

IN BETWEEN: STORIES OF THE EVERVERSE

by Darby Harn

EXCERPT

Starter Home

1. Reality

Someone keeps rewriting reality. Mostly it goes like this: one minute I'm talking to Abi about things we'll never do, like go to New Zealand or just go to bed at the same time and then she disappears along with the rest of what passes for my life these days.

I write this to make some record. A way back.

2. Honestly, It's Not That Different

Strange things happen around here.

There isn't any life for me outside of waiting for the next shoe to drop, so I wasn't too bothered at first. Now it happens all the time. On and off. In and out. Hours. Days. Minutes. Reality like summer floods. The strange always recedes back to a big, three story house on Severin St. American castle. Picture window.

Picture perfect.

Milk trucks inch down the street, lined with '67 Chevys. Pig-tailed white girls swish in yards with hula-hoops. Boys play stickball in the middle of the street. Cops patrol the neighborhood, and keep black girls from smudging the frosted scenery in midtown.

The cop points back toward the fringes of downtown. "You took a wrong turn back there."

I zip open my leather jacket. Crimson light illuminates the shock on the cop's face. "Tell me about it."

He takes off running. There's a reason I know when reality changes. My reality is out of sorts, too. TL/DR: if I touch someone, I acquire their energy. Consciousness. They go into the jar of this

glowing alien crystal suspended within my chest. Entire universes reside there. Infinite realities. Plus, I'm half-Irish, so.

The doors are always open.