

The TimePod landed with a soft thump. A green light began flashing on the control panel as its computer announced. "We have arrived in the Fifty Ninety Eight SafeTime Zone. All systems are cleared for departure from the TimePods. Please make sure that all your personal..."

"Yeah, yeah, yeah..." Rexx shut off the speaker control. "...enough, already." He turned to Sendi. "Well, here we are...you ready."

"No, not really, but whatever..." She sighed. "Let's go."

As they slowly covered the last few steps to the wall. Sendi said. "This feels so weird being back here and knowing...well, all this stuff." She glanced back at Rexx's TimePod. "I mean, if we're back here to undo this incident, shouldn't things be like they were before, like, the whole Time Caravan should be here, shouldn't it?"

"I would have thought so...but, who knows. The Time Police wasn't very helpful when he just said 'time to go' and nothing else."

"Well, we've got our recorders and stunguns and we're wearing our EnviroSuits like before...but, shouldn't we not be remembering everything?"

"I guess...that maybe whatever we were supposed to do isn't done yet." He surmised.

"No, I guess not."

They rounded the corner of the break in the ruined wall, and the vast desert spotted with the remains of cities stretched out before them. The side of the wall was heavily scorched and blackened from attack. Greasy smoke curled from the occasional distant urban structures.

"Well, this looks familiar." Rexx commented. "I guess we're here. I think I was watching the edge of that city through the MiniCam viewfinder and then told you to use your viewfinder."

"Yeah." She said as they both raised their MiniCams to their eyes. The subscript of the viewfinders read, "5098 A.D., ALIEN WARS, DESERT OF YON, KAARLRAN'S RUINED PALACE". "Well, my MiniCam readout says we're here."

"So's mine." Rexx replied. "So what's next?" They watched through their viewfinders as a few Alcaad in their black metallic armor prowled the outskirts of the city.

Sendi lowered her cam and looked around. She walked forward several meters and stopped. Hearing her steps Rexx lowered his cam and followed. "What's up?"

She turned to face him. "It's not as much fun and exciting as it was the last time, is it?"

"Well, no."

She pointed toward a burned out vehicle and several bodies laying on the ground.

"That wasn't here the last time."

"You're sure?"

"Yes. I am."

There was a soft crunch in the gravel and Rexx turned his head toward the sound. "Did you hear that?" He asked softly.

"No, what?" She whispered back.

"I thought I heard something close by."

A moment later, the gravel shifted again a lot closer. Rexx shoved the cam into his vest pouch as he spun around to locate the source of the sound.

He scanned the length of the wall. Suddenly a part of the wall moved. An Alcaad alien raised up from its crouched position, its armor no longer camouflaged against the burned wall and moved slowly in their direction. Rexx froze in his position. As the alien approached it raised a device that it held in its hand as if to fire a weapon.

After adjusting the settings on its translator, the Alcaad raised its head and faced Rexx and Sendi and spoke.

Rexx and Sendi froze, a split second passed and she spoke. "Rexx! The translator!" Rexx hastily pulled their translator and the neural disks out of his EnviroSuit's pouch. He handed a disk to Sendi and affixed his own. He adjusted the setting on the translator, while the Alcaad patiently waited.

The alien spoke again. "For six hundred sixteen cycles, we have stood against each other."

Rexx addressed the alien. "What...who...are you?"

Lovra laughed and removed his helmet. "Hi Rexx! Hi Sendi! Fancy meeting you here!"

"Lovra!" Sendi exclaimed.

He laughed heartily. "When you downloaded your recordings, we also got the TimePod's history tapes. That helped a lot with our knowledge of historical events."

"But, can you trust their accuracy?" Rexx asked. "We found discrepancies when we arrived at the mine."

"Well, we allowed there might be differences. In any case, we are here now, and apparently, this is now the timeline."

"So, what do we do?"

"We proceed as best we can, you still have to arrange for the treaty."

"But, you weren't the enemy." Interjected Sendi. "Why...?"

"I'll explain...and it will probably be best to not let on that we have been here all this time and just pretend that we are part of the invading troops. And thanks for all your help in the past. The foreknowledge enabled us to judge their methods and perfect our weaponry. We've pretty much ended this conflict and are just mopping up the stragglers. As part of the treaty, we will announce our plans to depart."

"You are going to leave?" Sendi asked.

"Yes, we figure that since they found us once, more could come. It's best to put more distance between us to protect your planet."

"Where will you go?" Rexx asked.

"Where, who knows, but hopefully, where they will not find us again."

"What happened to the tribe?" Sendi interjected. "Are they safe?"

"After several decades, the mine ran out of ore and the miners left. The tribe stayed on with us and we found other types of ore to build our fighters. Our peoples grew to become good friends, we learned each other's languages and even intermarried, which proved to increase their childrens' lifespans. Some of their descendants have expressed the desire to go with us when we leave. The rest want to remain and enjoy the desert. We are happy that we are no longer so much alone and have built a strong mutual community." He replied, then continued. "...and sorry guys, but it looks as if we have to go through the prearranged script in order to make the correct timeline unfold. So here goes..."

"Wait, how did you get the script?" Rexx asked.

"Your friend, the Time Police is providing it real time." He tapped the neural disk on his forehead. "They are monitoring our thoughts and providing the dialog. Just listen and say what they provide."

Sendi, shaking her head, exclaimed. "Oh my god...hey! Wait a minute! You learned our language...then, why are we messing with these translators?"

"It's all part of the script." He winked, then asked. "So, are we ready?"

"No, but go ahead..." She resigned.

"We'll take it from where Rexx said. 'What...who...are you?'"

The warrior responded. "I am...ambassador. It is time for this to stop."

"Yes...but, how?" Sendi asked.

"Where is the person of power? We must communicate."

"I...I'm not really sure." She stammered. "You see, we're not from this time, and..."

The Alcaad warrior looked intently at Rexx, pretending to not understand.

"Well...you see, we're from the future." He explained. "We were with this time tour and we sorta strayed away from the group...and got stuck...and we don't really know our way around here very well and...oh, where's the Time Police when you really need them?"

Behind him, a voice, "Right here, Rexx, Sendi."

Rexx and Sendi turned to see the Time Police standing behind them at the edge of the broken wall. The Alcaad looked curiously at the Time Police.

"But, you see, Rexx, Sendi, we are not here to interfere. You, however, have cause here." They stared at him, not understanding. "Your history, Rexx, Sendi, remember your history."

Rexx thumped his fist against his forehead. "Wha...? Oh, I see what you mean. Um...what happened? Sendi, you remember?" She shook her head. "Oh, yeah, the Roman Restoration Empire...uh, what was that guys name, the one that ended the war?" Rexx looked at the Time Police, who just stood there leaning against the wall with his arms crossed. "Oh, come on brain, what was his name?"

"I think it was Lucius something." Sendi suggested.

"Oh yeah, Lucius Ilias Coronus, that's what it was!"

The Alcaad warrior stared at Rexx, waiting for more.

"Yeah, yeah!" Rexx pointed toward the horizon. "And, his headquarters are, like, about a day's journey from here, sort of that way." He turns to the Time Police. "Um, can I take him there?"

The Time Police extended a hand, palm up, toward Rexx. "As you like."

"Great!" He turned back to the Alcaad. "Come on, let's go! Wait til you meet this guy! He is so impressive! Isn't he, Sendi?"

"He certainly is! He's one of the greatest diplomats there is!"

As the three headed off toward the Roman Restoration Empire Council Chamber, the Time Police watched them disappear in the distance and commented to himself. "Very nice, Rexx, Sendi, very nice. You two would make good diplomats as well."

The next day, in Lucius Ilias Coronus' ready room, the Emperor and the Alcaad warrior sat in conference at a small table with Rexx and Sendi.

Rexx tried to explain to the Emperor. "You see, we, Sendi and I, are from the future. Time travel has been perfected and we were on a historical tour. And, you see, you were going to stop this war, anyhow, in about fifteen years. But, this way, it shouldn't be as

devastating and civilization will be able to rebuild quicker, and, like, isn't that what we're all trying to do, anyhow?"

The Emperor nodded. "Hmm, interesting, very interesting."

Rexx translated as the Alcaad warrior said. "This transgression was not wise. Our two cultures must join to repair what my ancestors began."

The Emperor turned to Rexx. "Very well, young diplomat, you have spoken wisely. We will work with these Alcaad and hope to build something better here."

As Rexx and Sendi prepared to leave, Rexx said. "We have to return to our time travel machine, hopefully to return to our own time. We wish you the best of luck in your negotiations for a lasting peace. And to you, Ambassador Lovra, many thanks for your courage in coming forward during this terrible war. And thank you for your enduring friendship. We will miss you. May you have a long and peaceful life."

Lovra bowed: "Fare well my friends and have many favorable journeys!"

The Emperor listened at these parting words of Rexx's with curiosity. Rexx removed the neural disk as Sendi handed hers to him. He gave them to the Emperor along with the translator. "You will be needing these for your negotiations. Ambassador Lovra will show you how to use them."

As they were leaving the council chambers, Sendi exclaimed, "Uh oh, I left my helmet and gloves in the conference room. I'll be right back." as she turned to go.

Rexx sat alone to one side in the anti-chamber, handling his stungun, and talking softly to himself. "I really liked this. I wanted to buy it." There was a long pause as he continued to fondle the gun.

Sendi approached and paused watching.

Rexx held the gun up to the light. "I guess it's just not part of me anymore." He crossed to a shelf and put the gun on it. "Maybe these people can make better use of it." He turned and left the room.

Sendi stood still for a long moment. She reached into her vest pouch and pulled out her gun. She looked at it. "But, for this adventure...is adventure the right word?...I wouldn't be here... maybe it's no longer part of me, either." She placed it on the shelf next to Rexx's gun, turned and hurried after him.

Rexx and Sendi retraced their steps back to where they had left the TimePod. The still desert surrounded them as they walked along.

Sendi remarked. "It's not really like reliving history at this point, is it? So, do you miss all the fighters zooming in on us?"

"No, I guess not. But, it's definitely better this way. War is exciting; it stimulates the adrenals, the emotions, the patriotic memories, but, it hurts and kills a lot of people that could have had better lives."

Suddenly, the Time Police appeared along side them. "Hi Rexx, Sendi!"

"What? Oh, it's you...you startled me!"

"Me, too!" Sendi exclaimed.

"What's Up?"

"Well, it's going to be a bit difficult for you to return to Fifty Three Fifty Seven."

"Oh, how come?"

"Yeah, why?" Sendi added.

"Well, you see, history and your future have changed a bit. And the Rexx and Sendi you left behind you are not quite the same as the ones you are now."

"Huh? What do you mean?"

"Yeah, what?" Echoed Sendi.

"Well, you've grown, dimensionally, that is..."

Rexx and Sendi stared at him.

"You have traveled to temporal places that were beyond the boundaries of the SafeTime zone, and consequently, you now exist in more than one history. When you passed through the barricade, you provided us with an instrument that was solid in time. That is why your challenge of time repair went far beyond the minor transgression that once occurred in this zone."

They continued to stare at him.

"But, you succeeded, you see, and all of the displaced elements are now returned to their proper environment."

"But, we changed things...the ambassador and the Emperor are ahead of schedule."

"Yes, but the change was in a constructive direction providing a better continuity. Now, there is more contribution to the overall structure as fewer lives were lost. They are now able to participate."

"Does this mean we can go home?"

"Well, if you want...but, I think you will find it a bit boring compared to what I can offer you."

"What do you mean?"

"Yeah, what?"

"You are almost ready to convert into our dimension. With guidance you will be able to experience all of time at will and without hazard to yourself of any other element. If you return to your origin, I'm afraid, none of this will be possible. And, since you exist in so many histories that helped to create that future, your life there will only be a fragment of your complete self."

Rexx looked at Sendi. "I think my head hurts."

She nodded. "Mine, too."

"That's OK, you don't have to decide immediately. We can step out of time for awhile. If you like, we can visit your future as unobserved visitors and you can see what your future has become. Then, if you decide to return to it, you may. But, if you do, you will not be able to remember what has transpired out of time. You will only remember the TimeTours and be as regular tourists returning from a rather minor adventure. You will not have been left behind by the caravan, but be returning just the same as the rest of the tourists."

"Why do we have to forget?"

"We would only erase your memory as a courtesy. If you could remember, who would believe you? You would be tormented with the greatest story never told."

Rexx thought for a moment. "I see. You are right...it would be torment."

"Yes, you couldn't even say that you transgressed the barricade. You couldn't prove it and someone might report you either to the tour authorities, or..." with a laugh, "...a mental institute."

"But...well, yes, I think we would like to see our future, right, Sendi?"

She nodded in agreement. "I don't think I could let go of that part of my life without at least saying goodbye. But, I agree, it would be awful to have live with that secret. But, I

would really miss all these memories, if we chose to return. It would seem so empty to just go back to what I was then."

"Very well, we will go as unobserved visitors. Are you ready?" He spread his arms to enclose them.

"Don't we need the TimePod?" She asked.

The Time Police chuckled. "We would hardly be unobserved with that thing, would we? This is your first lesson in converting to our dimension."

The three of them folded into a green light beam, which narrowed to a small pinpoint, that then vanished, leaving the quiet desert behind.

Not even a second later, the process reversed and the three of them stood in the main room of the TimeTour building. The caravan of TimePods stood in the large port hanger. Rexx's TimePod was missing. All the rest were open and vacated. The tourists had all departed. There was a large barricade separating the lobby from the hanger with a sign that declared a minor interruption had occurred and all operations would recommence once the fault was corrected.

Beyond the barricade in the lobby, a small group of people were deep in animated conversation. Rexx and Sendi's attention was drawn to them.

"Hey! Those are some of my friends!" Rexx exclaimed.

"Mine, too." Sendi echoed and turned to the Time Police. "Can we go over there and see what's up?"

"Of course."

A security guard was trying to quiet the group. "Now, please, people...just go home and let the tour officials handle this. Leave your contact information with Reception and we will notify you as soon as your friends have been located."

"But, we want to know what happened." Argued one of the group.

"Yeah!" Seconded another.

Sendi addressed the Time Police. "That's a friend of mine. Can I please talk to him and explain that everything's OK?"

"No, I'm afraid not. What could you possibly say that wouldn't have drastic consequences to your timeline?"

"I...well, I, uh...I could say I went to the restroom and got stuck in a really long line."

"And, that would put you firmly in this timeline never to leave. And, what would you say about the tour officials that released the hatch of your pod, and didn't check you off the list of returned customers? And what about those people?" He pointed to a large group of technicians probing the TimePod that Sendi had occupied.

"What's going on?" Sendi asked. "That was my TimePod."

"Well, you aren't in it, are you? And Rexx's pod isn't here either. They're obviously trying to figure out what went wrong."

"Hey! Why is it that my TimePod returned and Rexx's didn't."

The Time Police stared intently at her. "How else would we have gotten you to the mine and stayed within the script?"

"Oh." Sendi realized. "So, you're not going to tell them what went wrong?"

The Time Police laughed loudly. "It's their problem, not ours...as it would seem so, since they haven't contacted us."

"Shhh, they'll hear you!...uh, don't they know we're here?"

"Sendi, look at your hand."

She raised her hand. "I can look right through it. All I see is a faint shimmer of an outline...the rest is just the floor, walls, building, and people around us. So, then they can't see or hear us?"

"Only a person with very sensitive perceptions would notice a variance in the room. That person might notice us, but only as a slight suggestion to their mind, that could easily be dismissed as a memory or distraction."

"So, they're trying to find out what went wrong...will they?" She looked at the Time Police for an answer.

"No. As they have not consulted us, providing information would be interfering in their timeline." He paused. "Well, it seems that we are done here. I think it's time to go. Any destination you prefer?"

Rexx and Sendi glanced at each other and shrugged.

"Very well." It snapped its fingers.

They faded into a mist.

As they reappeared, Sendi looked around. "Where are we?"

"Somewhere near nowhere."

"What, where?" She asked.

"Wait..." Rexx interjected. "...if the time we went to at the mine was different than what the TimePod recording said it would be, and we lived in that timeline, and, we're here, but we remember and the ambassador, I mean Lovra, remembered and remembered us. Then, where or when are we?"

The Time Police smiled. "Interesting question."

"Well?" Rexx prompted.

"You see, everything created, exists, but not everyone sees all of creation."

"What?" Rexx exclaimed.

"I think I get it." Sendi said.

Rexx turned to her. "What?"

"All of these timelines exist, but on an individual point of view." She explained "What I see is because of where I am. The original ambassador remembered us, but we didn't give him a chance to speak, so we had to recreate or create again the situation that would prompt our memory."

"Good, and..." The Time Police prompted.

Sendi continued. "If we went back to our future, as the Time Police said, we wouldn't forget, but it would drive us crazy, because who could we tell? We would be isolating ourselves from the culture we knew and that would destroy us...we would have no place to escape to. So, we would need a timeline with an individual point of view."

"Right." The Time Police agreed.

"But what about Lovra and his people?"

"They..." Sendi and Time Police started at the same time. The Time Police stopped and gestured to Sendi to continue. "They didn't come from our future." She said.

"Right." The Time Police agreed.

Rexx paused to think, then to the Time Police. "Tell me, was this a setup? Surely, we were not the first to transgress. I mean...oh, I don't know what I mean...so, the ambassador's past that we shared was real, but we didn't know it until we lived it again for the first time?"

"Yes." The Time Police said.

"My head hurts." Rexx said.

The Time Police smiled. "You two showed by your curiosity that you had potential. You didn't just follow the rules and believe the scenario that was presented to you. We thought we'd give you a chance and see what you could and would do. So, yes, in a way, it was a setup...but you seemed to be enjoying the adventure...you proved that by learning." It paused. "After all, isn't it all just an adventure?"

"But...?"

"Again, consider. When you first transgressed the barricade, we saw that you had potential in our dimension. You displayed curiosity beyond the human normal, as you overlooked much of the cautious self-preservation instincts. You did not have to 'correct' time as much as to demonstrate to us how much courage, or perhaps the word is 'spunk', that you could show in the face of very pronounced danger. You have done this. You have also demonstrated compassion and willingness to help without expecting any compensation. Which, is why, we welcome you. Time, unfolds, as time does. But, certain instruments are of great value."

"Speaking of danger...was anything resolved concerning that entity in the mountain that was causing so many deaths?" Sendi asked.

"Ah, yes, our little rogue beast..."

"Your 'little rogue beast'?" She echoed. "What's this 'our'? And, that sounds like an awfully affectionate name for a monster."

"Oh, I didn't mean that we possessed it or in anyway influenced it, but there are a lot entities in the Universe that are dangerous, but not necessarily evil in their intent. This one was simply following in its need to survive in the way that it thought best. It needs sentient beings to create the dark energy that supplies it. It cannot feed if the sentient beings are not cooperative in producing the dark energy, then it must find another source and relocate there."

"Is it still there?"

"No. The combined community was diligent enough to starve it out, and, after some time, it left."

"Where did it go?"

"It just moved to another place with easier prey, traveling gradually, and eventually, to the final battlefield in Yon. When the battle first began there it was only the Alcaad settlement's fighters against the invading force. Then the cities began to fight back assuming that they were the target. The emotional noise attracted the attention of the entity and it eventually found its way there. It fed off of the aggression, grew, and added its skills to fuel more aggression, and thereby producing more food."

"Yes. I thought I could smell it when we were standing out on the battlefield." Sendi sighed. "I imagine it was well fed there."

Rexx had been standing quietly during this conversation. Rexx asked. "Exactly, who or what are you?"

The Time Police looked at him with a smile. "We are human, same as you, and more."

"More?" Sendi asked. "What do you mean, 'more'?"

"We are the sum of our existences, you might describe it as the total memory of all of our incarnations, plus that part that does not seek to become flesh."

"Do you mean the soul?" She asked.

"No, the soul inhabits the flesh during its lifetime." It pointed at her. "You, your soul, is in your body, which is also you, as we speak."



"But, what about when we die and the body deteriorates?"

"Even then particles of your being live on in others, atoms join, molecules form, bits here and there influence how people become who or what they are."

"Yes." Rexx interjected. "I've heard that organ transplant receivers can take on personality characteristics from their donor."

"Really?"

"Yes."

"Hmm. So, then, what is this other part? She asked.

"A sharing in the being that is the totality."

She stared at the Time Police. "I'm not sure I understand."

"Nor I." Rexx echoed.

"Well, the totality is a lot to understand." It said with a smile. "Give it time to be absorbed."

"So, what exactly do you do as Time Police?" Rexx asked.

"We evolved gradually as we grew in understanding to ensure that events would not create a disastrous evolution, that is to say, total destruction. We try to regulate, in a discrete manner, advising without mandating, a process of unfolding that would help mankind's development. We came to realize some of our interventions may not have been in the best of everyone's interests and have tried to minimize our intrusions."

As Sendi listened, she had a sudden urge and pulled her rock out of her pocket. She studied it for a moment. "What about my rock?" She asked. "How does it fit into the grand scheme of things?"

"It is an entity, just like you, and like you, it is growing."

"...growing?"

"Yes, and you helped."

"I did?"

"When you acknowledged its existence, you gave it an opportunity to expand its consciousness. Until you touched it causing it to come loose from its mooring, it had no concept of human beings. When you gave it your attention and expressed your desire to communicate, you opened up a whole new world for it."

"What will happen to it now...now that I've taken it away from its world?"

"It, now, is here...between time. Here is a place where it can make its own decision for its next lifetime."

"Lifetime? As in, it is alive?"

"Of course. Existing is being. It is an active state."

"Oh." She looked down at the rock resting on the palm of her hand. "Well, little one, it's been very nice knowing you. I wish you a happy and prosperous future." As she watched, it gave a final burst of warmth and slowly vanished.

She just stood still for a few moments, then raised her head. "Does this mean we're dead?" She asked.

The Time Police paused and then said. "Well, yes...and then, no."

"What do you mean? Isn't it either one or the other?"

"As I said, here is between time. Here you are physical, but, not bound by the physical."

"I see, or, at least, I think I see."

"You, now, have a choice. You can return to the life you left...you can choose a new life...or, you can remain here and be everywhere."

"Oh."

"Sendi?" Rexx asked quietly. "Do you have any desire to return to your old life?"

"I can't deny that bits of me would say yes. I had friends that I would miss and there were things that I was doing."

"I see."

"What about you?"

"I guess my answer would be about the same." He said. "But, after all that we've been through, I can't say that my old life would feel very satisfying."

"Yeah, I know what you mean. But, of course, we don't have to make the same choice."

"Do we?" He paused, then added. "I don't know...I like hanging around with you...and...and, I'd kind of like to keep it like that. So, if you go back...I guess I will too."

She looked at him for a minute, then smiled. "Thanks."

"Well, what do you think?"

"I think I want to remember everything that we've gone through and continue the adventure."

"Good. So, do I."

Rexx thought for a minute, then turned to the Time Police. "Um, Mister Time Police, do you have a name?"

"Interesting question."

"I mean, we've known you for quite a while...or, moments in time...you know our names. It seems awkward to not know how to address you"

"I see. Well, make up something that pleases you. After all, we are all named by someone else. It was the tour company that dubbed us the Time Police. We are humored as it is a rather silly name." He paused. "You see, we, in inter-dimension, all know each other, and have known, since all time. So, identity is obvious. A thought describes an individual. Names, are not needed, but if affection adds to the encounter, it is welcome. I consider you to be friends and so address you by the names you are used to."

"We, too, consider you to be our friend. But, how to name you? Maybe we might just call you 'Friend'."

"Well, you might just have to share that title with someone else."

Matu stepped forward out of the mist. "Hi, guys! Miss me?"

"Matu! How did you get here?" Rexx demanded.

"The Time Police let me hitch a ride. I told you I'd miss you." Matu said.

"What?!"

"Well, you see, after you guys left, I went back to my 'old' life as a guard. It wasn't very satisfying and I guess the one who travels between..." He nodded toward the Time Police. "...picked up on my thoughts...feelings...and while you were off with Lovra and the Emperor, he appeared and asked me if I would like to take a long walk out of time. What else could I say? It sure was boring without you two around."

"He also showed exceptional promise." The Time Police explained with a smile. "But, I had to let you play out the script without interference."

"He also informed me that the massive download that we handed over to Lovra contained the plans to build a TimePod and all of the software to run it. Lovra and his scientists succeeded in building and modifying the mechanics to integrate them into their fighters. The plan they came up with was to set up a decoy to direct the invaders to a specific

place where there was minimal interference with the rest of humanity, this desert, and they could successfully contain most of their forces in a specific sortie, then hop back and forth, repeating the action. Then Lovra went forward to meet you guys and then to go meet with the Emperor. After which, he would go back, uh, went back to when they had readied their ship to leave. And this was well before the invaders arrived."

"Why didn't Lovra tell us this?" Rexx asked.

"Well, he couldn't, could he. He had to play out the script."

"Why?"

"Well, for the sake of humanity's future."

"Oh. But..." Rexx just shook his head. "No, never mind trying to explain it...it wouldn't make any better sense, if I could understand it."

"So, did they get away safely?" Sendi asked.

"Oh, yes. And what Lovra said about our communities growing together as one was what happened."

"How did you know..." She asked.

He pointed to the Time Police. "He told me."

The Time Police grinned and said. "I like these Alcaad, they are very resourceful."

"Well, I'm ready for another adventure." Matu said. "How about you guys?"

Rexx and Sendi exchanged glances. Rexx shrugged his shoulders and said. "Sure, why not?"