

Fireflies

By

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Beneath a gibbous moon, a young woman wanders through the woods, chasing fireflies, before stepping into a clearing. She observes a figure squatting beside a pile of torn clothing, holding a jar of fireflies, head bowed.

She helps him to his feet.

“Thank you, my darling,” he says, raising his head to reveal a mutated face, more becoming fox than man.

Carefully unscrewing the jar lid, he releases the fireflies, who spellbindingly illuminate a gateway between the trees.

The pair pass through the gateway, vanishing into the darkness, before reappearing beside a solitary oak, he now a handsome young prince.