

The Paradigm Discourses

“Crest Valley”

Quantum mechanics: the dreams stuff is made of.

Curiosity tossed the uncertainty box at Reason, “Here, take this damn thing back.”

Reason, “Ok, but you wanted it. What’s the problem?”

“The problem? It has side effects. It has interfered with my life.”

Reason felt compelled to probe, if not from social grace, then from unbridled fascination, “What are you talking about? Come on now, spill; I can tell there’s a story here.”

Curiosity, in the traditional pose of irritation, “Oh, I’ll be happy to. It will be eloquent, it will be captivating, it will be one for the history books. But first, hand me that rant token.”

Reason passed it over to her.

<rant>

“I left your damn box in my vehicle hoping to play with it over lunch, but I couldn’t get to my favorite coffee shop. I could get to work, but no caffeine; ruined my whole morning.”

Reason, “I don’t understand. What’s my box got to do it with it?”

“It has to be the quantum object you trapped. I used to have two possible morning routes to work, but recently Crest Avenue was being repaved, so I had to take Valley Road; usually no problem, either route allows me to both get to work *and* to get my coffee.”

She started pacing.

“But once the paving was done, and I had access to both routes again, all of sudden I could only get to work, couldn’t stop by the coffee shop. A few days later, a traffic accident took out a signal light on Valley Road, so it was closed for a few days. For those days while it was under repair, I could take Crest Avenue, and both get to work and get my caffeine fix too. Then, after the repairs, with both routes open again, I could only get to work. Worse, on those days, I couldn’t seem to remember which route I took to work.”

Dogma, “Wait. When you had both routes open, you couldn’t get to the coffee shop, but when either one was blocked off, you could?” She nodded. “But that is,” he glanced at Logic, “illogical. How can having two ways of doing something prevent the doing, but when having only one way, either way, allows it?”

“I don’t know, but it did, and it has to be Reason’s uncertainty box; never had this problem until leaving it in my vehicle, maybe his quantum object is leaking out.”

Logic, “How do you know it was Reason’s box?”

“How do I know? I’ll tell you how I know. Once I suspected it, I changed the lever from touch to view, then I could get my coffee – but I couldn’t get to work!”

Proof laughed, “Nice test.”

“So,” glaring at Reason, “keep the box, I need my job.”

Then she passed the rant token back to him as well.

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