Floater

I have them, you have them. They float in your field of vision—faint dots and splotches. They flit around as you move your eyes. They're easy to ignore. If you don't fixate on them. In prison, that's a problem. I have to find something in which to immerse myself before they sink into the background.

They placed me in solitary after I strangled Ludd. Why not—he spat on me and called me trash. Cause and effect, hand and stove.

Now he's no longer a dot. He's getting bigger by the hour. Soon I'll be blind, but not solitary.

F.M. Scott

F.M. Scott is from Tulsa, Oklahoma. His stories have appeared in The Horror Tree, Apple in the Dark, Skink Beat Review, The Killer Collection Anthology (Nick Botic Horror), Sirius Science Fiction, and more. He has a novella on submission and is collecting stories for a future anthology.