

A FUTURISTIC FANTASY

SUSAN THORPE

Great Missenden, Buckinghamshire, England
thorpeds@hotmail.com

Date: 1st April EF45 (2050)

The European Calendar was introduced in 2006. Everyone refers to it as EF but whether this is a phonetic reflection of their opinion, or whether it just seemed appropriate that the EF combination should follow on from BC and AD, no one seems quite sure. In either event, 2006 became EF1.

Location: a geology laboratory somewhere in the South of Euroland.

Persons present: A. Ross Eckler V (also married to a 'Faith'), head geologist, and his assistant, D.A. Borgmann V. Both are naturalised Eurolanders, having escaped from the US just prior to its invasion by China.

Borgmann is scrutinising a piece of newly-arrived Martian rock.

B: Sir, there's a tooth in the rock.

E: Don't try any of your funny games on me, I've had a bellyful already. You don't really expect me to fall for that when no one has yet been allowed to forget the 1996 Martian micro-organism cock-up do you?

B: But, sir, it's here, embedded in the rock!

E: And I'm the tooth fairy.

B: Oo try Faith.

E: What's that about my wife?

B: Nothing sir, it's an anagram of tooth fairy.

E: Good grief!

B: Dig for ego.

E: Are you being rude?

B: No sir, it's an anagram of...

E: Oh, pub let!

B: OK, but please just take a look.

E: Anything for a bit of peace!

Eckler examined the Martian rock and, after a lengthy pause... *that is impossible!* Borgmann smirked. Eckler couldn't believe what he was looking at - a tooth, and almost certainly a human tooth at that. Taking immediate control of the situation, he said to Borgmann... *DNA and all the other tests my lad, pronto!*

It seemed an age before his assistant had finished the tests. They confirmed it to be a human tooth and the INSPIN (Internet Information Supplied in Nanoseconds) records pinned it down as having belonged to one John Doe, a previous inhabitant of southern England. Apparently the tooth had been extracted in 1996, ten years before EF. It must have been a manual extraction because it was only since 2025 that teeth had been extracted by the SPILT method (Super Instantaneous Laser Technique).

So how on earth (or Mars) had the Doe tooth ended up embedded in a lump of Martian rock? The only explanation Eckler could offer went like this: It must have been an extraction of horrendous magnitude. So much so that, when the tooth was finally levered out, the force was such as to imbue it with sufficient acceleration to allow it to escape the clutches of the earth's gravitational field. INSPIN confirmed that the alignment of Earth and Mars at that time had been such that the tooth would have hurled towards Mars and could, indeed, have ended up on that planet's surface.

Borgmann interrupted Eckler's train of thought by suddenly enquiring how old the said John Doe had been in 1996. Eckler couldn't resist the the standard reply... *as old as his gums and a little bit older than his teeth!* Uncharacteristically, his assistant managed to control himself and, superficially, remained unmoved. He went to check the age for himself. John Doe had been born in 1950. Borgmann checked the exact date of birth whereupon he exclaimed... *but sir, this must be some sort of omen, he would have been exactly 100 years old today!* But Eckler wasn't going to stand for any further Borgmanisms that day... *you'd make a mountain out of a molehill even if it meant shrinking the rest of the world. Stop fantasizing lad, you're just like your dad and his dad before him...anon. Heaven help us!* And, not without a certain degree of satisfaction...*don't forget you have a double appointment with SPILT at 13.00 hours will you?*