

“What a Terrible Image.”

By: Thomas Koppchi

All the sudden all he could see was a fist slowly shrinking in front of his face. As one hand backed closer to this giant, the other hand shot forward again into Stanley's face. Each time the world became blurrier, each time he could feel his skull bend in on his mind. Finally Stanley could feel the nose of the giant with the end of his flailing arm, finally able to fumble his thumb into the Giant's eye socket.

The Giant screeched and threw Stanley at the wall before arching his back, clutching his face, and screeching again. Stanley, now a wadded ball of broken limbs, looked up from the base of the wall into the Giant's eyes, one of them gleaming with rage, the other a dark hole.

The giant's heavy growling breaths were soon joined by a chorus of hissing, as snakes, as black as the depth of the hole they appeared from, began to slither out of the empty socket, and fell to the ground.

The last of Stanley's adrenaline steadily emptied to his legs, allowing him enough strength to stand ankle deep in this churning pile of venimos death.

The Giant screeched again and jabbed at Stanley. As he closed distance, Stanley deliriously side stepped and threw his own punch directly at the giants eye socket again. As hard as he could, Stanley swung at the creature's face, and connected again. Stanley's fist was now lodged inside of the socket. He couldn't take it out.

Panic shot through Stanley's entire body. The realization stormed his mind. The snakes being infinitely born within the giant's skull, sank fangs into the flesh of his hand. The poison ran through his veins like fire, still he clenched his fist, and as the poison crept closer into his heart. Still he clenched his fist, still he fought to keep his hand plugged in this giant's face. He knew this was the only way.

Snakes began to cram the head of this Giant, the only exit stopped up by Stanley's hand. Each snake crammed closer to the next. A swelling slithery nest inside this giant's head expanded too fast for his bending skull and broke it.

“It was like his head was an egg. Like, I could hear it hatching.” Stanley later said.

“That's a terrible image.” Said the doctor. “Now let's look at that hand.”

Stanley set the end of his weary arm on the table, a pitiful mitt bloated by poison, oozing with puss.

“Mmm, another terrible image.” Mumbled the doctor.