

Science Is Risky - World Collection 2023

Release XIII of *WindySilver's
World Collections 2023*

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Science Is Risky - World Collection 2023

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About this collection

Science Is Risky (as it is currently titled) is a sci-fi world set into Earth. It features moments where the science poses risks to the people using it, whether or not the users realize it. Right now, the only storylines feature machines affecting the multiverse — and not everyone understands what kinds of threats touching its balance can cause.

The current storylines are:

1. *Multiverse Theory*: The story featuring Miranda, who takes a trip to a different version of Earth, inhabited by Krakens instead of humans — [*Kraken Earth*](#)
2. *Multiverse Crisis Imminent*: The story featuring another multiverse machine, handled by an unnamed woman with an entitled, irresponsible sister called Brynja — [*Near Multiverse Crisis*](#)
3. *Frivolous Time Traveling*: The story featuring Sarah, someone who is rich enough to use time travel to take up courses in their university in the 1890s, as well as a culture shock — [*Poor Choice of Travel*](#)

Kraken Earth

Collected in [Past Mistakes](#)

Flashback prompt: *He told her no one would hear her screams. He didn't count on her yodeling, though.* by [OnLinedPaper](#) (Year 2016).

Nasty Ass Challenge: The story must involve a cryptid of some kind, the cryptid must be employed in a fairly common vocation and the story must include romance or love of some kind. Optionally, the story should take place in an alternate reality or unique situation where humans are considered cryptids.

Since this is 1000 words long, this counts as my first entry for [Prose-ject's Little Prose 2019](#).

"I love you," Tony said.

"I know," Miranda replied with a smirk on her face and kissed him. "I'll be back."

"Stay safe."

"You too."

When Miranda stepped through the Multiverse Gate, she did not expect to see krakens. Yet there she was, at the shore of an island, staring at krakens who took their cameras out, shouting, "Hooman! Hooman!"

Not knowing what she had stepped into, Miranda fled into the forest.

Miranda giggled at Tony having a hard time lighting the fire at the fireplace. "Here, sweetie, let me show you." She took

the matches off his hands, rearranged the wood and lit the fire. "It only takes a bit of science."

"You know I'm a humanist, not a scientist," Tony noted, smiling.

"I do, but that doesn't mean you cannot learn anything scientific," Miranda said, put the matches away and leaned against Tony. They spent the rest of the evening cuddling in front of the fireplace.

Once Miranda had set up her tent in the middle of the forest, she tested her phone. To her utter amazement, it worked – there was even a decent internet connection! None of the social media worked, though; they could not find their servers and instead resorted to whining about "no internet connection" even though the browser worked – whenever she found a website, of course. Google, to her dismay, did not work.

"Miranda! Have you messed with my computer?" Tony shouted to the kitchen.

"No! Why are you asking?" Miranda shouted back.

"The browser's on a fritz again!"

"Try rebooting!"

A while later, Tony shouted again, "It worked! Thanks, love!"

"You're welcome, sweetie! Remember, always reboot if your computer's acting up!"

After a while of poking around, Miranda found a search engine: Burgla. Through it, she found an underwater rabbit hole. The Earth she had walked into was inhabited by krakens while humans were basically their... krakens. Or yetis.

To boot, pictures of her were already going viral on social media, especially Facebubble.

Miranda could not help snorting at that obvious lookalike of Facebook.

Since she had an internet connection, she had to set up her solar panels so that she would not run out of power. After all, she could not visit the actual world of Kraken Earth without a swimsuit and an oxygen tank, so her only connection to it was the World Wide Web.

With a laugh, Miranda wished Tony was there to see this world. He would definitely love it!

She had to take pictures at some point.

"What are you working on, sweetie?" Miranda asked.

"A commission. A lecturer at the university wanted some art for his introduction course," Tony told.

"Who?"

Tony turned to look at Miranda, smirking. "Your old programming lecturer."

"Jones?" Miranda asked and started guffawing. "That must mean he finally understood that his courses are boring!"

"Yet there you are, working as a programmer," Tony noted, snickering.

"Programming is fun. Jones's courses? NOPE!" Miranda said, still laughing.

The krakens' programming style was strange, but luckily to Miranda, it was close enough to what she had worked on for the last ten years that she could easily get the hang of it. Soon, she had already created a game called *Spot da hooman!*

Apparently, it was written correctly among the krakens.

With a sad smile on her face as she released the game online under the name Kraggleb, Miranda could imagine Tony losing his mind over that title if she did this in their world.

"Could you please spellcheck my article, please?" Tony asked.

"Sure," Miranda replied, sat down at the computer and read the article. The immaculate grammar put her own to shame; while she could code decently, her human language skills had always been mediocre at best.

But that was one thing she loved in Tony: his immaculate built-in spellchecker could always catch anything and everything she wrote wrong.

As money started to come in from the game, Miranda set up a PayGulp account for it, then proceeded to mine some local cryptocurrency on her laptop. She could not do much without money, so she had to earn some.

Once the mining was in progress, Miranda proceeded to hunt for a job. It turned out that just like Human Earth, Kraken Earth had a shortage of programmers. Miranda got a remote job almost immediately after applying for one. Then she realized what she had done.

She had gone on an exchange on another world!

A little tear escaped her eye when she wished that Tony was there with her.

"Miranda, I've been thinking of going on exchange," Tony said.

"Where are you planning to go?" Miranda asked.

"To Canada."

"That's far."

"I know. That's why I wanted to ask for your opinion."

"If you want to go, it's not my place to stop you."

"Are you sure? We won't see each other for months."

"I can handle it if we keep in touch."

"Okay. Thank you."

"Besides, you'll definitely still hear me yodel all the way there!"

Tony laughed. "As long as you don't try to scream as loud, I'll be fine with that!"

Some weeks passed as Miranda grew increasingly lonely in the waterproof tent. As a human, she could never integrate into the kraken society and she knew it. Besides, she missed Tony a lot.

When the project at work came to its end, Miranda resigned, sold all her cryptocurrency and donated all the money she had earned in addition to the rights to *Spot da hooman!* to charity.

Then she packed up and returned to her world. Tony rushed to meet her.

"I've missed you so much!" Miranda said and embraced her love.

"Me too," Tony whispered.

"Come, I have lots of stuff to show you! You won't even believe half of it!"

"We'll see about that!"

Miranda already knew that she was right, so she smirked and led Tony away from the Multiverse Gate.

The adventure was over and now it was time to report what she had seen.

Near Multiverse Crisis

Collected in [Past Mistakes](#)

Warning: This story includes a lot more vulgar language than most of my stories.

Flashback prompt: *Santa Claus comes in July, and he's drunk* by [distortified](#) (Year 2014).

Challenge: Someone (or something) is somewhere they should not be but they don't seem to mind and you must include these words in the story: *Satchel, Cookie, Penguin, Tuque, Vixen, Marbles, Sunglasses.*

"Stop! Don't mess with the multiverse machine!" I shouted.

"What? I'm not doing anything to it," Brynja said.

"If you mess with it, it can break everything!" I yelled. "The last time someone unauthorized used the machine, Santa Claus came in July and was drunk! This time it can be worse! Vixens might take over the world with penguins as their puppet leaders, the mere concept of sunglasses might be lost in the vortex and whatnot! That machine is deadly dangerous if not handled properly!" I took a deep breath and tossed her satchel to her. "What the hell are you doing here?! How did you even get past the guards?!"

"I bribed them," Brynja told and smiled her sweet-looking, I-didn't-do-anything smile that made my blood boil.

"WHAT?!" I shouted.

"I gave them some cookies and marbles and they were willing to let me go in," Brynja told.

"Just... WHAT?!" my shout was breathless. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. If I didn't know that my stupid sister would definitely ruin the whole department's life work if left unsupervised, I would've gone to the guards to verify this

story and yell at them if it was true. I took my tuque – one she had given for me some time ago – and threw it at her. "GET OUT!"

"What? Can't I stay with my sister?" Brynja asked, still trying to smile at me with hopes of somehow miraculously making me calm down.

"NO! YOU'RE A THREAT TO THE SECURITY OF THIS WHOLE BUILDING!" I screamed. "GET THE FUCK OUT OF HERE AND DON'T EVER COME BACK!"

Brynja seemed to get the message – for fucking once! I called a guard to watch her and checked that she had not messed with the machine. And guess what? She had, as I had feared she would do. Had I come a moment later, she would've already launched this whole damn building into a universe ruled over by with T-rexes!

I took a deep breath and tried to calm myself down, but my anger was too much. After erasing the false inputs and shutting the machine down for emergency maintenance, I walked to Brynja and slapped her in the face as hard as I ever could.

"What was that for?" the guard asked, meek.

"That was for messing with a delicate machine. Do you have any fucking idea what you were going to do, you bitch?" I asked. Brynja just looked at me, offended by what I had called her. I did not care. Family did not matter at all when our universe would've gone to dinosaur shit if this idiot would've been let to mess with the machine. "You almost launched this whole fucking building to a world inhabited by T-rexes. That's what you were going to do. Now get out. You're banned from this place for life."

"Bu-but can't I come see my sister here?" Brynja stuttered.

"No. You aren't here to see anyone. You're just here to sabotage people's life work. Fuck, even the five-year-old children of the funders know not to touch anything but you,

a fucking adult, can't muster enough intelligence for the same. You know what, I'll get you a lifetime ban on every single research building and make sure you get jailed if you are stupid enough to attempt to get in again," I told. I had had enough. "Now, out."

I followed her and the definitely uncomfortable guard, then chased her out of the premises. I turned to look at the guards at the door. Their faces betrayed their guilt and I saw marbles and leftovers of cookies on the ground.

That. Was. It.

I walked up to them and told, "Call the backup shift in. You're both fired."

Then I walked to the chief of security, filed a report and proceeded to get the lifetime ban I had promised Brynja.

Today's destruction tally by Brynja: two lost jobs, a lost workday for multiple people due to me working on paperwork and the multiverse machine being in emergency maintenance for the rest of the day and then more paperwork for all the people working on ban system. I got a reprimand for slapping her and insulting her, but nothing more than that due to the risk she had posed on everyone.

The damage she did cost the whole research department a hefty sum of money because of the lost time, perhaps even more than my one year's worth of pay. All because of one person who can't keep her hands off where she's not supposed to touch.

God I hate my sister. Such an entitled, spoiled idiot whom my parents couldn't bother to raise into a responsible adult like they raised me.

Sometimes I hate my parents so much that I want to jump into a universe where she either doesn't exist at this time or is actually a responsible adult who doesn't do stupid shit like this.

Maybe someday I will do that if she doesn't get jailed for trespassing first.

Poor Choice of Travel

Currently uncollected

Challenge: Use the FFM 2009-2022 prompt generator to generate two prompts. Use them as inspiration for a story that takes place at least 100 years in the past. Optionally, use the first two prompts you generate.

I picked the first prompts I got, which turned out to be *Math homework, as completed by an English major.* by [Flash-Fic-Month](#) (Year 2009) and *Monologue of an everyday problem.* by [Goldfish-In-Space](#) (Year 2014).

Going back in time to look into what the university had been like in the 1890s had been a mistake. Sarah had concluded that the moment she had enrolled at a mathematics course because the paper course enrollment system did not bat an eye at the fact that she had picked something strange instead of a mandatory course. Now she was slated to return home with a bunch of marked homework that showed exactly why she had not majored in the STEM area.

And electricity. It was a spreading thing right now, but it was painfully clear that it was limited. A break from the social media was good, but Sarah missed her phone's calculator so bad. The quality of life... had most certainly been much less than she had expected. Then again, she had not read the brochure thoroughly enough, apparently, so that was probably on her. Still. She was going to appreciate her apartment's flickery lights and shitty plumbing a whole lot more once she got back home.

Ugh. She wanted to go home already, but stopping the trip midway was only admitting defeat. And a waste of money. She had better keep going or else...

...Well, she sure would *not* want to be labeled anything because she couldn't handle the 1890s.

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