

Out-of-Body



“Blanche? *Blanche!*” Bob looked down at his comrade with a mixture of fear and loathing. Fear because she was unresponsive to his touch and seemed to be having another of her out-of-body experiences. And loathing because this time she had evidently tried to take part of his prized record collection with her. It could never work, of course. Record vinyl was one of the few manufactured-on-Earth products incapable of cross-dimensional travel. That “You can’t take it with you” saying? It was first applied to records. So wherever Blanche was now, she didn’t have Bob’s music to keep her company. Say, maybe the records she’d selected would give him a clue as to her destination. Let’s see, here’s Frank Sinatra cover of “Fly Me to the Moon,” and Henri Mancini’s “Moon River,” Pink Floyd’s “Dark Side of the Moon” (he’d *wondered* what had happened to that one!), “Shine On, Harvest Moon,” Beethoven’s Moonlight Sonata ... Nope, no connecting thread that he could see. Well, he’d just stick around till she came to and question her then. But Blanche never *did* come back. After weeks passed and her dress began to reek of stale Tide, Bob had her legally declared out-of-body. Then he wiped the dust bunnies off of her and propped her up on the sofa, where she turned into the best conversation piece he’d ever had.