

Short Forms

I dream I am on a parallel Earth where they do not use any short forms. There are no initials, no contractions, no abbreviations. My computer stops working, so I buy a new International Business Machine. I log on, someone sends me a joke, and I find myself rolling on the floor laughing my ass off. Later I go to a party where everyone wears polyvinyl chloride. It was one of *those* kinds of parties. One woman tells me she uses self-contained underwater breathing apparatus when diving the Barrier Reef. Her favourite poets are Edward Estlin Cummings and Thomas Stearns Eliot. I tell her my favourite authors are Herbert George Wells and John Ronald Reuel Tolkien. I find that I miss the ability to be brief, that contractions give us more time to get to know each other. I want to return to my world where there are lasers and radar, a world where there is the promise of an FTL drive, a world where you can write a letter that ends with *PS: I love you*.

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