

Chapter 1

"He moped to school gloomy and sad, and took his flogging, along with Joe Harper, for playing hookey the day before."

(Mark Twain's Tom Sawyer)

On a gorgeous June day in 2044, Chauvin High School junior Tamar Weaver, wearing a trendy T-shirt whose literary purpose was solely to annoy adults, entered the building in New York City, the capital of the Union of Royal American States (URAS).

She only remained in school for one period and then escaped; her grandparents had always called these escapes "playing hooky." On the term's final day, after a bus trip downtown, Tamar joined a group of time travelers from AT&T, Advanced Time and Tours, whose next stop was the Mercy Crystal Palace in the year 1863.

As Tamar and the travelers arrived in the massive glass auditorium located in an area surrounded by rundown shops and unpaved streets, she saw the king, Abraham Lincoln, attentively listening to a former slave, Sojourner Truth, tell her story.

The bespectacled monarch was seated in a box overlooking the stage. Suddenly his eyeglasses reflected a slight movement of the curtain behind him and instinctively moved his chair aside.

Seated in the ballroom below, a few rows in front of the other time travelers, Tamar did not see the man that had moved the curtain. Suddenly, two gunshots reverberated through the room.



The audience panicked and the room started to empty. Tamar, a budding journalist, noted in a small journal that she always carried with her, some key words describing what had happened.

She later appended those notes to read that "everything written in this journal is the truth. If, in the future, I experience other adventures, I hope that I can fix the fabric of time. Hopefully, I will be able to correct both my history and yours."

Eventually, Tamar's journal would be placed into a hermetically-sealed container, hidden in a location where it would be discovered by future archaeologists.

"I'm older now and hopefully wiser," she wrote. "It's 2063 and the URAS has been peaceful since World War III ended in 2031. Queen Alyssa rules, but unless certain reweaves are made in the threads of time, the peace won't continue."

"The queen told me that her nightmares continue and that world peace may be violated by an enemy; undocumented aliens she called them." The queen said those revelations were revealed to her in a book, which the aliens had shown her.

"I'm not a fool or a fraud, and I don't care if anyone believes me or not. But I really think that my impact on the events that I have described have led you to read about it today," Tamar said. "That's why the manuscript was sealed to withstand the ravages of time, as well as the cockroaches that wanted to feast on it."

"Way back when, during the 1939 World's Fair in New York City, the ancient internal combustion engine vehicle manufacturer General Motors explained in its motion picture. 'To New Horizons,' that 'We are all interested in the future as that is where we are going to spend the rest of our lives.'"

"I know that I'm taking a risk by sharing my experiences with you, and that you might think, at the very least, that it's an exaggeration (*or that I'm crazy or not the most rational person you've ever encountered*), but I'm inviting you to accompany me on my journey, to inspire you to ask 'what if and what's next.'"

Chapter 2

The world is supposed to be full of possibilities, but they narrow down to pretty few in most personal experience. There's lots of good fish in the sea, but the vast masses seem to be mackerel or herring. If you're not mackerel or herring yourself you are likely to find very few good fish in the sea.

Lady Chatterley's Lover

The time travelers entered the Crystal Palace. All that Tamar saw through the glass windows was a distorted image of a fading street. The murmur of crackling whips superseded the excitement of voices in the building's various meeting halls. The massive structure appeared to have its own purifying ambience.

The Alternative Time and Tours group entered an auditorium, a room with raised curtained boxes overlooking an enormous orchestral floor and stage. There, an erect Sojourner Truth appeared to be praying on what seemed to be a pulpit.



She was tall, over six feet topped by an erect head, eyes piercing the air, with clothing flowing with a strength similar to a rainbow's attempt to punctuate the sky after a thunderstorm. The former slave wasn't exactly bad-looking or good-looking; she just gazed at the audience, waiting for the hubbub to dissipate.

The translucent blinds on the glass ceiling darkened and the room took on the appearance of a country church. A memory went through Tamar's head as she glanced at King Abraham -- a memory of an animatronics Disneyland version of King Robert Lincoln, the king's son, walking and talking to a human audience.

"I remember reading in our history books," Tamar thought, "about how kindly King Barack, back in 2015, selected a turkey, which he named Abe. In the palace's Rose Garden he reprieved it from being slaughtered and eaten on that Thanksgiving Day."

"He told reporters for the Royal Enquirer that Abe would spend the rest of its life in the Children's Zoo at the Bronx Royal Zoological Park. Semantically, that promise was honored for three weeks. On Christmas Day Abe was taken from the park, slaughtered and roasted for a state dinner being held for a former terrorist, Suleiman V, ISIS' self-appointed caliph."

But this was not Disneyland, and Prince Robert was a real person who would eventually assume the throne. Sojourner Truth was also a real person-one who fought her way to freedom and wanted all people to be free; black and white, men and women.

The prince sat next to his father as both watched the stage.

Behind Tamar was a woman whose eyes seemed to be watching everyone. She looked like Chauvin's guidance counselor, Eloise de Sade. At Chauvin, de Sade never

kept it a secret that she had the ability to astral project herself into historical settings.

The tour guide and the rest of AT&T's group were seated several rows to the rear of Tamar. And because Tamar sat separately from the group, she did not notice the tour guide winking multiple times in the direction of the monarch's box.

Robert observed the winking and hurriedly excused himself. He asked the king's bodyguard, John Frederick Parker, to show him the location of the restroom.

Parker, a member of the Metropolitan Police Force, had been assigned that very evening to guard the king. His orders were to sit just outside the box's curtain and prevent intruders from entering.

Parker previously had a spotty relationship with his superiors, appearing before the Police Board for transgressions such as sleeping on duty, visiting a house of prostitution, firing a pistol through a window and using abusive and insulting language. Yet, because he reportedly was a distant relative of Queen Mary Todd Lincoln, he was assigned the duty of protecting the monarch.

As the two men proceeded down a hallway, they passed an actor costumed as Hamlet who apparently was on the way to his dressing room. Parker and Robert Lincoln assumed the actor just came from an adjoining theater. After leaving the restroom, the two men decided not to return to King Abraham's box, preferring to watch the lecture from a better central vantage point.

Just before Robert excused himself, the monarch also noticed the winking. Abraham had learned code during the Mexican War and became terrified when the code translated as the word "now."

Sojourner Truth spoke with an accent, an accent of a person whose native language was not English; an accent of someone that did not know how to read or write.

There was much commotion in the room. Many in the audience railed against her speaking but had been forced to come by their spouse. Sojourner calmed the overflowing crowd.

"Well children, what's all dis talking 'bout? Dat man over dar say dat women needs to be helped into carriages and lifted over ditches, and to hob the best place everywhere. Nobody heer helps me into carriages, or over mud puddles, or gibes me my best place. And isn't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm!"

Sojourner Truth was born into slavery in Swartekill, New York in 1797 as Isabella Baumfree. Her first language was Dutch and in 1826 escaped with her infant daughter,

Sophia, to freedom. In 1828, after going to court to recover her son, Peter, Isabella became the first slave to win a case against a white man.

In 1843, Baumfree told her friends that *"the Spirit calls me, and I must go."* She renamed herself Sojourner Truth and gained national recognition throughout the kingdom as an abolitionist.

Tamar's "dialect translator pendant" was attached to her earlobe disguised as an ear ring. That, along with the period's clothing that was fitted to her body when the group arrived in 1863, allowed the tourists to blend in and understand all dialects.

"I've plowed, I've planted, I've gathered the crop and put it into the barn. No man was able to do the amount of work that I could. So aren't I a woman? In addition to working more than a man and eating like a man when I could get the food without master whipping me; doesn't that show that I'm a person?"

"I've given birth to 13 children, most of who were taken from me and sold to another master. And when I cried out my grief, only Jesus heard me. So aren't I a woman? Then people around me talk about this thing in my head. What's it called?"

A man in the tour group, wearing eyeglasses incorporating Google Glass' latest features, depressed his finger onto a small black device that he held. And as he did so, yelled out the word *"intellect"* to Sojourner Truth's question.

His Google spectacles simultaneously transmitted audio and video to an AT&T supervisor in 2044 who recorded the feed. The transmission was also relayed to the would-be assassin.

In addition to answering Sojourner's question, the yelled word, the depression to the black box and the real-time feed provided a go-ahead. The only things that could not be transmitted were the thoughts going through everyone's mind.

As Sojourner continued, the Google Glass eye-tracking technology with a miniscule camera alternated between King Abraham in his box and the presentation on-stage.

"That's it honey. What does intellect have to do with the rights of women, or for that matter, the rights of colored people? If my cup only holds a pint and yours holds a quart, wouldn't it be mean of you not to share your drink with me?"

Tamar's earlobe started to itch and, as she scratched it, the earring fell into her lap.

Sojourner continued speaking. *“Den dat little man in black dar, he say womin can’t have much rights as men, ‘cause Christ wan’t a womin. Whar did your Christ come from? From God and a womin! Man had nuttin to do wid him.”*

Ushers carrying tambourines then canvassed the audience soliciting donations for Sojourner's struggle to free slaves.

Concluding, she told her audience, *“Bleeged to ye for hearing on me and now old Sojourner han’t nuttin more to say.”*

With that, the audience, including the husbands that had been forced to come, burst into applause. Coins jingled onto the collection plates.

Tamar, unlike the other members of the group, had not been briefed as to a time traveler's proper behavior. She was only told to follow the lead of the other travelers. But she was not able to follow their lead because they were seated too far from her.

And because she was seated next to a woman that had entered the building walking just alongside her, Tamar did not observe the curtain above and to the side that had been pushed aside.

Tamar automatically put her hand into her pocket, picked out one of the coins that she felt and put it into the collection plate. She originally had three of the collectible golden dollar coins but had used one to pay for bus fare after she ran from the school.

During the brief moment that the tambourine faced the strange woman, Miss Anthony saw a reflection of herself -- on the Susan B. Anthony dollar coin that Tamar had dropped onto the plate.

Miss Anthony picked it up to see it in a better light. But just as she did two gunshots rang out and she screamed in shock.



Susan B. Anthony's bloody face dropped onto Tamar's lap. The teenager tried to pull away, forcing herself from the seat. She looked up just as the Hamlet-costumed shooter leap over the railing in front of King Abraham's box.

As his legs touched the stage, he yelled "*Sed vita et umbra sum malleus conterens umbra.*"

Tamar studied Latin for two years and was able to translate the assailant's muttering as "Life is but a fleeting shadow and I am the hammer that destroys that shadow."

Before dying, Miss Anthony eyed Tamar, who shyly pulled away, trying to rejoin the AT&T group.

As the assassin, now on the stage, tried to right himself, he passed a bewildered Sojourner Truth who attempted to tackle him. He pushed her aside, hurling himself toward a side exit. With a quick glance toward fleeing members of the audience, he saw Tamar's face; a face permanently etched into his memory. She seemed familiar but could not recall where he had seen her before.

As the assassin ran from the room, Sojourner Truth's wailing voice erupted into a song of years past; a prayer that punctuated the chaos; a cry to God that she had learned as a child: "*Ole Satan's church is here below; Up to*