

Doctor Eyepatch

by Mark Reep

Waking, Sarah consults the Dream Dictionary, but no entry explains the doctor's eyepatch. That contraption he'd invited her to pedal though, somebody oughta market one of those. The closer you got the harder it got, and her feet kept slipping off the pedals. It was maddening. His expression the whole while, what she could see of it, bespoke mild interest and amusement not unexpected under the circumstances but still annoying not to mention inappropriate in a quasi-clinical setting. When he spoke, she couldn't understand him but his tone said *I know dear, I know*. Overcome now by foreboding, Sarah plugs each ear with a finger, hums the Star Wars theme very loudly. Ultimately though this fails to help: Her day is riddled by lapses and holes, moments when she finds herself waiting at a green light, horns honking angrily. Standing at the copier, staring at an open box of paper clamps. Wondering, she's forced to admit, not so much about Doctor Eyepatch as what you'd call that other thing, if they'd know if she googled it at work.

