



Adventures In Time Travel

by Bobby D. Lux

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So, here's something many people don't know about me: I practice voodoo. I'm pretty good at it too. I could've gone pro if but I couldn't get a deal that would make my family secure if something should ever happen to me. Also, my projected spot in the draft was low third round at best, meaning I was good enough to go pro but not good enough to really make it big.

Anyway, as the years went by and my time spent practicing voodoo went down significantly, I picked up another hobby which until now has been somewhat of a secret and that's time travel. I also found that these two hobbies can come in handy when used in combination.

You see, I went on a date recently and the girl (who shall remain nameless) and I were enjoying a lovely and getting to know each other evening, talking about goals and hobbies and our careers and when I told her mine she replied, "So, when are you going to get a big boy job?"

That was the end of that date, but the whole thing had cost me fifty bucks, so I wanted payback. That night I cursed her and went to bed, giving the curse time to settle in. The next morning I got in my time machine (I have a hybrid – environmental friendly!!) and traveled to the year 2009 to see how the curse had turned out and if I needed to make any alterations and whatnot. As I was waiting around where I picked her up, I picked up the daily newspaper and this is what I found:

The return of the Jeb-I



By The Dali Lama.

1/20/09

(AP) WASHINGTON -- To hell with it. Seriously. No, you know what? Fuck it (can I say that? At this point, who cares?!). At least Michael had the courtesy to whack Fredo when he couldn't cut the mustard; why couldn't W. have had the some foresight because now it's too late?

The inauguration is moments away and so far Tupelo, Mississippi and an unidentified part of 'Bama have been all but blown off the map by a new wave of dirty bombers. After three years of peace brought on by W. after the fall of the Middle East (followed by the greatest Harvest Crusade of all-time) the

intellectualists have finally started to make their voices heard and are targeting the strongholds of the Bush III campaign: the deep South.

Bush has decreed that the moment he takes office he'll launch a full-scale war on the liberal intellectuals of the greater U.S.A., Canada, and Europe, in that order. So I say screw it, I'm going to McDonald's to try one of the those nasty number 4's, I'm buying an S.U.V., I'm five chapters into my new James Patterson book, I'm stopping at Starbucks for a latte, and then dropping by Blockbuster to get the new Ben Affleck movie: Gigli 3D, a brand new ass. What's the point? Hell, I'll probably go buy the greatest hits of Michael Bolton while I'm at it.

Buddhism can go to hell. I tried and tried but no one would listen. Maybe I'm the one who's nuts. I spent years walking around in a Goddamned robe and this is what we get in the Western World? I was so close to finally building a bridge with this side of the planet. It was to be my Chevy coup d'grace, if you will... or was it Chevy Chase? But now this whole lifetime was wasted in that one moment where Jeb asked his secret service man, "who let the homeless Chinaman in? Is this a photo op? I pass."

So now I shop at the Gap and I'm getting a tattoo of the American eagle on my forearm. If you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

Here I am, the Dali Lama, standing on the lawn of the White House, an anonymous reporter talking into my recorder, preparing to see this man accept the reign of a country I've come to love and respect.

I hope the Scotch starts to kick in soon. I hear all writers should like Scotch. I drank enough today to make it to November.

I'm starting to feel like I'm in a Lewis Carroll novel... no, he's not from MTV you worthless piece of shit (Note: I was interrupted by a slouched over 'anchor' from MTV 6, who thought I was talking about some DJ from Germany).

Wait a second, that must be the Scotch kicking in. I like this. This might work out. A monk could get used to this, couldn't he? Yeah he could. We might get through this thing after all. At least as long I don't run out of...what's this called... oh, they call it 'Dewar's White Label.'

Anyway, I hope this doesn't run on too long, Mandela and I are meeting up at this place called a titty bar; his idea.

Here he comes, the apocalypse speaks in five... four... three... two... one...

I was stunned to say the least. In fact, I didn't even notice the girl until she pulled out of her driveway and headed off down the street in her brand new BMW. I guess my cursing skills need some work, but thankfully my time traveling skills aren't as rusty. Good thing too, from the looks of this article. At first I thought I shouldn't do anything but then I remembered how I came across the article in the first place, so all bets are off. I'm writing this as I travel back to 2005, knowing that I've got some voodoo practice to get to. After all, voting's one thing, but a curse is a sure bet..