***Ugh what color today?*** I thought to myself as I looked through what seemed like endless rows of different kinds of gloves. Summer gloves, winter, fall…and finally spring. I pull out a baby blue pair and lay them on my bed and then go to check on my mother in the next room. Even though she’s sick and dying, her dainty rose colored silk gloves still remained perfect on her hands. I had never seen her without them. When I was young I used to wish that I could ask her to take them off but I never did, I had been told since birth to never take off your gloves in the presence of another, that it was dangerous. I stood in the doorway for a while, watching her, until I was sure that she was okay and sleeping soundly. As I headed downstairs to get my breakfast I heard the soft sound of running water and the faint smell of fried eggs. I smiled. My boyfriend, Ezra, makes breakfast for me and my mother every morning without fail. When I reached the kitchen he stopped me, “Hold on one second love, I have to change.” I glanced down quickly and saw that he had his cooking gloves on so I knew what he meant.

“I’ll be in the living room.” I called and went to wait for him on the couch. When he finally walked in, carrying two plates, he was wearing black leather gloves, the same ones he wore everyday. They were worn down in the fingers but every year I got him a new pair so that it’d never get too bad. When I thought about it, I was really the only one in my little town that had a variety of gloves. I just liked the way they looked, each pair beautiful and unique. It was really the only way I was able to express myself. Again I found my mind wandering off about the gloves. What would it be like if we took them off? I decided to ask Ezra what he thought. “Do you ever think about what would happen if we took our gloves off?” His eyes widen with shock but then his brow creased with curiosity.

“You know what would happen if we took them off. Remember all the wars in the history books? How everyone started to hate each other because they could read each other's minds with just a touch of hands? We knew too much. It had to be contained.” He says, his tone set. I knew he was right but I wasn’t going to give up.

“I know, but don’t you ever wonder? Don’t you ever think there were any positive things to it? I don’t know…” I trail off thinking. Ezra doesn’t say anything for awhile. He just sits there looking at me. “Just forget it, sorry I ever brought it up.” I start to pick at the food on my plate, which by now has gotten cold. I silently curse myself for saying anything to him. Sometimes I’m just too thoughtful for my own good. I reach for Ezra’s hand and try to find comfort in the familiar feel of his gloved hand against my own.

The rest of the day passes as usual, work, store, home, cook, care for my mother and then get ready to sleep. As I lay in bed next to Ezra, who’s fast asleep, I decide to try something rather risky. I slowly and unsurely peel off one of my sleeping gloves. At first my hand looks normal. The same hand I’ve seen plenty of times between changing gloves. But I wait. And wait. Finally, after what seems like an eternity I see something worth waiting for. A subtle yellow glow appears beneath my skin, shining somewhere from within. I am amazed, but I feel like there will be something more. I was right. The glow flickers for a second and then words appear and my hand, traveling down my arm. I gasp. They’re not just any words either, the words that are in my head. I think the word “wow” and there it is on my hand, clear as day. I hear a rustle next to me but I’m too consumed by my discovery to notice. Suddenly, I hear Ezra whisper yelling next to me, “Leila, what the heck do you think you’re doing? You took your glove off? What were you thinking?” He’s nearly hysterical, his eyes bulging out of his head. The yellow glow makes him look kinda funny so I giggle but then I look at his expression and it kills any joyfulness.

“Ezra it’s fine. There’s nothing dangerous here, I promise you.” But I put my glove back on anyways, to make him feel better. He visibly calms down. I attempt to talk to him again. “Ezra I’m sorry that I startled you, I was just so curious after our conversation earlier...I just wanted to know. I’m sorry.” I looked at him, hoping to find some sort of sign of what he was feeling in his face. He only looked conflicted. I couldn’t understand why.

“...Was it cool?” He asked carefully. I smiled. Ezra was a pretty good rule follower and he always did what he was supposed to do, but deep down he was still a little boy and was fascinated by cool things.

“Yeah it was amazing. I couldn’t believe it. I can’t imagine what it would be like if I were able to try it with someone else.” I said, trying not to be too blunt. He closed his eyes and rubbed his temples, thinking. I sat there quietly, not sure what to do.

“Fine. I’ll try it. But if any goes wrong, you have to promise me to leave your gloves on forever and forget about this entire experience.”

“Okay.” I respond, excited. Ezra slowly takes off his glove and sets it down next to him. His hand glows a dull baby blue. I was buzzing with anticipation. He didn’t seem so excited but he had already agreed. We made eye contact and I stuck out my hand. Ezra reached his out tentatively in return. I clasped it in mine and I immediately felt the power between us.

***Hello?*** I thought and he looked at me surprise. Eyes wide with a mix of amazement and fear.

“I can hear you.” he said out loud. I smiled.

“Well think something back,” I said, “I want to know if I can hear you too.” He paused and then closed his eyes.

***Can you hear me?***He thought. Yes! I jumped up and let of his hand, leaping around the room excitedly.

***This is crazy.***

“Huh? Did you say something?” I ask Ezra, confused.

“What? No, I haven’t said anything.” All the amazement in his eyes were gone, replaced now with confusion. ***What is she talking about? I knew this was a bad idea****.*

“It was not!” I insisted and then stopped. I had responded to him but had never seen his mouth move. I stared at him in shock.

“What’s going on Leila?!” he asked frantically. “Put your glove back on, right now.” I didn’t have any words, so I picked up my glove and put it back on silently. He already had his on. “Okay. Now we’re going to try something. We’re each going to think of our favorite fruits, alright? Don’t say any words.”

***I’m so afraid.***I couldn’t tell if that was my own thought or his but honestly I didn’t want to know. I tried to focus on thinking of my favorite fruit but for some reason it wasn’t coming up correctly. The banana I was trying to picture was lime green.

“Why am I thinking of a lime green banana?” We both said at the same time. We turned to each other in horror.

“I was trying to think of a banana.” I said.

“I was trying to think of a lime.” He replied.

“So we got a lime green banana.” I couldn’t believe what had happened. This is not what I expected, at all. Were we connected forever now? Thinking the same thing and never having thoughts to ourselves?

“Yes, I think that’s exactly what happened.” He responded to my thoughts. I looked up into his eyes. I couldn’t tell what the emotion in them was now. But it probably wouldn’t be that hard to figure out. This had changed everything. We were connected forever now, in the deepest way possible. No matter what, we could never hide anything from each other anymore.