

Waiting For Better Weather

In her twenties, Angela worked hard and was overdue for a promotion—but there was always tomorrow. She went through relationships, never finding the right partner—but there was always tomorrow. She was bored—but there was always tomorrow. Angela always waited for better weather. Better weather whether going for a walk, shop, drive, lunch in the park. Tomorrow would always be better: warmer, sunnier, successful.

Angela grew tired of waiting for tomorrow. Tomorrow came every day yet never arrived at all. Not the right tomorrow. So Angela, with a team in the lab she worked at, invented a time machine. She would see what her future held. She entered the machine and set it for one year in the future. There was a bright flash. She stepped out and saw the lab—almost exactly as it had been a year earlier. And she had been demoted and was an intern.

Angela stepped back into the machine.

She set it five years farther into the future and pressed the red button. Another bright flash and she stepped out of the machine. Her lab was gone, replaced by a large open space office with workers in cubicles. She saw herself in one of the cubicles, answering customer questions.

She returned to the machine. Her tomorrows were not working out as she'd hoped—and expected. She thought of venturing another five years into the future—reluctant, she pressed the button, closing her eyes during the flash. She stepped out and saw the office had become an Armed Forces recruiting centre. There was a poster of herself, in uniform: *Follow her leadership, she served her country*. Apparently, she had been killed in action.

Angela reset the time machine to when she started plus one minute, then pressed the red button. She was back in her old lab. She saw herself standing next to the machine, with her co-workers. Because two of Angela could not exist in the same time, they merged. The merged Angela deliberately broke her finger badly, so it was amputated so she could not be drafted in a future unjust war, instead finding a life that concentrated on today.