

**there's nothing like infinity, baby**

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# **there's nothing like infinity, baby**

by [lucida](#)

## Summary

In which Linny Papadakis has a rather unconventional flatmate and Hannah has the Sight.

## Notes

Thanks to isquinnabel for the beta! ♥ Without her, this fic probably would probably be titleless and unposted. Title is from "Bless This Mess" by Lisa Mitchell.

“Soooo,” Hannah sing-songs, in that *I know something you don’t know* tone that rarely means anything good and fills Linny with a sense of dread.

Last time Hannah called Linny sounding like this, it was to tell him that Sari was crushing on a vampire.

“Please don’t tell me David Michael got fired again.” Linny groans. “He’ll think he can just crash with me and then he’ll destroy the place. Besides, I don’t know why he can’t just stay with Charlie or Sam or even his mother. I’m never going to get any painting done if--”

“Nothing about David Michael,” Hannah cuts him off, then giggles. “Although Karen called me to complain that he ruined her new rug. He had a flat tire or something and walked to her place, and had snow all over his boots.”

Linny shakes his head. David Michael is one of his oldest friends, but shit. How does he even function? It seems like he’s having some sort of exaggerated crisis more often than not. Two days ago David Michael locked his keys in his car, and the day before that he locked himself out of his own apartment.

“Anyway,” Hannah continues brightly. There’s a pause, like she’s trying her hardest not to laugh. “Have you met your roommate yet?”

“... What?” Linny stands up, alarmed, looks away from the paper he was writing. “Not funny, Hannie. Tell me you’re joking.”

Linny’s learned the hard way that rooming with his high school friends isn’t the way to go.

Freshman year Linny roomed with his friend Jack, who had a new one night stand every weekend and kept the place smelling like molded pizza and cheap cologne and sex. Sophomore year he shared a dorm with a friend he met in a science lab. Zack was perfectly sane to study or grab a bite to eat with, but Linny soon learned that Zack was also an insomniac who liked to stay up until five in the morning screaming at Grand Theft Auto.

Junior year was the worst because it was the same year David Michael started university, which meant Linny was obligated to live with the world’s klutziest werewolf. Linny put up with it until David Michael accidentally ruined his final art project two weeks before the end of the semester.

He told David Michael he needed his own space--*nothing personal, man, but senior year is the worst*—picked up an extra shift at the Rosebud, and started looking for an off-campus apartment.

David Michael spent a full weekend pouting about it, then acted as if nothing had ever happened.

“Maybe I’m joking,” Hannah’s voice is teasing, amused. “Maybe I’m not.”

Unlike David Michael and Karen, Linny and Hannah generally get along and can spend hours talking or watching movies. Other times, she is annoying. Linny tries not to fault her for it too much; it's a side-effect of spending so much time around Karen Brewer.

If Hannah really Saw something, though, then...

"*Shit*," Linny breathes, stopping by the window and looking out at the snow.

He's only two streets from campus---still within walking distance, which is nice when it's not twelve degrees and icy outside---and he can see the top of the Humanities building from his bedroom. He should have known this luck wouldn't last.

"Just because you Saw something doesn't mean it has to happen. I can dip into my trust if I have to or even more into a cheaper place, I'm not letting David Michael ruin all my paintings again---"

Hannah is laughing hysterically on the other line, which is fucking annoying.

"Forget I said anything," she says, once she regains her breath. "It's not... it's not anything like what you think."

"...what?"

"I'm kidding, Linny, okay?" Hannah is still laughing, like this is all some inside joke with herself. "You'll be fine--well, I haven't Seen anything about you being miserable, at least--I just..."

She trails off, succumbing to giggles again. If it wasn't two in the afternoon, Linny would ask if Karen's slipped something in her drink. It's hard to do that to Hannah, though, when half the time she can see it coming. Literally.

"Call me later, okay?" she concludes, voice still full of mirth. "Let me know when you're, uh... *settled* and have gotten to know the place and all."

Linny isn't even going to ask what that means. He shakes his head again, looks at the stacks of boxes he still has to put away (if he can ever finish that paper), and hangs up.

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Linny's holding up his favorite olive green sweater, trying to find a hanger, but drapes it over his desk chair when his phone goes off with a new text message.

It's Hannah.

**How's the unpacking going? :P**

*Almost finished. I'll call you later.*

**Good then? You didn't forget anything? Nothing went missing?**

Then, a second later---

**What about that green sweater you like? ; )**

Linny shakes his head and tosses his phone aside. It beeps a second later, but he ignores it.

When he goes back to his desk, the green sweater is gone.

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The thing that sucks about insomnia is that nothing good comes on the TV at night. Linny's been flipping through the television stations for the past ten minutes and the only options he's found are infomercials, *Family Guy*, judge shows, and more infomercials. He lands on an episode of *Judge Skillo*, where some woman is suing a vampire for emotional distress.

"I woke up in the middle of the night and found him" ---the lady points to the vampire-- "just standing in my room, watching me!"

"I didn't mean any harm!" The vampire defends himself, pouting. "I just wanted to watch you sleep. You looked so peaceful--"

Linny shakes his head, wondering how people like this even exist, and moments later the show switches to a commercial.

*"If you or someone you know has died due to this medication, you may be entitled to cash benefits. Please call 1-800-555-5555..."*

He never called Hannah back, but she's probably sleeping now. Standing up, he stretches and looks around the living room. He'll have to finish hanging up his paintings tomorrow, but he's managed to put the rest of his belongings away. It helps that the place came fully furnished--nicely furnished, at that. There's a leather couch in the living room, a mahogany table in the kitchen, and giant four-poster beds in both of the bedrooms.

*"Dial all fives for your experts in ghost litigation!"*

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The next morning, Linny stretches and yawns, lying in bed and taking in the smell of fresh brewed coffee coming from the kitchen, and---

*Coffee?!*

Linny's friends have this thing with invading others' personal space, so his first thought is that David Michael is being a creep and has already managed to break into the apartment. Hopefully this doesn't involve Linny finding pieces of his living room window on the floor.

When Linny gets to the kitchen, he is expecting to see David Michael or Hannah or, hell, even *Karen*. He isn't expecting to see a fucking ghost sitting at the kitchen table, with a mug of coffee and an open newspaper in front of him. And---it's not that Linny has never seen a ghost before. Ghosts have been out for *years* and Hannah is a Seer; Linny is better acquainted

with the supernatural world than most. It's just that *there is a ghost in his fucking apartment*. Not only is he sitting at Linny's table, drinking Linny's coffee and reading Linny's newspaper, but he's wearing Linny's favorite green sweater.

"That's my sweater," Linny says levelly, stepping further into the room. "If you wanted to borrow it, you could have asked."

The ghost looks up, traces of a smirk on his lips. He'd been transparent--it looked more like he was floating over the chair than sitting on it, which was a little eerie if Linny's being honest--but then he stands and turns himself solid.

"Sorry about that," he tells Linny smoothly, stretching. He doesn't sound sorry. If anything, he seems to find all of this hilarious. "Ricky, by the way. Guess you're Linny."

Then, before Linny can form a response---

"Coffee?" Ricky offers casually, walking over to the pot like he owns the place.

Which---

Linny shakes his head. It's just his luck to finally get his own place, only to have it be fucking *haunted*.

He starts to say something to Ricky, but then his conversation with Hannah comes flooding back to him and he walks out of the room without a word, in search of his phone.

*"Anyway," she'd asked. "Have you met your roommate yet?"*

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*So if he's my roommate that better mean he's paying rent because ghosts have been out for YEARS. He isn't going to just float around while I'm stuck covering everything.*

**Aw, come on. What good is being a ghost if you can't decide to just up and haunt a place? : P**

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