

Seven Circles on Her Head

by Jeff Dillon

Yukie Rubenstein shaved seven circles on her head; all the exact same size. They had to be, the instructions were specific. She shuddered, the neuro-gel from the half used tube, was cold on her newly denuded portions of her scalp. Her boyfriend insists that it has other uses, but she only allows physical contact on Tuesdays, and usually urgency wins out over experimentation.

The *Ganzfeld Guide* is displayed on her laptop. The instructions state that she needs to attach the Nerve Conduction probes to her head. The guide states there may be some pain; reminiscent of brain freeze.

Six. Seven, last one. MotherFucker!

White, hot pain shot runs from her through the wires, ending at the laptop, leaving a background buzz in her head.

Yukie checks the video feed on her laptop. She can't help but laugh at the image on screen; seven, neon orange colored wires, stick out from her head at absurd angles, with sweat running down her face, threatening to ruin her 3D mascara.

Her lacquered nail hovers over the Enter key. She presses the button. Again the white hot pain, this time in reverse, spread from her head out, through the cables, through the laptop, through the every expanding network.

The pain fades, she looks up. Her eyes are focused, but focused on everything. She looks directly into the laptop's camera's lens.

“My name is Yukie Rubenstein,” The voice echoes over a million computer screens.

“And I can read your mind.”

