

Loophole

“I cannot expect you to understand what I’m going through!” I shouted to myself.

His face clouded. “That makes no logical sense!” he shouted. “I’m you, remember?”

“Exactly! You’re me! From later in the timeline!”

Finally, he got it. **Finally!** “So whatever’s about to happen to you -- ”

“-- It clearly wiped your memory!” I threw him the data stick as I felt the temporal backlash grow. “All of the information’s on here! You can reconstruct it. Good luck!”

And avenge me, I thought, as the time winds reached and pulled me pastwards, back to my looming confrontation, and subsequent mind-wiped oblivion...

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