



## 1.3 EONS APART

*By Andrew Farrington*

by 1 with with every time shift. Got it?"

You nod. It's sunny again. You figure you must be back at Monday.

"Listen," says Doctor Who, "you need to fix this before it's too late. You're not the only one playing this game. There are – *things* – that don't want you to fix this. People will come to try to stop you. I've called some friends to help but there's not much they can do. You of all people know how interdisciplinary projects go: you're going to have to figure this out by yourself."

You nod. Doctor Who smiles at you. Then you hear a gunshot. Doctor Who falls to the ground.

"No! Doctor Whoooooooooo!" you shout, forgetting in your panic that he he can regenerate, in the TV show at least. You look up and see a tall, muscular, Austrian man in dark glasses walking towards you menacingly.

"Prepare to be terminator-ified," he says.

"Don't you mean terminated?" you shout, running in the opposite direction, leaving the dead Doctor behind.

"Yes. That's much better," says the man, firing off another shot. It misses you by an inch. You sprint around the corner, past the Eastern Resource Centre and hide behind the huge plane tree that shelters the Tsubu beer garden. There's something carved onto the tree's trunk. You ignore it and try to stay quiet.

*Maybe he's gone?*

"Hasta la vista, baby", says the Terminator, emerging from the other side of the tree. You cower against the tree. The Device starts to shake.

"Oh please," you say, "please, please, please take me somewhen else!"

You turn away from the gun and, as the Terminator pulls the trigger, the last thing you see are the words carved into the tree.

There's talk of war with China in the news again. Third time this month. But you can never trust these media types, always creating stories where there are none. I'd prefer they cover real news, like stealth technology, or that chopper that crashed after becoming ensnared in a clothesline.

I feel like a new man. I think it has to do with Teresa - I really think I might marry her some day. But no hurry. We have all the time in the world. Holiday's been a complete bust otherwise though, what with the avalanche. And I must remember to make a complaint about that allergy clinic. The things they do there... It's enough to put one off one's food.

I'm back. I've been looking for a nice rock, and saw one in the Tiffany case I might go back for. Prices are good too; there's talk about a smuggling ring driving down prices. Work is keeping me busy. Sometimes I feel like I need half a dozen surgically created clones to get things done. But you'd have to put me in a casket and burn me to keep me at home.

Got something in the mail today: I can't for a second think what the little knickknack is... It looks like some solar thing or other. I must get somebody in to look at my office too. The floor is starting to slope like the Queen Elizabeth.

May Day at the races is really something, although it was marred this year by allegations of doping in race 8. I got the chance to go in the airship too. Got so close to the golden gate bridge I could have touched it. Wasn't too keen on the pilot though - some mad Russian who wouldn't shut up about rising water levels endangering Silicon Valley.

I've had a feeling of déjà vu since coming to Montenegro. I visited a place I know for a bit of a flutter, and had a bit of a drink spiking scare. Had to take some time in Lombardy to recover. Met a girl who told me she had a drink named after her. I gave her my number.

I broke my clavicle this week in a ballooning accident - we had a nasty run in with a helicopter. I wish I was one of those men who don't feel pain, but I'm in agony. Henceforth I'm staying on the ground.

I ended up staying in Korea a little longer than planned. I don't think my hotel could have been any colder - it felt like five below. If only there was a way of concentrating the sun's rays to warm the place up. To make matters worse, I kept losing my damn car.