

Ganga Creative Writing Entry

# Time Travel





### As time travels by...

Delicate were my curves, angelic my eyes,  
Enticing my aura, resplendent my smile!  
Today, I babble, I gurgle, I ripple,  
Yet, mute to those evil minds...

I peep into the past,  
To see boulders crush my abdominal might  
And soldiers march, furious and fast  
Right across, pouncing to fight!

I revisit those days when my stinch,  
Was evident with the nose pinch  
I swallowed blood, disposed bodies filled my soul...  
I lost my beauty, atleast that's what I'm told!

I thought I was eternal, was I?  
I weep, I cry, yet a silent witness...  
As time travels by.

Greeting the sunrise , I wake up to find  
Dam(n) , blocking my neck, liberty lost behind.  
Rache , I shout , mutiny in mind  
But all I get is garbage, flies of all kind.

I thought I was eternal, was I?  
I weep, I cry, yet a silent witness...  
As time travels by.

Fish, they even terminated my life  
I seek, a tongue to my wounds, to kill, a knife...  
I flow to reap fortune  
But with time, it's a game of smoke and fume!

Apprehensive of the future, I peep  
But close my eyes...  
They stole my soul, my life,  
Punishment for being quiet, serving and nice?

I see visions, I may rise  
Proclaim a flood, chew, victimize  
Time is not far when you'll see my true size!

I thought I was eternal, was I?  
A mighty river that flows with pride...  
No more might, no more smiles,  
Coming days, is there any space to be hostile?

I flow with hope, staring at the sky,  
Yet, all I see is time travel by!

"A time-traveller doesn't fail to count his chicken before they hatch."



"The only difference between travelling in time and the other three dimensions is that, the latter isn't as easy as chucking a watch."

### **Our Favourite Form of Time Travel- Memory**

Time is the intangible, mysterious fourth dimension. From H.G. Wells to Harry Potter, the very notion of being able to journey through time is chilling. If we could go back in time, we'd be able to live our sweetest childhood memories, take a tour through history, or change our most painful mistakes on the most fantastical scale. We could very well repeat history or undo it. We could be reborn or never come into existence or we might forever trap ourselves in a dimension of no time, of still surreal floating frozen clocks. The possibilities are endless. Unlike its sister sci-fi concept of invisibility, time-travel is still embedded in theory between the walls of fantasy simply because the idea of turning time engenders various complicated paradoxes. If a mysterious old man were to tell you the secret to build a time machine in the first place, and as an old man, you go back in time to tell the younger version of yourself that very secret. The idea behind the time machine has no certain origin. Or, if you were to go back in time and kill your parents before you were born, you couldn't then possibly be alive to do the heinous deed. Perhaps, like Marty McFly, you'll end up back in the future, with enough adventures for three memorable movies. Being an ardent fan of time travelling myself, I was excited to get into it. Even if time travel was possible, into which time line would i want to go? Would I want to go to the Mesozoic era of the sprawling reptiles and have a dinosaur ride fending off the curious Triceratops or would I want to visit the distant and alluring shores of the future? As I was thinking more about it, I ask myself, "Is time travel really possible?" I mean it in the concrete sense and not just as a vague abstraction.

Time travel always happens in the brain. We are a race of intrepid time travellers, unfettered by chronology and capable of visiting the future or revisiting the past whenever we wish. If our neural time machines are damaged by illness, age or accident, we may become trapped in the present. Alzheimer's disease, for instance, specifically attacks the dark network, stranding many of its victims in the endless present, unable to remember their yesterdays or envision their tomorrows.



But the question in the spotlight has been left unanswered yet. Humans from H. G. Wells to Albert Einstein to Bill & Ted have been fascinated by time travel - some drawn to it like moths to a flame. Time travelling is precluded by the laws of physics. Physics makes our life convenient but more often than not, ends up killing the unicorn. If you have taken our side, then you are spoilt with a wide array of time travelling devices. Is it the traditionally upholding Tardis or is it the suffocating small phone booth. Then there is The Time machine which looks more like a swamp boat mixed with a Santa Claus sleigh. With the principle of evolution upholding in nature, then came the remote control using which you can forward or rewind at a buttons push! The recent gaming revolution lead to a new means of travel for the gaming freaks. It is portal which allows us to teleport with a help of a simple hand held device that can create inter spatial portals between two flat planes. The whole concept took a quantum leap quite. By taking the leap you will effectively be replacing someone else as you take their place in time and send that person to your place and wait as you live their lives and attempt to right any wrongs. Your adventures may lead you directly responsible for historical events like helping with the creation of the Twist or helping a Kurt Cobain pen down a song before it even occurs to him! But it should also be realized that you should be good in the sports that are useful for time travelling like running, biathlon and hide and go seek as your chances of meeting your doppelganger decrease appreciably!

Even though there is no logical explanation on how time travel is possible, we have a venerated history of time travellers. There are people right from scientists , serial killers and half humans who are breaking the threshold of limits of physics to do the needful. There are always these larger than human figures that challenge the natural laws and succeeding in saving the world and become heroes. Then there are those who in the search of romantic interludes and in the hope of re-living those special moments indulge in time travel.

So Sleep tight! Tomorrow, if the machines rise against us, few or none of them will be sexbots.

“For centuries, man believed that the sun revolves around the earth. Centuries later, he still thinks that time can only move clockwise.” – Robert Brault



## The Quixotic Travel

Who wouldn't really want it, the thoughts of the sublime?  
A travel through the pasts of the highest dimension, time.  
Can we dare ignore the profoundness it speaks?  
Not at all, as we always hope for what bleaks!

Do we require any time machine?  
No. Because mind is the bridge for everything inbetween.  
Will anything really change with our little adventure?  
No. It further brings in pain with pleasure!

Pain with pleasure?  
Yes. They go together, like milk and water.  
Why can't they be to themselves, separate and clean?  
Because, that's our mind's fault again!

Should your travel always be to the past?  
More often, the autumn of life wishes past and youth, the future's mast.  
Why is it so?  
As we yearn for hopes or perhaps, we do not want to live our present!

Where ever we travel, past or future, what would we want?  
Romanticize your first kiss more or evolve as a savant.  
How would you or I feel?  
Like it's real, from our head to our heel!

Is it just that?  
Perhaps not. There would be a list that goes on for as long as the sky  
shall remain blue.  
What might irk you the most?  
Faint smell of your first love, smokes of your cigarettes or your immoral  
transgressions!

What should all this be called, destiny?  
Suppose it. As wishes might have been engraved already.  
When do we know that we are destined for something?  
Only when it's complete and we have not the power to change a thing!

But, isn't all that awesome, the travel through the unimaginable?  
It is, in fact, just a fantasy that is not at all manageable.  
Did ever you think of the residue of your adventure?  
Pain, inability to change, idyllic hopes that should have defined your stature!

Does this ever stop?  
Supposedly not. As we pretty much draw energy from our hopes.  
Why so?  
As we all hope for what we don't have. A time travel is the one that  
gives your naked dreams a flight!

"The closest one can get to time travelling is winding  
back the clock."



# Handbook of a Time Traveller

A forest  
Must be 20000 BC

We set out to test drive our time machine. I selected 25 January 1999, but as is wont of most time travel stories, the dial broke, so we came to some period several millennia back instead. Judging from the fact that the natives of this era were still gorging on raw meat (thankfully not mine), they have not discovered fire yet. So, this period must be somewhere around 20000BC. A particularly fetching woman, scantily clad like most others here, kept throwing coy glances at me. Perhaps, it was the apparent lack of hair that made women here far more interested in me than anyone in my own time ever was. It is well worth carrying protection wherever one goes. One never knows at which period a person who looks like me is considered demi-godly. I didn't want most of the human race to have an IQ of lesser than fifty a couple of millennia later. Restraint was the need of the hour but better sense didn't prevail over me and I gave in, the only way I could think of. The next day, there was a thunderstorm, a godsend as the machine could be powered by lightning. Our dial was broken, so we couldn't feed an exact time to travel to. All we could feed was whether to go into the past or future and an approximate value. We sped into the future to yet another indeterminate date.

New York  
14 April, 2045

All I remember is lightning striking our antenna, and seeing a city with skyscrapers everywhere. When I came to my senses, I was lying in a hospital with an oxygen mask. It wasn't just me but everyone from the doctor to the nurse was walking around with a small red cylinder behind their back and oxygen masks strapped on tight. The ambient air quality had apparently deteriorated to toxic levels a couple of decades ago. I was given my own red cylinder and discharged. I was yearning for the ancient past and ran to the drugstore to stock up with things a time-traveller must not forget. I went in search of Dr. Woosnum, so that we could attempt travelling back again. Apparently, Dr.W was discharged earlier. The receptionist showed me where he was by tracking the GPS system in his cylinder. He was lunching at a deli next door. We searched for our machine and hurtled right back in time.

"Naps. Those are the immediate solution for the time traveller's quest."



"When they say you are ahead of your time, don't get excited. It's only a remark about your bad sense of timing."

Cambridge  
October, 1687

We were thrown in to the past again. It looks like the seventeenth century, with men sporting wigs and wearing long gowns. We were now in England. Woosnum suggested that we talk to Newton about recalibrating our machine so that we go to 2012. We had almost run out of the Unobtainium fuel. We could crank up the machine only one more time, so we had to be spot on. We tried searching for Newton. And we saw him going to the garden. In my time, calculus was regarded as the greatest human discovery. It enabled a veritable plethora of possibilities and accelerated progress. I had often wondered where man would be if only calculus was discovered earlier. These thoughts were flitting past as I perched on an apple tree under which Newton was famously known to bide his afternoons. Newton seemed restless and was walking about when another man came to meet him. I'd rather like to forget what happened over the next hour or so but suffice to say, I was one of the very few people to see Newton's lover. As they lay below, we dropped an apple on his head, and the genius started thinking. Then we climbed down and requested him to help us recalibrate our machine. We spent almost a month, double checking our numbers, and also waiting for a thunderstorm. Finally, we caught a lightning strong enough to take us back to 2012.

Home  
07 July 2012

We came back to the exact time when we started our time travel. Newton's genius can't ever be spoken too highly of. Now that we had officially run out of fuel, we did not have a working time machine. The Discovery Conference 2012 was in a week and we couldn't get any Unobtainium in such short notice and that put paid to our hopes of showing a working model. We didn't even have the photos that we had shot. Isaac had cleared the memory and shot some extremely unflattering photos of his lover. We ultimately decided to just present our ideas on the machine design which was dismissed by most as a flight of fancy. The most widely talked about paper was, however, an evolutionist's who claimed that the human species started practicing anal sex right from the Stone Ages itself....



### **But still I wish I could go back in time**

Time and space, like the essence of life,  
Where we go on with an endless strife  
Many a time do we look back and cry  
At fate and doom with their smiles so wry  
'Round I look and I feel my journey's fine  
But still I wish I could go back in time  
Peep into my life, you'll feel that it's flawless  
Blessed with fortune and luck that look so lawless  
But inside is an ember that burns with such temper  
That reminds me of all that I don't wish to remember  
Regrets that simmer of love, faith or destiny of mine  
And that's why I said I want to go back in time  
I wish I could but I know I never would  
Else tell me future, of what I could and how I should  
But now I know what time is for and that has me lightened  
Time is to move on without fear or mercy, I'm enlightened  
Had it stood, the world too would, chaos making it sublime  
But I'm selfish and still I wish I could go back in time

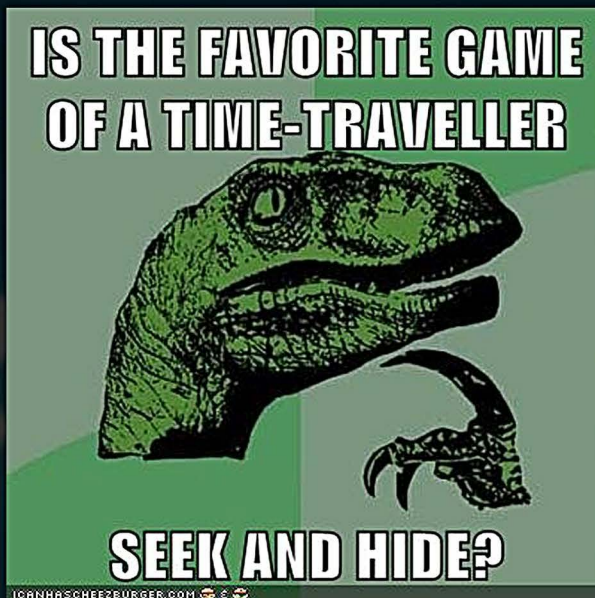
"If you want to know how to stop the time, ask any woman of 30 how she does it."

"Dont forget to put a toilet in your time machine in case it fails."




"The only difference between travelling in time and the other three dimensions is that, the latter isn't as easy as chucking a watch."

"I never think of travelling to the future. It comes soon enough" - Albert Einstein







## Credits

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