

One Hundred Years and Counting

by Marilyn Reeves

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Hi Eileen!

Thank you so much for the birthday greeting! Yes, today's the Big Day – reached my first one hundred year mark. With two kids at present – my son just turned 58 and my new baby girl's just five months old – I still have 300 more to go!

I was shaken awake by an enraged giant this morning! In my sleep I had forgotten that my transporter was still hovering over the Serengeti and a large bull elephant seemed to take exception to my presence. The poor fellow seemed a bit flummoxed when he couldn't get his tusks to penetrate the membrane or wrap his trunk around it, so he started rocking the transporter and bellowing his frustration. I decided I should head for home anyway and leave the poor creature in peace, so I set the timer for a leisurely 20 minute ride, and just docked a few minutes ago. En route I watched your message – so good to hear from you and to learn that you are enjoying your time in China. Amazing that the Great Wall still stands after all these centuries!

Of course my greatest news is the arrival of my daughter Harmony. It was so exciting watching her grow from the tiniest speck into the full-blown baby they lifted – kicking and screaming – from the birthing chamber. What a thrill to hold her in my arms! The father's name is Derek, and while we haven't actually met in person, we've both enjoyed watching her incubation via the EMT.

I was watching a story the other day about women long ago who still incubated babies inside their own bodies and gave live birth. Can you imagine? Oh the misery and pain they must have gone through – thank God we don't have to do *that* anymore! Giving up fifty years per child is no sacrifice compared to that.

And how did they manage without NanDroids? My goodness, they wouldn't have had any time to themselves at all. They didn't even have Electronic Mind Transference in those days! There was some sort of crude system in which people had to press keys with their fingers in order to form words, and some ancient forerunner of the EMT transported messages back and forth. (They couldn't simply sit and *think* about what they wanted to communicate as we do nowadays.)

And what was even worse, they didn't remain young and healthy. There were wars and diseases and wrinkles that set in – imagine, wrinkles! Their timers weren't pre-set at birth to 500 years – most of them didn't live to *one* hundred! Of course, nowadays, there are some who choose to have several children and their timers lose 50 years per child. But at least we know when the Last Day is coming and our friends are with us for the final count-down:

5, 4, 3, 2, 1 ... and *poof!* you're off to the Great Hereafter and your dust is simply blown away. But you're still with them whenever they want to see you on the EMT. Aren't you glad we're living in this enlightened era?

Thanks for thinking about me!
Marilynn