

Never A Dull Moment

Jennifer walked down the sidewalk towards her apartment. The sun was shining and the sky was blue. She smiled at the thought of going home and turning on the television and just relaxing.

Work had been kinda stressful for her. She was ready to just forget about it all and get over whatever she had gone through that day.

Upon arriving home, she took off her shoes and plopped down on the couch in front of her television. Pressing the button on the remote she noticed it wasn't working. Either her TV was on the fritz or her power was out. She reached over and clicked the lamp's switch. Nothing happened.

"Oh don't worry about those, you won't be needing them." A female voice said. It was her voice.

Jennifer turned around to see herself standing in the entry way of the kitchen.

"Don't freak out, I'm you." The other Jennifer said. "Call me Jenny."

Jennifer stood up slowly. She hadn't used the nickname Jenny in a long time. Not since she was a little girl.

"How did you know that nickname?" Jennifer asked.

Jenny put her hands on her hips. "Isn't it obvious? I'm you."

Jennifer nodded slowly. Of course that would make sense. Was she losing it?

Jenny shook her head. "I remember this conversation like it was yesterday. Heh, I remember my future self saying exactly that too." She exited the kitchen and sat down in a chair next to the couch.

"Please have a seat." Jenny said.

Jennifer sat back down on the couch. "Why are you here? How did you get here?"

Jenny smiled. "I'm a time traveler" she said, "and you have a lot to learn about your future."

"You're what now?" Jennifer asked, her jaw dropping wide open.

Jenny laughed. "Yep, I knew you'd react that way." She folded her arms across her chest. "Listen, we don't have much time. In an hour a man will come to your door, you must go with him."

"What? Why?" Jennifer asked.

Jenny reached into her back pocket and took out a small notebook. She handed it to Jennifer. "Here's all the information you need to know. Also, when you have this conversation with yourself, don't forget to give her or you, this diary. If you forget, all of this will have been done in vain."

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Jennifer looked down to the diary and flipped open to the first page. It was dated twenty years into the future. "But how do I know if you're telling the truth?"

Looking up, Jennifer reacted as she saw that Jenny was gone. Vanished or something.

Jennifer frowned. Looking back to the journal she remembered what Jenny had said about the man. To follow him. Trust him. Whatever it took she had to keep the timeline intact.

"I hope there's no time police out to get me if I screw up!" Jennifer sighed.

The End