

The Streaky Protocol
Arrowverse Fan Fiction by Brian Ciufu

“Where are we?” asks Mick Rory as he exits the Waverider jump ship and slaps at his own face.

“Bugs. I hate bugs.” The familiar sound of his heat gun warming up can be heard.

“Mick, do that later,” Ava Sharps says distractedly from behind him. “We’re here on an important mission.”

“Who are you two again?” asks William Dey as he pokes his head out behind Ava.

“We’re time travelers,” Ava replies.

William looks skeptically at Ava. “And this is your ‘time machine’?” He traces the outline of the jump ship affectionately. “Based on your cowboy hat and poncho, you look to be dressed for late 19th century Texas.”

“Close. We’re at a ‘dude ranch’ just outside of Midvale, USA in the year 2010.”

Mick cracks open a beer. “Midvale? Isn’t that where ...”

William interrupts. “When you contacted me, I thought you had important information about *Leviathan* for my news story for *CatCo*. Not some wild fantasy about time travel.”

“Sorry,” says Ava, slightly embarrassed. “I didn’t mean to deceive you. But I have a need for your skills.”

Mick throws his empty beer can in the general direction of the jump ship. “I thought we were her to see my d—.”

“My skills?” William interrupts. “There must be local reporters here who can ...”

“Not your *reporting* skills,” says Ava. “Your *other* skills.”

“*Other skills*? I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“Please, William. I used to be an agent of the *Time Bureau*. Your place in history is very important.”

Ava points in the direction of a nearby horse stable. Standing awkwardly at a safe distance from all the animals is a young lady wearing glasses.

“Is that ...” says William.

“Yes. That’s her.”

“She looks different ... younger ...”

“It’s 10 years before you met her.”

“I’m ... really in the past?”

“Yes. Yes you are.”

“What ... what do I do?” William asks. “Why does she look so uncomfortable? Like she’ll knock the horse over if she breathes too hard.”

“You’ll discover soon enough. There are things about her you don’t know yet. There is something in the *Time Bureau* we called the ‘*Streaky Protocol*’—”

“I did that once,” Mick remembers fondly, cracking open another beer.

Ava continues, uninterrupted, “—where we use animals to help build the confidence of pivotal people in history.”

“I think I understand where you’re going with this,” William says as he reverts to his Protean form.

“Yes. Like you, she is alien to this world. She has come a long way since she first arrived, but is at a critical stage in her adjustment and needs a push in the right direction.”

Ava walks over to the stables leading William, who is now a majestic white horse.

“Hi Kara. My name is Ava. And this is Comet.”