So, if you're like me you want to know more about Elena the only girl Ramse ever loved and since its highly likely that is she is dead I wrote this. What if she met Jones and "Volunteered" to time travel but she never splintered back so she was written off as dead. What if she is stuck in the past?

Notes

This is just the Prologue where Ramse is having a dream you'll meet Elena in the next chapter.
Dreaming of Her

2043 Ramse

We’re camping in clearing in what was a national park for now it’s our camp Cole as his own tent and we have own. I run my hand over her bare back her tan skin smooth under my rough hands.

“Good morning.” Elena says her brown eyes looking amber in the morning light her naked body pressed against mine.

“You look so beautiful,” I tell her pushing a lock of her chocolate brown hair behind her ear.

She laughs putting her head on my chest “Yeah right.”

“Yo, Ramse, Ellie time to wake up,” Cole says.

“We’re awake.” I say.

The zipper of the tent is pulled open Cole’s head enters “Are you two going to stay in bed all day?”

Elena turns to him pulling the blanket around her front then very seriously says “Yes Cole we’re going to stay in our tent all day having wild sex and you’re invited.”

“You two are sickening.” He says closing the flap.

Pulling her back onto my body I sigh “That sounds amazing I would love to do that but we have to get up.”

“No we don’t.”

Sitting out I pull my shirt on “Yes, we do.”

“Ramse please can’t we stay in this moment a little longer?”

I turn my head “Babe we’re spending the summer here.” That’s the plan stay in the forest all summer. Cole knew how to fish and I could shoot a deer, Elena is great with plants what we can and can’t eat.

“Don’t go outside.” She looks like she might start to cry “Please babe stay here with me.”

“Mr. Ramse!” The accented voice sounds very far away but I know that voice.

“What’s going on?”

She smiles a sad smile “You have to wake-up now.” Outside the sunshine dims and the air cools.

I feel the earth shake “Mr. Ramse?”

The memories trickle in and I look at her just like I saw her back when we were young and in love. She is twenty-three and I’m twenty-five the sun is shining and world while is screwed up we are happy.

She crawls over to me kissing me gently on the lips “I still love you.”
Waking up for real this time I see Jones in front of me her face set in the permeant scowl “Mr. Ramse are you awake.”

Looking around that room Cole and I share I nod “Yeah I’m awake.”

“Mr. Cole is due to Splinter back in an hours’ time.”

Right Cole and time travel and life I pull my boots on thinking of her face even when it’s been almost ten years since her death. We don’t know that she’s dead but I saw her body limp being carried away. When we found their camp there was no Elena they said that they sold her for ammo. I did try to find her really I did but trail went cold and I had to let her go like everyone else.

“So,” Whitely says as we walk to the mess hall. “Who’s Elena?”

“None of your damn business.” I tell him taking my bowl getting in line for the breakfast mush.

Sitting down at a table I would normally eat alone since Cole is gone but now Max joins me she stayed because going outside would be deadly since Deacon had it out for now.

“So who’s Elena?”

If I could I would punch Whitely in face “She dead.”

Max nods eating her food “I guessed that but who is she to you.”

“I loved her she’s probably dead now.”

“Ohhh,” Max could understand that having someone you love be dead or at the very least not in love with you anymore.
“Ma’am you can come in now.”
She’s older now but I know that face it’s one that saw every day for elven years
“Elena?”
“You have a lot of explaining to do?”
Her tone isn’t a friendly one the doctor nods to the nurse “We’ll leave you two alone to talk.”
She smiles. “Thank you so much for everything you’ve done for my brother.”
Her tone is so unlike her the doctor’s leave and her face changes from the fake smile to real one. “Elena.”
If it was any other woman I know she would be crying but that’s not her. “Cole, how is this possible?”
“Jones, she sent you back to?”
“Jones’ the crazy German woman yeah I met her.” She pulls the chair close to the bed.
“What about Ramse is he still…I mean last time I saw you?”

Chapter Notes

This story skips around multiple points of view. Also thanks for reading!!!

2015 Elena

Watching the sun rise it reminds me of campfires, my whole I had spent around fire and then coming here it was almost rare to smell smoke. Then I walk back to my house it was right on the beach and house was generous word. Most people called it a shake but it have light and running water so I content. Really I should be kissing the ground coming from where I come from. But, I would trade it all the food, the safety, music all of it for a chance to be with my family again.

I wasn’t supposed to stay here, the German Woman Jones said it would only be for a few days. My other option at the time being death I agreed to come back here and it hurt traveling through time. But, when I landed here seeing the city’s full of light and people so many people. It overwhelmed me at first all of it I was in the past it was great till I needed food. Having no money I stole what could for the first few days. Then when it came time for me to go back I didn’t.

It seemed that whatever was in me gave me a one way trip, I was suck in 2011 with no one. I got busted the next day trying to steal food from a gas station. The cops asked who I was. What I going to tell them I was Elena Ross born March 5, 2006 no I told them I didn’t know. They bought it too that I couldn’t remember who I was. But I did know.

Walking into the house I smile I had grown-up in trailer park just outside of Pittsburgh. I guess I’m still there the little me the one that’s nine years old not the thirty-six year old me. Still my house is
filled with drawing pictures of places I always wanted to go. Some of them like the Grand Canyon I had been too. That was my place, it was a game Cole told us about. If you could pick any place in the world where would you go?” I said the grand canyon, Cole said the Keys and Ramse his place was the forest.

Turn on the news just for the noise. “In today’s news an unidentified man was found wounded on the beach late last.” Filling the tea kettle I feel sorry for that man. “The media is asking for your help in find this man’s identity.” Taking a teacup from the cabinet I over the stove I turn just as a police sketch is put on the TV.

The cup falls from my hands. “Cole?”

It’s him older now but still the same person I met years ago in another time and another place.

Even after the drawing is taken off I still see him grown. “Please if you know this man contact the South Florida police.”

Reaching for my phone I press the speed dial. “Wild Girl Tattoo Parlor.”

“Hey, Amy its Elena look I can’t come in today.” I’m say it all in one breath and I don’t think she got it all.

“Elena the great who never misses work what did someone die?”

“No,” I say smiling this is crazy. “I think I might have found someone I use to know.”

Her voice is full of shock. “Who?”

An old friend who might know what happen to man I love. “I’m not sure just tell Cam I won’t be in today.”

“Of course, good luck.”

“Thanks.” I slide down on the floor putting my face in my hands. Cole was here he’s alive.

I stay like that till the kettle whistles for four years I had been living here in the past but now I have a job to do. Standing up I take the kettle off the stove and walk to my bedroom. Cole is here I need to get him out of the hospital before he does something stupid. I don’t think he will I know he will.

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Cole

It’s soft here, I lean down feeling the bed mold to my body this is heaven. No, I wasn’t going to heaven. Opening my eyes I see the three walls and I know this is a hospital my ears start working I hear beeping rhythmic beating. My heart, it surprises me that I still have heart. Or that I’m alive at all.

Before I can even open my mouth a doctor comes in. “Good morning Sir.”

I cock my eyebrow no one not even Ramse has ever called me sir. “What day is it?”

“It is Thursday September 3rd, 2015.” He shines a light in my eye this I’m used to. “What is the last day you remember?”

“It was August 30th.”
The doctor nods “Can you tell me your name?”

It all comes back to me the mission in Cheunya the missile blowing the room to hell I died the missile it killed us I should be dead.

“Sir?”

I snap back to now “Sorry what?”

“Your name son,”

“Cole.”

A nurse comes in. “Doctor his sister is here.”

“You have a sister.”

No unless it’s Cassie. “Yeah. I need to see her.”

“Ma’am you can come in now.”

She’s older now but I know that face it’s one that saw every day for elven years “Elena?”

“You have a lot of explaining to do?”

Her tone isn’t a friendly one the doctor nods to the nurse “We’ll leave you two alone to talk.”

She smiles. “Thank you so much for everything you’ve done for my brother.”

Her tone is so unlike her the doctor’s leave and her face changes from the fake smile to real one. “Elena.”

If it was any other woman I know she would be crying but that’s not her. “Cole, how is this possible?”

“Jones, she sent you back to?”

“Jones’ the crazy German woman yeah I met her.” She pulls the chair close to the bed. “What about Ramse is he still…I mean last time I saw you?”

I nod. “He’s fine Jones and her crew they took us in after we left the West 7.”

Her mouth forms an O shape. “You two joined West 7?”

Shaking my head. “I can’t I have to find Cassie and tell her.”

“You’re alive!”

We both turn there she is Cassie her face set in disbelief.

Elena takes charge of the situation. “Okay I think we need to go back to my place because we all have a lot of question.” Her eyes scan Cassie. “And I think we are going to need a lot of whisky.”

She walks out a stepping around Cassie who is still stand frozen in shock. “I thought…I want to Chechnya. There was a hole and blood.”

“Cassie.” I say her name and she starts to cry.
That I’m alive she mad at me I don’t understand her one minute she’s over joyed to see me now she mad. “You were gone?”

“I splintered at the last minute.”

She sits down close to me. “Who’s that woman?”

I smile. “Elena I know her from 2043.”

2043 Ramse

Sitting in hard metal chair wait for Jones if she want to talk to me then it must be bad. Cole missed his window it’s been two day’s I don’t want to think that he’s dead but there aren’t many other scenarios that work out. Whitley opens the door Jones enter the room an old file in her hands.

“Mr. Ramse I…” She’s holding the file n her arm. “I am sorry.” Holding the file out to me I don’t open it.

“He’s dead?”

“There were no survivors.”

This is a hard world that we live in were showing emotions can get you killed but I learned how read people. She’s upset, I get it her whole life was this mission now it was gone. He was gone, just like she was gone.

“What now?”

Lighting a cigarette she laughs shortly. “There is no mission it is over Mr. Ramse.”

“That’s bullshit.”

“What do you want me to do about that um our traveler is dead und the virus is still out there.”

“Send me back I’ll finish the mission.”

Jones drops her cigarette. “You travel to 2015.”

Stand up. “Cole told me about everything. I know what he knows.”

Nodding her head she inhales. “Did he tell you that time will take what it is owed?”

I don’t give a damn at this point my brother is gone the girl is dead there is nothing for me. Time is just time I waste it now so why not give away. “I know.”

“Und you know that you could die or not come back at all.”

Again I nod. “Name one reason I have to stay?” She can’t I know it and she does too. “See I’m the perfect person for this mission.”

“Meet me in the splinter chamber in twenty minutes.”

Whitley stops me at the door. “Don’t start with me Whitley I’ll hit you I swear I will.”

He scoffs. “I’m sorry about your brother.”
Walking to the splinter chamber Max finds me she is pissed. “What you’re leaving me here?”
“I’ll come back just don’t kill Whitley while I’m gone.”

She takes my arm. “Look I loved him too.”

“Max don’t.” I warn her, she loved I know that but we were a team from the time I was twelve and he was ten. We were brothers in every sense of word I whisper to her. “I…I don’t think he’s dead.”

“What?”

“Look I need to go back if I can find him.” This plan isn’t every well thought out the big part getting to the past is taken care of.

“Be careful.”

“Always.”

I’d been in this room many times I knew how it worked the scientist would tap on computers the light would turn white and he would be gone. This time it would be me going back. Cole told me that splintering would like being cut by a hundred knives all at once. Walking to the chair I try not to think about the pain.

“Mr. Ramse are you sure that you want to do this?” Jones ask as I roll up my sleeve.

“Just do it.”

She leans in close. “Ich hoffe, dass du deinen Bruder zu finden.”

“What does mean?”

“Good luck, Mr. Ramse.”

2015 Ramse

Landing on the ground I feel my stomach rolling in on itself will myself not to throw-up. Blinking I see green, grass, standing I look around there’s a little kid looking at me her eyes wide. She is wearing a yellow dress with black butterflies swinging a swing looking at me.

“Are you an angel?”

“No, look sweetheart can you tell me what day is it?”

She laughs. “September 3rd.”

“What year is it?”

“2015, are you an alien?”

Walking north I shake my head “Where are we?”

Again the girl giggles following me. “Washington D.C. Are you a secret agent?”

Biting my lip “What your name?”

“Max.”
“Max Camron?”

She nods her hair is just starting to curling. “I am who are you?”

“I’m a time traveler.”

This time she frowns. “There no such thing as time travel that only happens in movies.” Then she turns walking back to the swings. “You should lie to a lady.”

Walking away I smile an odd smile that’s Max the tough scavenger that I know is just a little kid. I’ll tell her about this when I get back. Looking around I freeze this is the city a real city the last time I was in working city I was twelve. Breathing deeply I walk down the street Cassie has book store.

Its night by the time I get there but I find it knocking on the door it opens slightly there is a man. “Who are you?”

“Ramse, I’m Cole’s brother.”

The door opens. “Get in.”

“You’re Aaron aren’t you?” Cole told me about him after he showed the first he told Max and Me was about this guy who didn’t a thing about guns.

He nods. “You shouldn’t be here.”

“Where’s doctor Railly?”

“Florida, there was a report a John Doe matching Cole’s description.”

“I knew it.” I smile “He’s too damn stubborn to die.”

Chapter End Notes

Ich hoffe, dass du deinen Bruder zu finden~ I hope you find your brother
See Jones has a heart.
Also since your here so close to the comment box you should write me a note.
Feed the Wolves

Chapter Summary

They both stop talking sensing my mood “You can say hello now.”
“Hello?”
“Ramse!” Both Cole and Elena say it with equal parts surprise and joy.
“Wait…” He pause to take a breath. “Elena is that you.”
Elena puts her hand over her mouth to stop a sob “Yeah it’s me. How are you here?”
Given what I know about the future and the people that I’ve met I know that crying means more to them. “Jones sent me back,” He sounds like he’s getting teary eyed too.
“We thought Cole was dead. I volunteered. Cole are you there Brother?”
Cole is still smiling “Yeah I’m here brother.”

Chapter Notes

I guess this is a Au now that we know what happen to Elena I'll make the changes in the tags but if you guys will keep reading I will keep writing. So, if you would write me a little note I would be most grateful.

Cole

Cassie was asleep before eleven I watched Elena pull a blanket of her body “So, are you two?”
“No,” Why did everyone think that she’s just my friend.
“Well,” she sits back down her running through her hair “Now that she’s asleep you can stop sugar coating everything what happen to you two?”
Pulling my sleeve up I show her my mark her eyes get very wide “You joined West 7?”
“We were starving no food no other move Ramse called it Atari then the 7 found us and we joined. Ramse he stayed the same for the most part. Me, I…” Ramse told us his wolf story many years ago I hope she remembers it. “I started to feed the other wolf.”
“What about her who does she feed?”
Looking at Cassie’s face when she’s sleeping its more innocent not that Cassie was ever weak but that determined the mask she wears during the day is look is gone replaced by more gentle face. A face that just wants to do the right thing “She feeds the good wolf always has.”
“What about Ramse did he ever…I mean is some woman.”
“He loved you.”
Her cheek flush with a bright blush that isn’t from the alcohol “I still love him. Before I came down
here I even went to Philly.”

“You saw him?”

Laughing quietly she wears a huge smile “Yeah, he was chubby little kid.”

“Really?” I will have to remind of that when I get back.

2021 Cole

The smell of meat cooking over the fire should make us happy but it doesn’t we’re all sitting around the fire watching it burn. Elena has her head on Ramses’ shoulder the bruise on her face just starting to show. We had all been hunting Ramse and me together while Elena was on her own. The raccoon that she killed proving that she doesn’t made our help.

She did however need our help when some other Scav a big guy tried to help himself to her kill. Then when she told him to drop it he attacked her, he didn’t rape her Ramse shot him before he could. But the normal chatty girl was being very quiet staying close to Ramse. He wasn’t letting her go anything soon.

“You know my grandfather told me that everybody’s got two wolves inside them. Both of them are starving. One wolf is anger, envy, pride. The other one is truth, kindness.” Elena’s body starts to shake with silent sobs he puts his arms around her “Every day they tear each other apart...”

“What wins,” I ask. I like to think it would the angry wolf since there are so many of these wolves here.

“It’s not the better wolf that wins. It’s the one you feed.” He kiss the top her head whispering something in her ear.

It feels like minutes later that her voice gentle to my ears says “Wake-up.”

“Why?” I ask turning over on the couch, looking at Cassie curled into the chair sill peacefully asleep.

She smiles “I want to show you something.”

Leaning on her shoulder we walk out to the beach the sand is cool on my bare feet. “How could you afford this place?”

“Once I realized that I was staying here I got a job this place was a wreck from the last hurricane. It was cheap I’m not picky.”

Laughing I smile at her “Yeah it happens when most place you sleep in don’t have a roof.” Looking out at the ocean it’s black and the sky is pale shade of blue like a burse not what I imaged in my mind.

Pulling a lock of hair behind her ear she nods “It’s hard living here knowing what’s going to happen.”

“You two I swear you were perfect for each other,” I say as the horizon starts to shift the black-blue sky is lighting turning to a pale pink. “He told to remember that I wasn’t from here.”

“We do what we have to do.” She says pulling her knees to her chest resting her head on the knee caps.

This is great talking to Cassie is good but this is different she know where I come from but she
doesn’t know. Elena was there she’s knows what it’s like why I’m so willing to die. It’s not death really when I think about it I just see myself rewritten. I’ll be a better man and maybe I’ll even get to have my soul back

I watch the sky change the pink has spread chasing the darkness away while near the line were sea meets sky there are ripples of orange. Slowly the ripples rise till they come together to form the sun. It illuminates the ocean turning it into the clear waters that I saw when I was kid.

“I chose to come here for this the first time I saw it I cried it’s stupid I know but…”

“It’s not we didn’t have a lot of this growing up.” This this is amazing to what nature can do we only see the worst of it the pelage, ruined cities. This is different it’s raw and perfect just the way it is.

The sun looks like it is just inches above the water “Did you ever go to a museum?”

“Yeah, rules are different here.”

Laughing I lean back “Everything is different here.”

“Even us?”

“Even us. So what does a Scavenger from 2043 do in 2015?”

Biting her lip she holds back I laugh “I’m actually an artist to kind of.”

“Kinda an artist?”

“I’m a tattoo artist, I draw pictures on people then use needles to make them stay forever.”

Cassie

My phone rings on the table waking me from my sleep, looking around at the patch work house I remember the day before the other Traveler, Elena. Sliding my thumb over my phone “Hello?”

“Cassie are you alright?”

Aaron’s calling I never called him back yesterday “Yeah, you aren’t going to believe what’s happen.”

After Cole splintered right in front of him he’s been more open. “I think I might have you beat.”

“Really?”

“Cass there’s another traveler sitting at your kitchen table eating donuts.”

Standing I look out the glass doors Cole and Elena are both sitting on the beach talking. “Ramse?”

His breath gets caught in his throat “Who did you know that?”

“Give him the phone.”

I hear him walk over the table “This is phone you talk into it.”

“I know what phone man I’m the future not the past,” A very annoyed but very male voice says to Aaron.

“Hi,” I say as Cole and Elena start walking to the house laughing. “Um…hold on I’m going to put
you on speaker.”

“What?”

Cole is laughing as they both enter the house “You did what.”

They both stop talking sensing my mood “You can say hello now.”

“Hello?”

“Ramse!” Both Cole and Elena say it with equal parts surprise and joy.

“Wait…” He pause to take a breath. “Elena is that you.”

Elena puts her hand over her mouth to stop a sob “Yeah it’s me. How are you here?”

Given what I know about the future and the people that I’ve met I know that crying means more to them. “Jones sent me back,” He sounds like he’s getting teary eyed too. “We thought Cole was dead. I volunteered. Cole are you there Brother?”

Cole is still smiling “Yeah I’m here brother.”

“Where are you two?”

“Florida,” Elena says the tears welling-up in her eyes.

“Just stay where you are well be there in a few hour’s.” I say taking charge of the situation.

“Okay, okay,” He breaths in deeply.

“I need you give the phone back to Aaron now.” Switching the phone back “Aaron you need to keep Ramse there and be nice.”

“I’m nice.”

Cole snorts I wave him away “Just try not to get punched, I’ll see you soon.”

Aaron hangs up the phone I turn to them “How fast can you get us to Washington?”

Elena smiles “As fast as I can.”

We’re on the road twenty minutes later and I can finally ask “How come you never told me about your brother?”

Cole is in the back seat watching the beach fade as we move north “He’s not really my brother we met in a refugee camp in Philadelphia.”

“Is that where you met Elena?”

“No,” She says. “We met a few years later when Cole was a twelve and Ramse was fourteen.”

2019 Ramse

“Come on we should go?” Cole says as the smell of smoke draws us deeper into the old library.

“Its freezing the chance are that the person here some one lady.” That doesn’t mean I’m holding my gun loosely.
Entering the room half the wall is gone bricks blown in missiles were used on some cities to destroy the virus. It didn’t work it just helped the chaos spread. Tucked against the wall there is small fire burning. Cans of food stack-up ready to be eaten. Cole rushes the site holding out his hands. The thin gloves he’s wearing are really just for show at this point.

He’s twelve growing like a weed and like me hungry all the time he taking the cans loading them in his sack “Come on let’s just take the food and go.”

“That’s a very bad idea,” I female voice says from behind me. Before I can turn or Cole can pull his own gun there is knife on my neck.

“Cole,” I keep my tone even. “Put them back.”

I reach for my knife she notices this and pushes the blade tighter on my neck “None of that pretty boy drop it.”

“You think I’m cute?” She scoffs that’s my chance I elbow her in the gut she drops her knife falling but catches herself grabbing her knife but I pull my gun. The girl now that I can see her is pretty, her brown hair pulled into a braid. Her eyes are wide not with fear more like rage mad at herself for letting me get the drop on her.

“Drop the knife.”

She does putting her hands up I notice burn marks on her arm round some are old others look newer. One is still healing “I’m not going back you can tell Rollins to go to hell.”

“Don’t know any Rollins.” I say leaning down my gun still pointed at her. Pointing with my gun to her arm “He do that?”

She rolls her eyes in the firelight they look like chocolate “What do you care you have my food leave.”

“Ramse come on lets go.”

“No,” I say.

They both say “What?”

“Look if we put our guns away and you put your knife away can we all stay here?”

Her eye flicker from me to Cole “Fine.”

“Good that real good,” I put my gun back in band of my pants, Cole does the same a little hesitantly but still he does it.

“I’m Jose Ramse,” I say putting my hand on my chest. “This beanpole here is James Cole.”

The girl pulls at her sleeves hiding the burns “Elena.”

She moves over to the fire feeding it book pages “You can sit.”

Cole hands over her food but asks “Who’s Rollins?”

Elena starts putting it back where we found it “A guy he used to be priest I guess he still is. He took in us kids after when our parents died he said we’re his sheep and he was the Shepard keeping us safe.”
I might be thinking it but Cole is the one who says it “That sounds like BS.”

Ripping page out blindly she throws them on the fire “Yeah well your eleven and the worlds going to shit and mother just died in front of you it sounds pretty good.”

“Hey, hey, hey, he didn’t mean to insult you.”

We brought him food and weapons the older taught us how to use them,” She’s not looking at us just the fire. The flames dance around her eyes “Things where good at first. Then food got harder to find, he said that it was the devil that we needed to be purified.”

“How did…” I stop that’s not for me to ask.

She rolls up the sleeves “A nail. He would heat a nail over the prayer candles they would be glowing when they touch the skin.” Lighting touching the newest mark “This is number eight.”

Elena

We made it to Washington before midnight Cassie helps Cole into the building and I stay in the car. Watching the shadows on the wall. Ramse is hugging Cole thankful to see his brother again, that he even alive. For years I had thought of and dreamed of this moment seeing him again talking. Now I want to run, drive back to Miami where I feel…not safe I only ever felt safe in one place. I want to feel that again walking to the door it feels like weights are melted onto my feet.

Opening the door and there he is not the same man that I was taken from the years have added a worn look to his face. But he’s still the same man that I fell in love with years ago.

“Hi,” I say as he just stares at me.

We walk toward each other slowly thinking that the other might disappear again “I looked for you.”

“I know, I looked for you too.” All day I had been trying not to cry but I am not that tough. “Please don’t mad at me.”

“I could never be mad at you,” There are only inches between us in a room so quiet that I can hear my heart beating wildly in my chest.

The tears down my eyes “I know you’ve probably had other woman and I don’t blame for that.”

He holds out his hands so that the tips of our fingers touch, after all these years his touch spend fire to my soul. Pulling the rest of my hands into his it’s not enough soon we’re hold wrist then when our elbows are in each other’s hand and our heads touch he whispers.

“I still love you.”

Looking up at him through my tears I see his smile “I always loved you I always will.”

It amazes me how his hands the rough hands that can carry heavy loads or break a man’s neck feel soft as silk as they wipe the tears away. His lips are softer still and as person having grown up in the waste I been starving more times than I can count. And when I came here I eat and drink all that I could but there still a hunger deeper inside of me. His kiss, the kiss of the person that I love is what I need it feels me from my head to me toes.
José in Wonderland

Chapter Summary

“What are you drawing?” I ask sitting in a chair beside them. Aaron left after Cole splintered back.
Elena smile from her spot in Ramses lap turning the book toward me “Cole. The last time I him he was in his early twenty’s.”
Looking at the drawing it’s almost as good as a photograph she captured his whole being I can see the joy in his eyes. “You’re very good.”
Her face turns red “Thank you, I didn’t know I was good until the doctors said.”
“Doctor?” Ramses asks his voice riddled with concern.
Taking a swing of beer “Art therapy draw what you feel or what you remember. I told the police that I didn’t who I was.”
“The police?”

Chapter Notes

So, this is kinda long but when telling the story from three points of view you're going to have long chapters.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Cole

“So this the evidence board?” Ramse asks sitting on the couch drink what look like a beer.
“A what?” Elena asks walking over with two cold beers.
Ramse answers “Anything related to the Army of the 12 Monkeys goes on that board. We have one back in 2043.”
She put one the beers in his hands he take a swing “This is great.”
“Isn’t it,” Elena says sitting in his lap taking a drawing book from her bag on the table.
“Yeah,” I say looking at them. “It reminds me of home.”
Ramse has his arms around Elena, who is drawing he kisses her neck “Expect we’re above ground, the alcohol we’re dinking doesn’t double as paint thinner and instead of Jones I have a hot woman in my lap.”
I laugh “You’re full of shit you know that?”
“You two always like this?” Cassie ask her eyes darting between us.
“Yes.” The three of us say together.
Ramse and Elena laugh in each other’s arm I would laugh too but I feel it the tingle like my arms are falling asleep. “Guys?”

The lights flicker “Ramse what’s going on?”

“Splinter,” I say.

Ramse holds tightly to Elena “I’m going back, good luck Brother.”

2043

Splintering back I feel my head rush it like standing up when you haven’t eaten in days. And like all the other times when I get back the first thing I hear is Jones’ voice greeting me in her own special way.

“Welcome back Mr. Cole. We thought you were gone for good this time.”

Swinging my legs over the side of the chair I cough “Sorry to disappoint you.”

She walks up to the platform giving me the welcome back shot “You didn’t. Did Mr. Ramse find you?”

“Kinda.”

“Good, lock onto his signal and bring him back.”

“No!” I yell and it rings around the room.

Jones turns to face me “He has found you und now we’re bringing him.”

Shaking my head “No, he has what two day’s left those are his he earned them.”

Her lips perch I can see her thinking she knows I’m right and that’s what she hates the most not being right “Und why should he stay in the past when he has no friends or resources?”

I smile “He’s with Cassie and Elena.”

“Who?”

“You sent her back in time before me as test subject.”

The color drains from her hair making her look even paler “She survived all this time in the past?”

“How many others where there?”

“You had to perfect the method there where many subject.” She walks away I turn to where Ramse would be but he’s the in the past.

Lackskiy the machines main operator looks around Jones is gone and Whitley is nowhere to be seen “So I do I bring him back?”

“No,” I say pointing my finger at him “He has two days.” Jones might not be afraid of Scav’s but the other scientist are. Ramse, Max, and Me we scare them because surviving out there means we’ve done horrific things. That we aren’t shy about killing, well Max and I aren’t Ramse was always saved that as the last option but he could.
“Okay.”

Walking straight to her office with Max behind me asking “Cole what the hell?”

“We’ll talk later,” I say entering the office slamming the door behind me.

Jones is holding out in her had files I count twelve in all “You are not the first I told Mr. Ramse that. You are the twelfth.” She set the files down in a loud thump.

Taking a file I open it there is picture of a woman dark skin with long dreads locks “Who is she.”

“She was the first,” Jones says lighting a cigarette. “Only parts of her went to the past.”

I search through the files some have names others have numbers Elena, she was number 8. “Jesus Christ.”

“We needed volunteers.”

I scoff at the word now don’t have many morals but this is bullshit “So you sent her back not knowing if she would even live.”

“Mr. Cole,” She breathes out smoke. “Our mission is to change the past when you complete the mission the dead will be reborn and live better lives.”

There it is her justification, for all the people and things she done this is her reason. When I was in foster care one of the foster Moms would always say that if the ends justify the mean. I never understood till all this happen what that meant. We all have a reason something we tell ourselves to make all this bearable.

“Right,” I stand more than ready to sleep off this splitter. “You tell yourself that. Do you believe it?”

“I do all will be rewritten and…”

I’ve heard this all before standing let her go on about her mission while my mission for the moment is too sleep for the next eighteen hours. This has been a long day and strange day that doesn’t happen much to me anymore. With everything that I’ve seen/done I didn’t think anything could surprise me.

2015

Cassie

“What are you drawing?” I ask sitting in a chair beside them. Aaron left after Cole splintered back.

Elena smile from her spot in Ramses lap turning the book toward me “Cole. The last time I him he was in his early twenty’s.”

Looking at the drawing it’s almost as good as a photograph she captured his whole being I can see the joy in his eyes. “You’re very good.”

Her face turns red “Thank you, I didn’t know I was good until the doctors said.”

“Doctor?” Ramses asks his voice riddled with concern.

Taking a swing of beer “Art therapy draw what you feel or what you remember. I told the police that I didn’t who I was.”
“The police?”

She settles back into Ramses arms “I was stealing shoes from a discount store the police came and it went downhill from there.”

Ramses scoffs “Did you bit anyone?”

It’s the way he asks it not in a joking way more like a businessman’s tone that reminds me that while they might look normal they aren’t. Cole, Ramse and now Elena they’ve grown up in a harsh world. A place where killing and surviving go hand in hand. Where you have to be over cautious. Cole is always looking over his shoulder, the nights that he does sleep here the smallest noise will wake him. And, even when he watches me lock the doors and windows he still sleeps with a knife.

“Doctor Railly?”

Looking up they’re both looking at me “Sorry what.”

Elena looks to her book “I was asking if I would need to rent a room it’s getting late.”

I know that for a fact that neither of them will sleep “No, there’s a guest room upstairs third door on the right.”

She stands holding out her hands “Come on, it’s late.”

Ramse stands clearing his throat “Doctor Railly?”

“Please all me Cassie.”

“Cassie, you can call me Ramse. I just want to thank you for taking care of my brother,” He holds his hand.

I shake it “We take care of each other.”

Elena nods “We do.” She leaves the sketch book on the table “You can look at the rest of them if want.”

“Thank you.”

They disappear up the stairs and I still have the book in my hands she said I could but should I? I might not like what I find opening to the the first page I see a drawing of a young Cole, he’s ten or eleven thinner than I’ve ever seen him. Ramse is there to his eyes are full of kindness. They seem to be in an abandoned building a library of some kind. Turning the page I see a city, it’s in ruins building falling and breaches are creeping in.

I turn the page this one has writing it’s a drawing of a river there are two boy’s swimming. Cole and Ramse both of them are older bean poles with a little bit of muscle on them. This one is different there is writing on this page.

“I remember the summer we all learned to fish. This old man bit it during the winter we found all his stuff. Ramse and wanted to leave him there. But, I said we needed to bury him. We did and then moved into his house for the summer. I was fourteen that summer and finally I was turning into a woman. The extra lumps on my chest always noticeable, Cole would blush when I went swimming. Mostly I would sit by the river my feet the water.”

Turning the page I see a teenage Cole on with a Ramse wrapping a make-shift bandage around his
leg. There is gun-shot wound, Ramse has a determined look on face, while Cole’s face is twisted in pain.

*It was fall the air just turning cold when Cole got shot for the first time. Really with his big mouth I thought he would have been shot a long time ago. Still sixteen, I was only seventeen and Ramse and I had no idea what to do aside from stopping the bleeding. That’s all we could do was stop the bleeding, keep wound as clean as possible. He was tough, made it through he even has a scar something to show the ladies.*

Sixteen, I think back to hotel in Philadelphia when he was walking and talking through the pain. How many times has he been shot? Enough to have incredibly high tolerance for pain. Turning the page I see a market type place set up people in make-shift stalls selling guns clothes anything.

*This is a barter market, they are heavily guarded all of the people here selling are related by marriage or blood. We’re looking for bullets and clothes this trip. I needed a bra of some kind and Cole is too tall for his clothes. Ramse and I were fighting around this time. I had a pregnancy scare and Ramse was seriously thinking that it would be a good idea to have a kid. Then and now I’m not sure. Children are something I wanted. Ramse would be a great father and I could be a good mother but why would I bring a child into the world that I know will end.*

Cole told me that there would only be another generation and I can see why. When finding enough food for just herself is a challenge how hard would it be for a baby. If the mother survived, which, is a big if how would a child grow. The first year are critical. I wouldn’t have a child now but maybe if we do stop the pelage I’ll have a child.

**Elena**

We did fall asleep after many rounds of love making we slept pressed together like the last ten years didn’t happen. But it did both of us have scares I trace one on José left shoulder. He smiles “I missed this.”

“Sex? Come on I know you had other woman.”

He takes a deep breath letting out he pulls me close “I did but I never stayed the night. This is what I loved most the both us here-”

“Together just talking.” I finish for him.

He kiss the top of my head “Yeah.”

“When do you go back?”

“Tomorrow.”

Now he could have next year and to me it would still be to soon “I guess we make the best of our time.”

I wiggle out of the bed he pulls me back kissing my deeply “I think the best use of our time would be to stay right here.”

“No, I think we need to take a train ride,” I say standing looking for my pants.

He must hear that I have a plan “A train ride?”

Putting on my pants I smile “I like trains.”
His laughter rings out I missed that sound “Remember the train cars when you were 16?”

Pulling my shirt on his face turns to a frown “I remember, this will be a better train.” I throw his shirt at him “This one will move.”

“The other one moved.”

Laughing at the memory I tell very sternly “Get dressed.”

I go down stairs to while he dresses Cassie is still sleeping in her chair I pull a blanket over her body. My sketchbook is on the floor the page she is looking at is the one of the splinter chamber. The room itself is grand enough to make me remember it the experience of what happen was enough to burn it into my brain. They said it that I have a photographic memory.

I turn to blank page I reach into my purse finding a pen writing a note so Doctor Railly won’t think something bad happen to us. Cole was right she about her being a good person. “Went to Philly be back soon, Elena and Ramse.”

José comes down the stairs “Ready?”

Taking my purse “Yep, I just left Cassie a note.” His eyebrows go up “Here it considered polite to let the person you’re staying with know where you are and if you’re coming back.”

“Whatever you say.”

“Why are we here?” José ask as we enter a diner it smells great still serving breakfast.

Smiling I lead him to booth by the window “I hear the pancakes are great.”

He sit opposite to me taking my hands “I know you, you have a plan a reason to be here.”

“I don’t know what you mean I just thought you might like some food before we go the museum.” I say it innocently enough as the waitress comes over handing us both menus.

“Hello can I get you to some coffee?” She ask in sweet voice.

José turns looking at her his mouth hanging open she doesn’t know why her face shift to confusion “Is everything okay sir.”

I step in “He was just noticing your name tag and funny enough his mother was named Roberta too.”

She smiles “Did she die?”

“Yes,” I say because I don’t think he could say a coherent word. “She died recently.”

“Oh.” She pats his shoulder “I’m sorry to hear that. I’ll get you two some coffee.”

He turns to look at me his mouth still open his eyes just starting to shine “That’s my…”

“Yeah, I thought you might like to her.”

He wipes his eyes, Cole is an orphan raised in foster care then the world went to shit and he was on his own long before the pelage José and I are the only family he’s know. I saw my parents too, I try not to make it a habit. Living in Florida helps but since he’s only going to be here a day I want him
to see her.

Kissing my hands he says “Thank you.”

Roberta comes back with coffee “Ready to order?”

“What would recommend?”

“Well, my son loves the French toast.”

José nods “That’s what I’ll have.”

I give my order and she takes the menus away “I forget that I liked that.”

“I know, when I went to see my parents I saw this stuffed goose that I use to play with on the our slide. I use to put it there so it could watch the house while I was at school.” It was easier to forget our childhoods it hurt to remember things like French toast and stuffed animals. Especially when finding food was hard enough and when there are real animals waiting to get you. It’s so good to have someone to talk to about this stuff about where we come from what had to do.

“So, where are you two going on this fine day?” She asks setting our food in front of us.


“Oh you’ll love I keep meaning to take my son.”

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Being a week day there are lots of little kids around us laughing trying to be quite but failing. José and I are the only adults without kids we walk hand in hand looking at the paintings. “Undergrowth With Two Figures, by Vincent van Gogh. It reminds me of summer you remember when we camped in the forest?”

“It does,” His voice is far away. “I dream about that summer.”

Leaning against his shoulder “I do too.”

We keep walking in the sea of little kids “Did you ever want to have kids?”

“Of course I did but we barely got by on our own why would we add a baby to that. To a world where it could die before it was five years old.”

We stop as a group of little kids walks by “You have been a great Mom.”

I sigh walking on “And, you would have been a wonderful father José, but if the virus never happen who’s to say we’ll even meet.”

“We’ll meet,” He whispers in my ear. “You are the only woman I ever loved no matter what happen we seem to meet.”

“Destiny?”

He smiles “Maybe that or fate.”

Stopping this time are a painting of two people a man and a woman dancing close together “Dance at Bougival, Pierre-Auguste Renoir.”
José takes my arms spinning me around the room I laugh “José, stop we can’t dance.” If that’s even what we’re doing. The little kids seem to like it laughing and spinning too.

“Why not?” He ask stopping us from moving but to me the room is still spinning.

“One it’s against the rules.”

He laughs “When did we ever follow rules?”

Sitting down I take his hands pulling him to “We have to follow rules here.”

“Fine,” He kisses me instead causing the kids to go

“Ewwww”

He turn with a goofy grin on his face “Trust me kid’s one day you’ll love doing this.”

Chapter End Notes

Yes, you have reached the end of this chapter if you want more please tell in the comments box.
“Cassie please.” I tell her setting my purse on the counter I see the entire menu of the local Chinese restaurant on my table. Ramse doesn’t seem to notice me entering, the tall man is holding a chop stick in either hand a look of frustration on his face. I study the look, Cole isn’t one to show any kind of emotion, but his brother seem to wear them on his face. He is cursing under his breath, trying in vain to capture a dumpling.

“What hell is this crap?”

At this point Elena’s fair face is red as she tries to keep the laughter in “You want some help.”

“You’ve been enjoying this too much.”

It’s a trick that Cole taught me to stop at the door using all senses, I hear voices, Ramse and Elena must be back. Also, I smell Chinese food, I unlock the door.

“Hello Doctor Railly,” Elena greets me a huge smile on her face.

“Cassie please.” I tell her setting my purse on the counter I see the entire menu of the local Chinese restaurant on my table. Ramse doesn’t seem to notice me entering, the tall man is holding a chop stick in either hand a look of frustration on his face. I study the look, Cole isn’t one to show any kind of emotion, but his brother seem to wear them on his face. He is cursing under his breath, trying in vain to capture a dumpling.

“What hell is this crap?”

At this point Elena’s fair face is red as she tries to keep the laughter in “You want some help.”

“You’ve been enjoying this too much.”

She picks up her chopsticks using one hand to take the deep fried pork up twisting her hands showing him how to hold the thin wooden sticks. “I missed tricking you and Cole.”

“Should I go?” I ask, feeling very uncomfortable, like I just walked in on a date.

Ramse turns noticing me for the first time “No, we ordered way too much and this is your place to stay.”

“Do you like wine?” I ask because here it’s a question, but then I remember too late that wine the future might be a little hard to come by.

“It’s a day of first,” he says slightly embarrassed.

Elena lightens the mood “Trust me, you’ll love it much better than homemade stuff we killed our livers with.”

“So, how your day?” I ask taking the bottle out of the cabinet. My people skills outside lying are very rusty, at this point I think that alcohol will make it better or much worse.
“It was good,” Elena says, taking bites of her chicken.

Ramse have a simple smile on his face “I saw my mother. She was alive and healthy talking about me.”

Cole told me that he grows up in foster-care so he never knew the loss of a parent, I hold out a glass “I’m sorry.”

He drinks it like its hard liquor swallowing it down in one gulp. Then he makes a sour face that is so child like I heard a giggle while Elena laughs outright. His reaction is much like my first reaction only I was twelve at the time. “That’s… wow,” He sets the glass down.

“Tart?” The woman offers.

“Yeah,” He laughs too

I, drink my own glass slowly, I take in the scene before me just the two of them laughing talking exchanging glances. It won’t last I know that it won’t because soon the light will flicker and he’ll be gone. And, she will be waiting for him just like me, no the wine is getting to me. I start to fill my plate food will help, I wasn’t a heavy drinker.

Elena takes the bottle “Try to drink it slowly.”

“I’m not five,” he says in a tone that could almost be annoying, but the way he looks at her like she was the reason for the sun to shine. I know he would never hold a grudge against her.

She retorts drinking in the sage colored liquid “No, you’re ten actually.”

This time we all laugh loudly he smiles “Yeah, and how old are you?”

Her face gets red “I’ll be nine next mouth.”

“How is Cole?”

They both look down, then say together “Eight.”

“I can’t think of him as a little kid.”

Elena nods “It’s a hard concept to wrap your mind around. I met him when he was twelve.”

“How about you Mr. Ramse?”

He laughs the wine is getting to us all at this point “Oh please call me Ramse.”

“Call me Cassie.”

“So, Cassie.” He says, exaggerating my name “How did you meet Cole?”

“He put a knife to my throat.”

“See!” Elena says loudly giving him a playful shove. “That’s how he says hello.”

Remus nods “That’s how I met you.”

“Is that how people say hello in the future?”

“Pretty much.”
Cole

Max is in the room that Ramse and I share drinking “So, the famous Elena is alive.” There were many in the 7 which, Ramse was similar with most of them at one point but he never stayed the night. I would hear him coming back to this tent after.

I nod picturing her and Ramse in Cassie’s spare room, making all kinds of noise “She is alive and living the past.”

“Jesus,” She drinks a long drink. I can tell that the idea of the past a least the one I go to doesn’t sound too appealing to her.

Scoffing I take the bottle, “You wouldn’t go if you had the chance?”

“No, we don’t fit in there. I want it to be rewritten… A new me, I’ll still be here where I belong.”

Looking down at the bottle, “You want to be the girl in the yellow in dress.”

Her face softens as she digs up the memory, “You saw me?”

Drinking the similar fire not the soft stuff in the past “Ramse did. You called him a liar.”

She puts her face in her hands “Oh my god I did.”

“Drink it helps,” I hold out the bottle.

“When does he come back?”

Leaning back, I look at the gray ceiling “Tonight at ten.”

Max leans forward setting the bottle on the table between us “He’s going to want to go back.”

I nod, not taking the alcohol “I won’t be able to talk him out of it.” He’ll drain himself dry going back to see her. I can’t blame him either because Cassie is the reason that I go back. Going there to see her it reminds me of why I do this. After Goines I could have told Jones to screw off.

“No you will not. Do you remember it? Before I mean.”

My mind isn’t what it used to be “I was ten, but there’s really nothing I want to remember.”

“I remember my Mom,” Max isn’t drunk, but the whiskey is getting to her. “She had hair like me.”

I remember some stuff, the endless worry of where I would sleep who I would meet even before the virus I was a Scav. Just a dumb kid looking for something to call my own. Mostly I remember the game, it happens at night when the parents were asleep. We would all say the name of the place we wanted to go, for me it was Florida.

There was something that I remember from when I was little I was in this foster home I don’t know where. I was seven, maybe eight a kid innocent enough or not as cold as I was when Ramse found me. But, what I see is that I’m in a room, its red the walls are blood colored, there is a table with a tall glass of milk. The little me is afraid of someone whose face I can’t see. There is a gunshot the glass breaks and that’s when I wake-up most of the time.

After Max leaves I lay down on the couch thinking, if Ramse was here we would say that me
thinking is very dangerous. Mostly I think back to the years when we all traveled together. Those are the times when even if we were starving or freezing we were happy. Really Ramse and Elena are my family, when I was with the 7 it wasn’t the same. Max was there and I did love her and she loved me. Things are different now, Cassie I think about her all the time. I know that I shouldn’t have these feelings for her since she’s there and I’m here.

2017

I keep my hands on the baseball bat, I haven’t eaten in two days and the next person I see with food is going to get it. Hearing the sound of feet lighting running on the pavement, I tighten my grip. Counting off 3…2…1. Swing I use all my strength to hit the person. The bat makes a strange sound like I just hit a brick.

Taking a look at the person I see he’s older than me by a couple of years he look Latino his hair is buzzed short. The reason that my bat didn’t work is because of his bulletproof vest. I would move run if I could, but the shotgun pointed at my chest keeps me in my place.

His eyes scan my body, then he lowers his weapon “You’re just a kid.”

I tackle him, catching him off guard I mange get him to the ground. Sitting on his chest I am taking my knife from its spot behind my back, putting it to this throat “Where’s your camp?”

“Who are you?”

“Tell me where your food.”

His smile, then starts laughing, “I don’t have any food.”

I get off of him to put my knife back in its place “Great, no food.” Taking my belt I feel angry at myself and at this stranger.

The boy stands up, brushing the street grime off his “You know you’re brave for a kid.”

“I’m ten years old,” I say walking down the alley.

I don’t know why, but he starts to follow me “I’m José Ramse.”

“Cole.”

“Is there a last name.”

Turing around I have to ask “Why do you care I was going to rob and take all your stuff but you don’t have any.”

“Where are your parents?”

“Dead before all this I was in foster-care, but they left us when the kids started to get sick. There were seven of us I was the only that didn’t get sick.”

“Sorry. My first name’s James.”

The hard banging wakes me “Cole you awake?”

Looking at the clock I see it’s almost time for Ramse to come back “Yeah.”

Elena 2015
“This is nice,” I say as we move in a small circle in Cassie’s store.

“Yeah,” José has his arms around me were dancing or doing something like it. I feel so whole with him.

The song ends and another begins “I wish we could stay like this forever.”

“I know babe,” His hands are stroking my hair. “I’ll come back, I swear I will.” José never made me a promise he couldn’t keep.

The light flicker and I cry “No, please don’t leave me?”

His breaths come rapidly his hands the strong hands wipes my tears, “I will see you again.”

Taking my whole face in his heads he leans down to kiss, I close my eyes feeling his lips on mine. Then they’re gone, I opened my eyes and I’m here standing on my toes kissing the air. Still, I feel an impression of his lips like a ghost, he was here then gone.

Looking at Cassie “Is this how you feel when Cole leaves?”

She walks over pulling me into a hug “Yeah, this how I feel.”

“How do you do this?”

Cassie pulls away, but her hands hold mine to tenderly “It will get better. You’ll feel incomplete until he’s back.”

I nod “You love him?” Of course she did, he might be blunt and rude at times but he is loyal. If you ever find yourself lucky enough to have him as a friend then you know that he’ll never abandon you. When Cole loves you it means that he’ll put your well-being above his own.

“I…” She shakes her head, running her hands through her hair. “I can’t… I know what I want and I can’t have it.

A short laugh escapes my lips “You can.”

“Nonononono.”

Putting my hands on her shoulders, I stabilize her “I thought that too when I met Ramse and I fell in love. In the world we live with knowing that love can be dangerous.”

By now we’re both on the floor “It is.”

“But,” I look in her eyes the deep eyes that have seen and will see. “It’s the only danger I willingly embrace.”

**Ramse 2043**

Cole finds me, of course he does after the doctors let me, I came out here to the roof. Mostly because I needed to clear my head. Splintering back, I felt like I had been taken apart and put back together again. Then there just was back when I know whose back there. Knowing that she’s waiting for me, knowing that I might not be able to go back.

“You’re different now,” Cole says, resting his arm on the concrete.

“I was holding her in my arms, then I was here and…” I say looking out at the wasteland.
“And, now you’re here wondering what is she doing? Then it hits you that you have two lives now. One here—“

“One there.” I finish. “How have you done it?”

“It’s different for me.”

Being from here I know bullshit when I hear “I know you like her.”

He nods pulling a flask out of his coat taking a drink “When did our lives get so damn complicated?”

Taking the metal I think about it “When we discovered that we liked girls. You got any advice?”

His lips perch out “Just when you get back there take it slow and trust Cassie she a good person.”

“What about Aaron?”

His face goes sour “Mostly I just try not to punch him.”

I laugh handing the flack back to him “Elena said he could use a good smack.”

Cole drinks nodding “He’s an asshole, but mostly he’s harmless.”

“What about Jones?”

“That’s what I came to talk to you about.”

I dare to hope that I could go back “Right she passed judgment on that yet?”

He stands up, “Mr. Cole the benefit of having two travelers is a great advantage for us. Und it will lessen the strain put on your body.”

Laughing at his impression of Jones I feel myself smile “You aren’t going to try and talk me out of it.”

“No. You’re my brother and most stubborn son of a bitch, I’ve ever met.”

Shoving him lightly I chuckle “Don’t talk about my mother like that.”

2022

Elena has the tents up and the fire is going by the time we get back we set traps this morning and lucked out in catching two rabbits. We’d be full for the tonight anyway worry about tomorrow when it comes.

“Hey, did you guys see anyone?”

“Nope,” Cole hands over the meat. “Did you?”

She shakes her head, I love the way the sun shines on it “I was just curious, it’s been awhile since we’ve seen other people. “Sitting close to her I smile. Two years we’ve been traveling together the three of us it’s been nice.

What you get tired of us.” Cole asks sarcastically. He is fourteen, his lanky frame is lean and strong, he still a hothead but he’s my brother now. “

Smiling down at the ground, she says I watch her cut the long line along the underside of the animal
“You no. Cole yeah.”

Getting behind her I start to rub her shoulders moving her long hair kissing her neck. “Too bad we’re a package deal.”

Cole looks in the big tent that we share “Hey, where’s my shit.”

“In my tent.”

Cole laughs even clapping his hands, singing “You’re getting laid tonight.”

Elena throws the intestines at him, “If you want to live to get laid you will shut the hell up.”

After dinner we all go to our tents Cole giggling, Elena and I are much more reserved because while we’ve talked about this we haven’t done it yet. I wanted to do this months ago, but she didn’t. So, I told her when she was ready we would. Now that it is happening, I’m nervous.

Turning I saw her hands are shaking “Hey.” I take her hands “We don’t have to do this.”

“I want to,” She’s not looking at me. “But, what if I’m bad at it and it changes everything.”

Leaning down I kiss fully with a passion “It will change, it will be better.” She wraps her arms around my neck kissing me back using her tong, as I kiss back with equal passion. Picking her up, I lay her on the cot, her breathing is heavy, I stop.

“Why did you stop?”

“I have to ask one more time. Do you want this?”

Sitting up, she takes my shirt off “I want you.” I relive her of her shirt while kissing her neck making a trail of kiss down her collarbone. She must like it because the sounds coming from her mouth only encourage me.

“My God.” Elena says, laying next to me. “That was…”

“I know,” I know that I will never love another person like I love her. Pulling a blanket around us I put my arm around her. “I love you.”

Her hand traces a pattern on my chest “This is dangerous.”

Gently I rub her shoulder “It is both its right too. You and me in a world that so crazy we are right.”
Chapter Summary

Sitting up on the bed if José was here his arms would be around me, his lips on my neck. Touching my neck I try to think of what he’s doing right now, getting up too or is out hunting. Is he eating with Cole talking about me? Is he thinking about me the way I’m thinking of him?”
Getting dressed I pack my dirty clothes in my bag I had to go back to Florida where my life is. I have to get back to it even if is just to end it.
Going down the stairs I find Cassie drinking a cup of coffee her eye narrow at the back on my shoulder “You’re leaving?”

Chapter Notes

So, this really long and I’m sorry but I wanted to make sure everyone got there fair share of story time. If make it to the end please write me a comment. I generally want to know your opinion because if I’m doing something wrong I should know so I can do better.

2011

Elena

So this is jail? Back when I was traveling with Ramse and Cole we spent a few nights in one of these during a winter storm. It was different then, no people or light or noise. No one ever told me how loud the past was. And, in all my memories I was used to it, but now I can’t sleep. I guess I should be worried about spending the next six years in prison. Once the virus hit the systems shut down, the prison became a concrete fortress, with convicts running the show.

“Jane Doe 38.”

The police officer unlocks the door “What’s going on?” I remember that you need money, this funny green paper, to get anything here and I don’t have any so they aren’t letting me go.

“Doctor’s here to talk to you.”

Surprisingly enough, I don’t like doctors, the last one sent me back here saying I would come back and that was almost a month ago. Still the skills I have for the future got me by till now at least. It was my own fault too, I needed a pair of shoes not an easy item find in 2043 or now. Unlike food, people don’t throw out perfectly good food every day. So, I found this store full of used clothes and shoes, I was going to trade my boots for a new pair.

The store owner, of course, called the cops and I walked out with the evidence on my feet. They took me here almost two days ago. At first it wasn’t too bad three meals a day and pretty nice bed. Also a hot water shower since I haven’t been on the best terms with soap for a while after I didn’t recognize my own face.
“Have fun with this one, Doc.” The police officer shoves me into the integration room, I see a woman in a dark colored suit the kind that I would see men wearing.

“Hello,” She says her lips press into fake smile that makes her pale face look like a china doll.

I sit down crossing my arms, trying to look weak “Hi.”

“Hello, my name is Dr. Rush do you know your name?”

“No… it started with E I think or maybe L I don’t remember.” I say meekly, I told them I didn’t remember who I was right now it’s better to play dumb for now.

She opens a thick file considering the little version of me is currently five the thickness of the file is shocking. “You have many scars do you remember how you got them?”

Looking down at my arms the burns from when I was a child, then when I was showering the female officer noted my other scars. The thin marks lines from knives and bullet wounds from the years when I was traveling with Ramse and Cole. Also a few lines on my back from a belt whipping after I was separated from them. “I think… I know was supposed to get something, but I couldn’t get. He was mad…” Shaking my head “I’m sorry I don’t remember what.”

2015

Waking I scan the room all the skills I learn from years of being a Scav I never lost them. And, when I dream about coming here that first year I always feel on edge the whole day. Like I might finally might splinter back, most days that thought fills me with dread, but if it happen today I would fine with that.

Sitting up on the bed if José was here his arms would be around me, his lips on my neck. Touching my neck I try to think of what he’s doing right now, getting up too or is out hunting. Is he eating with Cole talking about me? Is he thinking about me the way I’m thinking of him?”

Getting dressed I pack my dirty clothes in my bag I had to go back to Florida where my life is. I have to get back to it even if is just to end it.

Going down the stairs I find Cassie drinking a cup of coffee her eye narrow at the back on my shoulder “You’re leaving?”

“For now.” Setting the bag down I sit at the table. This is the conversation that we need to have now while the boys are gone. All of them because in the limited time I had interacted with Aaron I know what his opinion would be. “I want to talk to you about that.”

She nods her thought a mirror to my own “You should come stay here.”

“Yeah, I was thinking about it a lot last night it would better if I was here,” Not to mention that the next time José does come I won’t be hours away. “I can help you.”

“It would be nice to have someone to talk to about this and I wouldn’t have to wait for Cole when we needed to investigate a lead.” She drink her coffee thinking about what this could mean.

Raising my eyebrow “You don’t do that kind of stuff with Aaron?”

She waves off the name like I would a fly, “He doesn’t like to talk about this most of the time he
pretends it isn’t happening.”

That sounds childish, but I keep that opinion to myself “I just need a few days to get my house in order and quite my job.”

“I’ve seen your drawings you could find a job here.”

“Are you okay with this, I mean you barely know me?”

She nods “Cole trusts you and I trust him.”

I smile she’s strong not like some people who, when the end came just let themselves go. “Why… What happens to you in the future?”

She sets the cup the down “I die at the Baltimore CDC in 2017.”

“You die?”

“It takes a while to get used to,” she twist her watch I notice the crack in it. “But, we’re going to change that.”

“You would fit in where I come from.”

She smiles “Cole said I was tougher than him.”

“You might be right.” She is right. I can tell that she’ll make the tough call when the time come, but she also has compassion. That is a very rare trait in 2043, rooms is compassionate I was the hot head and Cole did what needed to be done.

She pulls a key from her pocket “Here I case you get back and I’m not here.”

“Thanks.”

2043

Ramse

“No!” Jones says the cigarette in her hand glowing. “We have been over this UN hundred times, sending Mr. Cole back to 1987 when he has no idea what to look for is a waste of resources.”

“We have another traveler now we should reexamine the risks.” A scientist named Striker says.

I lean over to Cole “Do they always about you like you’re not here?”

“Pretty much,” he says arm crossed, watching the older man and Jones argue like children.

This is going nowhere they don’t know what to look for “Hey!” I yell the sound bouncing around the room.

“You something to add, Mr. Ramse?” Jones asks in her accented English.

“Yeah, I do. Cole?”

“What?”
“You destroyed the virus right the human thing in the night right?”

He nods “Yeah, fun times.”

“And Leland Goines is in the ground right?”

Nodding, he rubs his eyes we’ve been in this smoky room for almost two hours “Where are you going with this Ramse?”

“We missed someone who else knows about the virus.”

“Jennifer Goins,” he offers looking to the evidence board. “Doctor Peter.”

Jones asks “Who?”

Cole is up by now taking a piece of paper off the board “This guy, he’s a doctor who worked for Goines. He asked Goines if he could take a sample of my brain.”

I look at the picture there is a man Asian by the look of him standing behind Goines “This guy?”

“He made the weapon for the Chynna mission.”

Jones grabs it out of my hand, “Dr. Williams find out all that you can about this Oliver Peters.”

She turns to me blowing smoke into the empty chair. “Mr. Cole you’ll be staying here for this mission.”

“What?”

She smiles that self-serving Jones smile “Mr. Ramse you wanted to travel back in time this will be your audition so to speak. Go back make contact with Dr. Railly find this man und find his samples of the virus.”

“Then what?”

She stands collecting her papers “Destroy the virus samples.”

“That shouldn’t be too hard.”

Cole laughs “Wait till you’re there and you need security clearance and people shoot at you it’s wonderful.”

“Yeah,” I say as we walk down the hall back to our room. “But, the payoff is great.”

He only nods “Wait till she’s sewing up a bullet hole.”

“I mean Cassie.” I say singing her name.

“Don’t say it like that man.” He says opening the heavy door.

“Come on,” I push him into the room “You like her, you should make a move already.”

He shakes his head “I thought all out what happens when we’re rewritten she’s gonna be alone again.”

“So what you’re just going to look at her like she’s the most beautiful woman in the world, but never say anything.” I have him that look is the same one I have for Elena. Because to me she is the most
creature on the planet Cole see’s Cassie in the same way.

His comeback is not the best, “She has Aaron they could have a nice life together.”

“That is some grade A bullshit, brother.” I say flopping onto the couch.

He sinks into a chair, “I never said I was happy about it.”

“She likes you.”

“I put a knife to her throat member.”

I laugh “Yeah, my girl did the same thing to me and look where we are now.”

“I see where you are.” He says anger in his voice “Both of you separated by time I won’t make her wait for me.”

I smile “When you love someone they don’t mind waiting for you.”

2015

Cassie

I am tracking or trying to track owner or the greenhouse where I was kept. So, far I have a whole lot of nothing. I need Cole, he gives me the leads and I track them on my own I’m just running in circles. Closing my laptops I groan in frustration.

“What’s wrong?”

“It’s been two weeks.”

Elena moved in two days ago after spending the last twelve days in Florida, officially quitting her job and renting her house out. Moving her in didn’t take much, mostly it was just book and clothes. With the exception of paints and canvas, she says it’s a hobby, but really she could make a living at selling her paintings.

“They’ll be back.” She says calmly sitting cross-legged on the couch circling job openings in the want ads.

“When?”

She looks up a few strands of her reddish brown hair falling out of the messy bun “I don’t know, but when they say they’ll be back trust me they’ll be back.

Just as soon as she finishes the last word there is a knock on the door.

“Who is it?” I call as the butterflies start dancing in my stomach.

The door opens to reveal the very know figure of Aaron “Cassie I-” He looks around a habitat he developed after Cole left. “What are you doing here?”

Even I can tell from his tone that he is annoyed that Elena is here, she just smiles, holding up her key “I live here jackass.”
“Did you just?”

She collects her papers “I’m done, excuse me.”

He stands there stunned while she walks up the stairs he looks to me for support “Cassie?”

I scoff crossing my arms I love Aaron and he did help save me but he has a low opinion of the time traveling trio. He would show it all the time “Why are you here, Aaron?”

“Oliver Peters is missing.” He holds up a thick file.

Standing I know that name going over to the clippings I see the face first, “I know him, he was on the mission in Russia.”

“He made the virus.”

“Right,” I take the file from his hands opening it, I nearly gag on the first page “Flowers damn it.”

He nods “And who do we know that likes flowers.”

Closing the file Cole where are you? “We need to find him now.” Flipping to the police report I note the flowers used. “Rare orchids,” I nod to myself “This is good I can trust this.”

“What now?” Aaron asks.

“Now I trace the flower manufactures.”

He smiles “What about back-up is Cole here or his friend Ramse?”

“I have Elena I’ll be fine,” I say, opening my laptop.

Nothing like it doesn’t bother him, he asks “Is she enough.”

“She survived in the future and built a pretty nice here I think she is more than enough. You can let me know if anything else comes along.”

“Sure.” He’s resting his thumb on his chin while his other fingers rub his cheek. This is his I’m stalling for time face. He thinks it makes him look serious really he looks impatient like a child waiting for ice cream.

“What is it Aaron?”

“I don’t trust these people and they don’t like me.”

This isn’t about popularity contest “Respect is a two way street you give them some and they’ll return it.”

“I… I…”

“I have work to do Aaron could you please just let me get to it.”

Elena comes back down an hour later “You’re still here?”

Aaron just nods “I am.”
“Cassie is he stays for dinner?”

“Dinner?”

“It’s almost eight and most people in the past seem to eat three’s a day.”

“Right, sure.”

She nods “Okay, pretty boy if you’re going to stay you’re going to help. You do know how to cook, right?”

He bites his lip “Yes, actually I am a great cook.”

Elena laughs just a short laugh the kind that says I don’t believe you “We’ll see.”

I get back to work trying to not listen to the conversation in the kitchen, mostly because there are knives in the kitchen and the police know this place a little well by now. So, when I hear Aaron go “No way that is just wrong.” I race to the kitchen to see the woman holding knife.

She looks at me then back to the carrots she is cutting “Doc you’ve travelled all over the world right?”

I nod “What’s the weird thing you’ve ever eaten?”

That is a tough question I sit down while she cuts vegetables and Aaron minces garlic “I was India in 2014. They served steamed pig brains.

Aaron is in awe “Was it good?”

“Yeah, actually.”

Elena chuckles “It’s kinda chewy isn’t it?”

“It was but still good.”

“What about you?” Aaron asks in a good natured way, progress.

She smiles “Umm, I’ve eaten a lot of what you would call weird food, but the food I would never eat again are worms.”

“So, where did you learn to cook?” Aaron asks filling his bowl with soup.

She laughs sitting at the table “Well, I left my copy of how to cook in the apocalypse in the future. So, the Food network.”

“Right,” He says putting his spoon in his mouth while we laugh.

“Most of the time we catch and kill our own food, cooking over an open fire.” She smiles an odd smile, remembering her life and being able to talk about is nice.

“Where did you live?”

She laughs lightly “Um, all over we were nomadic for the most part following animals and hiding from winter.”

“A hard life,” He observes.
She stirs her soup, “It was or still is or will be.”

“It’s a complicated issue time travel.”

Elena chokes on her soup, “Tell me about it.”

That night neither I of us sleep, it’s been a long day and we should be in our beds but we can’t. Elena has her own computer and is tracking, shipping of the orchids. This is good having her here.

“So, what’s your opinion of Aaron now?”

“He’s a little of full of himself, but under all the BS he’s actually a good person.”

I smile “He is very caring but a stubborn man I swear to god he’s the most stubborn man on earth.”

“No, He just the most stubborn man in this time.”

“What if something happens to them?”

“Cassie,” her voice is low, but full of caring “They are fine, I know it I feel it in my bones. They’re my family you know when family is in trouble.”

“Right focus on the mission.”

She shakes her head, “You shouldn’t let the mission become your life.”

Too late for that this is my life now finds the twelve monkeys, destroy the virus wait and repeat. If I’m being honest, I really don’t know what would happen to my life if this was over. I know that I could be a doctor again, but I’ll never be the same as I was two years ago. Even now that I’m a part of this I’m different, knowing that world is just as crazy as I am.

2030

Cole

This isn’t healthy, it’s a three months we found the guys who took her, but after that the trail went cold. She’s either dead or too far away for us to find her either way we have to think about ourselves. How are we going to make it through winter?

“Ramse?”

The dark clouds have been treating rain all day I wanted to make camp an hour ago but Ramse kept going. There’s a town just up the road the people who took her could have been there but we can’t make it. Not today with all the rain ready to drop.

“José stop,” I yell.

We only use first names when we’re being serious “What?”

“Look at the sky we need to make camp before-”

I don’t even get the word rain out the water falls from the sky, cold and hard on the skin. It soaks us
in seconds he keeps walking.

Running to catch up I pull his arm shaking him from the daze that he’s been in. Before he would be
talking to her making her laugh or whispering sweet things in her ear. Now he just walks silently
with his shotgun in his hands always ready.

“Ramse stop, we need to find cover.”

“Cole just leave me alone!” He yells at me pointing the gun at me.

“What you’re going to shoot me, if Elena were here she would knock you out.”

If this how he want to play it fine “No, if Elena were here she would be kicking your ass.”

“Don’t say her name.”

“She’s gone Ramse, Elena is dead you and I know it.”

He hits me with the butt of the gun, knocking me to the ground “She alive I know it.”

I was on the ground I kick his feet cause him to fall, I roll out of the way as he falls onto the
pavement. Getting on top of him, punch him. “She might be alive, but we have no way to find her.”

We push and shove till we’re in the dirt our packs on the road waiting for someone to come and take
them. He’s on top of me hitting my “I promised to protect her.” His breathing quickens “I
promised.”

“I know,” I say, wiping the mud off my face. “You did, but we’re outnumbered catch off guard. She
was my sister like you’re my brother.” Holding up my hands he wipes his eyes.

“I’ll find her one day I swear I will.”

2043

“Just be careful,” I say for the seventh time as we walk to the splinter chamber.

“Listen, brother, I’ll be fine you just keep the place standing.” He says, pressing his left hand into his
right forearm.

He’s trying to play it off like he isn’t scared when I know he is. Splintering isn’t an easy thing, you
endure the pain and even then you might not end up where you want to be. That’s why you do it on
an empty stomach or else what’s inside will come out.

“Do the injections ever get easier?”

“Now you get used to the pain.”

We enter the room in all its glory, no matter how many times I come in here it still makes me feel so
small. I know that right now Ramse is feeling joy his faced has morphed into a smile. He never could
hide emotions and knowing that he was going to see her again, it warms him like a coat.

“Right just take it slow, brother.” I warn him. The time goes back faster then he’ll think.

“Mr. Ramse are you ready?”

“Nope.” That is the truth you’re never ready to go it hurts and you endure because you have too
because what you want more than anything is on the other side.

“Remember your mission.”

He gets in the chair “Oliver Peters.”

Jones nods “You have a week.”

“Good luck.”
A Time to Love and a Time to Plan

Chapter Summary

To my surprise, he laughs “Flowers? Is everyone in the past, so… flamboyant? I mean killing is easy enough, why added flowers?”
“I don’t know.”
“Were you dreaming about him?”
I nod running my fingers through my hair “He scares Me.” Looking at the floor I try not to notice my shaking hands “I know that it’s stupid being scared of some old man.”
He takes my shaking hands “It’s not stupid. I have dreams like that Cole has them Elena has them. We all fear something or someone.”
His hands are soft as he pulls my chin so I’m looking into his eyes “The trick is to not let it consume you.”

Chapter Notes

Okay so no Cole in this chapter sorry but I tried to add his POV but it didn't sound right.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

2015

Cassie

“You’re looking very nice.” I say coming down the stairs as Elena blushes the redness spreading across her face. In fact, she does look very sexy, her pants are a burgundy red color that hugs her legs. The top is silky looking with a star of the rhinestones that has thin sleeves that only cover her shoulders. She has a long-sleeve black T-shirt under that shirt to hide her scars on her left arm. Her boots are black to then go right up to her knee, she looks very sexy.

She sets her portfolio on the table saying very quickly pouring herself a cup of coffee “I have a job interview today.”

“Really? I didn’t notice.”

She scoffs “Finally, I was going to go crazy if I didn’t hear back from a place soon.”

That is true, it must be part of being from the future that they can’t be still “Good two more days and you would have killed Aaron.”

“No, he’s getting better.”

“Good now if Cole and Ramse could just make nice with him.”

Setting her cup in the sink she laughs “José will come around before Cole.”
I sigh “I was afraid of that.”

“After my interview I’m going to check on that address for the orchids.”

“Thanks,” I had stayed up all night and really just wanted to sleep.

She looks at her phone “I have to go try to get some sleep.”

I nod “I’ll try.”

Sitting on the couch with a cup of tea I’m almost asleep when the loud knocking on the door wakes me. Getting up I know it’s either Cole or Ramse, Aaron would just come right in. Anyone else wouldn’t be so loud.

Opening the door “Ramse.”

“You okay doc?”

Coming from someone you just splintered I must look bad opening the door for him to come I say “I’m fine I just to get some sleep.”

“Where’s Elena?”

“Job interview she should be back in a few hours,” I say go back to the couch.

He nods “Jones sent me back to find a man named Oliver Peters.”

“Of course she did.”

His face falls into a frown “Is he died?”

“No messing.”

“Missing is better than dead.”

Smiling, I like his optimism I feel my words slur as they leave my mouth. “The file is on the kitchen table.”

2010

“Really?”

Turning I smile “That’s me.”

The old man scans my body “Come in.”

I enter the room feeling like I’m back in at MED school being asked to stay after class by a professor. Even the room is like a professors a large desk covered with flies, a framed photo of a wife or grandchildren. The brass name plate that says Matthew Morgan MD.

He pulls out the chair “Sit please.”

“Thanks,” I take a deep breath. You can do this I tell myself, know that there are five other doctors outside all with more experience than me wanting this job.

Doctor Morgan puts his hand on the desk interlacing his fingers “Why do you want to work here, Doctor Railly?”
“Because this hospital is on the forefront of viral containment. I’ve been studying the virus since I was a first year MED student.”

“I know,” He opens a file. “Cassandra Katheryn Railly, graduated top of your class. You have reference that most doctors would kill for.” He takes off my letter of recommendation. “See, I know Irina Larson, we were classmates. In thirty years I never heard her talk about anyone the way she talks about you.” Doctor Morgan clears his throat “Never have I see a more dedicated student, if you should ever find yourself in a position to hire her do so on the spot.”

“She said that about me?”

He nods “Now I am a fair man I’ve interviewed every person qualified for this job.”

I feel my face fall the professional smile fading away “And I’m not your pick am I?”

His wrinkled face smiles “That depends on your answer to my next question?”

“What’s the question?”

Doctor Morgan leans over the desk “Who is Leland Frost?”

Looking at him again, he’s changed the grandfather smile replaced with the yellow teeth. I feel my chest tighten “I know you?”

He laughs and the flowery smell of his breath send my stomach into a frenzy “Not yet.” I rush to the door leaving him laughing “You will.”

Slamming the door behind me, I see the all the people that were sitting are now laying down the flowers covering them. Turning in a circle I say “This isn’t real.”

I feel the earth move “Cassie?”

“No this isn’t real.” I whisper curled into the ground. “This isn’t real.”

2015

The cold water wakes me “Cole?”

“Sorry Doc,” Ramse says, standing over me with an empty glass.

“No,” I say standing my wet hair sticking to my face. “You woke me up, that’s good.”

He nods were from the future, I can’t even guess what he dreams about “Nightmares?”

I nod “There’s this man he works for the 12 Monkeys, kills for them. Every time he kills he uses flowers to mask the smell of death.”

To my surprise, he laughs “Flowers? Is everyone in the past, so… flamboyant? I mean killing is easy enough, why added flowers?”

“I don’t know.”

“Were you dreaming about him?”

I nod running my fingers through my hair “He scares Me.” Looking at the floor I try not to notice my shaking hands “I know that it’s stupid being scared of some old man.”
He takes my shaking hands “It’s not stupid. I have dreams like that Cole has them Elena has them. We all fear something or someone.”

His hands are soft as he pulls my chin so I’m looking into his eyes “The trick is to not let it consume you.”

Feeling myself smiles “I can see why she likes you. You have compassion.”

“Thanks,” He gently lets go of my hand. “You should um dry off now.”

I chuckle “Right.”

“Sorry about.” He says again. “When Cole was little he would sleep with a knife so waking him from a nightmare was dangerous.”

“He still does,” I say going toward the back stairs. “I turn on the lights.”

Elena

“Your work is wonderful,” Dawson says examining the photos of the tattoo’s I’ve done before. “Ten years I’ve never seen shading this good.”

I smile pulling a lock of hair behind my ear “I’m not the best at portraits.” It’s better to admit a fault first off.

He nods “Few people are but I’m not looking for someone like that. Do you have an Tats of your own?”

“Yes, I draw them, but a friend did them.”

“Where are they?”

I smile “One is on my left shoulder, it’s a Spider Lilly, the next one is on my calf a Japanese symbol, and the other is on my foot its a Taurus.

“Well, I don’t see why I shouldn’t hire you.”

“Thank you,” I say, standing.

“Can you start next week?”

“Of course.”

Dawson smiles “Good and if you can come in tomorrow I’ll give you a tour show you who you’ll be working with.” He stops “You’re the only woman working here so if the guy say anything-”

“I’ll be fine besides, if they dish it out to me, I’ll repay them in full.”

“I think you’ll fit right in.”

2013

Today was our last day and the shop is closed till New Year’s Eve, all those drunk people it’s a big pay day for us. Still, I don’t know what I’ll do for the next two weeks. Tia, Cam, and Amy are all chatting about their Christmas plans, none of them sound too happy about it.
Amy our boss and the owner of the shop holds up her glass, “A toast to my Dad’s asking about why I chose to be a tattoo artist and not take the job they wanted me to take.”

Tia pulls her ebony braids over her shoulder with one hand in the other is shot of tequila “My mother’s glare the gift that keeps on giving.”

“My mother is going to ask about whether I have a good flow yet.” Cam says holding the little glass in the air.

They all at me, I hold up my soda “To an uncomplicated holiday.”

“Cheers,” We say.

We were at a bar about a block from the shop, we come here most nights for a drink, they drink I don’t. I like the live music and having guys hit on me is nice. For the most part I turn them down. Two years since I have come to this time and I think I’ve adjusted pretty well, I have a car and a cell phone, a job friends, and even the occasional bed buddy.

I take the empty glass back to the bar “Refill please.”

A guy sits on the stool while I wait for the drinks “Nice Tat.”

His hand brush against my shoulder where there is Spider Lilly, Cam did it before left at present. I roll my shoulder not only is this guy drunk, but he just has that asshole personality as Cole would say.

“Thanks.”

“Come on baby you don’t want to be lonely do you?”

“Mick I’m gonna need a bag of ice.”

The guy laughs “Aww, I am making you H-O-T!”

I smile slamming his head into the bar, “You are making me M-A-D,”

“He holds his left cheek I hand him the cold bag “Now you’re going to take this and go rethink approach towards woman.”

He nods walking away Mick laughs “You’re such a people person.”

Taking the tray of shots say in bubbly tone that is so unlike me “I know right.”

2015

Turning my key into the lock I open the door, I softly call out “Cassie?”

“She’s sleeping,” His voice says in a whisper. He’s still at the table drinking a glass of water.

Feeling myself smile more broadly “Good for her.”

His smile is very wide too, as he looks at my outfit “So you live here now?”

I nod tapping the hardwood with the tip of my boot “Yeah. I do have my own room and everything.”
“You look very… good.”

“Job interview,” I walk toward him. My heart will never not beat wildly like a caged animal when I see him.

“Did you get it?”

Keeping my voice light, “I did.” I sit on his lap kissing him. “How long are you staying?”

“A week,” His eyes seem to be scanning me drinking in the sexier version of me. Mostly I wear tank-tops because I lived in a warm climate and jean, not the tight skinny jeans like the ones I’m wearing now. Also, I hate for the first ten people to see are my scars. I’m not ashamed of them, but I don’t want pity.

I feel a part of him grow so I stand abruptly I saying “Good, how’s Cole?”

He keeps a hold of my left arm “He’s fine told me not to get shot.”

Pulling away, I cross my arms saying in my most adult voice “That would make me very upset.” Walking away, I feel his eyes following my I pause on the stairs. “I’m going to get changed into something more comfortable.”

“Ohm,” He whines like a puppy.

I scoff rolling my eyes climbing the stairs “Are you going to come help me or not?”

**Ramse**

I watch her sit up in the bed, I trace a long scar on her lower back “Where did you get this?”

Breathing out she answers “It was belt after we were separated.”

Sitting up I kiss her neck and she melts back into me “I knew you would do that.”

“You always liked it,” I keep kissing till reach a tattoo. The last time we were in bed, I did notice the red flower on her right shoulder. “I like the flower.”

Turning, she kiss me “It was gifted my first tattoo.”

“What is it?” The flower is wide with long curved petals on the outside and on the inside are shorter fatter petals that look rippled.

“A Spider-Lilly, they grow all around my house.”

She gets out of bed “Cassie should be up soon. We have to find Oliver-”

“Peters,” I finish. “Yeah, I have to find him too, and the virus samples.”

“Sounds like fun.” She pulls on a pair of shorts that don’t cover her other Tattoo, it’s on her left calf.

Two symbols 行く “What’s that mean?”

“It’s Japanese,” She says putting the leg on the bed. Tracing the lines she says “It means Go.”

Lightly I go down the leg on her foot is a little bull's head “And this guy here?”
“Cole said he born on May 7th. That means he’s a Taurus.”

“The Astrology signs, I remember them my Mother would read her horoscope every day.”

Taking her foot off the bed, she sighs “I wanted a little bit of you two with me.”

“So what’s the plan for today?” Cassie ask setting pancakes on the table. She spent most of yesterday asleep. Now she up and judging by the feast set out before us she’s been up for a while now.

“You okay, Doc?”

“Never better, Ramse.”

Elena comes down behind me she’s dressed up again “Wow… um, okay.” Leaning in she asks “Should I be worried?”

Waving us forward “Come to eat, we need to talk about the mission.”

“No,” I say. She’s found her determination again yesterday she was low. At the point where we all get the question why we do what we do. But she found her reason, whatever it is she got something to fight for “She just fine now.”

“Okay,” Elena kisses my cheek.

I fill my plate being as diverse as possible since I’m here I should try as much as possible.

Elena sits down next to me having filled her plate, “You and José go check out the orchid men.”

“Why us?” I ask forking in scrambled eggs. “Not that I mind.” I say in an apologetic tone being from where I’m since I can come across as coarse.

“You're fine.” She says, biting down on a piece of strawberry. Things shifted between us yesterday I wasn’t attracted to her, but I guess I adopted her like with Cole.

Elena says nothing about us she just sips her orange juice with a knowing smile, “The guy knows my face. Cassie you distract him and José you break into his office look for shipping records.”

He doesn’t like the idea “Steal them won’t he notice?”

She smiles dainty “Who said we’re stealing them?” Reaching down into the small bag that she brought down she pulls out a small camera. “You sneak in taking a few pictures get out no one will know you were there.”

“Then we track the shipping address’s that’ll work,” Cassie takes the Camera. “Ramse you know how to use this?”

Reaching across the table I take the thin device “Yeah, it doesn’t look too hard. What happens when we get the addresses?”

Cassie shrugs her shoulders “We cross that bridge when we get there.”

“This brings back memories,” I say.

Elena laughs “Well then we know the plan will work.”
After we eat Elena leaves, I don’t want to go, but I can’t ask her to put her life on hold when I’m gone she’ll need this. Her life will go on for as long possible I want her to be alive. Back there we survive, having a little piece of a life while here Elena and Cassie are living together planning missions. Life was going on I can watch it go, but, I still only have the few moments of it.

“José?”

I pull her close “Hey.”

Her hands are on my chest, “I know that face José Ramse you what’s wrong?”

Kissing her deeply “Nothing, just thinking.”

“Just thinking, that’s dangerous.”

“Ramse.” Cassie calls me its time.

Elena pulls away “Just come back in one piece I have a whole week with you. I don’t want to spend it nursing your bullet wounds.”

“I promise I’ll be fine.”

Comment are very welcome the good the bad but please no hate.
“Did you ever have a kid?” I ask Jones as she takes a sample of my blood.
“I did, her name was Hannah. Why do you ask is Doctor Railly pregnant?”
I feel my face redden “No, it’s not like that it can’t be like that.”
“Why?” She asks lighting a cigarette.
Pressing my thumb to my left forearm “I’ll disappear.”
She blows smoke “There has been some debate about that.”
Turning I glare at her “You said I would be gone rewritten.”
“I did and you might be rewritten, but after the event of the night room, I don’t think so.”

Chapter Notes

First i would like to apologies for not updating sooner but i had other works and just couldn't figure Cassie's POV I still like it but i poromise she'll have a longer part in the next chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

2024

Cole

I listen to the sound of Ellie vomiting in the river her breath coming out in a white puff. She holds her stomach with one hand wiping her mouth with the other her breathing is heavy. For past two day’s she has been coming here to get sick “Ellie.”

She whips her head around her eyes, wipe “James.”

Coming out from behind the tree I walk over to her “You’re pregnant, aren’t you.”

Knowing when you’re going to get hit is an important skill one that fails me now, she slaps me hard enough to knock me down. “You can’t tell him.”

“Aww,” I say, rubbing my cheek. “But you are.”

Kneeling on the grass she nods “I don’t know. If I don’t bleed soon, then yes but it could be that I’m just sick.”

“He doesn’t know.”

“Know what.” We both turn Ramse is taller than us and heavier but moves like a ghost.
Ellis looks at me “I’m not getting involved.”
“What’s going on?”

By now I’ve known Elena for five years in all that time I have seen her cry twice, once a couple years ago when she was attacked and now. Standing says “José we need to talk.”

“What the hell is going on are you two…”

“No,” I say, standing. “I would never your my brother she’s my sister no.”

“I might be pregnant.”

His face goes from anger to joy, “You are that’s… wow.”

Ellie’s face changes to from sorrow to anger, “You’re happy about this” She scoffs “José we barely get by on our own how will we care for a child?”

“We’ll find something.” He still has a blissful smile on his face.

“She gonna slap you,” I warn him.

“No, she’s no-“

This slap is loud and deafening all other sounds “How can you be happy about this?” She demands it and walks away muttering “Stupid.”

2043

“Did you ever have a kid?” I ask Jones as she takes a sample of my blood.

“I did, her name was Hannah. Why do you ask is Doctor Railly pregnant?”

I feel my face redden “No, it’s not like that it can’t be like that.”

“Why?” She asks lighting a cigarette.

Pressing my thumb to my left forearm “I’ll disappear.”

She blows smoke “There has been some debate about that.”

Turning I glare at her “You said I would be gone rewritten.”

“I did and you might be rewritten, but after the event of the night room, I don’t think so.”

Standing I cough the time travel weighing heavy on me making me feel older than I am. “Jones I think by now we can honest with me.”

Jones sighs “There is so must, you don’t know, Mr. Cole.”

“Then tell me.”

“Sit down.”

She perches her lips, thinking about what she wants to tell me “You recall what I told you the first time you splintered.”

“I did and you might be rewritten, but after the event of the night room, I don’t think so.”
Standing I cough the time travel weighing heavy on me making me feel older than I am. “Jones I think by now we can honest with me.”

Jones sighs “There is so must, you don’t know, Mr. Cole.”

“Then tell me.”

“Sit down.”

She perches her lips, thinking about what she wants to tell me “You recall what I told you the first time you splintered.”

Staring at the gray ceiling I sigh if I was back there when this all ended I could stay with Cassie. It’s a nice fantasy like the keys, but Jones is also right when she said that time was taking my life away. Even if did stop the Monkeys I would die this jump or the next one. That’s why she sent Ramse back because she has a special jump in mind for me.

Ramse could have a life in the past with Elena maybe they could have a kid. I know that they would be good parents. Ramse looked after me when I was a kid we all looked after each other but I know bad parents. Send them here and in the past, we all would talk about how we ended up in the system.

I don’t remember my Dad, I know he was the one who raised me until… he died I know that much. There was a really nice lady who talked like Jones told me I would be safe there. But, how he died and what happen, it’s like opening my eyes under water I see but it's fuzzy.

2018

Ramse

Looking at the building I read the graffiti message People dying inside don’t come inside.

It’s been a year since all this crazy shit happened, my mother is dead she got sick in the very beginning. The police came and took her body away saying that they would be back for me. Our neighbor Ms. Reyes was supposed to come check on me until they came back. But they never came back and one morning I woke-up and everyone one on our floor was dead.

They didn’t need their food, but did, outside I could hear sirens and people yell that was in the beginning. Now the block was quite I could hear dogs fighting and people shouting. The light is out now too and I can see the stars between building at night its summer now and I sleep on the roof.

Stepping up, open the door carefully I hear no one this floor a staircase leads up to floors. I keep hands on the heavy gun in my hands as I approach the first door. Twisting the knob it’s locked.

Since I can’t hear any people I exchange the gun for a crowbar that I was carrying in my backpack. Standing at an angle from the door, I put the heavy metal in the door, then I push will all my strength. The door pops, but there is a chain on the door “Damn it.” Taking out the plyers’ I cut the chain it fall and I pause to listen to people. There aren’t many people left in the city.

Opening the door I smell it before I see it, dead bodies. It’s a year since people started dying. Entering the kitchen, I open the cabinets they’re full of food filling my bag I should be fine for a couple of days. My bag was full so I should go before other people show up. Still, I don’t leave until I leave pull a blanket over the dead body. This place is a gold mine, I’ll come back and check for a coat. I needed one last winter we still had power. That ended in the summer, no power and no
running water. I would get water from the river, it wasn’t clean, but you could boil it for five minutes and it would be fine.

As I enter my own building I try to figure out when seeing a dead body stopped being horrible. It probably when I started to steal from the same people.

2015

“The more things change, the more they stay the same,” I say holding the camera out to the doctor.

“You will do this a lot in the future?”

“Since I was twelve,” I say looking out the window. All these people they won’t be here soon. “At first it was just breaking into buildings taking from people who were already dead. Hiding from people who would take your stuff. It was worse if you had no family. Then you could only rely on yourself if you didn’t find a gang.”

She looks at my arm where the seven is cutting into my skin “You and Cole did.”

“West 7 they found us starving in some old sports gym. We killed two of them and Deacon joked about it.”

“Really?” She says, taking the small camera “Cole never talks about this.”

It’s something you talk about what you do to survive is your own business “Most people don’t like talking about it.”

She sighs taping on her computer “What was Cole like as a kid?”

“Violent,” I say not thinking how she’ll take it.

Her faces darken “Ohh.”

I defend him “When you don’t anyone to help you it happens.”

She nods as the pictures I took come onto the screen “I think I understand growing up without parents. I’ve seen it happen before in other countries.”

“We call them feral children.”

“A wild child, the ones who grow-up without any adults or people.” Watching Cassie tap on the computer I think about how this time is a lot like mine. There is danger here and I did just break into a building and I could die tomorrow, so this place while it does have better food and hot water it’s not so different than where I come from.

Turning around, she says “I guess people are the same no matter what time they come from.”

“Guess so.”

Elena

“Gentleman this Elena.”

They all look skeptical, but keep their mouths shut well, almost all of them one of them laughs “A
Walking over to him I draw myself up to my full height, which is two inches taller than the laughing man, “You need to get your eyes checked cause I’m not a girl I’m a woman. But with your attitude you probably don’t get many women do you?”

The others howl with laughter, he swallows his pride holding out a hand “Sorry I’m Kyle.”

“Elena.”

Dawson smiles nervously “Elena is from Florida.”

Another man olive skinned comes over to holding out his hand “Jackson but you don’t sound so southern.”

Smiling, “I was born and raised around Pittsburgh.”

The third and last artist comes over “Wild Girl Tattoos right?”

I nod “You’ve heard of us.”

He nods “John and yes, I have you ladies do good work.”

“Thank you.”

Physically, I set up my station, but mentally I’m miles away worried that José was caught or worse. I should be used to worrying for him even when I wasn’t sure he was alive I would think about him. Now I know that he was thinking of me too in the future that rapidly coming toward us.

“Hey Elena?”

Suppressing a groan, I look up at Kyle, he has a charming smile on his face “Back for more?”

The smile fades “I can be an asshole sometimes, let me make it up to you, do you like Mexican food?”

“Yes, my boyfriend and I love Mexican.”

His face fall “Boyfriend?”

Nodding, I speak slowly “Yes, he’s the reason I moved here.”

“Ohhh,” He breathes. “So what does he do?”

“He does research for pharmaceutical companies.” It's only a half when I tell him, José is here for information.

“So he’s gone a lot?”

“No.”

“No?”

Standing I sigh “No, I will not cheat on my boyfriend with you. So if that’s all you want to say would you please get your greasy hair out of my station.”
Entering the bookstore, let out the groan that has been festering inside me for the last two hours. José hears it peaking from behind a wall asking “That bad?”

Walking over to him I pull him into a long, deep kiss, “You know you always said in every crew there is that one asshole that will annoy to death. I found of those people day.”

He put his arm around me making me feel so much better “What happen?”

Sitting on the couch “I get there and they already don’t like the fact that I’m a girl and then this asshole insults me.”

“And you return the favor,” he says, not as question, but as a fact because he knows me so well.

Scoffing light I start to take off my shoes “Of course I did, but then he comes over and ask me out.”

The killer look in his eyes makes me happy “And what did you say?”

“That I had a boyfriend and that I wasn’t going to cheat on you, especially not with him.”

“Good,” He whispers in my ear.

“You’re happy I take it your B&E was a success.”

He nods “Cassie’s tracking them now.”

As I pull off my other shoe I note a book open on the coffee table “You’re reading?”

His face is trying to look offended, but it isn’t happening “This is a bookstore you know.”

Leaning back against him I ask “Read me some.”

“Of course,” He takes the book clearing his throat as I shift my position so that my I can feel his heart beating as I lean against him. “The hands of time cannot erase the thoughts of you and your embrace. The longing for a single kiss, our touch.” My breathing is getting shallow. He puts one of his hand on my shoulder caressing the skin.

He goes on his voice strong “And your voice, I always miss. The hands of time, like the rolling sea, they cannot wash away what you mean to me. My Heart, my Soul, I'll give to you. The greatest love I’ve ever known.”

I brush a tear from my eye whispering “I love you too.”

Gently he kiss the top of my head “The hands of time, that past so fast, my Love for you will always last. To be together, is on my mind, this love of ours, is one of a kind. The hands of time, we cannot turn back, but I love and Devotion you will never lack.”

“You picked that out for me didn’t you?”

His voice is soft summer grass “I love you so much I just don’t know how to say it sometimes.”

If I could stop time this is the moment I would stop in, where I’m his arms and we’re together. Were all we need to be is close to the other I press myself into his chest, hearing the thump-thump of his heart. I want to remember that sound forever because even he goes back, I know that his heart will be beating.

Cassie
Watching the two of them together, I try not to let the feeling of jealousy creep into my heart. It wasn’t their fault or mine or Cole that we’re here while he’s in the very deadly future. I reason with myself that by next week Ramse will be gone and the both of us will be pining for men out of our reach.

Chapter End Notes

Please Comment!!!

End Notes

So, read all the way to the end guess you should write me a note now since you came this far.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!