

Legacy

I looked at the paper the strangely-dressed man had given me. “What... *is* this?”

“That is everything we know about you, three thousand years from now,” he explained. “Your victory. Your childrens’ names. Your date of death.”

“So what do I *do* with this knowledge?”

“Make sure you accomplish those things. Everything else?” He smiled, warmly but oddly. “It’s up to you. You’re free! All we need are these things, to make the timeline come out right. Give us that, and your legacy is secure.” His mouth quirked. “You could live for yourself. in ways that most people never could...”

- © Moe Lane. All rights reserved.
- <http://www.moelane.com>
- <https://www.patreon.com/MoeLane?ty=h>