

OCTOBER 16, 1859 6:00 am

It all started on this day. John Brown grimly loaded his small case of weapons. He was going to have to get more guns somewhere, he thought to himself. he looked into the mirror. He had pale skin, shortly cropped brown hair, and the strong eyes of an abolitionist. And for a second, he faltered. He wondered if what he was doing was right. But only for a second. This time, he thought to himself. This time, he will do justice. This time, he will take action. This time, they would bleed.

December 14, 2014 5:00pm

"I've done it, I've done it." Said George Brown, wiping the sweat from his heavy brow. He looked down at the monstrosity of cables, a metal fused with some sort of nordtrack chair. I've finally done the impossible," he said "I've finally created a time machine. But what to do with it?" Suddenly, the cuckoo went off. George looked at the clock, and then his watch. "I have to get to work!" he said as he put on his suit, ran outside, and jumped into his old station wagon in one almost fluid movement.

Once George got to work at a computer company, he ran straight to his cubicle, eager to get the day over. But he wasn't quick enough to evade a few jeers about his family history.

At lunchtime he met up with his three best friends, Amanda, Tom, and Harry. Harry was a tall, thin, light-skinned man, that always was squinting. No one had ever seen his eyes. Amanda was average

height with skin the color of dark honey. Tom looked like he had just gotten out of college, even though he was thirty-something. Despite their differences, the four friends were almost inseparable.

"So, how's the time machine going Georgy boy?" asked Tom jokingly. They all knew about the time machine. But they thought it no more than a joke.

"Okay," said George abruptly, not yet ready to share his invention.

"You know, you should think about going back in time and refining the reputation of your ancestors, if you catch my drift." You could tell Harry regretted the words as soon as they left his mouth. George gave Harry a look with his cold brown eyes, a look that could stop people in their tracks.

"I told you guys, no more jokes about John." said George as he got up to leave. John Brown, George's great, great grandfather, although loved by some, was hated by many. Because of John, the Brown name had become a curse.

He went home early that day. He ran inside his house and went into the basement. He uncovered the time machine and set it for West Virginia, 10-16-1859. George put on his goggles, took a deep breath, and turned on the time machine. Suddenly, he and his time machine blasted forward, and seemed to bend into the air itself.

John looked at his watch. He and his men would have to meet in a few hours near the blacksmith shop. He looked in the mirror, wondering if he would survive. To his surprise he saw someone behind him with goggles. He turned, gun cocked and ready.

"Who are you?" John said, his hand tightening the trigger. This guy looks familiar, he thought, Same brown eyes, same heavy brow

I.... I'm your great , great grandson," said George.

"I've come back to stop you from doing what you're about to do. You will become known as a terrorist. One fighting for freedom, but nevertheless a terrorist. You will kill many, and in the end get captured and hanged for treason."

John gulped. This was too much to take in. This stranger had to be lying, some sort of distraction sent by the confederate to occupy him. And yet, yet his words had a ring of truth. Could he, should he trust this time traveler? "Tell me where I went wrong." John ordered, sitting down. George sat, and began to tell him the tale at Harper's Ferry. All the while John was listening, planning how to evade the blunder that had got him killed.

"Well I've got to go," George said as he walked outside, arranging his goggles, and putting the time coordinates into the machine. He then sat in the chair and blew away.

He appeared in an alleyway, our time.

I guess I still have to work out a couple of kinks, thought George, referring to the time machine. He was supposed to be in his home. He saw a couple of Caucasian street beggars. In fact, all the street beggars were Caucasian. Then He looked up. Skyscrapers, Gigantic building, clouded the sky.

"What year is it?" asked George to no one at all. He found a library..... and walked past it, right to a tourist computer. "Well, at least I'm still in Arizona" George said. He looked up "State Heroes" To his surprise, the name John Brown appeared. George clicked on it.

"John Brown heroically led his large army of African-Americans onward to the Southeastern states, and therefore contributing to the production of Africamerica." Africamerica?! George was a little startled by the computer's voice on the tour, but continued. "John Brown's heir, George brown, still resides here in the sharpstone suites, Phoenix, Arizona."

George looked around. He had to find where he lived. George walked up to an African-American he presumed was a guard and said "Excuse me sir, but where do I live?" As you can imagine George felt awkward asking this.

The Guard looked startled, but answered politely. "Just a couple of blocks from here sir, would you like me to drive you there?"

Now George was just plain shocked. "What did you just call me?" George asked warily.

"Sir" the guard answered flatly.

Never in his life had someone ever called him sir. Maybe, Ma'am But never Sir. Perhaps this place wasn't so bad after all. He got in the vehicle. "So," George asked. "How the Brown name get to be so dignified?"

"Well, once he took over Harper's Ferry John and our ancestor wanted more. They led a rebellion of Africans all through America. As a result neither the North nor the South won the civil war. We did." The guard smiled, "Here's your stop, Sir Number 42." George noticed the strange looking flag. It was red, green and blue with gold stars on a black background.

George got out and walked into the lobby. He noticed that everyone greeted him with a smile. He also noticed that every person was black, and was trailed by a white person that was carrying their luggage.

He walked up to the counter. "Room 42, please" said George to the dark-skinned clerk.

George was given the key card and he walked in the elevator, slid the card through the mechanism, and it started to accelerate. There was a "ding" and the doors opened smoothly. A tall light-skinned man stood in the middle of a gigantic penthouse.

"I'm sorry, I uh, I must have the wrong apartment." George was amazed by the size of the apartment.

The light-skinned man walked towards him. "It is good to see you home, Master Brown, I was beginning to worry." As the man walked

toward him his face began to clear. Suddenly, George knew where he had seen him before. It was his boss Mr. Grolth! George was just about to side-step back into the elevator when Mr. Grolth caught up with him.

“Is there something wrong Master Brown?”

“Who are you?” George asked cautiously.

“I am Frederick Grolth, humble servant of the Brown Family.”

Said Mr. Grolth almost mechanically.

“So you’re a slave.” George stated.

“I prefer servant or butler” Said Mr. Grolth snootily.

“So how big is this place anyway?” George asked referring to the Apartment.

“Well, it has 12 rooms, 3 bathrooms and 2 floors. But it isn’t famous for the size, but for the view”

“The view?” George asked. He pulled open the curtains that beheld the largest window. He stepped back in amazement. It was huge. As large as the building itself. Outside of the window, was a large statue of John Brown. There were billboards around the statue with pictures that looked liked Africa, and signs that said, “You can go home again. The statue itself had an inscription that said “Hero to all. The real father of our country.” Dream or reality, he liked this place a lot. He might as well make the best of it.

“Do I have a car Fredrick?”

“Yes sir, twelve of them. Are you planning on an evening out?”

The engine roared as he slammed on the accelerator of his slick, silver Jaguar. Suddenly, he heard gunshots. He started to swerve until he realized they weren’t shooting at him. The shooting was coming

from an all black squad car, carrying two black officers. They were firing at a frail looking dark-skinned woman.

"Perhaps we should head home now sir." Said Mr. Groth. "In a minute." Said George. He jumped out of the car. Something was familiar about that girl. He had to find out what. The girl too peered at him, as though she had seen him somewhere. Then her eyes lit up. Suddenly, too fast for George to remember, she ran toward him, put her arm around his neck, and held a pistol to his head.

"Don't move," she told the police in a scraggly voice. "One more step and I swear...." She let her threat hang. She isn't as frail as she looks, George realized as he struggled to get out of her firm hold. George and this woman ran into an alleyway.

"Now what?" George asked, noticing the dead end.

"Get in" She said, pointing at the Dumpster with her gun. George obeyed. While digging through the trash, they came upon a door in the back of the Dumpster. Not big, about the size of an air vent. They crawled through the tunnel, which opened into a gigantic area; the woman shoved George into a chair. And that was when he really got a good look at the stranger. It was Amanda.

"Amanda?" George said.

"Who?" Amanda said. "If you're talking to me my name is Tracy." George looked around there were about two hundred people in this area. Some were looking at maps, planning. Others were at computers. Amanda opened up a drawer filled with guns, guns and more guns. She tossed an empty clip in and reloaded.

"What type of Armed Services is this?" George asked.

Tracy/Amanda sighed, "(A) We don't work for the government

and (B) We're what's called abolitionists."

"You mean there is still slavery?" George asked.

"After John Brown's success in taking over the..."

"Success! He wasn't even supposed to go through with it!" George said, surprised.

"I know" Tracy/Amanda agreed. "It was as though he knew everything the state would do, before they did it! But once he succeeded, African-Americans became an unstoppable army, taking over all of North and South America. All uniting into one nation, Hence Africamerica. Soon they took the Americans as slaves turning the tables."

"Couldn't other nations help you out?"

"Asia stays indifferent; Europe, Antarctica and Australia are gone wiped out of existence. Technically Africamerica rules the world."

Tracy/Amanda said almost sadly. "We're the only abolitionist surviving, barely." She touched her bandaged leg, blotched with blood. "As you see they don't take kindly to Freedom Fighters."

Suddenly a voice yelled out, "Here they come!" A large screen on the far wall clicked on showing two fighters fly past into the night sky. "We have few airplanes we use in order for special missions. We also have a few cameras to keep track of the city." Tracy/Amanda explained.

"What kind of mission is this?" George wondered.

"USA is a third world country." She explained. It doesn't seem like it, thought George, remembering the tall buildings and the luxurious apartments. "We're thinking if we take out the communications towers USA can't call for help!"

"Are you crazy?" George practically screamed. "Blowing up the tower will kill millions of slaves, the same people you are trying to protect!"

Tracy/Amanda cackled, "It's not about black and white, good and bad. It's about the shades of gray!"

This wasn't the Amanda he knew. "Where are Tom and Harry?" George said hoping to get some help.

"Who and who?" Tracy/Amanda said.

Suddenly, George realized something; "You never were my best friend, why did you bring me here?"

She looked at the ground like a little child getting caught doing something wrong. "Well you're our trump card." She pointed a gun at him.

"You mean I'm a hostage?" George said, In a split second George ran past the door and into the small vent. He heard a "Boom" from outside and feet scuttling behind him. He got out of the Dumpster and ran towards his car. The keys were still there. I altered reality once I went back in time and confronted John, he thought as driving down the road. So I have to go back and stop myself from confronting my great great Grandpa. Or will that only alter the future even more? The thought gave him a headache. The scream of airplanes sounded overhead as he turned into the alleyway that he had hid the time machine.

He looked everywhere even in the Dumpster. And that was when he really started to breathe hard. The time machine was gone.

He was back in the car driving like a maniac. By altering the past he never became a scientist and therefore never created the time

machine. He had to make another one. And there was only one place to get the supplies.

"Where is the closest Circuit City?" asked George to the first person he saw.

"I'm not to sure...." The man said encouragingly rubbing his fingers together. George held up his wallet full of pictures of Africamerican presidents. "Turn on Garamend Street, you can't miss it." The man said abruptly.

While driving George heard the deafening sound of missiles hitting their mark. Looks like Tracy/Amanda's friends are holding their own, George thought. At just that instant a dark plane decorated with what looked like an Africamerican flag blow another plane into oblivion. I guess not, thought George grimly as he walked into Circuit City.

"I'll need this." Said George as he picked up something that looked a lot like a car battery. "And this, and this... gotta take this." He went up to the counter and put his supplies down. The clerk politely bagged the materials.

"That will be \$234.54." George patted his empty pockets. He gave his whole wallet to that man on the street.

"Uh, put it on my tab," Said George running away.

"Hey I don't care if you are George Brown, you can't take two hundred dollars worth of stuff!" The clerk yelled angrily.

George ran down the road, the bag smacking against his leg. He had to find a quiet place to build this thing. He heard the sound of sirens. They must've called the police thought George. He turned into what he thought was a nightclub.

Multicolored lights flashed in the dark area as George hustled and hustled through the crowd.

"Where's the bathroom?!" Yelled George who was drowned out by the roaring music. He got out of the crowd of African-Americans, and asked the watching Caucasians on the sidelines.

He locked himself in the bathroom. After a few hours, he was almost done. George had created something that would rip open the fabric of space-time and creates a "snapback" taking him to all the times and reality he had been to. First back to 1859, then to his own. But He had no idea how long it would take for him to snapback into his original time. The lights in the area dimmed as George felt a pull on the base of his skull, and when he opened his eyes, he was right in front of John's house.

He turned to see someone erupt out of thin air on a time machine. He ran over to himself. "Turn around, and go back." George said to George. George was surprised to see himself. "Trust me, the alternative reality is much worse than this one."

Suddenly, he was in an office. He looked outside, not seeing any sculptures of his relatives. He was back home.

"We still are taking an early lunch break, right boss?" Said Amanda, with Harry peeking behind her.

"Sure, but won't Mr. Groth mind?" asked George, confused.

"Who?" said Harry "You're in charge, remember?"

"Yeah....Sure I do." Said George. Reality must have altered again. He would have to fix it... eventually.