

Supernumeraries

—Andrew Elvey Price

A deep, throaty yawn wakes you. You shut your eyes and snuggle back into your pink bedspread. Your wonderful, warm, soft, fluffy, pink bedspread. Somewhere between saying “no” to getting up and doing stuff and “please, sir, I want some more” to your current cosy situation, your mind pauses and frowns.

You know your bedspread well. Your bedspread is a Nyan Cat bedspread. It is not pink, save for the central part. It does not consist of individual strands of fur. It is not gloriously soft or warm. It does not smell of rum (except for the morning after Commerce Ball). It does not breathe. Finally, and most importantly, it does not roll onto you, squashing out your unsavoury morning breath in an unwholesome gasp, and then mutter, “Excellent! You’re awake. Arise! Shine! We’ve got the world to save.”

The events of yesterday come flocking back to you like seagulls to an idiot. However, since you are too busy gasping for air to be able to speak, you opt instead to flail about hopelessly.

“For starters, it’s too dangerous to stay in the Zoology building. We need to get to a safe place.” Bundy rises and hands you a map of the university in one motion.

“The names of the buildings are all wrong,” you notice out loud, having recovered most of your breath and a bit of your dignity.

“Yeah, they’re all codenames. And the matching codename of the safe house seems to be hidden here.” He turns the map over to reveal an assortment of lettered tiles glued to the back.

