

IN 1968 ANDY WARHOL predicted, "In the future, everyone will be world-famous for 15 minutes," so I immediately hopped in line and have been camping out in it ever since.

That the future has arrived is hard to argue against. We have flat-screen TV's, robots on Mars, and iPhones. Books aren't just on tape, they're on things called Kindles. The internet connects you to anyone and anything anywhere, and then Google Earth will show it to you.

And, I wish the Lieutenant Uhura wanna -be in line right behind me would stop yammering into her earhook to her BFF.

Now that we're solidly in the future, it begs the question: when do I get my 15 minutes of worldwide fame Warhol promised me? How much longer do I have to wait in this bloody line? And sorry, *Time* magazine, but making me the "Person of the Year" back in 2006 by having me look into a Mylar rectangle at a warped reflection of myself doesn't cut it—that was like Nick the bartender in "It's A Wonderful Life" handing out wings by ringing the "No Sale" button on his cash register.

Andy Warhol had talent, but I'm guessing he wasn't very good at math, or that he ever bothered to glance back to see the queue forming behind him the minute he opened his big yap. Since I'm still waiting patiently to follow him through the worldwide fame turnstile, which I still can't even see from here, I'll use my iPhone: the internet, and calculator, and do the math. Let's see...the on-line World Population Clock says there are approximately 6.8 billion people in line right now. Since fame can only be doled out at a rate of 4 people per hour, we'll divide this figure by 4. That means it will take about 1.7 billion hours to give everyone their due. 1.7 billion hours rounds off to 71 million days, or just under...200,000 years?

*Oy.*

Okay, I'm really close to getting out of line right now, but everyone else is staying in. What do they know that I don't?

*Hey, Paris! No cuts!*

*The nerve of some people.*

Think positive thoughts. Maybe I missed something. Lots of mags and media outlets put together lists of famous people each year, and those are usually lists of 100, so if there can be 100 famous people at any one time, that means I can divide by 100.

Which takes me to...2,000 years?

*Hmm.*

This is not really helping. I'm over 50 years old and have been in this line for 41 of them already. I'm starting to lose my resolve, as well as my youthful good looks. Oh, but that means I can subtract another 41 years!

1,959 years to go.

*Damn.*

I'll never be famous at this rate. Especially with people like Paris Hilton and Joe the Plumber taking cuts.

*Back of the line, Wurzelbacher!*

*Sheesh! There ought to be a law.*

Oh, hell, I might as well keep waiting. I've gone this far, and with my new iPhone to play with, I can do anything I want from here anyway.



*AURELIO O'BRIEN is a writer and an artist. He spent over 25 years as an artist, animator, designer, and storyteller in Hollywood, working in the field of Feature Animation. He is the author of EVE, a science fiction novel.*

CONTACT: [aurelio@evethenovel.com](mailto:aurelio@evethenovel.com)

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