

## Cap'n's Log:

Type A B + / A Titanic ego, 96 years broadcasting from the bottom of the Atlantic... / 25cents obo

**GENEVA, Switzerland, September 29, 2008—**

They're pulling everyone out of their cars here, and shaking them down for money. The ground is littered with Euros, dollars, and Swiss francs. The Large Hadron Collider has been off-line for a couple of months now.

They were trying to ramp up those particles to speeds near that of light and one of the gaskets blew. It was an unforeseen outcome, and pissed a lot of people off. The investors had already tapped out their pocket reserves looking to weaponize black holes. They wanted to spread out the risk to the general populace now. Everyone had an interest in micro-recapitulating the Big Bang. The clean and efficient Swiss highway guards marched up and down the scraggly lines of French, Swiss, Belgian, and frightened American motorists. "Welcome to a socialist country!" shouted a hard-ass Swiss into the face of the smaller of the pair of Americans crammed into a Leon.

"We will make holes in you," shouted another, into the face of the larger American.

This situation had developed out of nowhere. Such a peaceful placid lake-filled paradise. The unlikeliest place for such a dense cluster of darkness to take over. A peeved German gave voice to the misery all of the tourists were experiencing. "I thought zis was a neutral country."

The evil Swiss smirked at this, and padded his Bobby club on his side.

"No, zat is not true," he said mocking. "We are a NEUTRON country."

The Zurich bankers were clamoring for this particle science to continue. They needed money. The cheese exports were not cutting it, so the Swiss had cut the cheese.

A man in camouflage lederhosen was walking down the ranks of heckled émigrés handing out thick stocky looking automatic weapons.

"We are giving you the greatest gift of all," he shouted, "Swiss citizenship! Take your weapons, you are all hereby drafted into the Swiss civilian corps. See those snow-capped peaks in the distance. Your first mission is to secure this territory." The men were already charging at the Alps with courage and a certain je ne sais quoi.

The two Americans shared a look, shrugged, and charged, too. This future was a heady place.