Tomorrow Never Knows

Lawrence Watt-Evans

“Let me get this straight,” the tall man said. “You’re telling me that you came here from the future?”

His companion nodded.

“And you made the trip in order to prevent the assassination of President Kennedy?” the first continued.

“That’s right,” the other agreed.

The tall man considered that for a moment, and then asked, “And just when was this assassination?”

“November 22, 1963,” his companion replied immediately.

“I never heard anything about it,” the tall man said, warily.

The other shrugged and said, “I succeeded.”

The tall man considered that for a moment.

“That was his first term,” he said. “Before he nuked Hanoi.”

The other nodded.

“So then, in a way, you’re responsible for all this,” the tall man said, making a sweeping gesture that took in the twisted steel girders, the piles of debris, and the drifting radioactive ash.

The other adjusted his faceplate and air hose and shrugged again.

“Who knew?” he said.