

Hunting

By Bernie Roehl

Helen MacPherson was frustrated.

Helen had spent more years than she cared to think about in academia, working towards her doctorate in Quantum Physics. She had put aside her social life to focus on her research in temporal dynamics, and now that she had her PhD she was finally back in the dating scene.

It was not good.

Oh, she met a number of men. Friends of hers would introduce her to various brothers, cousins and co-workers. She went on countless dates, and the men were always very... nice. Very respectful. They were sweet and kind and gentle, and they always asked her about her research even if they couldn't understand any of it. They would hover around awkwardly at her front door at the end of the evening, hoping for a kiss that never came. They would call her the next day. Some even sent flowers.

These were not the men Helen was looking for.

And so it was that she found herself back in her research lab at 2 am on a Tuesday morning, powering up the generators and tapping at the computer touch-screen. Her friends in the archaeology department had been very helpful. It turns out that there had been a small settlement not far from here, some 25,000 years ago.

Once all the indicators on the screen were green, Helen stepped up on the platform and counted down. A flash of light, and everything around her was gone. In its place was a wilderness... trees, birds, wild game. And there, in the distance, she saw them. Men. Real men. Hairy, sweaty, strong. They were all grunting and yelling as they brought down a wild antelope with their clubs and spears.

Helen was about to go hunting too. It was time for her to find a mate.