

If You Could Start Again

A Thursday Prompt

By

S.W.Ohm

The silver furred tod lowered the microscope goggles over his eye and soldered a few more connections to the micro controller unit. After the final aliveness test this will be 'The Trip'. He already worked out all the kinks and sent a rabbit back in time to 41 years ago, and received telemetry that the rabbit existed for 32 seconds in that time frame before quantum evaporation occurred. Success! For an item as complex as himself he may get 10, perhaps 15 seconds of existence in the previous 'frame'. Precious little time to affect a change, but it was a chance better than none.

The Fox scientist worked in a coffee stained and, well, tattered may be too strong a word, let's say well worn, lab coat. He flipped up the goggles and hooked up the diagnostic leads to the freshly installed driver board. Satisfied with the signal returns he took off the leads and closed the compartment. Scooting over to the control console in his chair he began to prep the pre start up sequencing.

15 years ago this personal project started with a novel theory on the nature of time presented by one Dr. Herrman Hochundschpitzen, a little regarded old physicist at the Max Planck Institute for Physics in Munich. His model utilized the M-theory of cosmology, which says the universe, or universes, are made up of 11 dimensional membranes and where these membranes touch and interact things like the big bang and our universe exists. Now Dr. Hochundschpitzen holds that time is an illusion and that reality exists only in quantum static realizations and there is no past and no future but only an instantaneous now. Our perception of time is just the path propagation of ripples in the fine structure of the membrane interaction that connects a contiguous sequence of realizations that we perceive as our 'reality' of moving through time and space. Dr. Hochundschpitzen even went so far as to propose a simple experiment that would demonstrate the principle, but he was a theorist only interested in mathematical constructs and had no interest in experimental physics. The silver haired scientist was interested in experimental physics, and after some consultation did indeed perform the experiments and was stunned to find they worked, or at least they did something! It was an ideal opportunity to make a practical application of a conversation he had where a friend had asked him 'what would you do different if you could start again?'

Our lives are one possible path along these ripple patterns in the fabric of spacetime snapshots, and there could in fact be an infinite number of paths all existing, all at once. We only can perceive the one path of course as any one particular realizational curve connects the sequence of snapshots that is our life and it's that curve that conducts information such that yields our perception of flowing time. Now suppose you could send information from one frame further along the curve back to a frame on an earlier section of the curve. The disturbance would cause

the propagation of your realizational path to hop off its previous vector onto a new path as determined by the fine structure ripples in the membrane interaction. Thus in the viewpoint of that realization path, that life vector would in effect disappear and a new life vector would propagate along that new unique informational channel, or in layman's terms you'd change history, or at least your personal history that you had perceived.

So here this aging bitter scientist is moments away from a chance to go back and have a chance at starting again. The Startup process is complete and the silver haired fox got into 'The Device', (it is NOT a time machine! This isn't Jules Verne.) With a building hum, he pressed the 'activate' switch, and disappears. The quantum rebound created a micro singularity for 58 nano seconds which then dissociated into neutrinos and gamma rays, as well as blowing out the bottom floor of the building the lab was in.

42 'years' earlier.

A young grey and black fox was in 9th grade art, melting some wax to paint onto a fabric dye project. A very cute vixen stood opposite the pan. The grey and black fox, feeling very self-conscious, concentrated intently on the melting wax.

Then suddenly with an odd noise sounding like "fPhop!" and a puff of quantum smoke, a silver haired scientist in a well-worn lab coat appeared before the young fox. Momentarily collecting himself, the scientist energetically approached the young fox and shouted

"You Moron!", and hauled off and slapped the taste out of the mouth of the now stunned fox, sending him sprawling to the ground," Fucking DO!....SOMETHING!!" with arms flapping in the air in exasperation. And as suddenly as he appeared the silver haired scientist disappeared in thin air with a sound resembling "ShhPOP!" and a puff of quantum smoke and an aroma of ozone.

The class, mouths agape at the improbable spectacle they just witnessed, stood in stunned silence. The cute vixen knelt down and took the hand of the young grey black fox now getting up and rubbing the side of his face that got so rudely slapped a moment ago. He looked into the face of the vixen and asked, "The fuck was all that about?"