

Dr. Farsmith glowered sullenly at the sterile glow of her monitor. The two black columns of numbers marched down the white page like orderly processions of ants. Appearances are deceiving, of course, and the mathematics of it all were anything but orderly. She cast a longing glance toward the far end of the lab, where the bulky assortment of complex apparatus squatted inert in the shadows. The lights had shut themselves off ages ago. They were motion-activated, of course, turning on whenever one entered the room and shutting off after a period of stillness... And Laura hadn't moved in well over two hours.

The chair made a harsh scraping noise against the tile floor as she pushed it back, tugging off her glasses and rubbing her eyes as she stood up. The fluorescent lights clicked on and filled the room with harsh glare and a low electric hum. Laura Farsmith, PhD. padded quietly across the long, immaculate laboratory to rest a hand on the reinforced radiation-shielded box that would someday carry her across time and space... If she could only puzzle out the thrice-damned equations!

The hardware end of it had been deceptively simple, really. It wasn't her field, but from what she understood, once the feasibility had been proved it had simply been a matter of designing a sturdy vessel impermeable to the unique particles involved, which would impact the vessel and propel it through time itself... Laura sighed and replaced her glasses on her narrow, delicate face, then returned to her chair and stared into the implacable screen.

When morning shot a death-ray beam of blinding light through the laboratory window, it hit the sleeping scientist square in the eye. She groaned and peeled her face off of the keyboard, scowling and gingerly prodding the lattice-pattern the keys had left in her skin. Her bleary eyes blinked leadenly as she looked around the room... And promptly fell off of her chair in shock.

The machine was running.

Motes of light swirled around the conduit towers, electricity crackled over the conducting surfaces, and the heavy door stood open and inviting. On the computer screen before her, a nonsense string of numbers posed beneath the flashing message "INPUT EQUATION ACCEPTED." Her hand shook as she again touched her face. Her mind struggled with the enormity of the odds... Mashing her face on the keyboard had done what years of feverish study and calculation couldn't? The indignity of it was quickly subsumed into a stronger, more meaningful feeling of elation... *The time machine was working.*

Laura had to cling to the long laboratory tables to combat a severe and most undignified case of the jelly-legs as she wobbled over to the glowing, humming, wonderfully beautifully *alive* device! She should.... She should call the Director. And the rest of the team. There should be tests, controlled experiments, more calculations, then a carefully-worded press release. But one of the "shoulds" in her head was louder than all the others... The one that said "*You* should be the first human being to travel backwards in time."

Put like that, there was no way she could resist. A quick trip, that's all... Not long enough to cause any disasters or acquire any diseases or anything like that! She'd hop back, poke her head out, and come right back. No shenanigans, all very professional! Laura slid, giddy with excitement, into the boxy transport chamber and thumbed the "SEAL HATCH" button. The interior was dimly-lit with a single red bulb in a steel impact cage. She had fantasized about this since she was just a little girl playing with plastic dinosaurs in the back yard... Dr. Farsmith tapped at the small green digital keypad, entering the precisely-calculated date which the research team had provided, roughly 67 million years ago. She hesitated only a moment before jabbing the "INITIATE" button!

Laura knew something was wrong immediately. The first glimmering strands of transchronal energy appeared, but instead of impacting and forcing the chamber to begin transition, they wriggled right through the hull! A thousand glittery white-blue threads pierced the chamber and twisted right through her. Fear gripped her heart. The effects of this exotic energy on an organic form were completely untested, but there's no way they could be harmless... And sure enough, the overzealous scientist grabbed her stomach in shock as a wave of nausea passed over her!

Dr. Farsmith had all but resigned herself to reaping the cancerous rewards of overhasty science when she realized the pain had stopped... And that the small dim chamber was seeming smaller! Her underthings pinched and bit into her flesh, wedging into her sensitive bits before finally giving up and splitting, followed rapidly by her blouse and slacks... Laura could only stare dumbly at her expanding form. Her thick, wide hips and thighs looked as smooth and soft as they always had, but beneath she could feel muscle knitting and piling up against her bones, her bones which ached and creaked as they thickened and stretched.

She had to have grown by at least a foot straight up, but even that couldn't account for why her forehead was scraping at the roof of the chamber, clinking oddly against the caged red light bulb. Laura reached up with a broad, powerful-looking hand to touch, feeling a high ridge of bone, a fan-like crest of rough, pebbly skin over a thick plate that extended from her skull! When she opened her mouth to gasp in shock, it came out as a low, heavy grunt, her nose scaling over as it fused with her upper mouth and stretched out into a beaked, reptilian muzzle.

Laura sank to her knees, gasping with the overwhelming sensations of her changing body. Her belly and breasts finally tore through her top! She couldn't help but smile when she saw her chest, always a petite barely-b-cup, wobbling out into a firm pair of perky Ds... Any moment of vanity is always intruded upon by reality, however, and hers was ended when her already-tattered slacks were torn wholly away by the sudden explosion of a thick, heavy, powerful tail from above her wide round bottom! The new limb thumped painfully against the chamber wall, prompting her to grunt heavily in annoyance.

A moment passed before Dr. Farsmith realized that the brilliant blue-white of the transchronal beams had ceased, leaving her in the dull red light of the chamber. She

warily picked herself up to her heavy, tough-skinned feet and jabbed a thick thumb at the "RELEASE HATCH" button. Laura gripped the top of the doorframe as the heavy steel doors hissed open, releasing an accumulated cloud of steam. The newly-made dinosaur-girl reached smoothly up to her proud new face and pinched the arm of her glasses, bringing them down in a steady motion and glancing dispassionately at her huge, strong, curvaceous saurian body.

"Being a Report on the Beneficial Effects of Transchronal Energy on the Human Form and the Acquisition of Superior Characteristics Thereto" she murmured with a smile, already composing the treatise in her head...