

The because it
remained him of
his own



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The sweat hung heavy on Steven's cold features. He was walking as calmly as he could down the corridor. Given the chance he may have been described as handsome, but none gave him the chance and Steven didn't really want them to. He was keeping a close eye on the shadows that covered every doorway, as people who were less fortunate than him often lurked there waiting for someone to mug. Who would have thought that the Human race would have come to this? Locked in an intergalactic war that had lasted several millennia, but he was going to change that, it would be as the war had never happened and indeed if he succeeded, it wouldn't.

Suddenly he stopped and gazed out of the nearest view port, he saw nothing but a thin sprinkling of stars and an awful lot of black, it was pretty much the same view he had had for the past thirteen weeks. At fist he found it awe-inspiring and then slowly that had given way to just plain dull and then very dull and then deeply dull. This depressed him greatly not because he loved to marvel at the beauty and intricacy of the universe, but because it remaindered him of his own life, stark and bleak with only a few pin pricks of excitement or hope in the near blank empty shell that was his life. He only got depressed when he was bored, bored or nervous, and at this moment it was the latter. Time Travel, two little words that have caused so much conflict and so many scientists to pull out their hair and have to be put into tax exile which is the usual fate of those determined to make a fool of themselves in public. Steven didn't much like the idea of time travel, meddling in the past to affect the present it was to complicated.

How could he go back in time to stop a war that was the reason that he went back in the first place, if it's done it should be done the bastards should

leave it alone. There was also the issue that if some thing went wrong he would be broken down into a mixture of hydrogen carbon and ozone and would then be spread to any place in the entire universe and at any point in that places history. In short he would die a horrible, horrible death. But he didn't really care his life at the moment only resembled some kind of rabbit like creature that had died and been left out in the sun to long.

Dr. Simons however had a slightly more optimistic view on what was about to happen. This probably had something to with the fact that he was in no real danger as all he had to do was throw a switch and cross his fingers. Dr. Simons was considered to be the leading expert on temporal physics in the entire known universe. He had succeeded where others had failed he had created a time machine.

He's not quite sure how it happened, he was trying to create a nuclear powered toaster at the time. The idea for this toaster had hit him when a few weeks earlier he had been harassed by falling pieces of lightly browned squares of bread that had just seemed to materialise a few feet above his head and proceeded to land on him. He was even more confused when he had completed this toaster that every piece of bread that he had put into it did not come out in fact they just disappeared. He finally realised what he had created when one of his pupils, feeling rather hungry after just discovering that the whole universe was in fact the same shape as Mickey Mouse's head, had adjusted the controls on the toaster to high and had sent the bread fifteen seconds in to the future. Again above Dr.

Simons head. As Steven walked down the corridor it suddenly struck him that there were a great many things that he and in fact the whole human race did not know or indeed were mealy not aware of, one of the great many