

Reconnections

—Corey Plover

You've never been particularly fond of waiting for shadowy contacts in equally shadowy parking lots, and this was no exception. And when you finally see the shadowy figure stepping out of the shadowy shadows, your apprehension increases substantially. He is immense; muscles bulging from places where no muscles should even exist, his naked chest glistening in the dim light, as if grease had been liberally applied. His face was alarmingly familiar, conjuring up vivid images of mechanical brutality.

As he approaches you, his face catches the light, and you gasp as recognition hits.

"Ja, it is I. Arnie. Governor. You are shocked, ja? I will explain all. It started when I became governor of California. I was happy. I thought I owned the world. But then I realized that this was not the world. It was back country, like my hometown in Austria, where they do not have electricity. But I wanted more and I knew then I had to be President of United States. But how? I was not born in America. I was born in Austria. My dream lay shattered, broken, terminated."

"Then I had an idea. A flawless idea. My buddy George would help me. Genetically modified steak and gas discounts. It would be only months until people of Austria were so Americanized that they would demand to be annexed into the States. Then I could be President. Then I could be governor of the world. But George, he didn't listen so well. And so it all went wrong..."

He trails off. You're still in a state of shock, but you rally admirably. "And the Professor? Where is he? If we can find him then we can stop all this? Stop this mistake before it's too late."

"No. It is already too late. George sent him to Guantanamo. He is never coming out. I told you before I have information about ze Professor. Here it is."

Arnie hands you a large Manila folder.

"Australia is not so important. The world notices now, but soon they will forget. It is not really my problem. The plan did not work, but there are other plans, other people to help me. I do not fear anything. It is just that this... is a little my fault, so I feel bad. I feel a little sympathetic sometimes."

"Now, I need your clothes, your boots and your motorcycle. Remember, I'll be back." With these words still ringing in your ears, he strides off, apparently having immediately forgotten about his need for clothes, boots and a motorcycle.

You look down at the manila folder in your hands, realizing that this is the only hope you have left. Arnie may have created this mess, but it appeared he wants nothing further to do with it. Opening up the folder, you are greeted by a rather colorful contents page. Hopefully, decoding it will yield a useful description of the rest of the folder, which consists of hundreds of sheets, each completely filled with tiny writing, which you certainly do not want to sift through.

