

# **Memoirs of a Future Girl**

An Adaptation

By Bob Affonso

## **PREFACE**

This was written as the result of a brief spurt of creativity. Some may find it amusing, some may find it annoying. And some may decide I have no business embellishing on the perfection of the Back to the Future trilogy. Whichever ... thanks for reading.

This was inspired by the story, characters, and events created by Robert Zemeckis, Bob Gale, and the producers of the BTF trilogy. All copyrights and credits belong to them. I claim nothing.

~ Bob

## Memoirs of a Future Girl

He hasn't called yet. It's nearly 11:00pm, and he hasn't called yet. I put the phone on my bed because I want it to be close to me when he calls. And I don't want the ring to wake grandma. She went to bed almost two hours ago.

I hope he calls soon. Maybe he misplaced the phone number? We both had a long day, and I'm really tired. I'm sure he is too. Maybe he fell asleep?

Now, a little about my boyfriend Marty. After first meeting a few years ago, we are now definitely "an item." He is so well-meaning and cute, and smart but slightly unfocused, and adorably clumsy ... so it's almost acceptable behavior that he hasn't called yet. I forgive him. I love him so much!

I'm excited about going camping with Marty tomorrow night. We are going to the lake. It's a big secret to my dad. If he knew about it, he would KILL me. Marty got permission from his father to use the car for the camping trip. With only one car in his family, it must be shared by everyone. So, this is special. Out of necessity then, Marty learned to skateboard. He loves his skateboard, and he skates like a champ. He goes everywhere on his skateboard. Also, he's in a rock band. They're called *The Pinheads*. He plays guitar, and he is really good. He loves his guitar, and it's great watching him play because he's so entertaining.

We had school today. Marty's often late. It seems like Principal Strickland always catches him and gives him a tardy slip. It's as if he deliberately waits in the wings to ambush Marty. Mr. Strickland is a stern, no-nonsense disciplinarian.

Marty was late again today. He has a watch, but it never seems to work correctly. It's one of those digital ones. I told him he should get it fixed to help keep track of time.

When he didn't meet me in front of school this morning, I went inside when the first bell rang. Rather than go to class, I hid near the front door to wait for him. He eventually showed up about 25 minutes late ... on his skateboard of course.

I met him at the front door and advised him not to go down the main hall. I reminded him that Strickland was looking for him, and if caught, he would get another tardy slip. If he was late two more times, he would get detention.

We went in the side door, I peeked around the corner, and told him it appeared the coast was clear. Marty tried to explain to me that this tardy wasn't his fault. He said Doc set all his clocks 25 minutes slow.

Then out of nowhere, we heard Strickland's stern voice. He first chastised Marty for "still" hanging around with Doc Brown. He then handed each of us a tardy slip that appeared to be filled out in advance. He continued to advise Marty that Doc Brown was dangerous. He called the Doc a real nut case. He said if Marty fooled around with him, he would end up in big trouble.

Marty smirked at Strickland as if he wished for that kind of trouble.

Strickland hated being mocked, and his face and shiny bald head grew red with anger. He told Marty he had a real attitude problem. He called Marty *"a slacker!"* He said that Marty reminded him of his father when he went here – that he was a slacker too.

Wow! If he was here when Marty's dad was in school, then Mr. Strickland has been here forever!! I wondered if he ever had hair.

Before he let us go, Strickland mentioned he saw that Marty's band was on the roster for the dance auditions after school. Offering no encouragement, Strickland told Marty he didn't have a chance. *"Why bother?"* he said. He continued to admonish Marty by telling him he was too much like his dad. He continued *"No McFly ever amounted to anything in the history of Hill Valley."*

Looking him directly in the eye ... and nose to nose ... Marty replied that history was gonna change!

We went to class. After school was out, we headed for the gym. There was a sign on the gym door that said "CLOSED" but I snuck in with Marty. Bands were auditioning to play at the school dance next weekend. The gym was empty except for the participating band members.

There was a banner on the stage behind the bands. It read "AUDITIONS - Battle of the Bands." The four judges were sitting in chairs in the middle of the gym floor. The judges were actually teachers at the school. I'm not sure they were all music all experts, but surely, they could recognize talent and good music. The head judge was Mr. Lewis. I had him for choir class. I wouldn't describe him as a "rocker" but at least he had some music background. He had a megaphone and used it to call up each band. We listened to a few groups but none of them were as good as Marty's band. Of course, I'm biased.

Marty's band was up next. I gestured to Marty with crossed fingers and a hopeful expression. Marty hopped up the stairs and on to the stage. His band consisted of an electric bass, drums, keyboards, and Marty on guitar. Marty slipped the strap over his head as if the guitar was a natural extension of his body. He was so confident and played so well! Marty stepped forward to address the dance committee. He introduced the band, and the judges raised their clipboards to apparently write down the name of the band. Marty then counted off the song.

The band was ROCKIN'!! They kicked into a red-hot number. Marty's fingers danced across the strings and frets in a complicated lead line. He was terrific, and the band sounded great! I was so proud of them. Of course, I'm biased.

During the song, the judges just sat there. They were totally unemotional. It was as if they hated being there ... as if they were assigned the duty by Principal Strickland as a punishment of some sort.

After about 25 seconds into the song, Mr. Lewis stood up with his megaphone. He shouted, *"Hold it fellas"* several times to interrupt the song. The band stopped playing.

He then announced to them *"I'm afraid you're just too darn loud. Next please ..."*

Marty and I exchanged bewildered glances. Depressed, we left and walked to Courthouse Square where my dad was going to pick me up. Obviously depressed, Marty didn't talk much on the way. I respected his silence.

After a short time, we arrived downtown. The downtown area was barely functional and a little run down. If re-elected, Mayor Wilson promised to make some improvements to the area. There was a rumor that Lou's Aerobic Fitness Center used to be a restaurant. We could use another restaurant. I hope one gets built.

There were other small stores in the area, but many were boarded up after going out of business. Among the remaining were a bail bond office, a thrift store, and an adult bookstore. One of the businesses that seemed to hang around a long time was Statler Toyota. The Statler family had been in the transportation business for years, I guess. There was also a Texaco gas station and a movie theater that showed current movies.

Despite the depressed surroundings, Courthouse Square was still in relatively good condition. It was a large area with a huge lawn and a nice "Welcome to Hill Valley" sign. At the far end was the beautiful and majestic courthouse with its stately vertical columns. Above the columns was a ledge that held a giant clock surrounded by what looked like big panthers. But the clock hadn't had the correct time in years so nobody paid much attention to it. And there were benches around the perimeter of the square.

As we approached our favorite bench, Marty finally broke his silence. Still affected by the rejection, he lamented that he would never get a chance to play in front of anybody. I tried to console him by saying that one rejection wasn't the end of the world. Seeming to increasingly lack the confidence I was used to, Marty began questioning his talent. He wondered if maybe he just wasn't cut out for music.

I assured him that he was good ... really good! Driven by a rosier outlook last week, he made an audition tape. I encouraged him to send it to the record company as planned. I was trying to boost his hopes. I reminded him of Doc Brown's favorite saying. Marty remembered it and repeated ... *"If you put your mind to it, you can accomplish anything."* I told him that was good advice.

Still playing the devil's advocate, Marty posed the scenario that what if he sent it in and they hated it? What if they told him he was no good? What if they said *"get outta here, kid, you got no future?"* Marty further lamented that he didn't think he could take that kind of rejection. Then he paused for a second and gave out a big sigh. He realized that he was beginning to sound like his father.

At that moment, a flatbed truck carrying a brand new tricked out Toyota 4X4 passed by. Marty jumped on the bench to get a better look. He was in awe of it and declared that some day he would own one just like it. He pulled me up on the bench, turned to me and suggested how great it would be to go up to the lake in it with two sleeping bags in the back. We sat down on the backrest, and he became flirtier. He pulled me closer and talked about sleeping under the stars. I am kinda shy, and I was getting slightly embarrassed, so I coyly changed the subject.

I asked him if his mom knew about the camping trip they were planning. Marty replied that there was no way he could tell his mom about it. Apparently, he told her he was going camping with the guys. He said that if she found out he was going camping with me, she'd freak. And he'd get the standard lecture about how she never behaved that way when she was in high school. He concluded that she must have been *"born a nun!"* Flirting back, I replied that she was just trying to keep him respectable. As we moved closer to each other, Marty asserted that she wasn't doing a very good job. Our lips came closer, and we began what was planned to be a nice kiss.

But at that moment, we were rudely interrupted by a woman shaking a donation can in our faces. The can had some coins in it so the shaking was very loud. The woman was middle-aged and conservatively dressed, much like a “church lady.” She was wearing a big campaign button that had a photo of the courthouse with the phrase “Save the Clock Tower.” She also was carrying what appeared to be some flyers.

She looked at us and shouted out to “*Save the Clock Tower!*” We turned toward her. As she pointed to the stopped clock on the old courthouse building, she continued with her story to tell us that Mayor Wilson was sponsoring an initiative to repair that clock. She continued to say that 30 years ago, lightning struck that clock tower, and the clock hadn’t run since. She revealed that she was a member of the *Hill Valley Preservation Society* and declared that her group felt it should be preserved exactly the way it was, as part of our history and heritage.”

Marty was mildly annoyed by the interruption but sympathetic. He dropped a quarter in the can and turned toward me again. But before he could move closer, the “Clock Lady” stuck a flyer in front of his face. She told him not to forget to take a flyer! She asserted that it told the whole story of the clock tower. Marty took the flyer out of her hand and thanked her. The woman moved on to apparently bother someone else.

Marty turned to me and asked what we were doing before we were interrupted. I reminded him we were about to kiss, and our lips began to meet again. But then, almost on cue, a loud car horn honked. My dad pulled up and yelled my name. He stopped in the middle of the street and glared at us sternly.

I knew I couldn’t make dad wait so I sighed and told Marty I had to go! As I ran toward the car, Marty shouted that he would call me tonight. I turned around and told him that I would be at my grandma’s house. I quickly ran back to give Marty her phone number. I grabbed the flyer out of Marty’s hand and wrote down the number. I also wrote “*I love you!*” We had a very quick parting smooch, and I ran back to the car.

When I woke up the next morning, I realized I fell asleep by the phone ... Marty never called by the way. I usually sleep well but last night was sort of unsettling. I remembered having a really weird dream. It was something about school and Marty’s band audition and saving something. But the memory of the dream was quickly fading so I dismissed it and went downstairs to have breakfast with grandma.

Dad picked me up shortly after breakfast. I asked him to drop me off at Marty’s house. On the way, he asked me if I was looking forward to the camping trip tonight.

I told him ABSOLUTELY and reminded him that we’d been planning it for two weeks! He told me he really liked Marty and called him “such a nice boy.” It’s great that my dad has trust in me. Marty and I planned to come back later in the day to get my camping gear.

I arrived at Marty’s house and walked up the driveway as he was opening the garage door. He didn’t see me and went inside the garage to admire his new truck. It’s a tricked out black Toyota 4X4 ... the one he saw in the Statler Motors’ showroom. His dad bought it for him with some of the royalties from his first novel.

To get his attention, I playfully asked Marty for a ride as if I didn’t know him ... and I called him “mister.”

Marty turned toward me almost in amazement. He was acting like he hadn't seen me in a week, as if to be wondering if I was real. I was hard-pressed to understand why Marty was making such a big deal about seeing me since we were together yesterday. I asked if he was okay and if everything was alright. Marty looked toward his parents, who were standing caressingly in the doorway, and then back at me. He assured me that everything was GREAT!

He slowly pulled me closer as we stared in each other's eyes preparing for a nice romantic kiss. We were just beginning the smooch when we were interrupted by a FLASH of light and heard a SONIC BOOM. We turned toward the direction of the sound to see what happened. A wildly customized DeLorean screeched from the street into the driveway and then into the McFly's trash cans.

I had rarely seen a DeLorean before, especially one like this. It had cables and wires everywhere and what looked like two big rocket ship jets in the back. The driver's gull-wing door opened, and Doc Brown jumped out. I didn't really know Doc that well, but I know he was a good friend of Marty's and that Marty respected him. Doc had a reputation for being somewhat eccentric, however this time, Doc seemed more wild-eyed and frantic than we'd ever seen him. His clothes were bizarre ... a weird mixture of past and future. He had an Oriental-patterned red shirt with a long transparent necktie, yellow pants with green cuffs, black combat boots with red shoelaces, and a full-length yellow overcoat. He also wore some shiny futuristic-looking silver goggles.

With a frantic exuberance, Doc ran over to us. He told Marty that he had to come with him! He said something about going back to the future.

Doc then went over to the trash cans, rummaged through them, and grabbed some garbage which included some banana peels and a partially empty can of beer. Stunned by the act, Marty asked him what he was doing. As if to explain the odd behavior, Doc proclaimed that he needed fuel.

Doc pushed open the top of a white cylinder on the back of the car, labelled "Mr. Fusion," and fed the garbage into it. He also poured the beer into it, followed by the actual aluminum can. He appeared to be in a hurry and told us to get in the car. Marty replied with reluctance that we were just about to go on a drive ... to try out his new wheels. Doc responded that he should bring me along with them. Whatever the urgency, he said it concerned me too.

Marty suddenly appeared alarmed by Doc's urgency. He asked what was wrong and wanted to know if something happened to us. I wasn't sure what he was asking so I just stood by, stunned by the spectacle. Doc asserted that we both turn out fine. But that something's got to be done about our kids! I was really beginning to freak out now because this was a conversation that made absolutely no sense to me.

Doc got back in the DeLorean. Because I trust him, I followed Marty into the passenger's seat. The inside of the car was pretty small, so I had to sit on his lap. I was still confused by everything.

If I thought the outside of the car was wild, you should have seen the inside! It was full of buttons and switches and flashing lights ... lots of flashing lights! The dashboard had all kinds of gadgets including some colored digital displays, a gold alarm clock, a dome compass, and other electronic boxes on top of it. There were more flashing lights behind me, but we were so crowded in there I couldn't turn to see what they were.

Doc frantically backed the car into the street. Marty told him to back up further and advised him there wasn't enough road ahead to get up to 88mph. In a smirking response, Doc assured Marty that where we were going, we didn't need roads.

Doc pulled down his goggles and hit a peculiar switch on the dashboard. Actually, all the switches looked peculiar to me. The DeLorean lifted up about 10 feet, flew forward about 50 yards, made a U-turn in the air, and then blasted upward pointing toward the sky. There was a quick bright FLASH and a slight jolt. But it only lasted a second.

Unexplainably, we were suddenly veering and rocking in a night sky, trying to avoid what looked like flying objects and floating lights. Something suddenly WHOOSHED BY very close to the us. It surprised and stunned us. But it appeared to stun Marty and me more than it stunned Doc. Excitedly, Marty asked Doc what it was. Doc matter-of-factly replied it was a taxicab.

It still wasn't making total sense, so Marty asked Doc where we were ... and he also asked him "WHEN" we were. With all that had just happened to us, his question about "WHEN" didn't shock me as much as I thought it should.

Pointing to the green digital read-out on the dash, Doc told us that we were descending toward Hill Valley, California, at 4.29pm on Wednesday, October 21st, 2015. Marty asked if it meant that we were in the future. Surprised by his question, I asked Marty how that was possible? Marty hesitantly but deliberately told me that I was in a time machine!

WHAT?!!!!

I asked if this was truly the year 2015. Doc confirmed by replying that it indeed was October 21st, 2015. I realized the flying objects were cars. Things were beginning to make some sense to me. As I gradually accepted the situation, I realized that Marty wasn't kidding about seeing the future ... *OUR* future!

I became increasingly excited. I reminded Doc of his remarks in the driveway ... saying that Marty and I were married! I waited for his confirmation. Doc hesitantly replied with a half-hearted smile and a noncoherent sound. It wasn't really a yes. It was more of a non-reply.

Prying for more details, I excitedly asked Doc if it was a big wedding. Not waiting for his reply, I made eye contact with Marty and exclaimed with great exuberance that we would be able to see our wedding, and I was going to be able to see my wedding dress!! And I wondered to myself—out loud— where we would live. I imagined a big house with lots of kids!! I then looked directly at Doc and asked him how many kids ...

ZAP!!

At that moment, I guess I closed my eyes for a second before I could finish my question. It's as if I blacked out. I'm not sure why.

As I tried to open my eyes, my mind was in a fog. And it didn't seem like I was still in the car. I was trying to stand and walk but heard some mumbling that gradually got louder. Still in a fog, I finally opened my

eyes and saw two female police officers on each side of me. They were helping me through the door of a dark, strange house. I didn't know where I was.

They sat me down on a couch. I was still pretty out-of-it when I heard more semi-coherent voices talking about needing the lights on to be safe. Still trying to make sense of the situation, I garbled out parts of their conversation. The lights in the house suddenly came on, and they headed for the front door. One of them told me to "*be careful in the future.*" That phrase seemed meaningful to me, but I wasn't sure why. The same officer said goodbye and called me "*Mrs. McFly.*" ... I think?

As I watched the front door close, I became slightly more coherent. I stood up and cautiously looked around. I saw a well-furnished house with a prominent staircase, a big dining table, some nice chairs, and a big picture window revealing a beautiful backyard garden.

But wait! ... the garden was in the daylight, and I'm sure when the officers left through the front door it was dark outside. The picture was also flickering on the bottom like you would see on a VHS tape. Then I heard an announcement that declared "*Broadcasting beautiful views 24 hours a day; you're tuned to the Scenery Channel.*" I suddenly realized that it was a fake window, and the garden was just a picture on a screen.

My mind was clearing up more and more. As I began to remember some experiences in the DeLorean, I suddenly realized with amazement that I *WAS* in the future!!

And then I became very curious. I spotted some framed pictures on a bookshelf in the room. A few were of my wedding!! I saw a pose of me and Marty, and I was in my wedding dress!! It was BEAUTIFUL! Right next to it was another picture of us standing in front of ... the *Chapel O' Love*? I was horrified!! You mean, I got married in the *Chapel O' Love*? I suddenly realized I didn't belong here and said to myself -- out loud-- that it was time for me to get out!

I guess I spoke a bit too loud because I heard what sounded like a teenage girl call out. I looked upstairs and saw a shadow moving across the door of a room. Determining it was the source of the voice, I ran to the front door to make my escape! I looked for the doorknob ... there wasn't one!! Right then, the doorbell rang!! I was panicking! Where was I going to go? I spotted a nearby closet, opened the door, slipped inside, and hid after closing the door behind me.

It sounded like the girl came down the stairs. She was calling for her mom because she heard the commotion. I looked through the closet door louvers to see what was going on. I could see some, but not everything. The doorbell rang again, and the girl opened the front door. She was very excited to discover the visitor was Grandma Lorraine. *Grandma Lorraine*?!! OMG!! Was that Marty's mom? And was the girl actually MY DAUGHTER!!? OMG!! OMG!!

My anxiety was off the charts, but I hung in there. There was some more conversation I couldn't clearly hear, but I saw someone else enter the house. It was a man who the girl called *Grandpa*. It must've been Marty's dad! He looked very old, and he was upside-down on some kind of hovering device. I'm amazed these things didn't totally freak me out and cause me to start screaming! But I was trying to stay calm ... and quiet.



After they entered, there was more conversation, but I couldn't understand much. As they walked by the closet, I could see and hear better. Grandma Lorraine commented on the broken garden screen. My apparent daughter, who they called Marlene, said that they called a repairman for it. But the repairman called her dad a "*chicken*."

OMG!! Was she referring to Marty?! ... OMG!!

She said, "*Daddy threw him out of the house,*" and because of that they can no longer get anybody to fix it. Grandma Lorraine retorted that her father's biggest problem is that he loses all self-control when someone calls him "*chicken*."

They all go into the next room which I think was the kitchen. I could barely hear as Grandma Lorraine continued with the story. She said that about thirty years ago, Marty tried to prove he wasn't chicken, and he ended up in an automobile accident with a Rolls Royce! I was again horrified! An automobile accident?!!

I snuck out of the closet, tiptoed towards the kitchen, and hid around the corner to hear better.

Grandma Lorraine continued her story about the accident. She said it caused a chain reaction of events which sent Marty's life straight down the tube. If not for that accident, she said, Marty's life would have turned out very different. In that case, she continued, the man in the Rolls Royce wouldn't have pressed charges, and Marty wouldn't have broken his hand. She lamented that Marty wouldn't have given up on his music, and he wouldn't have spent all those years feeling sorry for himself.

Suddenly, out of nowhere, a young boy passed me from behind. Without seeing my face, he called me *Mom* and commented on my "*nice pants*."

That was MY SON!!! ... EEK!!

Continuing her story, Grandma Lorraine said she thought the real reason her mother married him was because she felt sorry for him. She told Marlene that her mom was "*such a sweet girl*."

I knew I had to find a better place to hide. The room behind me opened with two sliding doors so I went in and closed the doors.

This was the most amazing experience I had ever encountered! I needed to know more, so I opened the doors slightly to see and hear better. My future son sat down on a couch in the den. He was in front of a giant television screen and started watching six channels at once!

Suddenly, I heard a computerized voice that said, "*Welcome home Marty!*" Then I heard Marty enter through the front door and shout out that he was home. I could see that Marty was older, with slightly graying hair ... I was glad to see that he still had lots of hair! He was wearing a brown business suit, a tan dress shirt, and two neckties. But he didn't look sharp ... he looked a little sloppy. And he seemed kind of goofy in his demeanor and had a sort of sarcastic tone in his voice. This wasn't the same Marty I knew!!

They all went into the kitchen to have dinner. I think they were having pizza.

I could still hear some of the conversation. Grandma Lorraine asked Marty where Jennifer was, and he replied that he wasn't sure.

The phone rang and it was for Marty. He went to the den to take the phone call. Suddenly, Needles appeared on the giant screen ... he was likewise sloppily dressed in a suit. Needles was an antagonistic punk that we knew in high school. Actually, Needles never went to class. We only knew him because he often bullied Marty in the parking lot after school. So, I was very puzzled why Noodles was calling Marty in the future. Did they work at the same place now?

There was a conversation about a deal that Noodles was trying to pressure Marty into. Marty was very hesitant to participate. Needles pressed harder telling Marty if he agreed to the proposal, all his financial problems would be solved. Just as in the past, Needles was egging on Marty to do something that was foolish or dangerous.

Still hesitant, Marty responded that it was illegal and that he could get fired if the boss found out. Needles assured him the boss would never find out and told Marty to stick his ID card in the scanner slot. I assume this would allow Noodles illegal access somewhere.

Marty turned his back to the screen intending to walk away from the whole idea when Needles asked him if he was ... OH NO!! ... "*chicken?*"

Marty froze at this word and then turned around. He replied, "*Nobody calls me chicken, Needles, nobody!*" As I had learned, Marty hated being called "*chicken,*" so he answered the dare by scanning his card.

As Needles hung up, Marty's boss appeared on the screen. Apparently, he was monitoring the scan and knew what happened. He was furious and told Marty he was fired!! Marty pleaded with his boss and told him the action was because of Needles. He said Needles was the mastermind of the whole thing. Despite repenting, Marty's boss wasn't accepting any excuses. He sent an instantaneous FAX and told Marty to read it!

At that moment, FAX machines throughout the house started buzzing. There was a FAX machine right next to me, so I grabbed the paper that just printed. It had the text "YOU'RE FIRED!!!" As I stared in disbelief, Marty was lamenting about the situation and worried what he was going to tell Jennifer ... which was me ... in the future. I'm so confused.

Suddenly, I heard a tap on the window behind me, so I turned around. It was Doc and Einstein! I was so glad to see them!! Doc whispered to me to go out the front door, and he would meet me there. I told him the door had no doorknob. He told me to press my thumb to the plate. I asked him what plate he was talking about but before he could answer, he saw something outside and quickly ducked.

Marty was in the den trying to play his guitar ... he was having no luck. I was shocked at his lack of ability. Grandma Lorraine went to Marty and asked him about the FAX. He dismissed it as a joke. I snuck out of the room behind them and headed for the front door. As I got there, the door opened, and I heard a computerized voice that said, "*Welcome home Jennifer.*" I took a quick glance at the person who entered, and we both briefly turned away. Then we looked at each other again! ... glaring straight in each other's eyes!

OMG!!! OMG!!! OMG!!!

I realized that my future self had just walked in! My 2015 counterpart had grey hair, and the years had not been kind to her. She was carrying groceries. We both stared at each other in amazement. It was the most shocking sight we had ever seen!! We threw our hands up and gasped in unison! Simultaneously, the 2015 me exclaimed "*I'm young!*" while I exclaimed "*I'm old!*"

At that point, everything went black.

Right after that, I felt a gentle caress on my cheek, and a gentle kiss on my lips. I appeared to be laying down. When I opened my eyes, I was so happy to see it was Marty! He was wearing a strange outfit though. He had a western poncho, a bandana, and was wearing cowboy boots ... the sort of outfit you'd see in a Clint Eastwood movie. But it didn't matter. I smiled because I was so happy to see him. He was sitting next to me on my porch swing and was comforting me. I love him so much!

But then I started remembering some things, and my expression changed to concern. I told Marty that I had the WORST NIGHTMARE!! He didn't respond and gently escorted me to his truck. We drove off to get my camping gear.

As we waited at a stop light, I pressed him a little. I told him that the dream I had was so real! I told him it was about the future ... about us ... and that he got fired! Marty was shocked! "*What do you mean, I got fired?*" he said.

Then he noticed a sign on the street that designated the Hilldale subdivision. He exclaimed that was where we live!! ... but then sheepishly retorted that it was where we were gonna live ... someday. With that comment, I suspiciously looked at him and asked if I actually had a dream. I was beginning to wonder if everything I experienced was real.

But before he had a chance to reply, there was a sound of tires screeching and another truck pulled up next to us with music blaring. It was Needles and his gang.

Needles shouted over to Marty that he liked the new truck. He challenged Marty to a drag race at the next green light to see what it can do. Marty declined. But knowing how to egg him on, Needles asked if he was "*chicken?*" The gang members began mocking Marty by repeating the word "*chicken*" over and over.

Marty shifted his truck into gear and told me to grab a hold of something. I pleaded with him not to succumb to the challenge. I now knew that the word "*chicken*" was Marty's downfall.

Needles and his gang laughed hysterically. At regular intervals, they revved up the engine of their truck. Needles seemed to almost be foaming at the mouth with excitement! Marty just looked at them. The light turned green, and we saw tires rolling and screeching. Needles sped on ahead, while Marty backed in reverse and then spun his truck around to a stop. We stared out the back window at Needles who continued on without stopping. He was racing nobody.

I asked Marty if he did that on purpose. He responded "*Yeah, you think I'm stupid enough to race that asshole?*" Something had changed Marty. I'm not sure what it was, but I was so proud of him!

As we looked back at Needles speeding down the street, a Rolls Royce appeared in the outside lane as it exited from a private street. Needles' truck almost hit it, but he was able to steer around the vehicle just in time. Because he would've been in the outside lane, Marty realized he would have hit the Rolls if he had accepted the challenge to drag race.

At that moment, I took out the FAX I still had on me. Apparently, I brought it from the future?! I watched as the text "*YOU'RE FIRED!!!*" vanished. Astonished, I gasped out loud ... "*It erased!*"

From there, we drove to the train tracks. On the way, Marty told me about a disastrous train collision. He didn't give much detail but somehow the DeLorean was on the train tracks. He said it was completely demolished. I'm not sure how he got there, but it must've been frightening to see a train coming at you! I'm so relieved that Marty is okay. We were going to see what was left of the car.

When we arrived, we saw there wasn't much left. Marty sadly looked around at the debris and sullenly admitted that Doc was never coming back and how much he was going to miss him. He picked up a torn piece of paper from the mess. It was a picture, torn in half, of Doc at the clock tower in 1885.

Suddenly the rail crossing bells started ringing. We backed up off the tracks and looked both directions, but no train was coming. We looked at each other, puzzled.

Out of nowhere there was a huge "BOOM," and we were thrown back on the grass. A shiny futuristic-looking train engine, with "ELB" written on the side, appeared on the tracks.

The train was crazy-looking! It had a pointy front with a fin that was reminiscent of the submarine in that Disney movie about 20,000 leagues. There were two tall vertical stove pipes coming out the boiler like you would see on a steamboat, and it had a spinning coil-looking cylinder and two spinning weathervanes. On the far side was a large working bellows, and there were two immense rocket ship jets in back like the DeLorean had. The train was emitting lots of fog or steam with all its moving parts.

From the cab window, Doc popped his head out.

Like giddy school kids, Marty and Doc shouted each other's names in joyful excitement! They had been ... they are ... such great friends.

Doc proudly shouted back to Marty that his time engine ran on steam. He then opened the doors of the cab, and he and Clara stood in the opening. They were dressed in Victorian attire.

He proceeded to introduce his family ... Clara, who Marty already knew, and his boys Jules and Verne. The boys looked to be about 7 and 9 years old. They were likewise dressed in Victorian attire. We exchanged waves. His dog, Einstein, also joined them in the pose.

Still incredibly giddy, Marty shouted to Doc that he thought he'd never see him again. Doc playfully replied that it was difficult to keep a good scientist down. He said he had to come back for his dog Einstein, and he didn't want Marty to be worried about him.

Clara then handed Doc something wrapped in brown paper, and Doc told Marty he brought him a little souvenir. Doc then stooped down from the engine and gave the gift to Marty. Marty ripped it open. Inside was a framed photo of him and Doc at the clock tower in 1885.

Marty appeared stoic as he gazed at it and then looked up at Doc to thank him. It was very meaningful to him. I then grabbed the FAX I was carrying, unfolded it, and showed it to Doc. It was the one that had "YOU'RE FIRED!!!" printed on it, and I told him it's now mysteriously erased. Doc confidently replied he wasn't surprised it was erased. I was still puzzled. Marty and I looked at other and then at Doc. I asked him what it meant?

In a philosophical response, Doc told us it meant that our future hasn't been written yet. He said no one's has. He told us our future is whatever we make it so make it a good one. Marty looked at me, pulled me closer as he put his arm around me, and firmly and assuredly replied to Doc that we will!

Doc then told us to stand back, and he told his boys to buckle up. As Doc closed the doors to the cab, Marty asked where he was going next. He asked Doc if he was going back to the future. Doc shook his head no and smugly replied that he'd already been there.

He waved goodbye to us, and we waved back. The train wheels then transformed to horizontal positions, and hot jet streams spewed from the bottom of them. The time engine rose into the air, spun around, flew a short distance away, then spun around again and suddenly gained speed over us. Then it quickly disappeared.

We left the train tracks, and Marty drove to Courthouse Square. He parked the truck across from the courthouse, and we went to the bench across the street. We sat on top of the backrest. They were doing some construction work on the lawn. Apparently, Mayor Wilson sponsored an initiative to have the grass replaced with a reflecting pool. I hope it looks good when they're done.

The downtown seemed very lively. The stores were all open, and lots of people were walking around. We saw that the clock tower still showed 10:04pm. There was a mounted plaque next to the "Welcome to Hill Valley" sign from *The Hill Valley Preservation Society*. It retold the history of the lightning strike and declared "*As part of our history and heritage, the clock tower has been preserved exactly the way it was that night.*"

The strike must've had a tremendous jolt because there was a broken-off chunk of masonry from the ledge right below the clock. I don't know ... maybe it just fell off over time.

I'm so excited about the camping trip tonight. I feel lucky to have Marty all to myself this weekend. After we get back from camping, Marty will be busy because he has band practice every night. His band is playing for the school dance next weekend.

Everything seems grand now. We looked at each other, and it seemed like a perfect time for a kiss. For some reason though, we expected to get interrupted so we snuck-in a small peck on the lips. We curiously looked around. When we realized no one was going to disturb us, we continued with a long, uninterrupted smooch. A good one! ... No, a GREAT one!!

I don't know everything that happened but despite what we've been through, I feel our future is just beginning. I love him so much!

~ The End