

Parallels

by Stephen Heger

"I honestly can't believe how much you eat, honey.", Lenora said as I put down the fork after gorging myself on breakfast. Twelve pancakes, four eggs, two cups of coffee, a glass of milk, and half a pound of bacon had passed through my lips this morning.

"Yet I never gain a pound.", I bragged. "In fact, I think I may still be losing weight.". I stood up from the chair and patted my stomach which felt surprisingly still hungry.

"It's like I have a twin in some parallel dimension and everything I eat is transported to his version of the universe or something. Like our stomachs are somehow connected by a worm hole and they swap its contents.", I said as I grabbed the dirty dishes, walked over to the sink and began washing them.

"Sounds like some ridiculous EC story from the fifties to me.", she said as she walked out of the room.

Across time and space, in a concurrent universe.

"Damn it.", the man said after stepping off the scale. "No matter how little I eat I can't seem to stop gaining weight."

"Maybe you have a hormone problem.", Lenora said from the bedroom.

"Yeah, and maybe my stomach is attached to some alternate version of me in another dimension that can't stop eating.", I said.

"Don't be silly, honey.", she said. "That sounds like some ridiculous EC story from the fifties."

