# Daniel G. Fitch - After the Image

“Hey, Molly! Have you ever squeezed your eyes shut? An’ then jam your fingers in ‘em!”

“That’s… gross!”

Jimmy bounces up and down, squinching his eyes shut as the bus bumps its way down the peeling asphalt, sending his fingers forcefully up into his sockets.

“Stop that!”

He flinches and grabs the seat, staring around. “Everything’s all *shiny!* Try it!”

“If it’ll make you shut up…” Molly imitates him.

Red swirls swell around glowing shapes. Did the road smooth out?

She removes her fingers and stares into darkness.

A blood-red shape floats there. “You found us, at last. Welcome, child.”