

Sharing Your Mind When Time is Broken

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Anna glanced up at the grandfather clock, its pendulum swinging below the face's casing, as she dumped her backpack on her sleeping palette. A quarter past thirteen, said the hands, and February thirty-first, three ninety-four AD said the dials in the empty space beneath them. Or was it BC? The fourth had stopped halfway, so she was never certain when it had stopped.

Not like that matters, thought Damien. *It couldn't tell you anything even if it weren't busted.*

"Oh, fuck off," she snapped, sitting on the mattress and fishing out of the backpack her latest acquisition, the orange and cream cover of Penguin Books edition of *Dracula*, twenty-first century according to the fourth page – or was it the second?

It's boring as shit, like I've already told you a thousand times.

"And since when did I ask you?" Anna retorted, turning the novel over in her hands. The cover was marred by brown and black specks, and the edges of the spine had been worn down to the white pulp of the cardboard. The barcode sticker on the back was greyish-yellow. Great, it'd probably tear a dozen times and leave the glue behind before she got it all off. Hopefully it wouldn't be as bad as the 2403 dictionary of medicine she'd gotten last month, or the first edition King James bible Beth had dared her to get the month before.

You didn't, but you're welcome. Anna could feel Damien's lips curling into his insufferable grin that made her want to pulverise his face, psychic feedback or not. For the life of her, she could not understand why the girls he picked up all seemed to love it.

Hey, baby, how's it going? she heard him say as she started to pick at the barcode sticker. Felt Rebecca's cheek as he kissed it. Anna screwed up her face, almost gagging. This was nothing compared to what Damien had in mind if he convinced Rebecca to go back to his place later.

Well then tune it out, he thought. *It's not like want you in my head 26/8 either.* Like she didn't know. They'd tried a dozen times to figure out if it was just a psychic link they shared, or if they shared the same mind, or what was going on and how to fix it, but to no avail.

Hey, stud, it's going much better now that you're here, she heard Rebecca reply as Damien stood back to check her out, eyes lingering too long on her bust.

"Pervert."

Nothing wrong with a healthy interest in the opposite sex.

"Ah fuck." The sticker had torn, just as she'd feared, leaving half the corner stuck over the printed barcode.

At least it'd be easier to get rid of than Damien.