



## 4.4 TRENDS

*By Luke Zappia*

You realise that you've jumped in time but you barely break your stride. You're used to this nonsense now. You stroll out of the library, *The Philosophy of Time Travel* tucked under your arm. It's raining, more so than on Tuesday. It's also windy, more so than on Wednesday. Lightning cracks intermittently across the sky. The sky, fortunately, is not tearing apart at its seams just yet. You decide that this must be Thursday. You climb the steps towards South Lawn and then you hear a noise. The clocktower is chiming.

*Gong.*

*Gong.*

*Gong.*

You remember Hermione's words. *Meet me on North Court on Thursday at 3. Bring the book.*

You tuck the book under one arm and *The Device* under the other and run as fast as you can to North Court. But when you get there, it's too late. Hermione is lying on the ground. You run over to her. She's dead.

"I told you I'd be back," says a deep, Austrian voice. You look up and see the Terminator.

"No you didn't," you say.

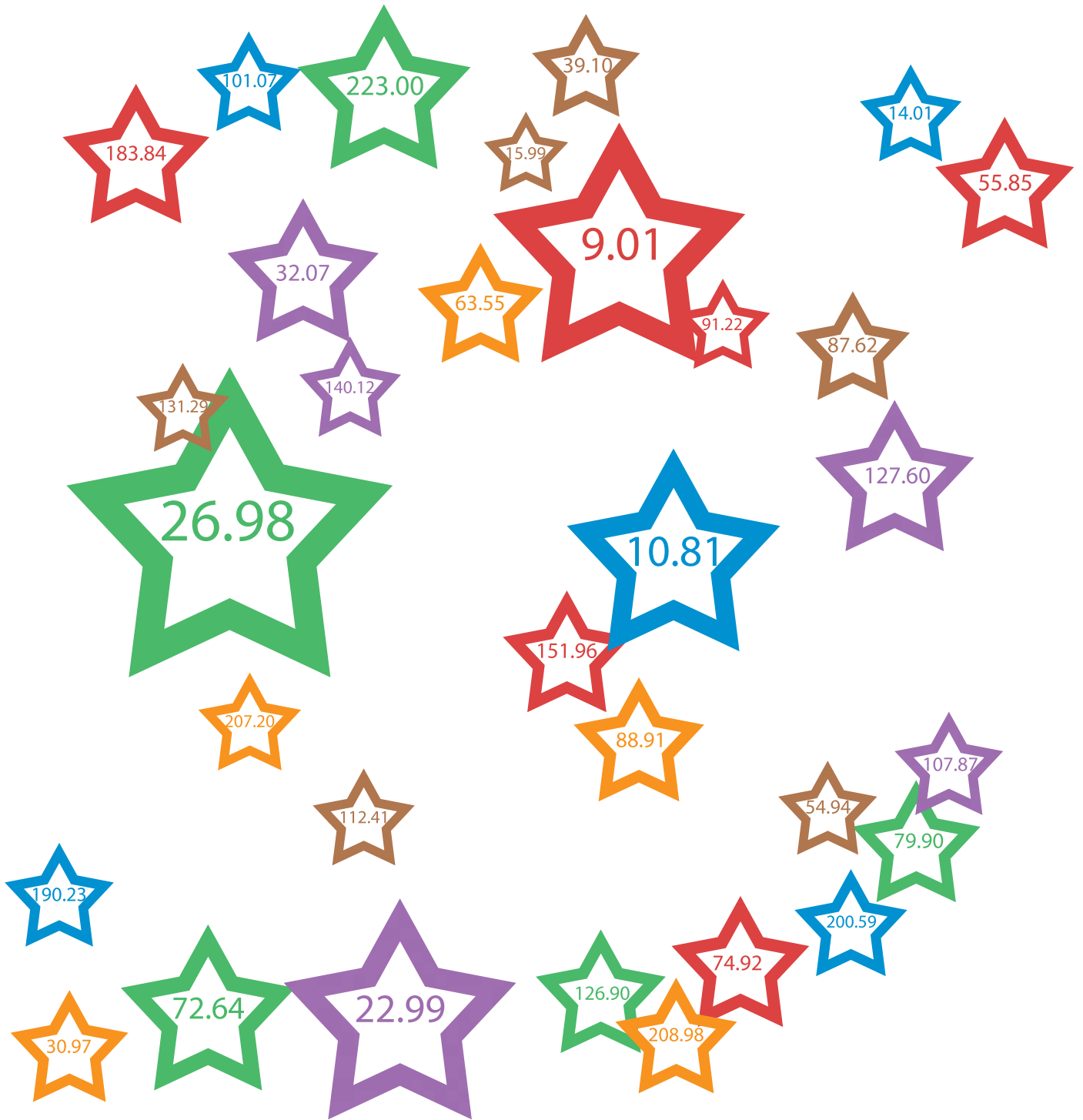
The Terminator looks confused.

"Yes I did. I guess I haven't met that version of you yet. That probably happens later in your timeline."

"Well then," you say, standing up, "I guess that means you don't get to kill me yet. Which means that you're going to pay for what you did to Doctor Who and Hermione!"

Letting out a brave shout, you charge at the Terminator. You hit him square in the jaw with the spine of *The Philosophy of Time Travel*. He doesn't budge an inch. He does laugh, however.

"I remember now," says the Terminator. "The version of you I met had a black eye." He raises a fist and punches you. You see stars.



AR 7.52.0.36

BP 70.32.0.28

EN 0.48.76.35

HC 0.33.100.0

IE 56.0.58.31

MP 0.89.88.11