**Those White Spots**

What is that? Floating in front of the window but seemingly just being outside of the window. As light as feathers, while as transparent as bubbles.

When Alice is created by me in these lines, she has been absorbed in observing these bubbles for a while. It was in one morning when Alice wakes up from her tiny bed in the bright sunlight that she suddenly saw these white chains of spots by her eyes.

Where comes them? Even after she took off her glasses still could she see them, so they mustn’t be stains on her glasses, she thought. Seems to be brought by the sun, cause sometimes they are dyed in the color of the rainbow. But when she rolled her eyes, those spots moved along with her eyes, though much slower than her eyes’ rolling. This denies the possibility of the spots’ being on anything else but her eyes.

She used to see the dust floating like these spots. But these spots cannot be dust. They might be something alive. They are semi-transparent inside, like newly-laid worm eggs. The reason why she thought about worm eggs was that her science class had showed her a picture of a pile of fresh worm eggs on a juicy leaf of grass yesterday. Both the white pile and the green leaf were so vividly captured that she could even smell the fresh smell from inside the picture. But the leaf would soon be either bitten or drilled. She had seen so many leaves bitten or drilled along the roads before. Can these white spots be worm eggs? Some of the round shapes are single, while most of them are stick to others. Two or three in a group. Can they be in such a round shape if they are not creatures?

Her thoughts went trembling. It seemed that she was endowing herself with a magic power to enlarge the very tiny worm eggs floating in the air and see them. She felt proud of her power for a while.

But what if it is not her magic? She was not sure. No, it could not be. It seems these white spots are living in the liquid of my eyes!

I am only 8! Are my eyes already breeding worms? Will my eyes soon be beaten or drilled?

Alice, Alice! —— No, mum is calling me.

I have told you that they are merely the blood cells in your eyes, being lighted up and be caught by your sight. —— It could not be! I have seen them moving like a worm.

I have told you do not to scare yourself. —— But I still felt scared. Should I believe in mum?

Now it’s time for school, come and have breakfast. Stop being absent-minded. —— But mum, what you are telling me is nothing truer than my imagination.

Hurry up! It’s time for school. —— You are disturbing my conversation with my magic power…Something can only be felt the first time you meet it. The more explanation will only remove our fear of the things which we are supposed to fear.

Nothing to fear. Said mum. Most of the children can see that.

No, never. The instinct of Alice is still defending that explanation.

At that moment, it seemed Alice had taken every circle of the logic chain apart. Now every chain can be explained either by common sense, by her logic, or by mum. But fear still exists, she believed. There is still something between every circle of logic, between the known and unknown, behind any explanation, to fear. And the more mum speaks, the faster it hides itself in transparency.

Mum. Mum, mum! She screams with her hands grabbing her ears.

Alice was dragged finally after mum’s intruding in her room to have breakfast, and then pulled onto mum’s car to her primary school. The radio on mum’s car was playing loudly.

——Toothpaste, 30% off.

——Next will be the song *Bohemian Rhapsody* ordered by a listener, name unoffered.

——The greatest murder in human history happened in 1967 when Amsterdam took his first step on the bald moon. Since then, illusions have died.

——Follow our channel and design your healthy diet!

Raising before her eyes were those familiar white spots. Fine. Life seems not too far away from normal until now.