

HAPPINESS/TIME SKIP



“THE COLLECTION”

WRITTEN BY :L.fouzi

2018-2019

Happiness



Special Episode : Time Skipped , Time Returned

(PART 01)

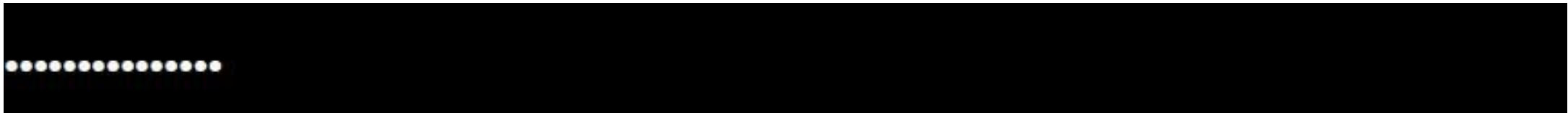
Written by : L. fouzi

After that weird encounter with Dina this morningi was ready to have myself a very boring and normal day ...but considering that whole literature club situation I was stuck with... the chances of getting my wish was pretty much null ... knowing full well how long this day will be I decided to relax a bit in my classroom during break time ...considering how this time is worshiped by high school students who flee from their classrooms at the mere sound of the 10 am bell ...I was pretty sure no one is going to bother me here ...

I leaned back at my chair as I kept watching the violent storm from the window ...the wind was picking up major speed and the sudden morning rain was turning to a full downpour ...

Something about watching a violent storm from a safe place was oddly calming ...it felt as if I was wrapped in a warm blanket away from all the bad and evil of this world ...or you know something similar but less cringy to what I described ...

As I kept watching the tall mighty trees outside get swung left and right by the wind ...I could feel my eyes closing up and my conscious fading away ...I haven't slept at all yesterday ...damn video games ...no I should curse myself for not knowing when to quit a game and go to sleep ...yeah...sleep is much bettersleep is uh ...sleep issleep...Slee..S.....



“Hey what’s up dude ...what are you doing ? ” moment after I fell asleep ...a loud obnoxious voice brought me back to reality..

I quickly opened my eyes and gazed at the pale childish face staring back at me in confusion ...

“ damn it Hassan....i was sleeping just now ” I replied in annoyance ...from all the people he could talk to ...from all the places he could be at during break time ...he came bothering me...I thought he had a girlfriend he was obsessed about ...why isn’t he out there creeping her out as usual ...

“ really ? sleeping here ? at this hour ...I didn't think you were this lazy dudeanyway it doesn't matter ...look what I found

“ Hassan replied totally ignoring my angry stare ...he shoved a weird looking phone in front of me and added ...:

“ check it dude ...a brand new phone ...totally functional ...I found it by the dumpster outside “ Hassan added with a big smile on his face ...

The thing was defiantly a phone I'll give him that ...but it didn't look brand new ...nor functional ...and for god sake Hassan why are you picking up stuff from the trash ...are you a stray dog ?

“ that’s cool ...good for you man !!” I replied as I leaned my head on my desk ...I really wasn’t in the mood for Hassan mumbling ...all I want is to take a short nap until the next lesson ...I need my energy if I’m going to spend another long awkward afternoon in the demon’s girl literature club ...

“ hey wait dudei’m not finished yet ...I need some help ...I was thinking about giving this phone to my girlfriend tomorrow as a valentine day giftbut I can’t seem to be able to turn it oncan you take a look at it for a secondplease “
Hassan said with pleading eyes

“ what ? I thought you said it’s functional ? ...plus are you really going to give her a phone you found in the trash ...I thought you were going to gift her that ring you showed me last month “ I replied in confusion ...the idea of giving a girl you just get into a relationship with a ring was pretty idiotic on its own...but giving her something from the trash was even worse ...even for Hassan ...!!

“ oh that ...yeah I’m going to give her both ...think about it dude ...every boyfriend in this school is going with either chocolate or a gift ...so to set myself apart from the other losers I’m going to give my girlfriend two gifts instead of just one ...hehehe she is going to be sooo happy “ Hassan replied with a wide grin on his face ...I could see the logic behind Hassan’s idea

but gifting her a trash phone is not going to give her joy ...but maybe Hepatitis!!

But before I could object on his stupid IdeaHassan shoved the garbage phone in to my hands and took off thanking me for my help ...damn it ...wait you idiot ...I didn't say I agreed to your dumb request ...

but Hassan was already long gone ...probably went running to spend time with his girlfriend before the bell rang...I really need to meet this brave and super kind girlfriend of his one day ...she must be a saint to be able to deal with his creepy clinginess and bullshit fake stories....!!

Yarri Yarri....

As I kept cursing my luck while keeping my distance away from the biohazard phone....all the sudden a loud noise echoed in the silent classroom ...

I flustered for a second before realizing the odd sound was actually coming from the garbage phone sitting in front me....huh ...it's really is ringing ...but I though Hassan said it wasn't working at all !!

I carefully reached for the phone and checked the screenthe phone was displaying an incoming call from a Mobilis number ...huh ? it really is working just fineHassan you idiot !!

But wait a sec ...who could be calling this phone ...Hassan said he found it in the dumpster outside of school ...doesn't that mean it was discarded by its owner ...or could it be there by mistake ...either that or the owner forgot his SIM card inside when he throw it away....that's quite careless of them considering the security risk of losing a SIM card ...

As I kept trying to form a logical explanation to this weird situationi noticed the persistence of the caller ...they were dialing and redialing this phone nonstop ...could they be the original owner of this phone trying to get it back ...emmm that would make sense I suppose ...

Feeling the none ending cycle of questions piling on and the irritable sound of this phone vibrating and beeping in my ears ...I decided to just pick it up and answer the call

Maybe after clearing this confusion I could get Hassan to return the phone to its owner and I could finally go back to my long deserved nap ...

But the moment I pushed the answering button and put the phone closer to my right ear...all of the sudden ...I was attacked by a surge of pain in my head ...a pain so intense I felt as if my neurons was melting away and my vision turning red

I tried to scream but no sound was coming out

And before I could understand anythingmy vision went black...

It felt but a mere second but the next time I opened my eyes I found myself in an odd place ...the intense pain was fading away and my vision was getting clearer ...

What the hell is this place ...it look like a classroom but it is different than mine ...the desk and chairs looked brand new and paint job was decenthow the hell did I get here ? and what the hell is here anyway ?

The moment I looked down ...I noticed I was still holding the garbage phone in my hand ...

That's right ...I remember now ...I pressed the answer button then I was attacked by a major pain ...I thought I was having a heart attack or something ...did I lose consciousness ? ...but that doesn't explain what I'm doing in this odd classroom ...

Sensing my confusion taking over ...I tried to shake it up by leaving the room ...this must be some sort of a prank or something by that idiot Hassan...he was acting awfully suspicious today ...with this phone and everything ...

I pushed myself forward and exited the room ...

A long unfamiliar hallway greeted me adding more to my existing confusion....this all feels like a really weird dream...could I be really dreaming all of this?

I kept walking down the hallway while leaning on the nearby wall for support until I reached a wide glass door....the sound of chatter and footsteps in the distance ...I pushed the bright wide door open and walked outside

“ WHAT THE FUCK “

I kept looking around in total confusionwhat the hell is all of this ...I found myself in the middle of a big yard surrounded by young looking adults walking back and forth in groups and pairsthey were all carrying backpacks or books in their hands ...okay this is definitely not my high school ...a blind person can tell that...in fact this place feels much bigger than a simple high school and the students walking around look much older than 16 years old teenagers

As I kept staring at the people in a daze ...all the sudden I felt a strange sounding voice calling out my name ...:

**“ hey....i though you said you’re going back to take a nap
...instead you’re here ogling girls in the middle of the
Faculty...at least try to be more discret about it man “**

**I quickly turned around just to be greeted by a young looking
adult wearing glasses and sporting a fluffy beard...**

**“ huh ? who are you ? “ I replied with the same confused look
plastered on my face ...**

The person facing me laughed and said :

**“ very funny....I’ll see you in the biblio....once you’re done with
your little meditation”**

**He then turned around and started walking away toward a
huge building that read “ bibliotheque” on top of its entrance..**

**Who the hell was that ? and why was he acting like he knew me
?...what the fuck is going on ???**

**I kept walking around in confusion ...staring left and right at
everythingthis didn't make sense ...nothing did ...what the
hell am I doing here ? how did I get here ? who are these people
around me ?...**

**I was starting to attract other people's attention ...maybe due
to my clumsy steps or the empty stare on my face ..when all the
sudden I felt someone's grasp on my shoulder ...**

I quickly turned around but this time ...it was a girl who was greeting me with a serious look on his face:

“ there you are ...finally ...follow me before people start getting suspicious “

Her gaze felt stern but also kind ...her brown almost orange hair was fluttering in the air and her porcelain white face was emitting a strange vibe ...

But before I could ask her anything ...she grabbed me from my shoulder and pushed me around ...she then dragged me up the stairs and kept motioning for me to follow her ...until we reach a high overpass that seemed like it connected the two major buildings in this place ...the overpass was empty and you can see the swarm of students walking down beneath us ...

The orange hair girl stopped in the middle of it and turned my way and said :

“ we should be safe here I think ” her gaze was shifting from left to right as if she was observing our surroundings...what the hell does she mean by **“ we should be safe here ”** ...

“ who are you ? ” I asked as I stared back at the strange orange hair girl ...

“ hm....that’s a rude way to address someone who’s trying to help you....but I suppose it can’t be helped ...you must be

**completely confused right now ...you're always are " the
strange girl said as she gave me a faint smile ...**

" huh ? " I uttered involuntary ...

**" Well....you can call me " Mirall" if you like ...that's what you
all guys call me at the end "**

**" Mirall ? i....hum....where the hell am I ? " I finally replied as I
stuttered in my words ...**

“ I think the right question you should be asking ...is not “where”but actually “ When “ the strange girl replied as she gazed at the distance ...

“ when ? What the hell are you talking about ? “

“ (sigh) this is my least favorite part of my job...explaining everything each time ...oh well...it can't be helped ...answer this to me kid ...what day is it today? “ the orange hair girl as she gaze straight at my eyes ...I haven't realized it just now ...but she really was extremely beautiful ...her beauty could only be compared to the likes of the demon girl....no ..no I got to stay focused ...!!

**“ the date ? I don't know what you're talking about ” I replied
in confusion ...what is she going on about all the sudden ...and
why is she calling me kid ...she looks just about my age or
younger ...**

“ just answer the question kiddo....we don't have all day ”

**I thought about it for a bit...despite all the confusion in my
head ...the date was something I was pretty sure about ...**

“ it’s the day before Valentine day13 february...why ? ” I replied while assuming a pondering gaze ...

“ I see....now what year is it ? ” the Mirall girl added with a stern look

“ the year ? what are you talking about ...it’s the same as always2012” I answered her idiotic question with an

annoyed look ..why can't she just answer my questions instead of playing these stupid mind games with me ...

The orange hair girl looked at me for a bit.... She then leaned her entire body at rail guard and looked down at the swarm of students below...and with a gentle kind tone to her voice she said :

“ actually it's 201822 October 2018 to be exact ...I know it might sound crazy to you kid ...but you're actually 6 years in the future “

“ WHAT ?? ”

I yelled out in astonishment ...what kind of sick joke is this ...2018 ...is this chick delusional or something ...

**“ I suppose you want some proof to fully accept this huh ?
...you men are all dull anyway ...always too stubborn and slow to
accept the facts ...fine ...take a look in your pocket ...you'll
probably find your phone ...unlock it and see the date
registered in it ...maybe that will jog the three active neurons
in your brain ” the Mirall girl said whitount even turning her
head toward me...**

Upon her request ...I quickly reached in to my pocket just to find a weird unfamiliar smart phonehuh ? what is this phone doing here ...where is my IPHONE 3....why do I have a Samsung phone instead

But not the less....i pushed the on button and quickly checked the date and time:

22 October 2018....4:09 pm.....WHAT THE HELL ??

“ do you believe me now ...or does your inferior male brain need more proof ” the Mirall girl added in what reminded me of a certain demon way of speech ...

“What does this all mean for god sake ? ” I yelled out in astonishment ...while addressing the strange girl standing in front of me....

The moment I said that the orange hair girl turned her head toward me ...this time a sad depressed look engraved in her white porcelain face and then she said :

“ I wish I had an answer to everything ...but sadly we don't know ...we have no idea why you're suddenly here in the future ...nor the person or thing behind this...all I could tell you is that you're not the only one that been transported into time and space...and you're probably not going to be the last”

Her sudden switch from rude to kind truly reminded me of Carmine the demon girl ...in fact change her hair color to brown and her eyes to green ...and they'll be practically twins...no focus man...this is not the time to be thinking about that person ...I need more answers...if what this girl is saying is indeed correct and this science fiction crap is actually real then what is this place anyway ?

“ let's say I believe this wild tale of yours...what exactly is this very spacious place ...is this how my high school is in 2018 ? ” I replied as I looked at the girl who might have the answers I needed ...

“Well...not exactly ...to explain it in simple terms you can understand ...when you time traveled in the futureyour 2012 self fuses with your 2018 selfmeaning your memories are still 2012 but the rest of you is all 2018....according to my intel this place is a medical university in Algiers ...locally called “ Ziania” and this is where the 2018 version of you study and go to college “

“ WHAT ? you got to be kidding meyou’re saying that in the future I’ll be studying medicine in university...like that’s what I chose to do after BAC next year...you must truly be crazy...the last thing I’ll ever choose is to waste my life studying a boring and underpaid specialty such as medicine “ I replied barely keeping my laughthis is getting more absurd by the second ...

**“ you’re free to believe what you wantthat’s not my business
....no my only job is to correct this mistake once and for all....to
erase you from this timeline “** the Mirall girl said as she
reached for a strange looking thing in her coatand pointing
it straight at my face

“NO.....WaitWHAT ARE YOU DOING ?!! “

Happiness



Special Episode 2 : Time Skipped , Time Deleted

Written by : L. fouzi

13 february 2012...another boring rainy day...or so I thought before it quickly turned weird ...no "weird" doesn't even begin to express it ... For you see ...it was the day I seemingly traveled through time 6 years in to the future to be exact...oh yeah the same weird science fiction crap we see in movies every 2 to 3 years ...

I was still trying to get my brain to process this when all the sudden the orange hair girl in front pulled out a strange looking gun and declared her intentions to wipe me out from the timelines... I instinctively took a few steps back and yelled out in shock

"wait...what are you doing ? "

But the strange orange hair girl didn't reply she kept pointing it at me and pushing all sort of weird looking buttons on it...and when I felt my doom was coming close I instinctively closed off my eyes and prayed that this all a nightmare or some mere fictional novel some hack writer is creating in his spare time..

But then all of the sudden the orange hair girl yelled out :

"damn it ...why isn't it working ? "

I quickly opened my eyes once again at the sight of the frustrated girl gently rocking the weird looking gun around as if it was an old malfunctioning TV ...

" hey I know it's a popular joke guys make about not minding to be killed or shot by a bombshell of a beauty...but I really... really don't wanna die here " I quickly said with a nervous laugh to hide my terror ...

" you....you think... I'm a beauty ? " the orange hair girl replied as she flustered in her words ...she then quickly regained her composure and added :

"ahem....what with this "killing you" affairI mean sure you are a guy and men are no more than inferior insects that bring

war and destruction to the rest of us...but I wouldn't kill you over itsheesh "

"Huh ? but then.... why are you pointing that gun at me ? "

" gun ? Ah you're talking about those old 21th century weapons they taught us about in history.... oh no this isn't a gun or something that primitive...this the **temporo-spatial relocalational device...or **TSR** for short...this fine piece of technology is the latest 26th century invention and I was lucky enough to get assigned with the latest module so do not go compare it to a gun ..."** the orange hair girl replied as she looked at the weird device in her hand adoringly

" a tempo what ?..." I replied with even more confusion to boot

"A temporo-spatial relocational devicejust call it TSR for shortthat's what everyone call it ... I suppose the reason you're so confused by it is due to the fact this wasn't invented yet for you folks...you 21th century people probably still believe you're the smartest spices in the universe hahaha "

"I ...I don't understandwell whatever just don't point that thing at me " I replied in confusion

" Hey Don't call the TSR a "thing" you uncivilized human ...plus this "thing" is the only way for you to return to your timeline you ungrateful man " the orange hair girl said in annoyance as she kept checking the device in her hand

"Huh? How can this "thing" bring me home ?? " I replied as I wrinkled my brow

" I said do not call it a thing ...it's a TSR... (sigh) I doubt your primitive male brain can begin to comprehend its mechanism...so I see no point in explaining»

I don't get why she is so upset for me calling it a thing...it is a "thing" after ...or is she one of those crazy "car people" who refer to their cars by a "she"

" please try to explain !! " I answered back with determination

" pff foolish man...fine ...I suppose if it helps shutting you up then it's worth the pain ...listen up good....The TSR uses high dark energy magnitude to fully scan a human brain and compare the output to standard levelswhile correcting any abnormalities that it can find(pause)...wipe that confused look from your face ...it basically scan you and transfer your memories to their suitable timeline thus sending you back in time ...do you understand now ? " the orange hair girl responded with a smug look all over her face...

She really does remind of the demon girl ...if it weren't for the physical difference ...I would have sworn they were the same person ...maybe they areand this whole thing is some Halloween prank orchestrated by the demon girl to take revenge for her otaku friendah...if only that was true ...I probably shouldn't lose myself in wishful thinking ...

"does this mean ... I can return home ??" I replied as i decided to ground myself in reality ...if this "thing" can get me home ...then I wouldn't care how outlandish and crazy this whole situation is

"Hold your horses there Billy Jones ... yes the TSR is supposed to do exactly that ...but it's acting weird today ...i'm pretty sure it worked just fine last time ... but it's somehow stopped working ..." the orange hair girl said with a puzzled expression

"Huh ? What do you mean it stopped working " The moment I said that the orange hair girl shoved the device in front of me and said :

**" see for yourself you foolish man.... the ATI signal is gone ..
Something must be interfering with its CTR receptors but I
don't know exactly what "**

" in English please "

**"Signal gone bye bye....stupid man will go cry cry ...sorry...so
much sorry " the orange hair girl said in annoyance...**

" no need to talk to me like a retard...so then what are we gonna do now ? " I answered back as I looked down in despair

"emm...let's see...Something is likely interfering with the signal....so our first point of action should be to move somewhere else...where hopefully the device would start picking up ATI signals ...of course by "we" I mean "me"...you on the other should just follow me like an obedient little boy and not talk or touch anything that could ruin the fabric of time ...okay ?? " the orange hair girl replied as she dragged me down the stairs ...

ATI signal...TSR...time travel...all of this is starting to give me a headache ...and this rude weird orange hair girl "Mirall" isn't exactly helping with that ...but then again she is my only chance of waking up from this nightmare ...so I can't just ignore her and leave ...

I swallowed up my confusion and started following the orange hair girl as we walked down the stairs ...

The sun was coming down in the horizon signaling the end of the day ...but deep down I had a feeling my day has just begun

“ damn it ...still nothing ” the orange hair girl yelled out again

“ hey I was planning to end the episode here ...what’s with the anti-climatic comment all the sudden ” I replied with frustration ...

“ episode ? what the hell are you talking aboutlook you might want to start taking things more seriously ...I know as a man it’s hard for you to focus on other than girls and sports ...but this is a very serious situation ” the orange hair replied as she stopped at the end of the stairs and faced my direction ...

“ yeah ...yeah I get it...are you sure this “ thing” is the only way ...you claim to be from the futurethe 26th century if I recall right ...so isn’t there some alternative to this TS something something ...” I replied as I scratched my head...

“ T...S....R....and I told you twice not to call it a “thing”...but to answer your question “ NO”....the TSR is the only effective way we use to relocate lost sheep back to their timelines “

“ so you’re saying if we don’t get this thing working we’ll be stuck here in 2018...well I suppose it could be worse...skipping my awkward teen year might actually be a good thing “ I said as I let out a small chuckle ...no more stupid cub attendance

“I’m glad you’re getting comfy here.... seeing college girls must have satisfied your male existence...but I’m afraid the situation is not that simple “ the orange hair girl said but this time his expression wore a dark color ...

“ what do you mean by that ? ” I quickly replied ...I don't like the look of that expression ...the atmosphere feels much colder all the sudden ...

The moment I asked thatthe orange hair girl leaned on a nearby wall and stared back at the students passing us by...

“the universe is all about balance ...every action meets a reaction ...every force that pulls has an opposite force that pushes ...it’s not just physics and chemistry either...just take these students for an example ...for every 100 new college students that enters these door....a 100 other students leaves and enters the work force ...if any side sees an unbalance ...it would cause chaos...an overflowed market is as bad as a poor one...and it doesn’t just stop at abstract meanings and notions...it even touches ushuman... it might not show yet but the universe is actually facing a huge imbalance because of you “ the moment the orange hair girl said that she turned her gaze toward me ...

“Because of me ? “ I quickly replied ...

“ yes ...your whole presence here is creating a distortion in the timelines and thus creating an imbalance ...by standing here as a “2012 version of yourself” ...you bluntly took the place and fused with your “2018 self” ...which leaves the 2012 timeline without a copy of you “ the orange hair girl added as she stood directly in front of me ...

“ but why is that a problem ...why would my fusion with the future me affect something as grand as the universe itself “ I quickly replied in astonishment ...

**“ think of it this way ...if the “”2012 you” and the “2018”
changed place ...then that would not make a big impact ...both
those timelines would have their own copy of you and the
whole universe would not be that affected ...but what actually
happened is rather a fusion between your two selves...so the
2012 timeline is robbed of you ...while the 2018 timelines
hasn't seen a big change...this creates an unbalance ...to which
the universe has to correct ...”** the orange hair girl looked away
as she said that final phrase ...

**“ correct ? how is it going to correct something like this “ I
replied as I darted my eyes ...**

The orange hair girl took a deep breath ...composed herself then finally replied :

“ in the law of physics and chemistry ...it’s always easier to lose than to add ...this same notion could be true in almost everything else in life ...so to achieve balance the universe would seek to subtract the abnormality instead of correcting it...after all what is one human being to a whole infinite universe but a drop of water in a vast ocean ...so.....uh” all the sudden the orange hair girl stopped and refused to finish her explanation ...

“ so...so instead of creating another copy of me in the 2012 timelinei would be deleted instead ...I would be rooted out like a virus and all copies of me would cease to existis that what you’re trying to say ?” I said with my eyes ever so wide...

“I’m....i’m sorry “

“ what the hell...don’t screw with me ...how could I disappear just like that ...that’s impossible ...even if I were killed right now that wouldn’t change the fact that I lived to this moment and that certainly wouldn’t delete the other copies of myself in different timelineyou’re wrong ...you’re very wrong “ I yelled out with all my might as the students passing by kept looking at me strangelythis all must be a joke ...it’s impossible....it’s just fucking impossible ...

“ I’m really sorry “

“ I don’t need your sorries....explain...explain to me how this fucking joke is even possible !! “

“ you will not be killed but instead be deleted from everything and everyone you ever known ...your entire presence would be rewritten in the memories of everyone you ever talked to in your lifeit will be as if you were never been born....your parents won’t remember having an extra child...your friends won’t feel they known someone like you ...and every little change you made would either cease or be rewritten to someone’s elsenot even I would remember you !!”

“I’ll be Deleted.....?”

Happiness



Special episode 3 : Time Skipped, Time Waited

Written by : L.fouzi

Man college chicks are so great....they have the mature aura of a young lady but also still posses the childish charm of a high school girl...but I suppose everything has a catch because like a roller coasterit's seems their greatness peaks at the age of 22 and after that it keeps going down and down...wrinkles appear and they start looking twice their actual ageman what a bummer !!

The girl sitting next to me had a major frown on her face ...she rolled out her eyes in annoyance and said:

“ such creepy foolish man you are ...objectifying women like they are some sort of soon to be expired food...do your creepiness knows no bound “

“ call it creepy all you like ...but sugarcoating things is not going to change the fact that time ruins female looks ” I replied as I kept staring at the college students passing us by....we have decided to wait for the city bus to arrive ...by we ...I mean she decided ...she is not even telling me our destinationtalk about a demon girl -esque behavior !!

“how despicablesay aren't you supposed to be in full panic mode ...you seem to be very calm now...what happened to that whole “ I'm going to get deleted ” mental breakdown you were having just a few minutes ago ? ” the orange hair girl said with a curious look on her face

“ oh that was last episodea lot of things happened since then” I quickly replied with a slight grin on my face...

“ last episode ? what the hell do you mean by that ... this isn't the first time you used that term”episode “....don't tell me you're one of those delusional teens that think their life is some sort of a movie or a TV show “

“ oh no it's nothing like that ...after all I doubt a story as poorly written as this would be featured in a TV show...my guess this is some short story or amateurish novel written by someone who's only writing it as he waits for a video game to finish downloading ...”

“ huh ? what are you ? oh never mindi’m not even going to humor you with your crazy talk ...just answer my question... why are you so calm all the sudden ? ” the orange hair girl said as peered her face in front of me...emmm it seems I stumbled upon one of this rude girl’s weaknesses ...interesting !!

“ getting curious aren’t you now ? I wonder how much this little information is valuable to you ? ” I replied as I peered back at her face with a mischievous grin...

“ what ? are you serious ?do you really think I care that much about you and your little problems ? ” the orange hair girl scuffed at my notion...

“of course notbut you are curious are you not ?.....a “know it all” person such as yourself would find it difficult to ignore something they themselves don’t know....the urge to know everything about anything would ultimately consume your sanity ...or am I perhaps wrong lady orange ? ” I quickly replied with a satisfied look on my face ...

“ lady orange ? such insolent fool the male race is ...always thinking it’s better than everyone elseyou think my mind is that easy to decipher ...pathetic ...don’t lump me in with brainless dimwits such as yourself” the orange hair girl yelled out in angeroh boy I really ticked her off now...huh ?

Following her words ...a long silence took place between us as we kept waiting at the bus stop ...

I let out a big sigh and lifted my head above ...the sky was turning crimson red and the flux of returning college students was starting to thin outyet the bus has yet to come ...the boredom was starting to get the best of me so I pulled out my phone from my pocket and attempted to write the password in but to no avail ...after all this isn't the phone I know ...I realize it's unlikely to be the same I Phone 3 I had in high schoolbut having to guess the password on this galaxy phone is really such a pain...why do I have a password set in the first place ...is there something here I don't

want others to see...wow "2018 me" what have you been up to my friend ?

After several failed attempts I eventually gave up and shoved the phone back into my pockets and resumed my waiting pose...

I turned to my right ...The orange hair girl was deep in focus with her TS something something...she was pushing all sort of buttons and checking some weird numbers on it...I wonder if that's device is really what she says it is ...and if so ...can we actually get it to work

As I kept staring at the orange hair girl ...there was something i couldn't help but noticeshe's really a beauty when she is not talkingher brown almost orange hair floating down her shoulders compliments her gorgeous pale skin wonderfully and her deep gaze will pierce straight through a men's heart....no wonder every guy on our way here was giving her admired looks ...of course if they knew how rotten her personality isthey might second guess their impression of heroh man why do beautiful girls always have to be but a shell to their hideous personality ...it's like someone picked up a ball of poop and covered it with chocolate and hand it over to you as food ...what ? too gross of analogy for you ?

“ it’s not polite to stare at people you foolish sheep ” the orange hair suddenly said bringing me back to reality ...

“ oh ...uh that’s ironic coming from you queen of rudeness ” I quickly replied

“ queen of rudeness you say ? well at least I’m a queen ...you worthless peasant “

“ I wouldn’t take that as a compliment ?? queens are always getting their head cut off by their subjects ...especially the unfair rude ones”

“ha please ...that only happens in the stupid video games you play....most queens actually lived and prospered for ages and more....pick up a history book once in a while you foolish man “

“ ohhow do you know I play video games ...could it be that I became a famous video games creator that is remembered even in your century and time “

“ don't make me laugh ...someone like you having an everlasting effect on humanity ? ...that's absurd you probably just lived and died like a bad memorythe only way I could even acknowledge your existence is because everything about you including your worthless hobby is actually mentioned in your file “ the orange hair girl said as
gave me a satisfied grin

“ my WHAT ? you can't seriously have a file on me ? “

“ no not mei wouldn't waste my time and effort on you....it's my company that compiles personal information on all "Lost sheep" we encounter ...and as your "Sheppard" I been handed this file to carefully study it before embarking on this mission “

“ you gotta be kidding meand you're saying there are others like me out there with their own orange hair girl “

“ yes ...I hate to burst you bubble lad but you're not a special case ...nor are you my first lost sheep....but you are the most irritating one so take solace in that if you want “ the orange hair girl delivered her usual insults with a chuckle but I couldn't be bothered for there was something else she said that peaked my interest ...

I quickly interrupted the orange hair girl laugh with a serious tone as I said :

“ say this file you mentioned....does it details everything about me ?

“ well....i’m not sure why you’re asking but yeah...all of our files are compiled and cross referenced by our best employees...it’s the pride of our company “

Quickly after hearing that ...I turned my face toward her and said :

“ does it says how I’lli mean like the circumstances of my...uh “

“ your what ? spit out already “ the orange hair girl said

“ never mind ...some stuff are better left unknown ...I think ignorance is probably a bliss here ” I replied as I shifted my gaze away ...there is no point in asking her about something that can't be avoided ...right ?

A brief silence filled the air between us as the orange hair girl looked at me with a perplexed concerned expression ...but she then quickly regained her composure and said with a mocking tone :

“ ignorance is a bliss ? huh ...was that your high school motto ? ”

She let out a long chuckle at her own joke and returned to her tinkering with that TS something something device ...I thought about saying something witty back at her but let's be honest hereit's Sandy high school we're talking about ...that phrase could probably be our high school motto for all know

The streets were getting darker by the second ...I doubt this bus would ever come ...and sitting at this trashy bus stop that's full of cigarettes butts and urine is really pushing me to the edge here ...I'm surprised this orange girl isn't bothered by it ...I thought girls are supposed to be all about the cleannessor is she one of those girls with messy bedrooms...not that I can proclaim my room to be any better ...man I so miss my mess roommy lovely PS3....uhhh....i really want to go home ...I really doooooo !!

“ hey ...Mirall...when is this bus supposed to come...it's getting late ?

“ I finally asked unable to be patient anymore ...

Reacting to my sudden question...the orange hair girl flustered in her place and lifted her gaze from her device toward me...she then gave me an angry frown and said:

“wow there ...don't go surprise me like thatwhy are you calling me with my first name all the sudden...so rude “

“ what ? you're the one who said I should address you by it ...plus you haven't answered my question...we been waiting here forever ...it's getting dark...aren't you scared ...being a girl and all in this dark street “

“ don't go spewing your middle ages views so liberallyeven at this century ...women were recognized to be equal if not more superior than men...so no I'm not a scared little girl who needs to hide the moment the sun sets down ...thank you very much” the orange hair girl replied with an obnoxious little smug on her face ...she is really getting under my nerves ...another thing she shares with the demon girl ...!!

“ okay suits yourself ...but I heard one of the passerby saying a big soccer match is being held in the stadium close by ...so I'm guessing this street will be filled with raging soccer fans and not so upstanding citizens....you know the usual after dark scenes I'm sure a modern lady such as yourself is used to experience ” I replied as I tried my best to maintain a straight face ...this better work !!

Quickly after I said that ...the orange hair girl stood up from her sit and shoved the TS something device in her bag and said:

“haha fine you don't have to beg ...geez...we'll take a taxi instead ..there is much we need to do anyway ..so come on now ...be a gentleman and stop us a Taxi for us ...quick now ...no time to waste”

Yes My lie seems to have worked ...hehe...glad to see feminists are still half assed activists who only play the equality card when it suits them even in the 26th century ...I have hope for the future now ...!!

As I kept trying my best not to burst out laughingthe orange hair girl has already started to check her surroundings for my fictional soccer fans ...although I wonder how I knew a stadium was nearby ...I never been here before or anything ...could this be a memory from my 2018 self...very strange...according to the this rude girl I should have completely fused with my 2018 self ...overwriting him and his memories ...something is really off here !!

“ hey what are you standing there for ...this is not the time for one of your male fantasies ...get a move on ...or else we won't find any available taxi ...” the orange hair girl yelled out in the distance ...

Despite I managed to get her moving ...I really have a bad feelings about thisour destination and the reason why are still very much a mystery to me and this rude obnoxious girl isn't going to answer me even if I asked her ...at least I know that for sure ...

Plus something is really bothering me about heri feel like she is not telling me everythingbehind that beautiful pale visage of hers lie something I still can't put my thumb on...taking everything she says to me at face value could have terrible consequences on me....!!

Yet it's not like I have a choice....like it or not...she is my only way out of here at the moment ...my only chance to get back where I belong ...to go back home ...I should get goingthe faster I reach the ending of this nightmare ...the clearer all these mysteries would geti hope !!

Happiness



Special episode 4 : Time Skipped, Time FOROTTEN

WRITTEN BY :L.fouzi

2019

So Here is the thing about traveling ...

Traveling is often said to lead to fun memorable experiences and enjoyable times ...to opens up your eyes to different cultures and believes and maybe even give you the chance to change your perspective about something or someone thus in itself could possibly change your whole life foreverbut :

Traveling is ...:

Well

A LIE !

The idea of travel is fun to think about sure ...to fantasize about before you sleep as you save up every bit of coin you have for that cool trip you have planned for the summer ...

But if and when you embark on this long awaited journey to travel and experience the unknown ...you suddenly find yourself facing a different realitya reality that is way different than anything you fantasized abouta reality that is simply...."A BIG FAT LIE "

Think about it... in most travels You find yourself spending half of your times sitting in a chair or even worse standing up as you travel from one place to another and spending the other half increasing your chances of getting skin cancer by the scorching sun ...

And That's just the tip of the icebergsince i don't want to spend the rest of this episode mentioning every single LIE and PAIN there is.... I'll just say thisTravelling is a Lie ...it's Overrated it's 90 percent "HELL" and 10 percent " fun" ...

And You might say ...hey 10 percent that's not that bad ...there are many other activities with worse odds ...and that's actually true there are way worse ways to spend your time and effort...but few of those activities requires the amount of money and energy travelling demands ...

And when you ground yourself in reality and push those travelling fantasies from your head ...you come to one realization ...and one realization only ... There are waaaay more enjoyable things you can do and experience that doesn't require you to sleep in a sitting position ... !

Of course if you could manage sleeping in a such a condition...then maybe ...just maybe ...Travelling is going to be a less of a hassle to you ...!!

The reason i'm stating that is because while my back is suffering right now ...having to sit in this chair for the whole 7 hours Bus ride I'm currently on...the person sitting next to me with her mouth wide open and slightly snoring doesn't seem to be having any issues at all

Infact she decided to use my shoulder as a pillow and she is probably having the most amazing dreams right now(sigh) curse her and curse everyone blessed with this sleeping talent ...!!

I looked down at my phone in frustration ...the clock was showing 4:30 am...the outside was pitch black...and I doubt we'll see any light of day for at least few more hours ...(sigh) I'm so sleepy...why can't I just sleep like everyone else in this damn bus!!

I turned off my phone and shoved it back in to my pocket ...what do do now ...I can't listen to music since I don't know the password to this phone and even if I did ...I don't have any earphones to use and doubt the other passengers would appreciate me blasting music while they sleep ...those lucky bastard sure have it good huh ?

I let out a long sigh as I adjusted my sitting position ...when all the sudden the girl sleeping next to me let out a strange moan ...!!

Huh ? is she sleep talking now ?

I turned my head to the left to check on the fairly sleeping beauty next to me...she was a beauty all right ...even with that ridiculous open mouth expression on her face ...she was rather breath taking ...especially when the street lights outside shined at her face as we

passed them by...and despite how her head weighted heavily on my shoulder ...I couldn't help but not mind ...I mean a beautiful orange hair girl was sleeping on my shoulder ...that's like the number 3 fantasy any guy would have ...of course I'll be leaving the other 2 fantasies to your imagination;)

Moreover despite all the walking we did today ...all those stairs we climbed... she actually smells quite..NICE....her hair smells so flowery in a waylike the scent of early spring I should probably stop smelling her hair before I enter the "Cripper territory"...!!

Still It's funny isn't it ? ... even as she sleeps now she is still tormenting me in one way or another ...I been waiting for her to wake up ...realize she's sleeping on my shoulder ...curse her luck and turn the other side ...but no such thing ...she been like this ever since the Bus started moving ...could her fatigue have any relation to her time traveling thing...like how in movies and novels the time traveler always collapse after jumping in time ...or could all that yelling and "Feminazi complaining" she been going on about all day finally started murdering neurons in her brain...could the sound she let out now been an early sign of her brain melting away...or could that moan be some sort of secret prayer to the "Feminist Satan" she and her feminists buddies worship even in their slumber ...!!

My words would have you believe that I hate this orange hair girl ...that I despise her and her rotten liberal ideology but truth be told I really don't ... Mirall is not really that bad ...after all my whole survival right now depends on her help ...and she is a very beautiful girl ...and I also do sincerely pity her father ...I can't imagine raising my daughter since birth just so she'll sell her soul and brain to the feminist Satan once she goes online and read an article or two about women empowerment ...

That and her beauty thingmostly her beauty thing ...!!

You might think I'm being superficial by basing my feelings toward her solely based on her beauty ...that the only reason I'm ignoring her bad personality and demeanor is because she is beautiful ...and

you will be right ...that's exactly what I'm doing ...things like inner beauty are mostly just a convenient lie told by "not so attractive" individuals ...or rather just a coping mechanism when they compare themselves to actual beautiful beings ...the idea that we can judge stuff like flowers ...animals ...clothes and other stuff solely on their outer appearance ...like saying wow that flower is beautiful or that bunny is super cutebut when it comes to judging human being we reject these standards and instead force ourselves and everyone around us to judge "real beauty" based on personality or kindness...it' is utterly and completely stupid and hypocritical ...

Beauty is beautyhaving a nice personality or an intelligent mind will never make a person beautiful ...the same way being attractive won't boost their intelligence ...yet you don't see anyone talking about "Inner intelligence " or something equally retarded to that ..

The more I thought about these random ideas ...the heavier my eyelids become ...and before I even realized it ...I was drifted back to the land of dreams...!!

The next time I opened my eyes ...I was greeted with a bright light blinding my visioni quickly looked awaywaiting for my eyes to adjust...when all the sudden a voice caught my attention :

“ you’re finally up ...huh ? ” a hushed voice arisen from beside me ...I quickly turned my head left just to be greeted by the familiar sight of an orange hair girl fiddling with a device in her hands...

“ uhwhat time is it ? ” I asked her barely being able to fight the enormous pain in my neck ...I must have fell asleep in awkward position ...

“ it’s sometime around 7 am...we’re very close to our destination ” the orange hair girl said without lifting her eyes from the device in her hands ...

Upon clearing my head from the confusion i usually get in the few minutes following my awakening ...I looked through the window...the

sunlight has already illuminated the outside ...although somewhat dim ...it was clearly early morning...

“ I see ...so any luck with the T....TS uh...the device in your hands “ I said as I struggled to remember the weird device’s name ...

“ T.S.R...I don’t understand why you can’t remember 3 simple letters ...is your male brain really that inferior...this name shouldn’t be that odd to you anyway “ the orange hair girl said with an annoyed look on her face ...

“ well good morning to you as well Mirall ” starting the day with a fresh insult from a beautiful girl really reminds me of my original timeline ...it almost felt nostalgic in a waydamn it am I really turning to a masochist !!

“ stop calling me by my first name ...it’s uh... creepy ”

“ huh ? you’re the one who said to call you that in the first place...don’t you remember ? ” I replied with annoyance ...

“ well I changed my mind ...referring to someone by their first name is a sigh of intimacy or closeness...2 things I rather we don’t share ”

Sharp...eek....is it me or she is harsher than usual ...!!

I considered retaliating with a similar harsh insult ...but then I quickly change my mind ...oh no ...instead I turned my gaze toward the orange hair girl and replied with a big smirk on my face :

“ that’s very odd of you to say Mirall considering the way you felt asleep on my shoulder last night ... ”

The orange hair girl flustered for a secondshe stopped tinkering with the device in her hands and remained silent ...

“ oh what’s wrong Mirall ...don’t you have anything to say to that “ take thatmy ultimate revenge dish served with just the right amount of salt to rub on your wounds...Muwahahaha you” demon girl-wanna-be” character ...!!

“ you ...” Mirall was about to say something in return but then she bitted her lip and turned her attention once again to her device ignoring the whole thing....

The silence I created by my last comment dominated the space between us...the space that despite it was but a few inches between our sitting selves in this bus has now become a giant rift that eliminated any attempt of further dialog one would desire ... It's not like it's an established rule or anything but respecting this silence is the socially accepted behavior in such situation ...an unwritten rule if you like .. but then again when has I ever been good with social interactions and norms ...

"Hey can I ask you something ?" I said as I turned my gaze toward the silent girl..

"Oh you're still talking ?" The orange hair girl said in annoyance ..
"come on ...Don't be like this Mirall-chan ...I just wanted to ask a question that's all ?" I said borrowing the otaku girl's manner of speech ...

"Emmm considering what perverted and weird questions your male brain could come up with ...im very inclined to say no" the orange hair girl said with a disgusted look on her face .. Wow there Mirall-chan if you continue being this obnoxious....you'll end up a very hated character and eventually get replaced in the story...

"it's nothing like that...what I'm curious about is simply your job"

" My job ?"

"Yeah you said you work for a firm that is specialized in cases like mine ...of helping lost people return to their original timeline right ? "

I replied with a pondering gaze..

"Yes that's correct...so what ?"

"Well there is something that been bothering me for a while ...even though you're from the 26th century..a more advanced age ...im guessing "time travel" isn't accessible for everyone ,correct ? "

" well Duh ... time travel is a very dangerous tool that could be misused in many ways ...we're obviously not going to hand it to anyone that comes asking "

"yes I figured as muchwhich leads me to my biggest concern "why"....why would your firm bother to use this rare resource to help people like me"

"Huh?...what do you mean ?"

"It's very simple you see ...humans rarely do stuff that won't benefit them in one way or another ...so why would a firm like yours bother to help me ...I doubt your waiting a payment from my part since any currency I'll pay you with would be invalid when used in your timeline ...and I don't see any other method of compensation

...which can only lead me to think that your firm is some sort of a non-profit organization ..."

"Emmm I'm very surprised your male IQ can reach such conclusion...its truly fascinating what you men can come up with when you're not busy thinking about girls or money " the orange hair girl said with a big smirk on her face ..

"Im not done yet ..."

"Huh ?"

"It's true a non-profit organization would explain many things but there is one aspect that sticks out like a sore thumb ...if your firm indeed was non-profit ...I seriously doubt any 26th century government would trust it with such dangerous technology such as Time travel...no instead I think the government that produced such marvel would keep it a national secret and use this technology for its own political and economical benefit....just imagine the historical events you could change ...the tragedies you could avoid and worst of all the tragedies you could inflict on any power or nation that would oppose you "

"Where are you going with this ?" The orange hair girl replied...her big smirk long gone from her beautiful pale face ..

"I guess what I'm trying to say isWho are you really ? And how come you have access to such technology ? "

"What ? What are you talking about ? I already explained that i"

" please stop...it's very clear that you're not a part of any organization...governmental or non-governmentalmy guess will be that you're an underground independent entity completely cut off from any official system ...an entity that somehow owns a technology far beyond the imagination...so I ask you again....Who are you ?? " Following my deductionMirall went silent ...her head hung low preventing me from seeing her expressionwhen all the sudden she said :

"Dad...i'm doing it for Dad "

"Huh ? Your father ?"

"Yes the reason I'm here...the reason I'm trying to help you is because of my father "

"I don't get it...how's my situation connected to your dad "

"They are one but the same...after all it's the child s burden to carry its fathers sins...Don't you think ? "

"sins ?...what sins ? what are you talking about ? "

"it doesn't matter right now ...we have arrived at our destination..it's time to get moving before it's too late "

"Wait a second ...please explain" My head was full of questions and so little answers...it felt the more this orange hair girl spoke the less I understood...something was terribly bothering me about this whole situation and I had a feeling that things will only get worse from here...wait did I just death-flagged myself just now..

After we descended from the bus...I couldn't help but feel a bit sick ...sitting in a chair for 7 hours is definitely not healthy but maybe this odd sensation of nausea was something different entirely..I

gulped at the horrors my trail of thoughts was leading me to ...when all the sudden the orange hair girl spoke :

"Are you okay ?" The orange hair girl said as she handed me a small bottle of water....oh look at you Mirall-chanyou really can be considerate when you try to...are you perhaps a tsundere...

"Thanks ...yeah must be the motion sickness or something "I said as I gave her a thumbs up..

"I see..." the orange hair girl said as she waited for me to catch my breath...as a strange dark expression covered her face

"So where are we going anyway..you never told me why we had to come here to my hometown from all places " I replied as I took a sip of water ...

"The reason we're here is simple...we need to find a way for the TSR device to pickup ATI signals and no matter where we tried in Algiers it didn't work " the orange hair girl said as she gazed at the device that never leaves her hands...

" I see that but why my hometown exactly"

"Well the TSR basically works by scanning your memories and comparing them to theoretical input...and by finding any disparities between the two ..it locks on the concerned memories and send them back to where they belong...thus send you back in time...so by

coming here to your hometown to the place that holds most of your memories triggers..we can increase the practical input into the TSR and generate the needed ATI signalsI kept my explanation simple so I hope you understood "

I honestly only understood half of what she was saying but I think the general idea was that the T...S..something device would have a better chance working here than in Algiers ...

"Okay...give it a go then " I said as I pointed at the device in her hand...

"I already tried ...nothing ...i'm guessing we need to go somewhere more connected to your memories...is there any place that is closely connected to you " the orange hair girl said as she looked me in the eyes ...

"Emmm im not sure ...im not a big fan of my hometown...in fact im working hardly to block most memories generated here" I said with a pondering pose...of course memories of Hottie the English teacher are forever engraved in my memory box...oh hottie how I miss your angelic face ...what ? You thought I'm still angry at her for that whole English report thing ? come on you underestimate my feelings of love mister/miss reader !!

"Try harder...this is a very serious situation " Mirall suddenly said interrupting my pink dreams of Hottie..

" I really don't know...I don't go out much to the city ...most of my time is spend either at home playing video games or at school " now that I said it ...my life sure sounds like of a young girl forced to stay home by her traditional family ...damn me ..

"That's ityour home and your high school are our best shot to get the device working...hopefully by visiting them we can induce a reaction strong enough to generate the needed ATI signal " the orange hair girl said with determined eyes ...

"Well we can't go to my house..That's for sure " I said feeling a bit embarrassed after saying it out loud ..

"Why is that "Mirall asked with a puzzled face ...

"Think about it ...a young man bringing a stranger girl home to his parent's house ..I don't know how things are in the 26th century but here it's very unacceptable well unless you're bringing your future wife to meet your parents that is "

I replied unable to stop my imagination from going wild ...a married life with Mirall the orange hair girl is ...Well she is certainly very beautiful so no problem in that department and the image our kids would look like really sends shiver to my spine but then again her

rotten feminist personality ruins everything ...it maybe fine to date a girl just because of her beauty but when it comes to marriage...having a feminist as a wife is a sure way to suicide...image shattered... After pushing that fantasy from my heard I turned my gaze once again to the orange hair girl ...she was looking away with a hint of red in her cheeks...

"Ahem...anyway since your house isn't a valid choice I suppose your high school is our only choice "

"Yeah...I guess so" I quickly replied..

"Okay lead the way then " the orange hair girl said as she motioned for me to get moving... And so as I shoved my hands in my pockets...both the Orange hair girl and I started walking down the road to the location I know bestSandy high school.

Just a short walk from the station ...we had arrived ...the walls had a fresh coat of pain and the sign was different but all and all this was indeed my high school... The time was nearing 8am which was more evident by the flux of high school walking inside ...it certainly felt strange to be standing outside instead of hurrying in ...im really 6 years in the future...it's no joke ...

The sudden after realization hit me like a wall of bricks ...but the person standing next to me wasn't phased one bit ..

"Okay ill boot up the TSR again...hopefully this time it will pick up something " the orange hair girl said as she started pressing all kind of buttons.... Meanwhile ...I had to lean on a nearby wall...I didn't know if it was the residual motion sickness or the accumulation of stress inducing events but my head was killing me ...I felt a sudden ache in my joints and my fever was burning up ...did I catch the flu ...damn it ...this is really not the time to get sick ... My sense of hearing was getting dull as the voice of the orange hair girl beyond me started fading away...i..i just need to close my eyes a bit ..just a little bit ..just..a..tinny...itsy.....bit

"WAKE UP....HEY...WAKE UP D##" suddenly a loud voice brought me back my consciousness....

"Whatwhat's going on ? "I asked barely keeping my eyes open

"Your burning up...damn it we're running out of time " Mirall yelled in despair..

"What's....what's happening...to me ?" I asked barely getting the words out ...

"It's starting ...the universe is beginning its correction ...you're...you're getting deleted ...your whole body is ongoing a large scale apoptosis...FUCK...FUCK...not now ...we were so close " This was the first time I heard the orange hair cuss ...something about hearing a cute girl attempt to cuss was oddly calming...no... cuss words shouldn't make you feel this calm...it was something else entirely ...something else was causing my mind to fade away in obscurity...this peace...this feeling of tranquility...it's...it's calling out to me ...

"NOOOO...OPEN YOUR EYES DAMN IT...OPEN THEM ...DONT YOU DARE FUCKING SLEEP ON ME " the orange hair girl yelled out even more as she shook my shoulders violently...

"Look at me and listen to every word im going to say...listen and keep your eyes open ...if you fall asleep you wont wake up ever again ...do you hear me ...listen to everything "

I nodded at the frantic image of the panicking orange hair girl ...she then grabbed me from my shoulders and started talking once again :

“During your high school years...i don't know which year exactly but during this period you will meet a girl...a special kind of girl...she will be someone that you'll fall madly in love with ...someone that will leave a mark in you forever” I was struggling to stay awake as I listened to every word Mirall said ...after pausing for a bit she continued talking :

"But something will happen...your feelings for her won't see any fruition...instead you two WILL fall apart and you won't get to see her for the last of your life ...which is a very common situation but somehow you found yourself unable to accept this...Unable to move on and every girl you encounter after her..every romantic interest you develop after this girl will be nothing but a cheap attempt to replace her...to find the closest thing there is to her ...even after you decide to get married and settle down...your obsession lived on inside of you ...and it grows...it grows every time you see your wife and you compare her to that girl.. Every time you look at your only daughter and imagine the child you and that other girl could had...

And soon enough that obsession turns to a sickness ...to a disease that takes control of your mind and body and you made you quit your job ...lock yourself in your room and focus solely on one thing and one thing only.....to change your past "

"W-what ?" I answered back having listening to everything this orange hair girl uttered...the moment I said that a weird sensation run along my left cheek...huh..a tear ? am I crying ? No it's not me ... I lifted my sight upwards just to gaze at the tearful flushed face Mirall displayed as her tears kept falling down and soakin my cheeks...why is she crying ? If you're going to cry can you move off me Mirall...my face is in the direct sight of your salty warm tears ..but the orange hair girl kept going ...her words mixed with tears of agony :

"You ...you refused to accept reality no matter ...you refused your wife. Your own daughter and pushed them aside for one goal...to seek the "Happiness" you deemed lost...and miraculously you succeeded....in the midst of your insanity you created a special tool...a special devicea device you called the TSR....a device that allowed you to transfer your memories and consciousness to the past thus send you back in time ...with this new technology you sought to jump to the past and correct the mistakes you've done ...to make that special girl yours...to find your happiness...but...but...but....."

"But ?"

I said as I urged Mirall to go on....there was no time for me to question everything she said...I needed to hear the rest ...

"B-but you failed ...by sending your memories to the 2012 you ...you messed around with the fabric of time and spacejust like a line of well stocked Dominos...the moment you deviated from your timeline ...all the other prices fell as well ...and your different consciousness were jumbled and sent to random timelines..which only made the imbalance even worse...seeing how your genius invention failed to deliver.. Your despair eventually grew larger than what your mind could withstand..and you ...you eventually T-took your life....."

" What?...I...I...killed myself ? " I quickly replied ...my eyes ever so wide ... My breathing so irregular and hyperventilating...this.. This can't be real.. I had...no I still haven't yet ...but such future awaits me very soon...all...all because of one girl....?

"Butbut your family didn't give up on you ...they didn't let your sins die along with you .. And hurt you even more....no despite you denounced your family...despite you refused them...they didn't give up...no your only daughter picked up your invention..picked up the TSR and used it to temporarily jump back in time...despite she didn't own a version of her in the past....she used the little time the device provided to find the dispersed lost versions of her father and hopefully guide them one by one to their timelines....each time she

she saw a version of her father she got reminded more of the father she lost...but she pushed on ...she really did...to take on her father's sins and to fix the imbalance in the universe he created....she...she really worked so hard....she...she...." Mirall kept repeating the same word over and over again as she clutched tighter to my shirt... I understood...I finally understood everything ...this daughter...my future daughter...she ...she really worked so hard...she really did ... "Thank you...thank you...thank you for all your hard workMirall...

“ my...daughter ”

The moment I said that I held the crying girl closer to my chest and the moment I tried to gaze at her pale crying face ...a white bright light suddenly engulfed my body and mind

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I opened my eyes ... A massive headache at the back of my headI took a look around mejust to be greeted by the sight of a blurry classroom...no...it wasn't the classroom that was blurry but instead my sight that was still adjusting to my sudden awakening

I must have felt asleep in an odd position...that's the only thing that could explain this headache ...unless the winter's cold has finally gave me the infamous flu ...

I quickly reached to my pocket and pulled out my Iphone ...the clock was showing 10:10 am...oh I must have slept for only 15 minutes ...I suppose that could explain this headache...but somehow I feel like I been sleeping for longer at that ...

I reached my hands to my head as i combed down my hair ...and the moment my hands touched my face...an odd sensation greeted my fingers...

"Huh ? Are these tears ? Why am crying ?" I quickly wiped out my tears before anyone saw me and misunderstood the situation ... But where did these came from...is there something I'm allergic at in this classroom...these definitely don't look like random tearsdid I

have a nightmare in my sleep causing me to weep ...haha that makes me sound like a true soy boy..

As I turned my gaze to the nearby window watching the violent storm outside ...I couldn't help but feel like I was forgetting someone

someone deeply important to me....!