

NOSF magazine
presents Croatian
Science Fiction
Author
Dalibor Perković

Hi-Tech Sex Lib

By: Dalibor Perković

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From time to time, an English supplement is also published, presenting Croatian authors to international readers.

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ISSN 1845-7266

As soon as the domestic temporal transporter had been delivered, Joanna and Matthew started having second thoughts about it. They wondered just how necessary the device really was. True, they had been discussing the subject over two months, pondered over his salary, her salary, possible bonuses, expenditures, food expenses, fringe benefits and loan repayments, not to forget their savings, either. In the end, they had decided that they could afford it after all.

However, when the device finally arrived and the delivery crew pushed it through the door, Joanna and Matthew looked at each other with unease. The same thought passed through their minds: they had once more become victims of a spending spree and crammed another space-consuming toy into their apartment. Still, as Matthew noticed, they could always use it as a closet after they got fed up with it.

The transporter resembled a wardrobe, made of gray non-transparent metal with a computer console installed at the door. The instruction manual was elementary - all you had to do was type in the length of time you want to pass, add a plus or a minus, depending whether you want to send something into the future or the past, and press one of the big red buttons placed both on the inside and the outside of the door.

As usual, there was a hardware and power supply limitation to how far in time you could venture. A trip to the past took much more energy, and even a voyage of one week placed a burden on the fuses. That was precisely the reason why the manufacturer programmed a seven day limit for travelling to the past. One could go two months to the future, though, but such a trip naturally seemed less interesting.

Joanna and Matthew did an experiment right away. They put a geranium pot on the transporter floor and sent it five minutes into the future. Then they sat down and waited. Exactly five minutes later, they heard a sound signal and opened the door. There it was, their old, very familiar geranium. Matthew looked at the console and realized that the friendly machine displayed the amount of energy consumed, also asking whether the owner would like a print-out. Matthew pushed the green button and a few moments later they were both happily staring at a piece of paper telling them how much money they had just spent, at least as far as the electricity bill was concerned. Actually, a five-minute trip into the future wasted the same amount of energy as a light-bulb would over an hour. They agreed it was negligible.

Joanna and Matthew trashed the print-out and took the geranium out of the temporal transporter. The next experiment was completely logical - to send it for the same time distance, but into the past. They hesitated for a moment wondering which buttons to press, when suddenly they heard a loud beep, slightly higher in tone. Joanna reached for the door and pulled it open

only to find another geranium, just like the one Matthew was holding in his hands, resting on the wardrobe floor. She picked it up and they placed the two geraniums next to each other. The resemblance was obvious. Matthew experimented a little, pulling them closer and again farther away, trying to figure out if there was any sort of energy field that attracted or repelled them from one another. There was not. Those were two perfectly normal geraniums.

Matthew looked at the screen and saw that the geranium was sent from the future point in time five minutes away, of which one had already passed. He threw one geranium into the machine and programmed the controls. Then they sat down and waited. About one minute before they were supposed to push the red button, Joanna looked at the geranium she was holding and said:

"What would happen if we took this geranium and sent it into the past?"

Matthew looked at her geranium. Technically, he thought, nothing would happen. Maybe they would tie some kind of a temporal knot where one geranium would simply exist as such, while the other would exist only during these five minutes between appearing and disappearing in the transporter.

"Wouldn't that be breaking the law of conservation of mass and energy?" she asked.

"I suppose so," Matthew shrugged. "I guess there would be some mathematical solution to that."

In fact, none of them wanted to experiment for too long. The instruction manual that came with the machine had examples of sending objects or people to the past or the future. For example, after a month of hard work, a person could send himself one week into the past and peacefully enjoy that additional week's vacation. Nevertheless, the manufacturer did recommend that such vacation should be spent somewhere else, so that there was no crowd when the original returned home from work in the afternoon.

There was yet another fine example. Since married couples were usually tired after a day's work, the manual suggested that they should plan their time. Make a bountiful and delicious lunch on the evening before, it said, or after some rest, and simply send the meal to the pre-arranged time - warm and directly out of the oven. Then there was the possibility of going to the cinema at any time of day, even while the original human is at work. For careerists, needless to say, there was an option of attending several simultaneous business meetings.

The manufacturer also quoted a study stating that one of the major problems for young couples only now starting to live together was the lack of time for sex. Especially if they both worked and their free time was limited. The text, however, did not list any particular examples, but just suggested that "the temporal transporter, when used with inspiration, could solve that problem, too". Joanna and Matthew did not recognize this as a problem. True, they were often exhausted after work, but a short afternoon nap and another half-hour of petting would usually suffice in putting them in the mood. And there were always weekends. Still, it was worth memorizing this option.

They kept testing the geranium possibilities for the rest of the day. They were sending it back and forth in time, trying to cause some deviation, but failed at every attempt. First, when the geranium was supposed to arrive from the past, they left the temporal transporter open to see what would be happening inside, although the instructions specifically declared the door should be closed for the device to function properly. And so, Joanna and Matthew waited and stared into the transporter's interior, but nothing happened. As soon as they gave up and closed the door, they heard the familiar "ping", and her majesty - the geranium - reappeared. Matthew looked at the console again, and there was an error message: "Due to error - DEVICE OPEN - the temporal communication was established between the periods different from those programmed, resulting in Package Delivery Delay". It also turned out that the transporter could not receive a temporal package, unless the cabin was completely empty. So, if they wanted to get the geranium they had sent back from the future, they could not keep the original one inside in order to watch them collide.

And then, as it often happens, parents, cousins and relatives came calling. Although there were many temporal transporters elsewhere around the town, Joanna and Matthew were the first of all the people they knew who had bought one. There were hordes of fans and critics who wanted to come, see and speak their minds on this expensive toy or, for some, a sheer necessity. Most were curious and benevolent, though a few were sceptical. Some ridiculed the triviality-of-the-capitalist-consumer's-mentality-that-bought-everything-that-was-offered-no-matter-if-it-was-necessary-or-not. Matthew's mother naturally expressed her fear of the strange device, worrying if all this was going to end up badly for her son. After the processions had finished, Matthew locked the door, leaned against it from the inside and smiled. Now, they could continue their usual life.

It was only then that Joanna and Matthew realized how valuable the temporal translator was. It took them several days to dare send themselves time travelling, but once they had broken the ice, they were on the move. They would come home from work around six, take a nap and then make a plan for that day. Usually, they would send themselves to somewhere around two in the afternoon and go out. They would return home in the evening, say hello to their previous versions, get ready for an evening out, stay out until late, come back home while their future versions were asleep and travel into the past far enough so that they could get enough sleep for the following working day.

Their sexual life flourished, too. There was no more after work tiredness which usually ruined those few hours they had left before bed time, so they could get busy with each other without thinking of hours and minutes.

Of course, there was an unpleasant side-effect. If their day became one third longer, then that inevitably meant their lives would get a third shorter. Their relative life span, measured by their own clock,

would remain the same, while the external clock and the calendar would nevertheless show they would die sooner. But Joanna and Matthew did not consider this to be of any greater importance. If the current life expectancy was 75 to 80 years, they calculated, they would live well over 65, and that, in a way, did not make a considerable difference. Besides, after they retired, they could always start taking big temporal leaps into the future, check if someone would have already found the cure for old age and consequently driven retirement funds mad. In the meantime, the money would be piling up - to cross a month, that is, the distance required for one rent, they needed only a few minutes of their lives. Anyway, that lay far in the future, and Joanna believed that their lives would naturally be prolonged if only they spent them well and wise and happy.

So, Joanna and Matthew managed to catch a steady rhythm. Their day lasted between 30 and 32 hours on average, they got better and better at work, their salaries rose and their social life blossomed. Sex was never better.

Then Matthew got an idea how to improve that segment of their lives even more.

He was wise enough not to rush out with the idea before considering it thoroughly. He thought for a couple of weeks about how to break it to Joanna and wrap it up in ribbons so that it would not seem to her as what it actually was - a sexual perversion. So, one day while they were lying on the bed in each other's arms, Matthew tried his simple plan. He casually told Joanna that he loved her so much that sometimes he thought one of her was not enough. After she smiled and honoured him with a kiss, they fondled silently for a couple more minutes, and then Matthew asked her jovially whether she had any idea how to multiply herself. She smiled again, and then he raised a finger victoriously and said:

"I know! You could go into the transporter, send yourself two hours into the past and then all three of us could go to bed together."

The moment he finished the sentence, Joanna sat up, frowned and looked at him furiously.

"I am not your sexual slave, Matthew," she said and got out of the bed.

As she was getting dressed on the way to the bathroom, she explained to him how people were made for one-on-one sex and that his idea of being serviced by two females like some kind of a sheikh, even if both girls were the same person, was a typical sexual fantasy only to be expected from a backward un-emancipated male chauvinist. She banged the bathroom door. While he was listening to the sound of the shower, Matthew concluded that this was probably not a good idea.

Their relationship was ice-cold over the next few days - Joanna even refused to use the temporal translator and that, of course, knocked out his wish to use it, too. After a while, things started to melt. A week later everything was as before. Another week passed and Matthew thought of another way to realize his fantasy. He waited for the appropriate moment. While they were lying on the bed catching their breaths one evening, he asked her if she would have liked him, Matthew, to return an hour or two to the past so that the three of them could have some fun. The moment he said it, she sat up, frowned and looked at him furiously.

"I am not your sexual slave, Matthew," she said and got out of bed.

As she was putting on a robe on her way to the bathroom, she explained to him that people were made for one-on-one sex and that his idea of two male subjects charging at her as a mere sexual object, was a typical sexual fantasy only to be expected from a backward un-emancipated male chauvinist such as him. She banged the bathroom door again. While he was listening to the sound of the shower, Matthew concluded that this was probably not a good idea, either.

This time it took a shorter time for the ice berg to melt. After the fourth day, she came to him and said:

"All right, if you really want to use the machine, we can both go back to the past and watch the other selves doing it. Understand? We go back into the past, so that there are four of us at the same moment, one couple making love, the other watching. Just watching, nothing else!"

He shrugged and said: "Of course, whatever you say."

She nodded and started entering the temporal transporter. He stopped her.

"Shall we first watch and make love afterwards, or first make love and then watch?" he asked.

She considered this for a moment. Matthew continued.

"Perhaps we better watch first and then do it better?"

Joanna frowned.

"What if we watch first, but I don't like what I see and then I decide that I don't want to make love? Will I have to do it in order not to vanish in a time paradox?"

Matthew was just about to say "yes, you will have to", but stopped himself in the last moment. Joanna knew the rules, too, and she knew she did not have to do anything. If he tried to outsmart her with such a cheap trick, all he would accomplish would be looking for and finding trouble.

For the manual said: "Time paradoxes sort themselves out, which is a good mechanism for removing obstacles. Try a little harmless experimenting. For example, for the sake of experimenting, spill some raspberry juice over your table-cloth. Then enter the temporal transporter in order to warn yourself not to spill the juice over your table-cloth. In the classical temporal theory this would cause a so-called 'temporal paradox' - the fact that the juice was not spilled would contradict with your memory of the event. However, modern theory has found the solution. You can change the past, because every time you alter the flow of time, the cut off branch ceases to exist and the time continues to flow along its new branch. If you

still remember that you did spill the juice, it is perfectly normal. This memory belongs to the branch of past that does not exist anymore. You can return to the past again and prevent yourself from preventing yourself from spilling the juice, but that would not return you to the primary branch. Instead, it would open a third version, while the first two would fade out and disappear.

A far better known temporal paradox, returning to the past and killing one of your parents before you were born, is equally trivially solved: by killing one or both parents the time traveler simply creates a new temporal branch, while the one he was born to, disappears. Nevertheless, in his present time, he will continue to exist as a person from another temporal flow."

So, Matthew was aware that Joanna knew it did not matter what they saw themselves doing in the past or the future. A human being creates his own future, and if what they saw did not fit to the predetermined course, they would simply open a new temporal branch where they could do what they really wanted and skip what they did not. Unfortunately.

In the end, once they started, everything went by the book. They undressed and waited for their older versions to come from the future. Sex was still something both men and women enjoy, no matter what the feminists claimed, and the couple that had come back in time got to it right away - the moment they left the booth they literally jumped at each other. The younger Joanna and Matthew watched them with confusion. Then, after a few minutes, they got so hot that they decided not to wait for the other two to finish, but started kissing, stepped into the transporter, waited for the sound signal, rushed out of the booth, jumped each other, followed by Joanna and Matthew's confused looks and fucked savagely. When everything was over - their younger selves had already gone into the past - they lay side by side panting, recalling their confused faces ten or twenty minutes earlier and laughed. After some time Matthew turned to Joanna.

"This was good, right?"

She shrugged and smiled.

"We could do it again some other time," he said.

"Maybe." she shrugged again.

Matthew took that as a "yes".

After that day Joanna and Matthew never had sex without the temporal transporter again.

They would make a plan, wait for the couple from the future to arrive, then watch them a while. As soon as they felt that inside warmth preceding every successful act, Joanna and Matthew would enter the time machine, go back to the past and do what they saw they had done previously.

Of course, it was just a matter of time when the two couples, one watching, and the other acting, would turn into a two-couple enterprise. About a month after they had tied the first sexual-temporal knot, Joanna and Matthew resolved it might be fun watching and acting at the same time. Thus, they did so. The younger ones occupied the armchair and the couple who had arrived from the future took the bed. Then Joanna and Matthew, who should have returned to the past in order to close the knot, sighed, got off the armchair, jumped into the past, jumped into the bed and did it again, while the pair on the armchair was panting voluptuously. After the first/second couple had disappeared in the transporter booth, Matthew sighed and said:

"Fuck! Twice in a half an hour! I need a few days off."

Joanna smiled and shrugged. "I haven't worn you down yet, have I?" she asked.

"Consider my age, will you?"

She laughed, hit him lightly on the head and turned her back at him. Matthew spooned against her back and covered them both with a blanket. They fell asleep.

After two days Matthew was ready for some new action. But Joanna just smiled mysteriously.

"I thought you were exhausted?" she said.

Matthew started convincing her he had had quite enough resting, thank you, but she just put her finger to his lips and winked. He got the message.

And then, just before they began, the time-machine sang "ping", the door opened and another Joanna walked out. Matthew stared at the booth for a few seconds and then realized the second Matthew was not coming. He brightened up at the sight of two identical girls watching him lustfully.

"There is no reason to use you up all at once, so I'll have to do the same more times," said Joanna who had come out of the machine.

The girls exchanged glances, nodded approvingly and grabbed the man. They pushed him over to the bed and threw him on his back. For a second or two Matthew contemplated whether he should resist to make it more interesting, but he soon concluded there was absolutely no need for that.

Twenty minutes later, when there were only two of them left embraced, Matthew tried to figure out who had done what. That is, what Joanna had done before entering the time-machine and what she had done afterwards. So, he reckoned, first she sat on his face and made him use his tongue, while the future Joanna was taking care of the more classical position. The first one then got off his face, and, as excited as she was, entered the time-machine, went back fifteen minutes into the past and jumped on his eager piston, while the one who was just about to pass through the time-machine, was sitting on his face and enjoying it. Yes, it was quite fine.

He was not very tired, either. Actually, he managed to satisfy his girl twice, using up only a usual amount of energy. Thus, everything was all right with the world, he concluded. Sadly, he also remembered his mistake a month and a half ago, when he so rudely suggested something that could easily be interpreted

as his wish to make Joanna into his sex slave (as if there were something wrong with that?)

They went through the same arrangement several times over the following two weeks before Matthew smiled naughtily and said that it was his turn then.

The next moment another Matthew hurried out of the time machine and two of them joined forces, storming over Joanna. As she was outnumbered, she soon fell to her knees. After one Matthew went back into the transporter and the time score was settled, they lay on the bed again, all sweaty and breathless, Joanna panting and sweating a bit more.

Soon thereafter they started doing combinations. First, ordinary group sex, two Matthews and two Joannas, where everybody pleased everybody else. Then followed a scene with two Matthews and three Joannas, next with one Joanna and three Matthews, then one more Matthew joined the fair (At that point Joanna finally said it was enough, three was just fine, but not too often, though). Matthew bravely put up a show with two, three and four Joannas (although she kept complaining it was getting crowded and that not everyone was having fun all the time).

Somewhere during those mass shots Joanna ventured her own variations, so Matthew could occasionally enjoy a live chick show. Joanna's attempts of persuasion directed towards her potential enjoyment in an all-male action, ended up in a loud discomfort of all wouldn't-be performers.

And then, one day, the plan failed.

They had decided to pull off yet another "two to one" action. They had taken off their clothes and begun to pet casually while waiting. Unfortunately, no Joanna arrived. They looked at each other with concern, and then Matthew stood up to check if the time machine was all right. The console was fine, the door was closed. He opened the door to check if there was anything inside possibly blocking the device. It was empty. He closed the door and then opened it again, this time slamming it close a bit harder. They watched the booth for a while and then shrugged.

"We could call the service department", suggested Joanna.

"Not yet", Matthew said. "Let's see if it fails again." He returned to the bed and they continued the petting which soon grew into the most common lovemaking a human could imagine. The first one in months. Both of them enjoyed the change.

Several days passed before they decided to give another try to a simple "two to one". They sat and waited once more, but the second Matthew never showed up. Some looking, opening and closing the transporter door later, Matthew finally gave in.

"All right, we're calling the service", he said.

The repairman came and presented them with a huge bill even before he had laid eyes on the device. He then disassembled the temporal transporter and inspected each part lying all over the floor. It took him half a day. He checked the energy structure and then the space-time engine, or whatever it was called. In the end he shook his head and asked them to explain what exactly went wrong. They told him. He raised his eyebrows.

"I'm afraid there's not much I can do," he said. "Technically, there was no malfunction. Did you enter the temporal transporter? No, you didn't. So, if you didn't enter and program it to send you back into the past, how could you have exited fifteen minutes earlier?"

Matthew and Joanna tried to explain that they did want to go in, but it would be weird to show up at the time they did not remember they had been at. Or something. The technician shook his head again.

"Look," he explained. "The fact is that you didn't enter the time machine and that you didn't go to the past. What you wanted to do, but didn't, is in fact your problem." He cleaned up his gear, reassembled the device and left.

Matthew and Joanna were confused. They fooled around a little, just to get the frustration out of their systems, and then decided that they would think about it the following day.

The next day they agreed that Matthew would enter the time-machine and follow the standard procedure: go back twenty minutes into the past, even if they both knew that nothing like that had really happened. They also guessed their problem might have been mentioned in the paragraph about opening new time branches. Well, they had not opened any new ones so far and it was about time they had tried.

The combination with two Matthews and one Joanna was decided upon. After fifteen minutes of waiting and petting, Matthew stood up, programmed the console and entered the time-machine. A soft "ping" indicated the booth had sent its traveller fifteen minutes into the past. Joanna waited, and waited, and waited. She then approached the time-machine and looked at the console. All it read was DEVICE IN ORDER. Timidly, as if afraid she would see a pile of shapeless protoplasm inside, she opened the door. Nothing, it was empty. Joanna closed the door, and opened it again - empty. As the panic was pouring all over her, she took a deep breath, called the service and started crying.

When the repairman arrived, he found the girl, wrapped up in sheets and tears, sitting on the floor next to the machine. She barely managed to stutter out what had happened. The repairman nodded and skilfully started working. (However, it did cross his mind to simply unbutton his pants and say: "This is really not your day, huh?" and use some of his other skills. Luckily, his professional ethics prevailed.) The repairman spent half a day checking the machine parts scattered across the room. In the meantime, Joanna got up, got dressed and got a grip of herself, enough to make them some coffee, just as the repairman cried out and lifted up one small part of the transporter. He placed it into the device he had brought with him, pushed some buttons and checked out the results.

"Now I know what's wrong", he said, shaking his head. "Just a moment", he murmured and called the service shop with his communicator. Some fifteen minutes later a car arrived. The repairman went out and returned holding up a metal part looking exactly the same as the one he had inspected and found faulty. He replaced it in temporal transporter and finished the reassembly.

"Let's see if it's working now", the repairman glanced around and grabbed the geranium which Joanna and Matthew had initially used to test the temporal transporter. He placed it inside the machine and sent it to the future. After the "ping" he took out the geranium.

"Let's duplicate something. Just to be sure", he put his bag down. At that moment, Joanna and the repairman heard another "ping" and his double stepped out of the machine. The men shook hands, exchanged a few old jokes and then one of them entered the machine, disappearing with one more "ping". The other man turned happily to Joanna.

"Well, that was it!"

She regarded him with confusion

"What about Matthew, then?"

The repairman's enthusiasm disappeared. He shrugged and looked at the floor.

"You'll have to call Customer Relations for that." He grabbed his things and quickly left the apartment.

Joanna stood in the empty apartment, battling a growing despair. Time passed. Eventually, she went to the phone and called Customer Relations to explain the situation. They asked about the transporter's make and its serial number. They wanted to see the repairman's report first and instructed her to call again tomorrow. Joanna put down the receiver and went to bed, tears rolling. Later, she called to work and told them she needed a day off. Something in her voice made them believe her.

The next day she was told the report had been received but that the case was forwarded to the Science Department. They would let her know as soon as they learnt anything. Once again she put the phone down, feeling dizzy. She spent the rest of the day curled up in the armchair.

Later that evening she heard a "ping" from the machine and jumped hopefully. The door opened and she saw - herself. A moment of uneasiness, and then both women fell into each other's arms, comforting each other. Joanna felt a bit better. A woman's shoulder is the best cushion for a crying woman, as generations of women had long ago established. Besides, she knew she was with someone who understood her completely, who did not need to be told what she thought, so that the joy of retelling and complaining was even a greater release.

They hugged a little more. The younger Joanna finally asked the one who had come out of the time machine what had actually happened. The older Joanna just shrugged.

"I come from the future one week away," she said. "And I don't bear great news. Five days from now the service would call and offer some explanation with interlinking of temporal flows and that Matthew had probably ended up in an alternative branch."

"But they said there was always only one branch, that the others disappeared!" cried the younger Joanna.

"That information is two months old, as is the manual," said the older Joanna. "This area is still relatively new and unexplored. Some people claim such devices should not be launched onto the market because of all sorts of trouble that might happen. The scare of the competition rushed them to get the patent hastily. As for Matthew, he should be alive and well in some parallel time branch, together with another Matthew and Joanna."

"But, is he ever going to return?"

"I'm afraid the probability for that is close to zero. You see, every alteration opens a new temporal branch and, by now, there may be just about an infinite number of them. First, the probability of this kind of time jump is one to billion. When it happens, if you try to reach it, a completely new branch would open more likely, than the two existing ones would connect."

"So, what do we do now?" asked the younger Joanna, all depressed.

The older Joanna shrugged. "I don't know either. I'm here to help you get over all of this," she said as they hugged.

The older Joanna brought a pyjama with her from the future, so they both went to bed and slept in each other's arms. In the morning, the younger Joanna had to go to work while the older Joanna promised to cook a nice dinner.

During the next few days, as they waited for the report from the Science Department, they lived in a genuine sororal happy family, so that the shock caused by Matthew's disappearance was slowly fading away. The report came in on the fifth day, exactly as the older Joanna had said. They fell into each other's arms for comfort, and when they stopped crying, they continued to hug and cuddle. A few minutes later this became more than just innocent embracing. They looked in each other's eyes for a few seconds and soon their clothes ended up on the floor. Later, they lay on the bed, naked and pleased, deep in their own thoughts.

"You have to go back in two days, you know?" said the older Joanna.

The young Joanna nodded. "Shall we sue the manufacturer?" she asked.

"Yes. That is, I'll sue them. I'm staying here and you are going one week into the past to close the other side of the knot, to become me. You have to explain to our predecessor what happened and comfort her so that she deals with the loss more easily. But don't tell her about us, as I didn't tell you, although I knew what would happen. Let it happen by itself."

The younger Joanna nodded. She was looking at the ceiling and thinking. Over the last few days a new feeling had been awakening in her. She grew more devoted to the person who had come out of the time machine, who knew what would happen and who, even though it had actually been her, seemed somehow more experienced and wiser. So what if Matthew would never return? So be it, it could not be changed and she had to learn to accept it. Besides, her friend Matilda was always saying life was only real without men. Who needed them anyway?

"I don't want us ever to split," said the young Joanna.

"And we won't," said the older Joanna. "Matthew was insured, remember? The insurance money plus the reparation for his disappearance... Quite a pile. Enough to live normally, keep the time machine in continuous run and do some travelling, maybe even around the world for two."

Yes, indeed, there was nothing that could not be done with the help of the temporal transporter machine. Joanna could, practically, live her life twice over, if she kept returning to the past every two weeks, and thus keep tying a sequence of temporal knots to enable the two Joannas to exist at the same time. As far as the trip around the world was concerned, she would just make a few jumps to the past, each for one week, so that they both could go on that cruise together.

Yes, she realized, it was going to be a beautiful life.

"I am glad I have you," said the younger Joanna.

They embraced and fell asleep.

Dalibor Perković - A Biographical Sketch



Dalibor Perković was born in 1974 on an island Mali Lošinj. He used to work as a journalist, but now teaches physics in a high school. He lives and works in Zagreb.

He started writing in 1996 and since then has won 3 **SFERA** awards - the only national award for the SF genre in Croatia.

He has published one short story collection and a novel, as well as published his stories in numerous Croatian magazines and fanzines. He is also very active in Croatian fandom (he's a long time member of the Zagreb Science Fiction Society **SFera**) and very regularly frequents national and international Science Fiction conventions.

Published books:

- "Preko rijeke" (Mentor, 2004), a short story collection
- "Sva krv čovječanstva" (Zoro, 2005), a novel
- collaborated on a book about Nikola Tesla ("Nikola Tesla - i bi svjetlo!", Zoro, 2006)

Blogs:

- Pax et Discordia
<http://b3.blog.hr/>
- BILTEN
<http://bilten.blog.hr/>

