.” Jessica said, trying to haphazardly mock the War Jessica despite the fact that on all objective grounds she was already losing/

“Well, three point nine, four either one will do.” Jessica replied with modest confidence as she pushed Jessica back with ease, suddenly and without warning Jessica Kellen kned Jessica right in her stomach assuredly winding her, Jessica winced backwards in pain, grabbing her stomach, Jessica Kellen was about to taunt her but as she began to talk Jessica revealed that it was just a facade as she lifted her head and slammed an uppercut right into Jessica’s jaw, sending her toppling backwards down the stairs, “It’s gonna take a lot more than field hockey to defeat me Jessica.” the war Jessica said mocking her very existence.

“Why do people keep bring up field hockey?” Jessica Kellen said as she struggled to get to her feet, only to be toppled back down again by a swift roundhouse kick to the side of her jaw, “And how abre yor herbe anyway?” Jessica dribbled as she got to her feet again, her face already swollen and her speech disrupted, “Thbe Jessiba berse collabed.” she said, sluggishly blocking a kick that would have surely taken her head off.

“I’m sure you’d like to know a lot of things.” the War Jessica grimaced, “But you won’t find your answers.”
“Whyb Nbt?”

The War Jessica grabbed Jessica and picked her up by the hair before smashing her face into the concrete, she picked her up by her bloody face and threw her into a tree which bent her spine at an angle that no spines should be bent at, Jessica managed to soften her fall but broke her pinky doing so, she stumbled up to her feet and tried to at least fight back but she was just knocked to the ground again without causing any real damage to the War Jessica.

The War Jessica grabbed her by the hair again, her limp body flailing around trying to escape, but she couldn't.

The War Jessica placed her teeth on the curb before smashing the back of her heel down on Jessica's head.

Jessica felt all of her teeth stab into her gums for a few seconds before her vision slowly dissipated.

Darkness.

Just darkness.

She looked around, it was dark, really dark, it reminded her of Limbo with how monochrome it was, but this time it was entirely black rather than entirely white, she heard a voice that wasn't her own, well actually that wasn't true, it was her own voice, just not *her* own voice, when she heard it she knew that *she* was here, "Long time no see."

Jessica swiveled around with hostility in her mind, she saw someone that she never wanted to see again, "You." she blurted.

"Yes it's me, also, you."

She was still wearing the same red jacket, she still had the same red eyes and the same evil self satisfied grin, it couldn't be anyone else, it was her, but gay, the gay version of herself that she once locked away, and once let take over, "It's not happening again." Jessica said, "I let you take the wheel once and you got us both killed."

The Gay Jessica laughed, "No Jessica, it was *your* ambition, your foolish conquest that got us killed, *your* decision to unite the multiverse into one force, surely you know better than to trust yourself Jessica, surely you knew what would happen if you united an infinite number of selves to help you."

"Shut up you're gay."

The Gay Jessica stood up in the black void, and heavily sighed, "Jessica, I can't say i'm wholly disappointed with your progress, you've come far on your own, but you cannot reach your full potential alone."

"What do you mean?" Jessica asked, "I've already reached my full potential, I can catch bullets and stuff."

The Gay Jessica chuckled, "Oh the hubris, you are not even a fraction of what you could be. What you could be... if you had me."

"I don't need you."

The Gay Jessica smiled yet again but her eye twitched just slightly, "Jessica, I hold our root chakra, without me you cannot access it."

"I don't need it."

“Oh but you do... you felt it yourself right? Your teeth being crushed by your own powerlessness, she’s too strong for either of us to handle alone Jessica, and so is that Snowman.”

“What are you saying?”

Gay Jessica leaned forwards, “What I’m saying is that instead of fighting, we join forces, instead of trying to sap away power to gain control, we combine power, instead of rejecting each other, we utilize the power of the gay and non-gay self to reach much higher levels.”

“Is that possible?”

“We can always try.”

The Gay Jessica held out her hand, Jessica sensed no hostility, and if there was any it was very well suppressed, reluctantly she took her hand and suddenly the black void started to fill with the outside world and the Gay Jessica faded with it, the last thing she saw was a sincere smile and Jessica returned to reality.

The ground shook below her from a source that she didn’t quite comprehend at the time, her teeth grew back instantly and she saw the War Jessica backing up, “W-What?” the War Jessica stammered as she nervously put one foot before the other, Jessica looked at the war Jessica like a vicious dog.

“Perdió la voluntad de luchar contra la hermana?” Jessica said, without realizing it she was speaking spanish, “¿Por qué estoy hablando español?”

She frantically looked around, until she caught a glimpse of herself in the window of a shop, “¿blanco?...” Jessica said, brushing her hand through her now solid white hair that was floating upwards.

“What, are you?” the war Jessica asked, Jessica's gaze locked onto the war Jessica's once more, her iris was consumed by a pure white and an aura of the same white followed her every movement.

“¡Soy Jessica, el blanco!” she shouted, with a calm finesse, “SPEAK ENGLISH.” the War Jessica screamed as she punched Jessica; with ease Jessica caught her fist and as the War Jessica went for a right hook she immediately caught the war Jessica's other fist too. Jessica was in a state of intense concentration, achieving perfect flow, her ‘self’ had disappeared and she was wholly focused on her opponent.

The war Jessica struggled to free herself from her grasp and jumped back, picked up the gun and shot at Jessica, “tus armas no pueden dañarme” she said, deflecting every single shot fired at her with only her hand.

“No eres nada, para mí, mi poder ha subido al de la humanidad, mientras te revolcabas en la superación personal, uní mis homosexuales y no homosexuales, convirtiéndome en el ser perfecto, desbloqueando mi chakra raíz y ascendiendo al nivel 4 de la pirámide rabí. Se acabó para ti Jessica, su única Jessica en la ciudad.”

“This is, this is absurd.” Jessica said, “There's no way this much power can exist, how can it be.”

Jessica calmly approached the War Jessica, not fearing anything about this meek being, she quickly thrust a fist into her solar plexus, winding her, she then grabbed her forearm, lifted her up high and used her as a punching bag, holding her with one arm, bludgeoning with the other, with a sick barbaric grace that couldn't possibly be put into english, “Si nos encontráramos en otro momento, en mejores condiciones, podríamos haber sido buenos amigos, pero, por desgracia, no estaba destinado a ser ... Adiós, Jessica.”

Jessica whipped the war Jessica to the ground, crushing every single bone in her body and rupturing even more organs, she didn't even attempt to move as she bled out of every orifice.

Jessica powered down from her heightened state, the leftover Blanco energy expelled outwards from Jessica knocking the wind around harshly.

She noticed Elliot and his friend had managed to escape whilst she was fighting the War Jessica and so instead of dealing with them she ran to Ice Cylinder, “Jess-i-ca...” He weakly gasped with his last remaining energy.

“You're still alive?” she asked rushing to his side and kneeling beside him.

“B-are-ly” he croaked in reply, “I can feel, de-ath.”

“It app-roaches.”

“What can I do?” Jessica cried, “Nothing, it's my time.” Ice Cylinder said accepting his fate, “But, tell me Jessica, tell me that you will sing about me.”

“Wrong song.”

“W-hat?”

“That’s from Kendrick, it’s not yours, your last words can’t be someone else’s lyrics...”

“Check Yourself befor-”

“Little bit tone deaf, given the situation.”

“F-ine.” he said smiling a weak smile...

“Today was a good day.”

Chapter Número diecisiete - A gay old TIME

The Child Soldier became agitated that the inability of John Titor and Co to get to the fucking point, “So how do we cross timelines?” he asked whilst clenching his fists.

John Titor shook his head in dismay, “You do not, to do such an action you would need so much energy that you’d have to be a near god-like, if not god himself, to do so, it has been done before but on tiny microscopic molecules and waves, nothing larger than an atom and nothing anywhere near as big as an island, in fact to do this to something as big as a pea you’d have to utilize the entire energy created in the entirety of human history, including the biological energy created in our very bodies, all of that would maybe be enough to transport a pea from one dimension to another.”

“So are we fucked? Why even bother? Why don’t we just kill ourselves... oh god, we can’t kill ourselves, were trapped here, trapped here forever, none of us die, none of us can end it holy shit why did I only just reali--”

“Calm yourself, here’s the thing you see, surely you know that everything wants to reach a state of stability right, the so called ‘ground state’ an energy level of 0. We’re the opposite of that, the complete adverse of a stable timeline - technically speaking, and I mean very technically speaking we aren’t even in a timeline but the space that exists between timelines, this space is used to being empty and at its ground state and just like everything else it wants to be at this ground state, it wants to get rid of us, so basically the energy we need to escape this time pocket is minimal at worst, non-existent at best, we just need the means.”

“Wait a minute, just hold up a second, from what I’ve learned on the matter, in constructive time travel anyway, don’t you just swap to another timeline just by going back in time?”

“Not at all my naive child, though your naivety can be forgiven in this instance, a new timeline simply continues from the planck length of time in which you came back in time, it’s not a new timeline, just an alternate continuation of the same timeline, a branch if you would, for example draw a line and then imagine something is travelling from the front of that line to the back, draw a small dot around halfway through, that’s the node, now draw another line coming from that node, that is the continuation, the branch of that timeline, here draw it on this piece of paper.”

“Done? Good, now I think you should be wholly convinced that if need be new time is created and if need be time is also destroyed.”

“No... I am not convinced at all, *how did we even get here again?*, surely time is absolute, surely it cannot be created nor can it be destroyed.”

John Titor stretched out his arms like a prophet, letting his robes drape down.

“Surely you lack the hubris to utter such words when trapped in what I personally would call literal destroyed time, let me spell it out for the monkey inside of you, time is created, time is formed and time is generated, it is not time that shapes mass but mass that shapes time, perhaps we are truly just endless slides on an infinitely long computer animation but it is a mathematical truth, it is *the* mathematical truth, $X=X+X+X$, the only the truth, X of course being Planck length, every time X increments an instance of QUCC happens, do you get it? New timelines are constantly being made, or more specifically, new branches are being made.”

The Child Soldier sighed, he didn't really care to argue that much but foolishly he did anyway, “Okay, I get the $X=X+X$ part, that at the very least makes sense, $1=1+1$, $2=2+2$, despite the fact that implies exponential growth, what doesn't make any sense at all is X.”

Suddenly the air turned hostile and cold, it felt like he was being watched, being judged, being disavowed.

“You ask too many questions, posit them elsewhere.” John Titor said and suddenly the hooded men in crimson robes that were supposedly in deep thought raised their heads and stared at him, each of their eyes were filled with large cataracts but despite this the Child Soldier feared what they were capable of, he stumbled to his feet and nervously crept backwards, the men stared at him the entire time until he disappeared behind the tent flaps.

Once he was out of the tent he finally turned around and saw the Snowman and then nothing.

He scrambled away from the cultists tent and towards his own abode, clearly those people were insane, he did feel an odd sense of familiarity in John Titor though.

He racked his head about this as he ran to his house, he went inside, slammed the door shut, locked it and then turned the light on, the first thing he saw when the lights turned on was a misplaced scrap of paper on the floor.

He stumbled over to it and picked it up, he thought it might be a trick or a prank, maybe the paper had poison covering it, but death was hardly a problem for him.

“Time is a wave,
X is the Amplitude,
X is the Wavelength,
X is the Trough and Peak.

Hugs and kisses
- Snowman”

He dropped it immediately and blankly watched it float to the ground, he bent down to pick it up but then dropped it again, as he watched it float down again he realized there was something chilling about this letter, something incredibly disturbing and deeply wrong, he felt his vocal cords tense up and his voice felt like it was being grated with a cheese grater, soon it hurt to speak and his eyes became blurry, so blurry he couldn't see the words in front of him

“What is happening?” he said meekly, every word was pain and so instead of speaking he opted just to think, he fell to his knees, the impact hurt a lot but he didn't really care, he didn't move once, not for water or food, he didn't speak, he just thought, thought without a word, what did this mean?

How do I use this?

What does it mean, time is a wave?

Does that even change anything?

Does anything change anything?

If timelines run parallel to each other then what happens when a peak of one timeline hits the trough of another?

Wait, what does happen?

Oh, the lights are turning off again...

Chapter 666 - I fucking love snow

“Well you don’t want to kill me now.” Kony said, “So that’s all that matters.”

“Tell me where you’re leading me first!”

“Nope, if you wanna come then come, it's your choice, I don’t care.”

Jessica glared irritably at Kony as he walked off down the clearing, snapping twigs with his steps as he disappeared around a curve.

Jessica continued to glare at him through the trees that obscured her vision, *Well I am here to kill him... so it wouldn't be weird if I followed*, she reasoned to herself, *Ah, but I should probably get the gun first.*

Jessica walked backwards, picked up the gun from the ground and brushed off the dirt from it before holding it up to the light to inspect it, “Eh, good enough.” she said reholstering it, “Kind of weird I didn’t get a gun when I was deployed here.”

She stood there for a second before remembering why she even came back to get the gun in the first place.

“Ah shit, Kony.” she said running back up the clearing.

When she eventually caught up with him she made sure to keep her distance and stalk from afar so as to not seem overly eager.

This man is a bad man, she reminded herself, he literally rapes kids and stuff.

Wait... yeah he literally does that what the fuck.

Jessica stalked him all the way to his camp, when she got there she couldn't believe her eyes, "The mission briefing... lied?"

"This isn't a Child Soldier training camp." she gasped to herself, "This is a nursery."

She was overcome with shock, the children were learning arithmetic in the middle of a forest filled with dangerous animals, armed men guarded the perimeter of the camp atop large walls made from timber.

"Dude what the fuck." Jessica said, seeing the lines of students watching chalk being scraped onto a chalkboard, "This is the Lord's Resistance Army, all good Christians believe that children are the next generation, so we go from village to village recruiting potential students."

"Uh yeah, and by recruiting you mean kidnapping."

"What? No, I'd never, their parents often seek us out and beg us to take them."

"But, what about the Child Soldiers?"

"Uh, you mean the Child Soldiers that I saved?"

Suddenly a Child Soldier emerged from behind Kony, "I haven't had to fight in over 5 years now thanks to Joseph Kony." he said, "Please don't kill him."

Jessica lowered herself down onto a rock, "What the fuck." she said, "This is literally all wrong."

“No Jessica, you’re just finally seeing things right.”

“Hey Jessica.” Kony said, “Can you join me?”

Chapter 18 - Tupac.

Jessica wiped the solitary tear that slid and rolled down her cheekbone and raised herself up slowly as to avoid making any of her wounds ache, she trotted up the stairs mechanically and without grace, her body was completely numb which was probably a good thing considering the sensory stimulus she did get despite this numbness wasn't exactly comfortable, she probably wouldn't even be able to move otherwise.

She noticed her nose bleeding but wiped it away with her sleeve as she arrived at the thick wooden doors, she turned the handle without opening it, the moment she confirmed that they were unlocked she withdrew her hand and backed down the stairs, half of Jessica thought it was a trap (Likely the gay half), she had to go through anyway so there wasn't really much choice on the matter, she either had to go in and come back out with Tupac, or leave and be killed by Jace, *Wait a minute*, she thought to herself, *at this point is Jace even a threat?*

She shook off this thought as she knew that Jace was undoubtedly listening in, she walked back to the door and turned the handle as she pushed her way through, she entered into a large hallway with only one open door, there was cream wallpaper but it was really ancient and dirty.

She continued through the door and entered into a large council chamber with a raised balcony eclipsing most of the room. A podium stood at the front of the balcony and a shadowy figure stood behind the podium.

“WELCOME JESSICA!” An amalgamation of voices boomed, their thunderous decibels echoing from ceiling to floor and back to the ceiling again.

Floodlights switched on immediately after and flooded Jessica with blindingly bright light and as she raised her arms to shield her eyes from the light she saw yet another version of herself and could only sigh.

“Another Jessica?” she asked, “Isn’t this concept getting a tad bit tired?”

The voice began to laugh, “Ha Ha Ha.” it said, each Ha echoing several times.

“No, this concept is fresh and original, for we are not just another Jessica.” the voice boomed, “But we are all Jessica's from all of the timelines!”

“That is quite... retarded, I can only see one of you!” she shouted back as loud as she could, but she was like a mouse to a herd of elephants.

But then they moved, and Jessica’s stomach began to sink, *oh no oh no oh no*, she said in her mind.

“You should all be gone, dead, non-existent!” she exclaimed, “The Jessicaverse was destroyed when the node was eliminated, you all should be GONE.”

“Not gone.” they chuckled, “We of course foresaw the collapse of the Jessicaverse, in fact, it was likely that the collapse of the Jessicaverse is only a piece of our plan, but you’ll never know that.”

“Well then, It is truly lucky that you’re all in one place then...”

“Oh ho, Why is that?”

“Así que puedo terminar más fácil!”

Jessica powered up to blanco sweeping energy across the room, the lights from the floodlights were blown away and an icy cold aura replaced every bit of heat.

She immediately shot a massive chaotic blast of energy that went rumbling through the brickwork behind like a gun through paper, *let's hope that's all of them*, Jessica thought, heavily breathing from the massive output of energy she just mustered.

The white light receded and from it the superposition was revealed, unharmed, “Ha.” they laughed, “Ha, Ha.”

“Therein lies your problem Jessica, the lack of logical thought, we are infinite, you can't kill all of us.”

“¿por qué soy tan cabrón?” she asked powering up to blanco once more as 5 War Jessica's emerged from the superposition, they all looked identical to the War Jessica that Jessica fought before.

They immediately jumped into the air and tried to kick Jessica from the air like the other War Jessica did on the stairs.

“Como pensé.” Jessica said catching all of the War Jessica's one by one and tossing them all away, “Tan débil como la vieja guerra Jessica”

“She can't keep getting away with this!” One War Jessica said as she flung through the air and slid down a wall, ripping off a few paintings and causing the wallpaper to peel.

As soon as she landed, she charged again ignoring how badly she just got her ass kicked, her blows were easily defended in accurate and effortless motions that only took 1% of Jessica's full power, after catching a flailing left hook Jessica forced her free hand into the War Jessica's gut, the War Jessica reeled backwards and fell to the floor coughing up blood, Jessica twisted around quickly and tore another in half with just her bare hands.

Blood rained everywhere and the superposition laughed.

“HAHAHA.” The superposition boomed as it sent out War Jessica after War Jessica to a hurricane of slaughter.

Jessica's mind went black in a battle frenzy.

“Jessica, idiotas, seguramente al menos serás lo suficientemente inteligente como para darte cuenta de que soy demasiado fuerte para cualquiera de ustedes para tomarla, soy demasiado poderosa, muy lejos del BLANCO incluso para que tome un millón de ustedes, es una verdadera vergüenza , puedes tener versiones infinitas de ti mismo, pero ninguno de ustedes tiene un yo gay como yo, ninguno de ustedes puede unir las dos partes, ninguno de ustedes puede convertirse en JESSICA EL BLANCO, ninguno de ustedes puede aprovechar el verdadero poder de todos ustedes son patéticos, débiles y morirán ahora, AHAHAHA.”

“Wait wait wait.” the superposition boomed, Jessica was immediately stopped and as she was about to fire another beam at them she quickly dissipated it, “Que?” she asked, not dropping her guard at all.

“It’s time!” the superposition boomed, “Your power is enough, you and only you might be able to do it, you’re the chosen one Jessica!”

“Que?”

“Power down, we cannot understand spanish.”

Jessica released the Blanco energy, “What?” she asked, pointing an accusing finger at the superposition, “You misunderstand our efforts.” they said, “We were only testing yo.”

“You do realize I know there's like a million people who could fill my role?”

“An infinite amount actually... but that is bes--”

“Cool, give me Tupac.”

“As you wish.” the superposition said with a sadistic smile, without the superposition moving an inch a door swung open and Tupac wandered out, “YO, WHAT THE FUCK ZINGER?” he said, “I was in my car literally five seconds ago? What the Hell, I got a concert and shit ma--”

“You’re about 80 years in the future, also the entire world thinks you’re dead, have fun.” The superposition said to him, with the same sadistic smile.

“Sick dog.” he said, running to door, excited to tell the world that he was finally free and to live his life aknew.

Suddenly Jace W. Connors manifested before Jessica Kellen, he was smiling which was a first, “Hello Jessica.” he said, “Congratulations, your contract is complete.”

And then his brains blew through the front of his head and further covered Jessica Kellen in blood and gore.

“Good.” the superposition said blowing smoke from the barrel of the gun, “That’s one god-like being down, well-maybe god-like, we still have to verify that.”

“What the fuck?” Jessica asked, she swept her hand backwards in anger, “Why did you kill him for?”

“Look Jessica, your contract with him ended you are free to go, but the fact of the matter is we only have control of the physical planes, if we want to influence the layers of Hell and beyond then we have to bring what we want to influence up here, this was a test of sorts.”

“Wait just a goddamned minute... if you kidnapped Tupac”

“Yes Jessica, we kidnapped Tupac to bait Quadruple Satan up here to the surface world, so we could assassinate him.”

“What the fuck, so this was all your doing?”

“Well... duh? We killed multiple birds with one stone here, he needed you alive and to have Blanco unlocked for other uses though.”

“DON'T THINK YOU CAN JUST USE ME YOU CUNTS!” Jessica shouted, her blood vessels and veins popping out of her forehead as she screamed and thrashed around, what the superposition didn't realize (but actually did realize) is that Jessica wanted to be the puppetmaster for once.

“TE MATARÉ”

“Power down you goddamn retard.” they said bluntly, “It’s not just you against the world.”

“Well you kind of killed my last partner, so I guess it is just me against the world?”

The superposition collectively sighed, “I highly doubt Ice Cylinder would help much with Snowman.”

“What, why bring up Snowman?” Jessica asked looking around the room.

“Well Jessica, whilst you’ve been screwing around Snowman has been trying to enter this room, it’s taking the combined energy of 9,243,231,23 Jessica Kellens to hold it off.”

“Wait a minute... why?”

“Because we’re about to tell you something that Snowman absolutely cannot have you knowing.”

“What?”

“The meaning of $X=X+X+X$, we found it, the answer.”

“What is it?”

“Time is a wave.”

And then Snowman appeared.

Chapter 19 - Bee Communism

“I think, therefore I AM!”

The sound of metal clanging together could be heard as a crowd of Roman Soldiers were taken aback by this statement.

“What could it mean?”

“I... think I get it?”

“Hmm, yes, profound.”

The Child Soldier raised his arms up high and the sun raised through his arms, bathing him in glorious light as the crowd clapped at his presence, “Now let us pray to the sun god.”

He clapped his hands together, and kneeled assuming a position of prayer, the crowd copied his exact movements and they sat there for a minute, praying as the sun rose high into the sky.

“Please sire! Tell us again how the bees do it.” A soldier who had the appearance of squidward from that one TV show asked, “How the bees do what? OH , ah, make light? Okay then go rejoin the crowd and I’ll tell the tale.”

He stood up again and brushed the dust off of his robes, “You see, the star that lights our little island here is known as the sun, it is little more than a giant beehive, the illustrious queen of which we call the bee god, in this giant hive bees make honey, but not just ordinary honey, special space honey which emits light, they make this honey from space flowers that are invisible!”

“But where does the heat come from?” a different person asked, suddenly the crowd started talking amongst themselves, the Child Soldiers left eye twitched from the rabbling of the crowd but he maintained his composure, “Settle down, I’ll tell you.”

“The heat hmm.” The Child Soldier stroked his chin for a brief minute to collect his thoughts ready to explain as the crowd waited with an intense anticipation.

“Well you see the heat comes from the space bees rapidly flapping their wings, you see this builds up a large amount of kinetic energy, that kinetic energy has to go somewhere so it is released as heat and sound which ends up here, the sound dissipates in the vacuum of space. Solar flares are bees leaving the hive to harvest honey from space flowers which is why extra light is emitted during said solar flares.”

The people clapped as the sun rose well above the Child Soldier and stopped illuminating him, the Child Soldier shook himself to loosen his robes slightly.

He did a disciplined 90 degree turn and went down the stairs as the crowd started to disperse, his vice-president joined him carrying a clipboard.

“Excellent speech Sir.”

“I Know I know...”

The Child Soldier went from graceful grandeur to sluggish lethargy in less than 10 seconds.

“How is the warp drive going?” he asked quickly changing the conversation to something he actually cared about.

“John Titor and associates have been captured and are currently working on it as we speak.”

“How many armed guards do we have on them?”

“Currently we have five sir, each well armed and well trained.”

“Triple that number, I want someone checking on them every 30 minutes too.”

“Alright Sir.” The vice president said scratching down some notes on a clipboard, he scurried off presumably to put the Child Soldiers orders into action.

The Child Soldier sighed, he had been doing this for well over fifty years now, the island had gone through two splits during that time, just like Titor predicted, during that time he'd slowly been implementing his brain child, Bee Communism, into every facet of civilization.

It started when he sent out a small private army to capture one of the giant bees that lived far away from civilization in the ruins of the old world, after proving that its honey had healing properties people were immediately hooked and it only evolved from there.

Most people that were left on this Island came from a time too early to know what communism was, or too late to care about something so irrelevant, it turns out that it was only relevant for a slither of time and the only people who knew it existed were quickly silenced, like John Titor and his associates.

Bee Communism has revolutionized the Island, the Jet Engines have been fixed above the island so they are less affected by the destruction, construction of new land and the warp-drive had begun construction, his plans to reunite with Elliot Rodger were coming to fruition.

He walked home taking the back alleyways and opened his door, he saw Snowman standing there with its two beady eyes staring at him, he couldn't see that well past the cataracts but it was a face that he couldn't forget if he tried, and he tried so hard.

“Where are the lights?”

Chapter 20 -An Hero

The Jessica's quickly piled on top of Snowman but it wasn't like they could do anything, the Snowman didn't even move the people that jumped at it were just eradicated instantly, all the while it stared coercively at Jessica, slowly getting covered in the blood of the other Jessica's.

Jessica was stuck in place, her legs felt like they were frozen, she didn't know what to do, her head was jumbled, half of her wanted to attack right now, the other half wanted to run and the other-other half wanted to talk.

“Who the Hell are you?” she whispered under her breath, the Snowman didn't respond, just stared with its malevolent eyes, not even flinching as body after body landed next to it, its pea like eyes just stared, STARED.

“STOP FUCKING STARING JESUS
CHRISTITJHNJDSGNJSDngmdfgndf.”

Jessica screamed angrily as her hair was consumed by white and the room was filled with an icy coolness, “Monigote de nieve...”

“¿Quién eres tú ... No, qué eres, ¿CUÁL ES EL
MUCHACHO MUERTO DE NIEVE?”

“Un nervio así, para desafiarme, no creo que puedas, soy poderoso ahora, puedes ser fuerte, pero soy más fuerte, te mataré muñeco de nieve”

The Snowman just stared, and the moment Jessica let her powered up state sit for a while she felt it, “De ninguna manera ... Tienes la misma energía blanca que yo ...”

The Snowman just stared.

“Podría ser...”

“JESSICA IT IS NO USE. DON'T TRY TO FIGHT. RUN.” one of the many Jessica's said as she ran into kill Snowman, only to be evaporated instantly, Snowman still didn't flinch.

“¡No puedo correr, sólo continuará!”

Suddenly Jessica heard someone from the inside speak, “Jessica...” Gay Jessica said, she sounded worried.

“What do you want?” Jessica rudely asked her gay self.

“If you fight Snowman here you will die, run Jessica, please run.”

“I cannot run, you should know that if I flee here it will just follow me.”

“Use the teleportation chakra.”

“We have that?”

“Of course Jessica, I have all of them, or at least, I could potentially access all of them but I can't use them, you need to do that.”

“What... how?”

“Just do it, try REALLY hard.”

“Holy shit, you're right.”

Jessica teleported out of the room and into the wet streets of America, “¿Dónde estoy?” she said looking around.

She accidentally caught a glimpse of herself in a puddle, her hair had grown twice in its size and her aura felt twice as strong, she stepped back and then quickly peaked back in the puddle again, “Jessica el blanco... dos.” she muttered, almost falling to the ground as she realized her own power had increased exponentially again, she'd ascended to Blanco Dos.

“¿Qué nivel de pirámide rabino estoy ahora?”

Jessica rested for a minute and then ran as fast as she could which is a bit strange because she could teleport, who knows why she didn't, it could honestly be theorized for days, discussed in great length, and we shall do just that, not like we have anything better to do..

Perhaps it was because of the very principle of QUCC itself, the guiding force of the universe, a universe that is dictated by forces far greater than field hockey, the forces of QUCC, QUANTUM UNCERTAINTY CAUSES CAR CRASHES, surely she could have, she certainly could have, in fact, it's probably to almost 99% that she could have, but she didn't why didn't she do it?

Because of quantum uncertainty, maybe a butterfly flapped its wings a millennia ago at a different interval to another butterfly causing a ripple effect leading to Jessica not teleporting right now and opting to run instead, maybe it's because she can't without the help of her gay self who seems to hold the chakras, truly it is a mystery.

Maybe she ran out of energy to complete the teleportation, being still a novice she might not have it under full control, or any control at all really, and what happens if she teleports and it doesn't account for the turn of the earth, does she get embedded into the earth?

Do her particles fuse with it and bond together, electrophiles gnawing at her weak dipole-dipole forces held together by string, tiny quantum string that can never be seen and never be heard but it's everywhere, we're all covered in string and I hate it.

Chapter 21 - Clintlight

Hillary was not in her office, her office being the oval office, nope, she hadn't been there once, she hadn't made a single appearance as president since she was elected, or more specifically since she killed Jessica Kellen, well she knew she didn't really kill, her at all, she searched for the body the morning after, searching through the same bush for like an hour, when she finally accepted that the body wasn't there she went into hiding.

She was hiding out in an abandoned house and had been sleeping on the same ripped brown sofa for months, when she tried to go sleep her hair would get caught on a large rip on the armrest, she tried to get it off but it would always rip some out, she got the TV working eventually, only freeview but that was good enough for her, she'd watch the news until the night came and she could keep her eyes open no longer.

What scared her more than Jessica Kellen getting revenge was the fact that she constantly appeared on TV, she went to her presidential broadcasts and answered press questions, it just wasn't the real Hillary that did it, it was an imposter.

Hillary had snuck back into her old house, she did this early in the morning so no one would notice her, she occasionally came back here but only once or twice a week, she didn't realise that Jessica Kellen had been in Israel for the entire time and didn't give two fucks about getting revenge on Hillary.

Hillary snuck to her time machine, carefully lifting up the hatch that lead to the basement and climbed the ladder down, the door was still open.

She'd learnt the controls of the time machine pretty well now, with her husband leaving to save World Peace she'd been using it recreationally to live a life without fear, to live in the past without Jessica Kellen looming over her shoulder like a curse.

It was starting to worry her though, and not because she felt she was becoming addicted, but because every now and then she'd get a pain in her throat and she'd been speaking with a dry voice for a while now, no one was around to point it out but her vocal cords were becoming more tense under the strain of time.

This is of course due to the fact that the ability to speak is something shared by humans and only humans, this was caused many years ago by an incident of QUCC known as the Homo Sapien Divergent, a timeline in which a group of apes became humans by evolution, how they did this was with something called voice, for voice is what created thought, this bolstered the intellect of the ape allowing it to think logically and act on impulses separate from emotion and instinct.

Due to this, time-wise vocal cords are extremely linked with the fabric of this particular tangent in space time.

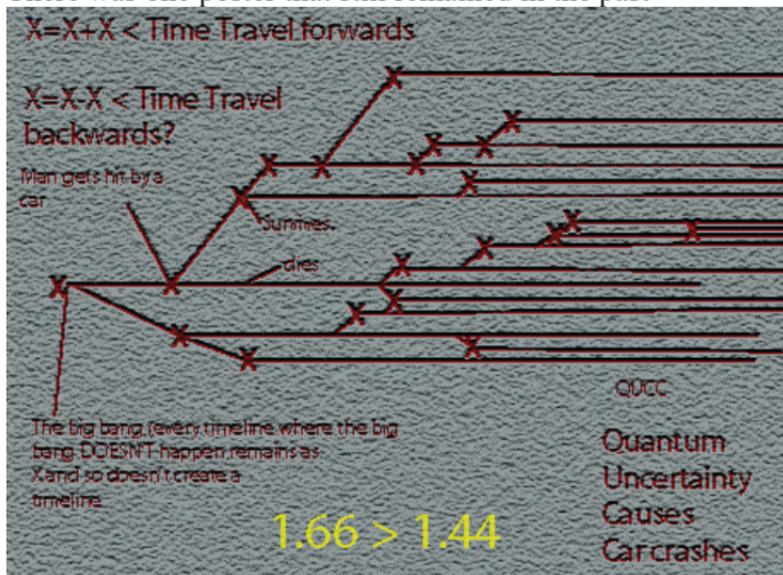
She flicked a few levers and turned a dial, "2001." she said to herself, "This was where I met John Titor..."

She turned around and pushed the red button before quickly running inside the teleporter as the rings turned and twisted and the teleporter suddenly shone a brilliant blue and she was instantly thrust backwards across the time wave.

Hillary had already realized that the timeline she just left would never be the same, her going back to the past will inevitably also change the future, it's just how it happened, she toyed with the idea of going back to kill Jessica Kellen but she also saw the movie "The Butterfly Effect" and so decided not to do that, anyway, the future being changed didn't matter to her so long as the changes in the future weren't too major.

She stepped out of the blue glow that emerged on the other side, she emerged in the same room that she only just left, it looked cleaner and yet the calculations and equations on the walls were more archaic and very, very wrong.

There was one poster that still remained in the past



"I wonder when this was put up?" she whispered to herself.

"Oh yeah." she said, "I heard $X=X+X$ before but that doesn't sound... right?"

Suddenly she heard moving in another room and quickly shuffled backwards and behind a console with the time machine at her back, “And this is my time machine!” she heard someone say, she tried to stick her head out to see who it was but chickened out.

“Wow.” someone replied in a mild tone.

“Is that...?” she whispered to herself, moving her hair from her ear so the sound waves would reach her atrophied eardrums better.

“You don’t sound very surprised Jessica, not surprised at all.” the other voice complained as he stepped further into the room causing Hillary to retreat further back behind the counter.

“Everyone knows time travel is possible, didn’t you see that John Titor stuff on the news?”

“John Titor? Don’t tell me that you believe that gay conspiracy theory shit.” The voice replied.

“Dunno, miniature black holes and stuff sounds pretty convincing to me to be quite honest.”

“But that’s dumb Jessica, very dumb, what your seeing here is a yuge technological leap, YUGE!”

“You’re dumb.”

“Jessica, let me remind you who has the time machine here?”

“Yeah sure, whatever.”

Hillary poked her head around the counter, finally getting the courage to do so, she saw Jessica Kellen and John Titor, she looked to the other side of the room and saw another person... no wait that isn't a person.

That's a Snowman.

The Snowman turned its head and stared back.

"I'm, bored let's leave." Jessica said, wiping some dust off a poster before staring at it.

"Uh uh."

The two stepped out of the room and Snowman walked towards Hillary.

"Who are you?" Hillary asked, the Snowman shook its head, snowflakes fell like dandruff from its head, it looked weak and several of the pebbles that made up its mouth were missing.

Hillary looked around but Snowman still did nothing.

"You need anything from me?"

The Snowman shook its head in acknowledgment as water dripped from it.

"Melting?"

The Snowman didn't respond.

It was extremely pitiful.

“I want to tell you.” The Snowman said suddenly and slowly.

“Tell me what?”

“Not long left, everything.”

“You want to tell me everything?”

“Can send you back to your timeline, no changes.”

“Fine...”

And so the Snowman told Hillary “Everything.” and as promised took her back to her original timeline.

Chapter

“This is where the nature preserve is.”

Kony opened a large gate and lead Jessica out into a large and open forest densely packed with trees and foliage, rabbits hopped, deers frolicked and the rescued Child Soldiers could be seen keeping the foliage at bay and feeding the animals.

“This is where we help endangered species that are native to Uganda, those rabbits are actually a rare breed of rabbit, you see the black tips on its ears?”

“Yeah, they’re pretty fucking big rabbits.”

“They’re unique to that specific genome, only the evolutionary path of these rabbits have the black tips.”

Jessica didn’t respond she just rubbed her chin.

“What did you do before you became a soldier Jessica?”

“Oh me? I worked with a man named Donald Falter, we were working on a time machine, black holes and stuff.”

“So why’d you quit?”

“I didn’t quit? We finished the time machine, it’s been built for years...”

“So... you can go back in time?”

“That’s implied is it not?”

“No I was just thinking that you could go back in time to stop these kids from ever becoming Child Soldiers.”

“Sadly I can’t no.”

“Why not?”

“Time travel is too risky, even going back in time, picking up a piece of dirt and then coming back could have major consequences in the future, saving one person would do who knows what.”

“I see.” Kony said placing his hands behind his back.

“Well, I’m sure you’ve made up your mind by now.”

“My mind? About what?”

“My request of course.”

“OH... to join you, uh - sure.”

“Sure?”

“Yeah, sure, I’ll join you!”

And then Kony’s head was exploded off of his shoulders, throttling into a nearby tree and tumbling to the ground, leaving a trail of blood behind it.

When his decapitated head came to a rest his body then toppled down after it.

Chapter 22 - Field Hockey

Jessica ran through street after street and then down an alleyway, a familiar route that lead her to the house that Donald and Hillary used to live at, she visited sometimes before Hillary came and Jessica even used to work there many years ago, a lot of things have changed now though.

She opened the front door and went inside, walking past the pictures that were hung up on the wall, she saw Hillary slumped down on the couch looking somber, perhaps because she knew what Jessica wanted to know, and perhaps because she knew that Jessica knew that Hillary knew what Jessica wanted to know.

“Hello Jessica.” she she said, not moving to look at her, remaining in her slumped position.

“Tell me what you know.” Jessica demanded, pulling a gun from her back pocket.

“What could you possibly mean?”

“Don’t play games with me you fucking bitch, you have the knowledge of at least a thousand timelines, tell me about the Snowman, I know you’ve seen it.”

Hillary just laughed, “And how would you know that?”

Jessica pulled out a piece of paper and handed it to Hillary, “Snowman put this in my back pocket in Israel”

“Time cannot be stopped

Fate cannot be stopped

trying is pretty fun though

If I fail talk to Hillary

I'm sure if it's you..."

"Huh, cool... but it says here, 'IF I fail.'"

"I Don't have time for this, I know for a fact that Snowman didn't kill all the other Jessica's, there's too many, It would sooner have to flee."

Jessica aimed the gun right at her.

"Fine. You know what, I'll tell you but you won't like it."

"Why not?"

"Because you won't."

Jessica pulled the trigger, a shot ran past Hillary's head causing her ears to ring like an alarm.

"Tell me."

Hillary sighed suddenly put her finger into her temple.

"What are you doing?"

"There's a thousand of me Jessica, I'm sure I can expend the brain cells of a few of them and give them to you."

"What no, that's disgusting."

"In the meantime I suppose I can give you a general overview."

“Don’t bother, I already know that Snowman is from a parallel universe.”

“Yeah sure, but it's better to refer to it as THE parallel universe due to it occurring on the central divergent that split our branch of timelines in two, each timeline split from this divergent has a parallel timeline, but only one, it’s one of the few occasions where infinity isn’t really a thing.”

“Anyway, here - catch.”

Hillary threw a ball of what looked like light towards Jessica and Jessica caught it.

“Huh, it feels like glass.” she remarked as she fiddled with it.

“Well it's not glass, but the neurons packed in there will bind with your current ones, that way I don’t have to tell you what took me five hours to listen to.”

Jessica rammed the ball against her head and immediately the memories of Hillary became her own, she saw Jessica and Titor leaving, Snowman in the corner and every single thing Snowman said to Hillary.”

“Fuck sake, another one?” Jessica said as she got to the end of Snowmans story.

“Well, how did she get here in the first place?” Jessica asked, “She doesn't explain that at all.”

“Jessica I thought you was supposed to have some sort of timeline affinity, time is a wave, I’m sure you know this much - a sine wave to be specific, it has peaks and troughs, and what happens when the peak of one timewave hits the trough of another, or vice versa?”

“They obviously merge...”

“Well yeah - using this and a lot of energy she bridged the gap between timelines oh and a teleportation chakra, she managed to work her way backwards through to a timeline that she could save Kony in,

That’s this timeline.”

“I see, so she wants to kill me because I want to kill Kony... neat.”

“Neato?”

“Neato.”

“But she wants to kill you...”

“She does, but... ¿Puede ella?”

Jessica Kellen El Blanco Dos left the room.

Chapter 23 - Squadron 5

It had been well over 200 years since the Child Soldier emerged on this island, escaping from his pocket fissure and into this semi-stable pocket of time. He ruled the island with an iron fist and managed, through years of progress, to drive it into becoming a space faring civilization, encapsulating what would be almost 15 thousand years of human progress in a mere 200 years, sure they had people from the future and were more tight knit than the entirety of the human race but if there were planets they would be colonized by now – but those are all gone, and all they had was this Island with large towering skyscrapers everywhere to compensate for the fact that the population boomed to a billion when pseudo-immortality was discovered (they were technically immortal any way but being reborn in time pocket and getting mangled was quite, painful.

Still though, skyscrapers can only take you so far and even with the strongest materials they still fell down and collapsed when they got a few trillion meters too tall, so the scientists who were pretty smart and pretty good at their job found ways to artificially manipulate the construction and destruction of the island in a process called ‘bridging’

See, they found out that time was not only a wave, but every single thing was also in fact a wave, or at least had the properties that are usually found in sine waves.

Anyway, a key property of the so called ‘sine wave’ was its ability to become a standing wave when two waves were superimposed on top of a wave with an identical frequency, this caused the energies to either be cancel out or amplified depending on whether the wavelengths were in phase.

It didn't take long for the scientists to realize that the crumbling and reformation of the island was due to parts of the island becoming stationary waves, using this they essentially found a way to make 100% stable outwards expansion without any destruction.

New research centers were built on these newly formed islands and because each newly formed land mass had different mineral properties it allowed people to observe and examine which time period they come from and also find things like radium, yes, that was the end goal of course, to create a miniature black hole and form it into a wormhole, allowing them to warp to a stable timeline, this is what society had been working on for years.

But it wasn't all good.

Platoons of evolved Mk2 Space Monkeys periodically bombarded the island from spaceships, it turns out that due to the solar radiation and harsher living conditions brought about by human expansion these Space Monkeys became hyper intelligent and made spaceships and stuff, truly this is a deep statement about the treatment of animals by humankind, be sure to introspect over this.

Anyway, the Space Monkeys periodically nuked the Island with... nukes and only stopped when they realized that the island had anti-nuclear missile missiles and all of the fallout was actually blowing back onto them, they sometimes went pew pew with their laser guns, and despite the fact that they hit they never actually reached an energy level in which they did damage, and so they just flew around the island menacingly for a few hours before the sun went up, then they went underneath the island where they built a massive platform and repaired their damage and cured the cancer they got from self-inflicted nuclear fallout.

Anyway, this pissed off a few government officials who were trying to build out the island, because it meant that the unprotected island parts would get nuked and they would die, so what was formed was a counter-strike force.

A force known as Squadron 5.

They were never seen again when they went underneath the island.

The Child Soldier didn't really care much for this though, he only wanted to get back to Elliot, little did he know at the time that he'd been replaced completely by Tyrone.

“Have some tea.” The Child Soldier said as the Snowman walked into his house, well, teleported in but you get the idea, he laid down some green tea onto a table and Snowman looked at it without drinking.

“Do you have another grand insight?” the Child Soldier asked, the Snowman just stared.

“The end is nearing.”

The Child Soldier suddenly stopped rubbing the rag on the inside of a mug, “Yeah... I guess so.” He replied and then continued cleaning the mug before placing it into a cupboard.

“Gotta wonder though, do you even appear linearly?”

The Snowman stared.

“Like, when you showed up the first time was that the first time that you saw me or was it the second or third or maybe the hundredth, how will we ever know?”

“Linear, not real.”

“I’ll never know what that means.”

The Child Soldier began wiping another mug.

“So, I take it you’re from at least near the end then?”

The Snowman stared.

And then it spoke.

“I have come to give you the final piece to the puzzle.”

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Jessica dropped to her knees in despair, the man that she had only just met had his head taken off by an unknown assailant, it didn't take long for someone to come by.

“Jessica are you unharmed?” The Child Soldier said as he came running in, but the moment he saw Kony his face curled up and he started sobbing.

“What can we do?” Jessica asked stoically, her mind was blank and the Child Soldier didn't respond.

Soon the entire camp came rushing around Kony, some people even tried to resuscitate him, but it was no use, the man was dead, just a lump of flesh at this point.

But Jessica wasn't ready to accept that, not quite ready at all.

“Hey.” She said to the Child Soldier.

“Do you want to save Kony?”

The Child Soldier wiped the tears from his eyes and then nodded.

“Alright, follow me”

Jessica got up and then walked out of the camp as quickly as she could and pulled out what looked like a radio.

“Command this is Jessica.”

“Yes Jessica?”

“Mission complete, Kony is dead.”

“Excellent work Jessica, we’ll send a helicopter to fly you out promptly.”

“Oh and command, one more thing.”

“What is it?”

“I have a prisoner, has intel on Kony’s commanders.”

“Alright Jessica, I’ll send a larger helicopter then.”

Jessica and the Child Soldier waited for the Helicopter to arrive and when they saw it fly overhead and land in some nearby clearing they immediately ran to it.

“Stay in the bushes.” Jessica said to the Child Soldier as she went to the helicopter, a man came out to help her up and as he stretched out his hand she shot him in the face and he fell from the helicopter.

Another man was seated but before he could pull out his gun he was also shot in the face.

The pilot quickly flicked switches and the rotors began the spin, Jessica jumped into the helicopter and looked back at the Child Soldier.

“Hurry!” she shouted.

The Child Soldier ran as fast as he could.

Chapter 24 – Field Hockey

Hillary ran after Jessica as she bolted out of the house, “No, me sega.” Jessica said.

“Yes, I am coming with you.” Hillary replied.

Jessica turned around in shock as she was about to step out the door “¿Tu entiendes espanol?”

Hillary nodded, “Not fluently, but I was secretary of state once, I had to at least know the most widely spoken language in the world.”

“Lo que sea, solo no intentes detenerme.”

“I was never planning too.”

Jessica El Blanco Dos continued across the streets and stopped, she looked to the right, across the streets was Snowman, for the first time it had its hands in its pockets and snow covered half of the road up to the street that it was standing on.

“Es la hora.”

“Indeed.”

The Snowman looked down woefully and then disappeared before Jessica could even process what had just happen an explosion of power and heat exploded into the side of her face flinging her through the air.

She uncontrollably flailed around until she crashed into the building that she was standing in front of, the bricks crumbled on top of her, but she couldn't really do much before a similar explosion of power cut through her back, cracking her spine sending her bouncing in the opposite direction.

“¡Suficiente!” Jessica said stopping herself midair, her eyes rapidly and frantically darted around looking for Snowman.

“¿Dónde estás?”

Suddenly the wind rapidly blew around behind her followed by another sudden burst of energy to her right cheek, her jaw dislocated as the bone connecting it cracked and crumbled, the raw nerve fibers rubbed and grinded together causing intense pain as she flew into a nearby building.

“No, esto no puede suceder.” She said as rubble landed on her.

She felt the wind again, she knew she wasn't fast enough to dodge it normally, her physical abilities were insufficient, so she utilized her teleportation chakra to immediately dodge out of the way, as she did the building she crashed into exploded into rubble, she looked backwards and saw the Snowman staring at the space where Jessica used to be, it slowly cranked its head around to look at Jessica, not moving the rest of its body.

“How?” The Snowman uttered before teleporting again.



Jessica Kellen grabbed onto the Child Soldiers arm and pulled him up onto the helicopter as it took off, she ran into the cockpit of the helicopter and put the gun next to the pilot's head, he frantically undid the belts as he tried to escape being shot in the head.

Jessica dragged his corpse and threw him out of the quickly descending helicopter and then jumped into the pilot's seat and fiddled with buttons until the helicopter was stabilized again.

“What are you even doing?” the Child Soldier shouted above the banging wind and the constantly whirring rotors.

“Retarded time travel gimmicks.” She shouted back, trying to bring the helicopter forwards.

The Child Soldier didn't respond, just clung on for dear life as Jessica flew the helicopter like a toddler trying to put two pieces of *Lego* together, poorly and most of the time failing – all the way to America.

Jessica realized that she couldn't land this thing without blowing it up, so she decided to fly it into a building instead and searched for a parachute under her chair, “Only one huh.” She whispered to herself as she tried to yank it out from underneath and strap it on, she at least knew how to do this because she had to parachute to get here in the first place.

She aimed the helicopter at the nearest building she could find and let it fly before running out and picking up the Child Soldier, she ran out of the plane and deployed the parachute, the G force of which caused her arms to give way and drop the Child Soldier.

Before he could fall out of her reach she grabbed her by his ankle and held on as tightly as she could as they both lowered to the ground, the Child Soldier flailing around as they fell.

It didn't take long for the building to explode into a ball of flames and shards of metal and glass to rain down from the sky, if anyone of them touched the parachute it would be ripped to shreds.

Jessica lifted the Child Soldier up as they reached the ground, so his neck wouldn't break and as soon as she touched down and the parachute started to fall she let the Child Soldier go.

“Sorry.” She said unclipping the bag from her back. “There was only one parachute.”

She looked around trying to get a feel for where they were as ash and debris rained down on them.

“Alright, this way.” She said leading the Child Soldier through an alleyway and out onto the street where Donald Falter lived.

She kicked through the door and went down the hatch, Donald was busy with president stuff so he wouldn't be in right now.

They descended the hatch and got to the teleporter.

“Alright, this is it.”

The Child Soldier looked on in awe as Jessica Kellen walked and himself walked in.

“I say we go back a two days, I'll still be in Uganda and you'll be there too I assume.”

“But what, how will you remember?”

“We're not reversing time, that's impossible – I think, we're sending our memories, our brains our wants back into our bodies and vaporizing our current ones causing new timelines to be created from that.”

“Sick, sounds good.”

“That or we'll just have to kill the us who are alive at the time. Not really sure to be honest.”

They both stepped into the teleporter and went 2 days in the past.

Chapter 25 – Field Hockey

“Más fuerte que tu o alguna mierda.” Jessica shouted as she darted her eyes around for Snowman.

“Wrong.” Jessica heard before being violently socked in the side of the face, tumbling over.

“Sucio bastardo!” Jessica screamed as she stumbled to her feet, Snowman didn’t move, just stared down at Jessica as she got to her feet.

“Inténtalo de nuevo.”

Snowman socked Jessica in her face again but Jessica took it in stride and socked Snowman back but as her fist was about to make contact Snowman teleported back and Jessica whiffed it, stumbling forwards.

Jessica looked up and saw Snowman and began to run at it, frantically flailing in front of herself, each attack being easily dodged by the Snowman before she was kicked in the face with a force that sent her flying backwards, her spine curving with the force.

“BARSTADA!” she shouted as she was flung backwards, she managed to dig her heels into the snow and slow herself down but as she stopped and slowed down Snowman teleported again and an explosion of power hit Jessica right on the back of her head.

“¿Cómo te mato?”

The Snowman shrugged in response as Jessica fell to the ground.

“¿Por qué estamos luchando?” Jessica said as she got up again, stumbling backwards away from Snowman and wiping the blood from her chin, suddenly she felt a strange calm sweep over her, like she was being carried by a calm stream that was not too hot nor too warm, nor did it cause her clothes to cling or movement to be restricted, she was flowing perfectly, like a stream.

A wind brushed past her face as she moved her hand upwards instinctively, and when she realised that it had moved she saw that she caught Snowman’s fist in her hand.

“¿Qué?”

Snowman tried to pull it back, yanking her arm back, but Jessica’s grip was as strong as steel and before it could escape Jessica finally got a hit on Snowman as she fiercely punched the dumb orange carrot on its face, misaligning it as Jessica let go of Snowman’s hand.

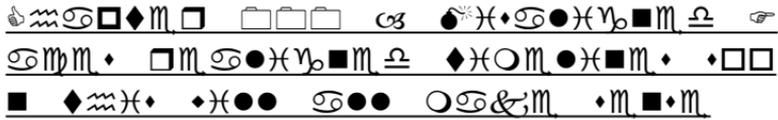
It stumbled back like someone who’d just been slapped around the face.

“How?” the Snowman uttered in shock, touching its now misaligned nose.

“Supongo que tu reinado ha terminado.”

“Oh god.” Hillary said stumbling backwards and supporting herself on a wall.

“El Blanco Tres...”



Jessica Kellen gasped as she regained consciousness, she was still in Uganda, “This was where I saw Kony for the first time.” She said as she felt her face and pinched her nose to ensure that she was here.

She stepped backwards and then twister her arms around.

“Alright, motor function seems to be working.”

“Voice is a bit rough though.”

She looked at her gun in her hand and took out the bullets, she then took out her other gun and threw away the bullets for that too.

She waited patiently for Kony to arrive.

“Hey hey.” Jessica said as she walked over to Kony who was wholly surprised by everything that just happened.

“Who are you?”

“Jessica Kellen? Who are you?”

“Jose—”

“Joseph Kony, I know already, I was sent here to kill you.”

Jessica Kellen saw Kony reach for his gun.

“But I also know that you have a nature reserve for bunny rabbits.”

Kony stopped reaching for his gun.

“and lots of Child Soldiers.”

Kony began reaching for his gun.

“That you teach and stuff.”

Kony didn't know what to do.

“Kony, I want to join you.”

“No.”

“Kony, I am going to join you.”

“Not a chance, we don't let outsiders in unless I approve them, and you don't seem sane.”

Suddenly the Child Soldier ran up to Kony and whispered into his ear.

“Oh.” He said, stroking his chin.

Kony turned around and began walking up the clearing, Jessica Kellen followed all the way into the camp.

“Kony, I have a warning.” Jessica said the second they entered the camp.

“What warning?”

“Sometime very soon you're going to die via sniper bullet to the head.”

Kony was about to reach for his gun but then the Child Soldier ran out again

“No Kony, she’s serious.” He said as he ran to Kony’s side.

Kony sighed and put his gun back.

“Fine, just to be safe I’ll believe you, but what can I do about it?”

“Do you have a bunker you can stay in? Somewhere you won’t get shot?”

“Yeah, I have an underground compound, just a small series of trenches but it should be resistant to sniper fire.”

“Okay. Child Soldier, you stay with him at all times.”

The Child Soldier saluted, and Jessica Kellen yawned.

“Right, well I’m going sleep, if you don’t die I’ll consider this a job well done.”

--- 5 Hours Later ---

Jessica’s eyes flicked open and she felt the heat of fire on her skin, she rolled off of the mattress and quickly shuffled out of the barrack she was sleeping, running out into a camp engulfed in flame.

“Holy shit.” Jessica said looking around at the children fleeing and the soldiers trying to put out the fire with buckets of water.

The timber walls of the camp were enveloped in flame and the trees outside of the camp were all burning as well, Jessica instantly jumped into the trenches and into the bunker that Kony was sleeping in, the outside wasn't on fire, but she could see flames beyond the gaps in the wooden door. She kicked it once and it didn't budge, she kicked it twice and a plank almost broke.

“Third time's the charm.” She said as she kicked in the door and it swung open, Jessica was overcome with despair as both Kony and the Child Soldier were only charred corpses, the Child Soldier's corpse sitting on a chair next to Kony's would be sleeping body, but both of them were dead.

Jessica didn't bother feeling sad and just sighed as she pulled her radio out of her pocket.

“This is Jessica to command, I'm going to need some transport...”

--- A quick hop back ---

Jessica lowered her guard as Kony approached, her stance relaxing, she sensed no hostility from the man she was trying to kill, only a sense of reason, and calm - clearly he wasn't all that he was made out to be.

Kony threw Jessica a bottle of water, he blatantly saw that Jessica wasn't well adapted to the intense Ugandan heat and even the dry jungle canopy that towered above couldn't provide enough protection from exposure

“I was sent here to kill you.” Jessica recited what she said before as she drank the water that Kony had just given her.

“Well you’re not right now so I have no reason to care, though I find it incredibly suspicious you’d drink a substance that could very easily have been poison.”

“A bullet is the best poison, and in this lawless country you could have easily gotten away with shooting me rather than risking poisoning me.” She said, but she knew that what was in the bottle was just water, Kony had told her as much himself.

“Say Kony, can I join you?”

“Join me? What makes you think I’m accepting applications?”

“Because Kony, it might just save your life.”

“You know something I don’t... tell me what that is.”

“Not too long from now someone is going to try and shoot you in the head, when they fail at that they’re going to burn down your camp, you need to leave the camp by then so you don’t die.”

Kony rubbed his chin, “Well... if you’re wrong I’ll just kill you.”

“I’m not wrong.”

--- 6 hours later ---

“Kony.” Jessica said pushing Kony to wake him up.

“Kony hey.”

Kony's eyes shot open and then he got to his feet; "Is it time?"

"It's time..."

Kony, Jessica and the Child Soldier fled the camp, not five minutes after they left it was engulfed in flames from top to bottom.

The trio watched as it burned to the ground, suddenly Kony's hands trembled, "You did evacuate everyone right?"

Jessica suddenly felt sick and without responding her vision narrowed.

"Oh god no." Kony aid clutching his head; "Not this... anything but this."

He fell to his knees and watched as his life's work burned to the ground and all the Child Soldiers he taught, all the lives he saved and all the animals he protected burned with it. Kony pulled out his gun.

"Kony don't" Jessica said rushing to wrestle the gun from his hands.

But it was too late.

Jessica looked at the Child Soldier who looked like a deer who'd been caught in headlights.

Jessica breathed in and got to her feet and started pacing back and forth, "I can't keep doing this." She said to herself, "I can't evacuate the entire camp in time, that wouldn't work."

“But there’s got to be a way... I just need to find it.”

Jessica Kellen kicked a pile of dirt into the burning camp;
“But I can’t do it alone...”

Suddenly she started to clutch her forehead; “Wait a minute.” She said dropping her arms to her side; “I don’t have to do it alone.”

She looked at the Child Soldier with rabid eyes; “Can you wait 5 years?”

“What?”

“5 years, can you wait for me that long? If you can I will save Kony I promise.”

“I’ll wait 100 years if I have too.”

“Thank you.” Jessica said pulling out her radio.

“I’ll save Joseph J. Kony.”

Chapter 27 – Field Hockey

“T-this level of growth is unprecedented.” Hillary stammered as she felt Jessica’s immense energy sweep over her.

“Okay.” Snowman said, exploding an aura of white energy around it.

“Finalmente, muestras tu poder complete.” Jessica said also exploding an aura of Blanco energy in response, the two auras merged and Snowman instantly teleported to Jessica, booped her on the nose and then smashed her in the solar plexus with the other hand whilst her guard was down.

Jessica reeled backwards in pain whilst clutching her stomach, “Nunca Confies en un muñeco de nieve.” She blurted as she fell to her knees.”

“Hillary, ¿Por qué Snowman no me deja en paz?” Jessica said to Hillary

“Well Jessica it is trapped here.”

“¿Qué?”

“It got here by hopping from the peak of one timeline to the trough of another, all the way to this one – when you destroyed the Kellenverse you trapped it and it had no timelines it could jump to.”

As Hillary finished her explanation Snowman kicked Jessica in the face and then teleported away as Jessica recovered from the recoil.

Jessica immediately recovered and ran at first in a seemingly random direction but as she ran she charged into Snowman who instantly phased in right before Jessica who then wrestled the Snowman to the ground and pinned her down.

Snowman's life flashed before its eyes as Jessica began punching her in the face over and over again. Puffs of snow exploded from her face as Jessica kept on whacking.

“¡SALIR!” Jessica shouted as her fists sunk into the soft snow of the Snowmans face.

“¡SALIR!” Jessica shouted as she punched her again, but as she went for another punch the Snowman teleported out of the way.

Jessica got up frantically and looked around for the Snowman, when she finally saw it, it teleported again, this time it didn't return for a long time compared to the other times, but when it did return it was exhausted, snow fumes were exhaled from its mouth and some of its pebbles were missing, it stared at Hillary Clintlight for a brief moment and then returned its concentration towards Jessica.

“¿Perdió la voluntad de luchar?”

“Jessica.”

“¿Qué?”

Suddenly the Snowman started glowing, a blindingly yellow glow of holy luminescence, Jessica shielded her eyes behind her arms and when the light faded she saw three figures standing there.

All Jessica could do was sigh.

Chapter

“We failed.” Jessica said to her alternate timeline self as Kony died again.

“What are we to do?”

“Whoever keeps on killing this man is a monster...”

“How do we save him?”

“Can we save him?”

The yielding Jessica Kellen’s were at their wits end, they’d united their infinite universe counterparts and tried as hard as they possibly could, but they just couldn’t find a timeline in which they could save the man named Joseph Kony.

Suddenly, one of the Jessica Kellen’s had an epiphany;

“What if...”

“What if Kony is always guaranteed to die.”

“Don’t say that.”

“What would have been the point?”

“Should I just kill myself now?”

“What the Hell...”

“It’s not all despair, just think about it, what if we just went to a timeline where Kony doesn’t die.”

“That wouldn’t work.”

“Yeah we can barely travel down our own timeline, let alone all the way to another.”

“It’s just not the same.”

“No wait guys, don’t give up on this just yet, who here has the highest Pyramid Rabbi level?”

“I have 4”

“3 here.”

“3 also...”

“I got 4 like the other Jessica.”

“get fucked, I got 6.”

“I don’t abide by meaningless ranking systems, HMMPH.”

“Mine is 7.”

“Seven?”

“What, no way.”

“She’s lying.”

“Look, we all want the same thing here, why would I lie?”

“Why wouldn’t you?”

“Can you all just be quiet?”

...

“Thank you, alright, since it seems I have the highest then I will do it, I have been doing a lot of research with a man known as matpat, he is an excellent theorist and someone who helped me discover the truth.”

“We all know that time is a wave.”

“You literally told us this years ago.”

“Yeah sure, but when a peak and an amplitude of a timewave collide, traveling through the time stream in any direction reaches a state of minimum energy and becomes... easy, for a Pyramid Rabbi level of 7 anyway.”

“I’ll fuse with the Child Soldier.”

“Fusion?”

“No way.”

“It’s the only way.”

“But he lacks the discipline.”

“He only has a Pyramid Rabbi level of 3.”

“Hey, what do you mean only?!”

“Just accept that if you’re below a Pyramid Rabbi level of 4 you’re useless to the cause.”

“Well actually I’ll extend that to level 5.”

“Dude what the fuck.”

“This is why you don’t buy in to retarded ranking systems.”

“Who even made the Pyramid Rabbi? Are we sure he’s trustworthy?”

“My god, shut the fuck up all of you, I’m fusing and timeline hopping to a parallel timeline. And that’s the end of that.”

“But what about the rest of us!”

“Yeah... what she said, you can’t just abandon a fellow Jess--”

Jessica took off her communicator and threw it away, she then turned to her Child Soldier.

“We can do this.”

“We can.”

“Alright, I’ll separate the timelines, you only have to do what I’d do.”

Suddenly Jessica focused her energy into splitting the timelines, creating a node and then combining herself with the Child Soldier.

She looked down.

“It worked, holy shit.” She said looking down, suddenly she saw something fall onto her hands.

“Snow?”

Also Matpat was standing nearby and was sucked into the fusion.

Chapter 27 – Field Hockey.

The light receded quickly and standing there was Matpat, Jessica Kellen and a Child Soldier from another universe.

“I can understand the Child Soldier and Jessica Kellen fusing but why Matpat?” Hillary asked.

Matpat stuck his finger to the air at about head level and said with a smug look branded across his face; “Continuity.”

“¿Que?”

“What?”

“I am a poorly written character and I break the fourth wall and I also—”

Suddenly he was consumed by a beam of light that originated from Jessica Kellens hand and then exploded into a thick gore.

“Hoy no...” Jessica said as she relaxed her arm.

“You bastard!” The Child Soldier shouted, almost charging at Jessica then and there, the only thing stopping him was the other Jessica

“Stop.” She said; “Rush in now and you’ll die...”

“Since when did you care about safety in ANY capacity?” The Child Soldier asked as he struggled to break free.

“Look, I am fed the fuck up with her and I’d quite like to kill the only thing stopping us from saving Kony, she’s right there for fuck sake, kill her and we win.”

PU-Jessica glared at him; “Don’t you think I already know that?”

“You realize though, I can’t go back to save you ...”

The Child Soldier pushed her hand out of the way, Jessica gave up trying to stop him as he charged towards what she thought would be his doom.

“At last I can kill you with my own hands.” He grimaced as he went to punch Jessica, she managed to easily block the attack but she was caught off guard with a quick hook around the side of his head.

Jessica took the blow in stride however and responded by hooking him back as their arms were crossed over each other’s.

Jessica was already tired from the constant fighting with the Snowman, she didn’t realize it at the time but she dropped to base El Blanco during the fight.

“Morirás.” She said, grabbing one of his punches.

“You’ll die first.” He responded as he slipped a blow behind Jessica’s guard and into her gut, she took the hand that she was holding and tightened her grip before she threw it sideways, twisting his face around so it was exposed to a massive straight punch to the jaw which knocked him to the ground.

As he fell his body spasmed and suddenly twisted in a freak movement, he got back to his feet in seconds and frantically attacked Jessica who quickly blocked his attacks, clumsily.

She was being pushed back and fast, as she lost energy her Blanco form started to dissipate and right as her hair returned to its normal brown a fist hit her square in the face and she tumbled backwards.

“Bastard.” She said getting back up to her feet but as she did she was jumped on by the Child Soldier who began smashing Jessica’s Face with his fist, Jessica raised her hands to block but couldn’t as she was pummeled unconscious.

Chapter 25 – The End

“What are these?” the Child Soldier inquired to the Snowman who was busy laying down blueprints onto the table, it pointed to the first and smaller of the blueprints; “Thrusters.”

It then dragged its finger across to the larger one that took up most of the table they were laid on; “Warp Drive.”

A cold breeze ran through the already ice cold room, who knew who could hear past these paper thin walls, if this information got out there would be Hell to pay, He had guards on every corner but he didn't trust them.

“Bring them to the basement.” The Child Soldier said, reaching for a switch underneath the counter, the same counter he was wiping down the mug on and pressed the switch, opening a hatch in the floor.

They both climbed down the ladder leading to a familiar room.

“You see there was a reason that I made this place in particular my residence.” He said as they emerged into a room with a teleporter in the corner and a poster that seemed to transcend time with how prominently it stood out and how long it lasted.

QUCC

He unrolled the blueprints on the table inside the teleporter room he didn't really need the thrusters but they looked vastly superior to the ones he currently had though it didn't really matter that much, all that mattered was that the Island could be propelled and that was already possible, what interested him much much more was the warp drive blueprints.

He'd been searching for a way off this Island for centuries.

The Child Soldier combed through every detail of the prints whilst drooling from his mouth.

“Finally, freedom.” He said wiping some of it from his chin; “Finally I can meet with Elliot again.”

“Thank you Snowman, if you need anything just ask.”

It just stared; “Kill Jessica Kellen.”

“Alright I'll kill Jessica Kellen.”

Chapter 26 – El Negro

“Ugh, this isn’t working.” Jessica complained to her gay self whilst pacing around her subconscious.

“Yeah no kidding.” Her gay self replied; “This is pretty bad.”

Jessica continued to pace whilst biting her nails.

“I wonder what is going on out there?”

“Probably nothing...”

“What?”

“Time is slowed in here due to less sensory information, 1 year in here is about a minute out there.”

“That’s retarded...”

“Yup, seems a lot of things are.”

“Anyway, we have bigger problems then arguing over this, we have to figure out how to defeat the Child Soldier, then we have to find out how to kill this other Jessica Kellen, she looked to be much stronger than El Blanco Tres...”

Her gay self rubbed her chin meticulously and then dropped her arms to her side.

“Hmm, okay – this may sound retarded, but what if... what if we used the combined Blanco energies of the infinite Jessica Kellen’s!”

“Dude, sick let’s do it.”

Jessica’s eyes shot open like the wings of a bee, just as a fist was about to pummel her face she grabbed it in half a millisecond and ripped the arm right off of the Child Soldier’s body before getting to her feet, even she could feel the ground shake beneath her as she moved.

“Jessica El Blanco God El Blanco.” She said, admiring her new form (which was basically just Blanco Tres), but her new powers didn’t stop the ultimate power of all, snide remarks.

“I would have called it El Blanco Mk2 Electric Boogaloo.” Hillary said and then immediately regretted as she was met with glares from both Jessica’s, the Child Soldier would have glared too if he wasn’t trying to stop the blood gushing from his arm stump.

“Excellent.” PU-Jessica said, ignoring the Child Soldier who was bleeding out on the floor, not for lack of care, but she did warn him.

“I was waiting for your ascension.”

“I preferred you more when you were fused.” Hillary commented; “Bring Snowman back.”

“I’d prefer it if you shut your fucking mouth.” PU-Jessica commanded.

“We’re kind of having a life and death battle here, we could do without a sarcastic cunt.”

“Noted.” Hillary said mime-ing herself zipping her lips closed; “Hey, I’m a fusion too did you know?”

PU-Jessica sighed, and Jessica sighed in Spanish.

“Terminemos esto.” Jessica said, raising her fists ready to fight.

“Yes, let’s finish this.” PU-Jessica responded as she powered up to a form she’d never see before, her hair was black.

“La forma más fuerte de un universo paralelo, Jessica... El Negro.”

“Oh, I see! Black in the opposite of white... hmm, very clever.” Hillary said excitedly.

PU-Jessica immediately powered down, “Okay, fuck off.” PU-Jessica said pointing directly at Hillary.

“But.” Hillary said backing up.

“Do what she said and fuck off.” Jessica said, also powered down.

Hillary was lost for words and so ran back into her house almost crying.

Both powered up once more.

“Terminemos esto.” Jessica said raising her fists.

“Terminemos esto.” PU-Jessica replied, intentionally causing a large and powerful aura of black energy to explode from her because it’d be edgy and cool.

“La forma más fuerte de un universo paralelo, Jessica... El Negro.”

The black and white energy violently fought for control over the area, two forces of nature going toe to toe against each other and like tsunamis they charged towards each other.

Each punch that landed caused nearby buildings to be shattered by the sheer force of impact alone, PU-Jessica went for a straight punch to Jessica's gut, but Jessica caught it and before Jessica could retaliate PU-Jessica jumped backwards to avoid being hit.

PU Jessica charged forwards towards Jessica, dodging her blows with what I like to call SHM, also known as Swift Head Movements, she rapidly dodged the blows as she charged in and then swerved her fist around as she ran and implanted it right in the side of Jessica's right cheek, sending ripples and waves throughout the thin lining of the skin and muscle that covered her skull.

In the split seconds afterwards Jessica violently retaliated by punching PU-Jessica's left-cheek causing similar ripple effects that crumbled the bones underneath, the stance of interlocked fists was held for a second before they pulled themselves apart and followed it up with a flurry of fast punches, none of which did anything in particular and were mostly for flare, you see both Jessica's were extremely narcissistic and wanted anyone who might give a passing glance to think to themselves;

“Sick.”

So they wasted a lot of time on completely impractical things for the small chance that someone was watching.

Hillary was hiding inside the house and flinching as she heard the explosions of who knew what behind her, she didn't look outside the window, if she did she might accidentally do another one-liner and she didn't want to be killed by either of the Jessica's.

PU-Jessica went to shoulder barge Jessica but she pivoted out of the way and implanted her heel firmly into the back whilst she was trying to flip around.

PU-Jessica teleported the moment her face implanted into the snow on the ground and kicked the back of Jessica's neck with the intent of breaking her spine but all it did was force her to topple forwards.

“Verás, soy real, no lo eres, la energía de Dios es falsa, la energía real no es blanca, sino negra, ¿por qué no entiendes esto? Malditamente extraño” PU-Jessica said whilst staring down at Jessica.

Jessica got to her feet and wiped the dirt off of her chin with the back of her hand, “ganaré” she said, before swiftly uppercutting PU-Jessica and firing an explosion of energy from her palm which manifested in the form of a wave. It consumed PU-Jessica but when the light faded there was no corpse to be found.

Suddenly a flying kick appeared out of nowhere that would have knocked Jessica's head off if she hadn't moved her hand to block it, “That's strange.” Gay Jessica said from inside her head, “When did she learn Taekwondo?”

“No sé.” Jessica replied.

“¿Qué?” PU-Jessica asked angrily as she went to punch Jessica's face.

“No wait, I figured it out” Gay Jessica said.

“¿Qué?”

“Alternative timelines, of course.”

Suddenly Jessica knew every single martial art ever conceived of from the countless Jessica Kellen’s who knew countless martial arts, something that could only be done by the most finely tuned minds to the concept of time and those with chakras so aligned they could destroy everything, it’s like fusion, but what the fuck.

Jessica’s combat prowess increased immediately, and she utilized her now perfect knowledge of *Wing Chun* and also her lightning fast reaction speeds given to her by her Blanco energy replacing the electrical/chemical energies in her neurons of the brain to block all of PU-Jessica’s attacks with ease causing visible agitation in PU-Jessica due to her inability to “Asesina a esta perra.”

If at any point you are having trouble following the scene just imagine a Bruce Lee movie.

“Nice.” Gay Jessica said as Jessica socked PU-Jessica in the face before slapping her into a daze.

“Gracias.” Jessica responded out loud as she blocked the shin of a leg about to wipe her head off its neck with her forearm and pulled it as hard as she could until she heard a slight crack

PU-Jessica bit her lip before she dragged her leg away, tossed it around and caught Jessica in the face, bloodying her cheek.

“Jesus christ this has been going on for ages.” Gay Jessica said, “You’ve already wasted like, 90% of all the energy of infinite Jessicas that gave you their energy, not to mention you completely depleted your own reserves, we’re on borrowed time here Jessica, end it quickly.”

Immediately Jessica's consciousness turned blank, Kanye West ran out into the battlefield, pointed at Jessica Kellen and shouted, “SHE’S DEFINITELY IN HER ZONE.”

And then he was crushed by a rock.

Jessica drove a fist into PU-Jessica's PU temple, landed a flurry of punches into her gut and then thrust a swift knee into her face, bloodying her nose.

PU-Jessica grabbed Jessica’s hair and yanked her towards the floor, bringing her knee to her face before she reached the ground.

Jessica rolled away as soon as she could rushed to her feet and punched PU-Jessica right in her teeth, knocking several out

PU-Jessica smashed her own head onto Jessica's head, and stumbled backwards in a daze.

Jessica used this opportunity to punch her again, dragging her knuckles across her chin, cutting the skin at some parts before she grabbed her neck and held her up high.

Jessica squeezed as hard as she could, like she was trying to pop a piece of gum out of its wrapper, her grip contorted the flesh and caused a depression in the skin, Alt-Jessica kneed Jessica in the face repeatedly but despite her face becoming increasingly bloodied Jessica didn't loosen her grip around Alt-Jessica's neck and instead kept it firmly in place, Alt-Jessica was slowly losing consciousness and before she drew her last breath she raised a finger, shot out a single straight beam of energy towards Jessica's heart,

And they both dropped to the ground.

Chapter 27 – Kony 2018

“Jessica Kellen has been killed.” The superposition said, admiring the newly restored conference room of the Israeli presidential office, the damage that Snowman and Jessica did was all but repaired.

“No amount of QUCC-ery will save her this time.” It continued, placing its arms on its hips; “No matter, commence the replacement.”

Suddenly the superposition was split open by a bright light and a sole Jessica stepped out lethargically as her sense of self returned and then fell to her knees.

“At last...” she muttered as she pulled herself up using the railing, almost tearing it off as she got to her feet, the superposition began booming its commands at her.

“The Snowman is dead, the Jessica of this world finally defeated our greatest enemy, herself.”

A Jessica who was picking up seats and brushing the dust from it butted in;

“Those who oppose the Kellen, will die by the Kellen.” Jessica Kellen said putting the chair back down.

“INDEED!” The voice boomed; “THE WAY OF KELLEN IS TRULY GLORIOUS. Though that Snowman really did a number on us. I’m not sure we’re even in the triple digits anymore.”

“Anyway...” the nu-Jessica said short of breath.

“Shouldn’t we do what this entire plan was for?”

“YES!” The Jessica’s boomed again, “LET US FIND KONY.”

“Alright... I don’t have Blanco or anything though...”

“THAT IS FINE. KONY HAS A MERE PYRAMID RABBI LEVEL OF 3.” The Jessica’s boomed, assuring nu-Jessica of her own success.

“...Alright.” The Nu-Jessica sighed.

She sluggishly walked out of the room, her torso slightly swaying from side to side the way a heavily intoxicated person would and made her way out of the room.

She already figured that finding Kony was a pretty blatant impossibility, well maybe not impossible but for her at least this attempt was futile at best.

“S.T.A.L.—” She heard on her earpiece, a remnant of when the multiverse was united, funnily enough they still worked as communication devices.

“I mean, Jessica, your first mission is to go to the site of the death of Jessica, we still have a few things we need to confirm before we can find Kony. Coordinates marked on your PDA.”

“What?” she said as she heard a vibration from the pockets of her khakis, she pulled out a PDA; “How did this even... never mind.”

She pulled up the PDA and looked at the map.

“Fascinating...” she said sarcastically as she put it back into her pocket.

“Well, I guess I need to escape Israel now though, sure would be great if I could teleport... I’m not gay though.”

And so Nu-Jessica walked and tried to find an airport,.

“Mind marking an airport on my PDA?” Jessica asked, still partially winded from who knows what.

She didn’t get a response.

Chapter 28 – The Meetup

Joseph J. Kony Peeked out from behind the building, he saw Hilly walk out and scratch her head, he pulled out a gun that was stuffed into the back of his belt and held it out in front of him.

Slowly he crept up towards Hillary and placed a gun on her head.

He wasn't very stealthy because Hillary realized pretty quickly.

"I don't intend to fight you." She said as the metal barrel was placed on her head; "I assure you I am a wholly neutral party..."

Kony scoffed at this notion.

"There's only two people in this world, those who are against be or those who are with me."

"Don't be gay." Clintlight said, swiftly swiveling around, she tried to grab his gun and disarm him but only caused it to be dropped and fall to the ground.

They both looked down at the gun.

"Jessica Kellen is coming for you."

Kony leaned right to look behind her; "Doesn't look like it Hillary, looks like Jessica is dead if you ask me."

Hillary clasped the bridge of her nose in frustration.

“Right now there is an infinite number of Jessica Kellen’s looking for you Kony, and this time it's not across multiple timelines they're all looking for (you) so I recommend running.”

“No.”

“Okay, your loss.” Clintlight said heading back inside.

Kony spat on the ground and went over to pick up his gun, brushing off the snow that had clumped up on it.

“The snow is even blood stained.” He said running his finger through Jessica’s blood.

“Psst.” He heard and his head shot to the source.

“Kony.” He heard someone whispering, he turned around again.

A head poked out of an alleyway.

“Is that?” he whispered to himself.

He crept over, holding his gun out, and when he entered the alleyway he was stopped by Elliot Rodger.

“Put that gun away. It won’t do anything against Jessica Kellen.” He said, Kony was about to disagree but then he remembered Jessica Kellen surviving the bullets so he just threw it away.

“How do we stop her then?” he asked nervously looking both ways down the alleyway.

“Well we have a secret weapon.” Elliot said confidently and then pointed towards Tyrone who nodded towards Kony.

“Kellen is not the only one who is well versed in the art of time, I also possess a power like Blanco and Negro but I’d like to think it is stronger.”

Tyrone's voice was really high pitched.

Elliot pushed open a door in the alleyway and retreated into a spacious dark room as if he was walking into a void, Kony entered in with them.

Elliot lit a candle that flickered violently before receding into still calmness when he placed it on a table, it lit the room, but only dimly.

“How are we supposed to know when Jessica arrives?” Kony complained.

“Tyrone can sense it.”

“He can sense Jessica... what a weirdly specific ability... but why are we in a dark room?”

“Tyrone needs to be charged up of course.”

“What?”

“There exists something known as nega-timelines that exist separately from parallel timelines, concurrent timelines and multiple timelines, they are complete opposites of everything that makes life possible, they are in fact, what would happen if the big bang didn’t happen. By QUCC the big bang itself did not occur in an infinite number of timelines, because of this X remained 0 and time didn’t proceed, these are the nega-timelines, the timelines that Tyrone has affinity for that affinity is bolstered by darkness.”

“So…”

“So he can utilize the power of darkness to become stronger.”

“Woah, edgy.”

Suddenly Tyrone started to speak as he sat in front of the table.

“The only problem with living in the darkness is that you never see the light.”

His eyes snapped shut.

Suddenly a potato appeared on the table, actually it wasn’t really a potato it was more like a spud and the symbol for anarchy was suddenly carved into it and then it exploded.

“Woah, was that an anarchy spud?” Kony asked pointing towards the now empty table.

“No.” Tyrone said; “It was just your imagination.”

“Oh, okay – well whilst we’re here can I just ask...” Kony said, he hesitated to ask the question but soon worked up the courage as he felt the eyes of his peers glaring at him.

“Are we in a simulation?” he blurted out causing Tyrone’s eyebrow to twitch.

He didn’t open his eyes, he just sat there for a second and then suddenly held out his hands, his palms open and facing up.

On one had was a red pill, that shined with the candle light, on the other was a blue pill that was matte and didn’t reflect the light at all.

“Take the red pill and I will—”

Kony lunged for the blue pill, quickly scooping it out of Tyrone’s hand and then placing it right into the back of his throat, swallowing without hesitation.

“Okay, tell me.”

“No, the world is not a simulation.”

“That it? Mind telling me why?”

Tyrone procured a piece of paper from inside of his coat and placed it onto the table right about where the imaginary potato imaginarily exploded.

He pulled out a pen and placed it on top of the paper.

“Please write 0.1 on the paper”

Kony picked up the pen cautiously and wrote 0.1 in extremely bad handwriting.

“Now write ‘+’ and then 0.2”

Kony wrote ‘0.1+0.2’ on the paper.

“Now write the sum of that on the page.”

Kony wrote 0.30000000000000004 on the scrap of paper as if it was natural and then looked up confused at Tyrone.

“What was this supposed to prove?” Kony asked suspiciously.

“Well if we are in a simulation it would be ‘0.30000000000000004 ’ because computers wouldn’t be able to process it, blame floating point math.”

Kony wiped the sweat off his head and sat down to wait for Jessica with the rest of them, Tyrone closed his eyes and went back to embracing the nega.

Chapter 29 – Nu Vs Old

Nu-Jessica managed to find an airport that would let her on, turns out that most of the airports were closed though she couldn't figure out why.

Probably because there was a terrorist attack less than a day prior, but Nu-Jessica couldn't have known that.

The airport that she did go to probably didn't even realize that there was a terrorist attack because they didn't even check or search her they just said; "Yeah sure get on the plane."

And she did.

A plane headed right for America, she couldn't teleport like the Jessica originating from this timeline could, as stated before she lacked the chakra, or so she thought, in reality she lacked the gay self that is essential to unlocking the true secrets of time and space.

She sat on the blue suede chairs and waited for her flight to take off, she looked around and realized that everyone on the plane looked incredibly nervous.

I looked around and realized I'm a hack for doing the same joke twice.

The plane went into the air and did a buncha loop de loops before the pilots apologized and said he was incredibly intoxicated, the message trying to be portrayed here is the detrimental effect that alcohol has on your life, just one day spent drunk can cause it to spiral out of control... deep

Anyway, the plane leveled out and continued forwards, it wasn't until 3 hours later that the announcer said that the plane had almost arrived in America.

Suddenly a few people shot up out of their seats, and then everyone shot up and charged to the door of the pilot.

“THIS IS A HOSTILE TAKEOVER.” They shouted;
“WE'RE CRASHING THIS PLANE WITH NO SURVIVORS.”

Suddenly Jessica shot to her feet.

“Hey, stop...” she said, still winded like always, who knew why but it didn't seem to be going away.

“Wait a minute.” One man said, turning around; “That's ‘er ain't it!”

“Yeah, she's the one that tricked us.”

“What do yo—”

“Turns out you can't use an exploded plane for a terrorist attack.”

“W-hat?” Jessica asked with sincere confusion as they surrounded her.

Suddenly they all attacked her and that's when she discovered her truest of true powers, that of the drunken fighting style, with godlike reflexes and haphazard fluidity she beat up the people who charged at her.

“This doesn't make sense...” she said as she beat up the terrorists.

“I don’t even know how to fight...”

It didn’t matter though, like a whirlwind of destruction she created a pile of bodies and then a flight attendant stepped out.

“No way...” the flight attendant said as she picked up the mess; “Could it be the legendary reincarnation of Wong Fei-Hung.”

“No, it’s just Jessica.” She replied as she sat back down in her seat.

“Well Jessica, you just saved the world from a greater tragedy than the famed 7/11 attacks that happened literally yesterday.”

“You’re a hero Jessica...”

Soon the entire crew came out and applauded her, the clapping only aggravated her constantly winded self and, so she beat up all of them and flew the plane into the World Trade Centre.

“Well then.” Jessica said, brushing off the dust from her clothes and taking a second to breath.

“Good thing Kony is gonna kill me soon so I don’t have to deal with the repercussions of blowing up the WTC.”

She brought out her PDA and turned it on, looked at the map again and realized it was a bit easier to understand now that it was significantly closer.

She just had to walk to the sight of the fight with the target known as ‘Snowman’

“Was it really necessary to blow up another building.” The Jessica’s back in Israel asked through the ear piece.

“Not really.” She responded as if she was narcoleptic, which is probably the case.

“Then why did you do it?”

“Dunno, just felt like it, can I get on with the mission now?”

The Jessica’s didn’t respond and the Nu-Jessica continued towards the sight of the fight, on her way there she saw Guy Heaven Gym.

“Oh yeah...” she said nostalgically.

“I spent a lot of time here in my timeline.”

“I spent a lot of time here in my timeline, but it’s been a long time since I was actually in my timeline, it died since then, I can’t remember much about the end, I only felt time slowing down and then gravity weaken and then I hopped to the nearest stable one and entered the superposition.”

She looked at her watch and then at the burning building; “I also remember something about an island.”

“It’ll be night soon...”

She thought about going to Guy Heaven Gym but then she convinced herself not to, the superposition of Jessica’s would just get angry at her again and she couldn’t be bothered dealing with that so instead she continued tiredly walking down the road towards the site of the battle.

She approached the cracked road that lead into the cul-de-sac where Jessica and the Snowman fought not knowing there was an alleyway that cut the travel time in half, but she didn't mind the walking.

She was only going to verify that they were dead so that finding Kony would be smooth sailing, she knew it wouldn't be smooth sailing, but the superposition didn't care about what she knew. She wasn't nearly powerful enough though, her Pyramid Rabbi level was too low, but she didn't have much choice, all the Jessica's banded together to kill Kony and whilst she believed it would have been more apt for multiple Jessica's to leave the superposition and kill Kony together it seemed they had ulterior plans.

She came out into the Cul-De-Sac, half of the ground was covered in Ice indicating snow, snow that she assumed was caused by the fight between the Snowman and Jessica Kellen.

She ran her finger across the ice and let some of it melt and reform as condensation on her finger.

“Yeah, this variant of H₂O is not from this timeline that's for sure... its oxygen content is far too high than typical ice that forms in this planet's atmosphere... whatever that means.”

“I can't see any Jessica's though.” She said as she turned her head around the snowy battlefield.

All she saw was the corpse of the Child Soldier that was dead, his arm missing and what was presumably his blood surrounded him in the snow.

“Pretty gross, no sign of Jessica though.”

They were both missing, the slight deformations their bodies left in the ice remained but any sign of an actual corpse was gone, all that was left was a slight blood splattering where Jessica was shot by PU-Jessica, but Nu-Jessica just assumed this was the blood off the Child Soldier and so ignored the fact that it trailed away from the site of the fight.

It's not like she could focus on that anyway because her attention was grabbed by Joseph Kony who was standing on the other side of the Cul-De-Sac.

“Kony.” She said suddenly as he flipped around his green hat, symbolic of the triface.

“Jessica.” He responded; “Though, not the Jessica of this timeline.”

Before Jessica could attack, Elliot Rodger and Tyrone appeared behind Kony.

“Go for it Kony.” They said together.

“We'll stop her if she happens to be stronger than we predicted.”

She could easily get a good ready on Kony and Elliot Rodger, not only because she knew both well but because they had a similar PR level to her own.

Kony was definitely a PR level of 3, there was no way he was 4 nor was there a way that he was 2, he was a bona fide level 3.

Elliot Rodger on the other hand was more uncertain, he was either a 3 or a 4, likely 3.9 if Jessica had to guess but there was no way to be sure.

The man known as Tyrone however was completely unreadable, his Pyramid Rabbi level must have been 0 or something because she couldn't interpret what it was just by her vision alone.

She got ready to fight Kony, but she already gave up on winning, she just did what she was told by the superposition and if she didn't the superposition would declare her a rogue and kill her anyway.

So she put to use her newly learnt Drunken Boxing style to create a whirlwind of power that Kony didn't dare come near, he stepped backwards as fast as he could, desperately dodging out of the way as Jessica attacked, his feet barely missing each other as they danced away from destruction.

Kony raised his fists and tried to fight it, he managed to swipe away a few hits but it was simply too fast for him, too random and too unpredictable.

"Yeah, no." Kony said teleporting away.

"Wait... nooo." Jessica whined as she stumbled around, dizzying herself with her frantic swipes, she rubbed her chin.

"Well, if Kony is going to quantum tunnel his way out of here I'll just have to follow..."

"Now how did the other Jessica's quantum tunnel?"

She stood there for about five seconds before Elliot butted in.

“Hey.” Elliot Rodger said; “The supreme gentleman demands your attention.”

“What?” she turned around in the same narcoleptic fashion she managed to keep up for quite a while now, it was a wonder how she didn’t fall asleep.

Elliot coughed twice, “There will be no quantum tunneling today, we’re your opponents.”

Jessica went back to thinking about ways to quantum tunnel.

“HEY FUCK YOU!”

“Elliot, calm down.”

The Nu-Jessica figured out quantum tunneling and disappeared.

“God Damn it.”

Chapter 30 – Thrusters Online

“It has been 500 years.” The Child Soldier said to himself, his fingers tightly interlocked; “How far the island has come since those dark days when simple space monkeys were a thing to be feared... now they’re zoo animals for our entertainment.”

He walked out onto his balcony, overlooking the main island that now made up the capital city of this country, it had no name, it was the only country so it didn’t need one, most people just referred to it as the Island, or the Isles the latter was becoming increasingly more common as more islands were added, it wasn’t just an island anymore, it was a greatly expanding civilization that became space fairing long ago, the materials and preparations were ready for the warp-drive and the thrusters for every part of the Island were placed and maintained.

“I wonder if Elliot even still remembers me.” He said, not realizing that time was faster here and 500 years here was about 5 months in Elliot’s time, this is probably due to the closeness of the island to the sun speeding up time for the inhabitants, or it could just be due to the fucked nature of time either way.

“Better yet, is he still alive even...”

The Child Soldier glanced at his large metallic watch, a Space Watch of course because this is in the distant future and civilization is very advanced, so a blue hologram needlessly popped out of the watch and spoke to the Child Soldier.

“It is 4:20.” The hologram said before disappearing back into the watch.

“Looks like it’s time.” The Child Soldier said vaulting over his balconies marble railings and onto the streets below, the only thing stopping him from going splat and exploding into a huge pile of blood were the anti-suicide measures in place by the city and so instead he slowly floated down and landed on the pavement.

He landed with grace and eloquence, and the moment he landed he started to walk with the same grace as he made his way to the place where this all started, the location of the initial island, the place where the time machine was.

He wasn’t going there to use the time machine however, lord knows what would happen if he did try to go back in time, especially given that there is no time to go back too, that was gone.

In fact, he didn’t even want to know.

Several people who had been following him through the shadows joined him as he started to walk through the door, they’d been waiting for this day too for almost as long as he had.

Together the Child Soldier and the shadowy men in black walked through the house and down into the basement, they each assembled at the different consoles as if it was a choreographed dance.

The wormhole drive actually used two black holes in resonance with each other, one from the initial time machine and the other that was artificially constructed by the island itself, the thrusters had been pre-installed by they’ve been around for a while anyway.

One of the men quickly turned a knob on the console.

“THRUSTERS ONLINE.” He shouted as the basement began to shake, he quickly grappled onto the handlebars to stop himself from falling over.

The Child Soldier quickly pulled down a monitor displaying what was outside and tested the steering mechanism installed on the island, unsurprisingly when he rolled the steering wheel left the island turned left, when he turned right the island turned right.

“OKAY.” The Child Soldier shouted, trying to be heard over the shaking of the island.

“THE MOBILITY IS STABLE, WE CAN MOVE.”

“ALRIGHT.” Another man shouted back; “ACTIVATING BLACK HOLE RESONATOR... 3, 2, 1... WORMHOLE READY.”

The Child Soldier pressed a blue button that started to glow on the console and a rip in space, they had to act fast, the wormhole would be gone in a few seconds.

The Child Soldier frantically turned the island towards the rip and then put the pedal to the floor as the thrusters exploded jets of fire behind them.

“WORMHOLE IMMINENT.” One of his men said as they flew the island into it, a few segments crumbled off under the strain causing millions to die but they soon emerged into modern day America.

Home

Chapter 31 – Ominous Chapter Title to Carefully Foreshadow the Contents of the Chapter Without Actually Directly Mentioning what happens.

Diego Suarez expected nothing less with his evening than for a man to suddenly appear in his house and block the view to the T.V.

“Crap.” The man who just appeared said; “I guess with nothing to anchor to the location of my teleportation is random.”

Diego wiped the drool that built up from his dirty white vest and then put down his beer can into a pile of beer cans.

“Ey man who are you?” he said with an extremely forced-sounding Mexican accent.

Kony turned around to the man who was sitting, slumped on the couch behind him; “Who are you?”

“Eh, what the fuck you ask me for, you in my house, you get out or tell who are eh?” he replied pointing at Kony.

“Not even layer 1 on the Pyramid Rabbi.”

“Pyramid Wh-y-at?” he asked standing up; “This some kinda prank?”

“Márcó I know you’re behind this!”

Kony ignored him and left the house, Diego was about to go get his shotgun but then decided against it and slumped back into his couch, Kony didn’t know where he was, but he knew the tale of Diego Suarez ended there.

Diego picked up a new beer and cracked it open.

“Wh-y-at de fuck?” Diego exclaimed as he dropped a freshly opened beer, another person phased into his house, this time a mildly lethargic woman who wobbled sluggishly as she got her bearings.

“Eyy broad, get out of house.” He said, trying to wipe his shirt down with more of his shirt.

“Did you see—”

“I said out, yer boyfriends that way.”

Jessica promptly left the residence of Diego Suarez without so much as looking back as she went out the already opened door, Diego’s role in this story had ended.

Jessica saw Kony as soon as she left, he was crossing the road and was about to reach the other side before Jessica shouted at him.

“Kony, you can’t escape me!”

Jessica charged after Kony and like a tornado beat him the fuck up, his face slowly being bludgeoned by the constant feats of power being outputted by the true chosen one, the reincarnation of the original Drunken Master.

Truly a battle as epic as this would go down in the history books, overwriting *David and Goliath*, undermining *The Iliad* and making even the very historic fight between King Arthur and Lancelot mere child’s play.

Diego Suarez peeled back his ragged curtain, overstaying his welcome in this story and what he saw when he looked through the net was one person slapping the other person over and over again.

“What a buncha ‘tards.” He said, letting the curtains droop closed and going back to sit on his sofa. This is the last time Diego is mentioned.

Jessica clocked Joseph right on the nose and he recoiled backwards.

“What was that for?” he stammered as he felt for blood dripping out of his nose, Jessica clocked him on the nose again.

“Dude, stop.”

Jessica did it again.

Diego peeled back his curtain, his curiosity getting the better of him and he saw Jessica continuously bop Kony on the nose again and again with little retaliation.

Kony is being pushed back, Jessica thought to herself as she clocked him on the nose again, *he’s too slow, he can’t dodge my blows.*

But Jessica, Diego and Kony were all quickly stopped in place and stunned as a large shadow swept over the streets and blocked out the sun.

Loose and crumbled rocks fell down from the sky and strange looking monkeys held tightly to the bottom, fearing the sun and the overwhelming amount of light that filled up this strange new world they appeared in.

“What the fuck.” They all said in unison whilst Kony was distracted by the island Jessica used this opportunity to clock him around the face again, Kony only looked back with irritation.

The Child Soldier heroically jumped from the Island and crashed into the ground, he was lucky that he bent his legs because there was no anti-suicide measures in this time, though he assumed there would have been by now, as far as he could tell nothing had changed in the 500 years that this timeline had been going on for.

Of course, he didn't realize that it hadn't been 500 years.

The Child Soldier let the pain run up his legs and then stood up without wincing.

“What?” Kony asked but didn't really continue his questioning.

“Kony!” The Child Soldier said excitedly.

“Wait a minute... was it you who wrote that in the snow?”

“Snow?”

“Yeah, when I was in Israel I teleported and when I came back there was ‘Kony?’ written in the snow.”

“Kony that was several hundred years ago now.”

“Actually, it was little more than a day ago.”

The Child Soldier rubbed his chin, Kony then rubbed his chin.

“huh...”

“Okey, touching.” Diego drunkenly stammered as he left his house.

“But I want to see the rest of these fucken feight okey?”

Jessica bopped Kony on the nose again, much to the pleasure of Diego who was happily clapping with applause.

“Ehyah that’s more like it!” he shouted across the street.

The Child Soldier was sickened by how primitive everything in this land was, even the space monkeys had more decency than these people.

The Child Soldier pulled out a metal rod with buttons tacked on the side, he pressed a button on it and a beam of energy shot out, this caught the attention of both Kony and Jessica who both really liked shiny things.

“I call it, the lightsword.” He said, swinging it around, as he did the sound of electricity could be heard whooshing through the air.

Once he finished showing off he tossed it at Jessica and it tore into her brain causing her to cartoonishly fall backwards and then be impaled into the ground.

Diego couldn’t believe his eyes, he was only slightly sad that his padré would never have lived long enough to see this.

“Woah...” Kony said; “So easy.”

“Retarded timeline gimmicks only work so well, they can’t possibly defeat a few centuries of human progress.” The Child Soldier bragged as he retrieved the lightsword from Jessica’s corpse and sheathing it.

Diego jubilantly clapped.

“Yes yes very good what a twist.” He said dancing around.

Not long after two people rolled down the streets in a beaten-up hatchback.

And as soon as they arrived they got out, it was Elliot and Tyrone.

Elliot saw the Child Soldier and the Child Soldier saw Elliot.

“Kept you waiting huh?” the Child Soldier said as he nodded towards him; “Not really.” Elliot Rodger replied, but suddenly the world began to rumble and shake, soon incredible shouting could be heard from the sky itself.

“DID SOMEONE SAY RETARDED TIMELINE GIMMICKS?” Jessica Kellen said as she swept down from the sky and landed onto the island, using her immense power to obliterate everyone on the island and turning it into a thin mist of dust and blood before she gracefully landed on the ground.

“Greetings.” She said as she walked towards the group.

“What the fuck Jessica, that was an entire continent worth of people, that was what I spent almost 500 years cultivating you god-damned cunt!” The Child Soldier said as anger boiled inside him, Jessica vanished and then teleported behind him ripped off his arm and beat him around the head with it causing him to fall to the floor.

“I thought you were dead?” Kony asked, frantically backing away as the Child Soldier screamed and flopped around like a fish out of water.

“Not any more, my cold dead body moved on its own and absorbed Snowman’s life force.”

“What, how?”

“Well by the laws of QUCC, a signal in my brain was randomly created from a Higgs Boson particle quantum tunneling into my brain which caused my motor neurons to fire and for me to reach forwards as a result.

This happened several times for each movement it would take for me to do this and you have what you see today.”

“What the fuck... that may as well be impossible,”

“If there’s a QUCC there’s a way.”

Suddenly the Child Soldier stopped squirming and looked up at Kony.

“Kill her, please Kony kill her.”

Kony nodded and then charged at Jessica Kellen who hastily slapped away any attempts at attacking these mortals made, she didn't even have to enter into her El Blanco form to fend them off with ease, in truth she had already inherited much of the first 2 layers of Blanco's power into her base form, a powerup less than El Blanco Tres would likely do little in her favor.

Quickly she caught both Kony's and Elliot's fists in a cross and immediately powered up to El Blanco Tres and she pulled them into each other.

"Tontos." She said mockingly whilst bending their fingers, she threw them apart and then shot beams of exceedingly bright light at them, causing both to be vaporized.

When the light subsided the corpse of Elliot Rodger fell to the ground on her right and the corpse of the Child Soldier fell to her left.

Jessica bit her lip when she realized that Kony had escaped again.

But then the lights turned off.

Jessica was suddenly surrounded by a deathly darkness, a darkness that she managed to push back using her huge energy to see the beast that lurked within the darkness... Tyrone.

"Welcome to the Nega realms." He said as he swathed his hands in a black flame; "Welcome indeed."

“¿Que?” Jessica said as she looked around the darkness, she wasn’t in America anymore, she was in the first dimension, the dimension under the God Complex and the infinite layers of Hell and Limbo she was in the Nega timelines and she could only shudder.

“I was the true main villain all along.” Tyrone said, adjusting his gloves and putting on a pair of sunglasses, to which he chuckled.

“Funny, we’re in complete darkness and I choose to put on sunglasses.”

He continued to chuckle to himself.

“Eso no es gracioso, date prisa y lucha contra mi.”

“Well then, since you asked so nicely.”

Tyrone teleported in front of Jessica immediately and put a well placed punch into her gut, before it registered that she was punched she was already flying backwards, as she flew she coughed out blood and crashed into Diego’s house.

“Well Jessica, lost the will to fight?” he said mockingly, chuckling to himself once more.

“no es tu error...” she said, climbing back to her feet;
“¡Iluminaré la noche!”

The two monoliths of power stood like two towers as their energies collided.

Jessica charged at Tyrone, her fist easily caught.

“Jessica, don’t you see, I have a Pyramid Rabbi level of 10, it’s as simple as that, I am stronger, than you.”

Jessica was being dangled by her forearm and trying to wriggle free, she was about to lose hope, when suddenly Sam Peek and John Titor stepped out of the shadows, both had a Pyramid Rabbi level of 3.

“Bueno, Tyrone.” she said, as Tyrone’s jaw was agape with horror.

“But this is literally a closed off pocket of Nega-time, how...”

Jessica joined her compadres and together they banished Tyrone by murdering him.

“¡El poder de la amistad gana de nuevo!” Jessica screamed as she ripped the Nega-being in twine, as the Nega energy spilled outwards she felt the world fade to black and her legs weaken as she passed out.

The power of friendship had defeated evil again.

Chapter 32 – The Funeral

Jessica felt the rain drop down her skin as the casket was lowered into the ground by a complex pulley system, the priest was giving his sermon as the casket dropped.

“I did not have the privilege of getting to know Ice Cylinder before he quite tragically passed away.

Having only been here for today I did not have the clearly joyous experience of seeing his wonderful life transpire as you all have and so of course I lack the memories and experiences shared with this man.

But, I can certainly tell by the people gathered here today that he had a good and fulfilled life and guided by the presence of god he was born a man but died a hero.

But we are not here to mourn his death, or feel sad and pity yes he is gone, but he did not die in vain, we are here to honor him as a hero, as someone who helped bring down the forces of evil that this land harbored in the shadows and he was the first to reveal the secrets of the Pyramid Rabbi to the world.

And it is with great honor that I am here today, delivering him to his peaceful rest.

He was also a terrorist, but we’re going to overlook that.”

The sermon gave a bow and everyone clapped dirt was shoveled onto the coffin chunk by chunk and people just watched as it happened.

“So...” Sam said with his hands in his pockets.

“I don’t know.” Jessica replied as she brought a lighter out of her pocket and lit up a cigarette as she started smoking it.

There was a long silence as everyone watched the coffin become buried under mounds of dirt.

“Aren’t you going to say anything?” Sam asked.

“Well Sam, the wind blows, rain falls, and the strong prey upon the weak, it’s just fate, nothing we can do about it.”

“You literally have a time machine, fate means nothing.”

“Yeah, but if I were to go back in time I’d have to do 45 thousand words all over again.”

“You are such a scumbag.”

“Yeah well, I’m thirsty. Wanna go get a drink or something?” Jessica said to Sam.

Sam sighed and got up, “same as usual?”

Jessica nodded, and Sam got up from the bench, he made his way through the crowd towards the outside bar that had been set up and was serving drinks.

He brought the drinks and pushed his way back through the crowd again to see that Jessica Kellen was no longer there, and in her place, was a letter.

“Well, she finally figured it out.” He said, putting down the drinks and picking up the letter.

“Godspeed Jessica, God speed.”

Jessica's Letter

Dear Sam,

If you're reading this then you've either stolen this from me or I am about to put into motion a plan that will let me finally kill the man named Joseph Kony.

I'll give you the benefit of the doubt and assume the latter is true, if so you cannot stop me, I am already gone.

You see when I was fighting with the Snowman I realized something, her timeline consists of Kony always dying, something which I didn't even realize was possible, but it seems it is, anyway, you've probably figured out by now that I plan to use the same mechanism that Snowman used to get here to go to the parallel universe.

Honestly, I have no clue how long this will take or how many timelines I'll drastically ruin along the way but I know that this is what I have to do, ride the waves, so to speak.

But I won't leave you empty handed, enclosed in this letter is every single event that happened since I was contacted by the man known as Jace W. Connors.

If you can, tell my story to the world and let that story be my legacy, because I am not sure if I'll ever be able to return.

And one last thing.

Goodbye Sam.

To be continued.