

I have a time machine, and I'm going to use it to stop racism!

I turned it on to travel back in time to find out who started racism in the first place.

In a blink, I arrived. People in the old days sure looked different from us.

Wait a minute... they're not people! Or... not yet?

They saw me! I'd better run!

"Hey, you're back!" Mom said. "How's it going so far?"

"Not great," I sighed. "I think I pressed the wrong button. This time, I'm going to try the future!"

And zip! I was there in a microsecond.

I looked around. People in the future sure looked... futuristic.

"Hello, are you human?" I asked.

"Yes, of course," they responded.

"Why do you all look like robots?"

"Because in the future, people are robots!"

"What do you eat then?" I asked.

"We don't eat. We power ourselves with super solar energy!"

"Well, in that case... I'll go home."

“Welcome back again! Got any ideas on how to stop racism now?” Mom asked cheerfully.

“Well,” I shrugged, “seems like we all come from the same ancestors in the past. And we’ll all become robots in the future. So what’s the point of being mean to each other just because we look different now?”

“Sounds pretty persuasive to me.”

“And I just realized what’s more important than those big questions.”

“What?”

I gave her a hug.

“Coming back to someone you love... and having some ice cream!”