

DEVELOP [2]

MIST
BRIDGE

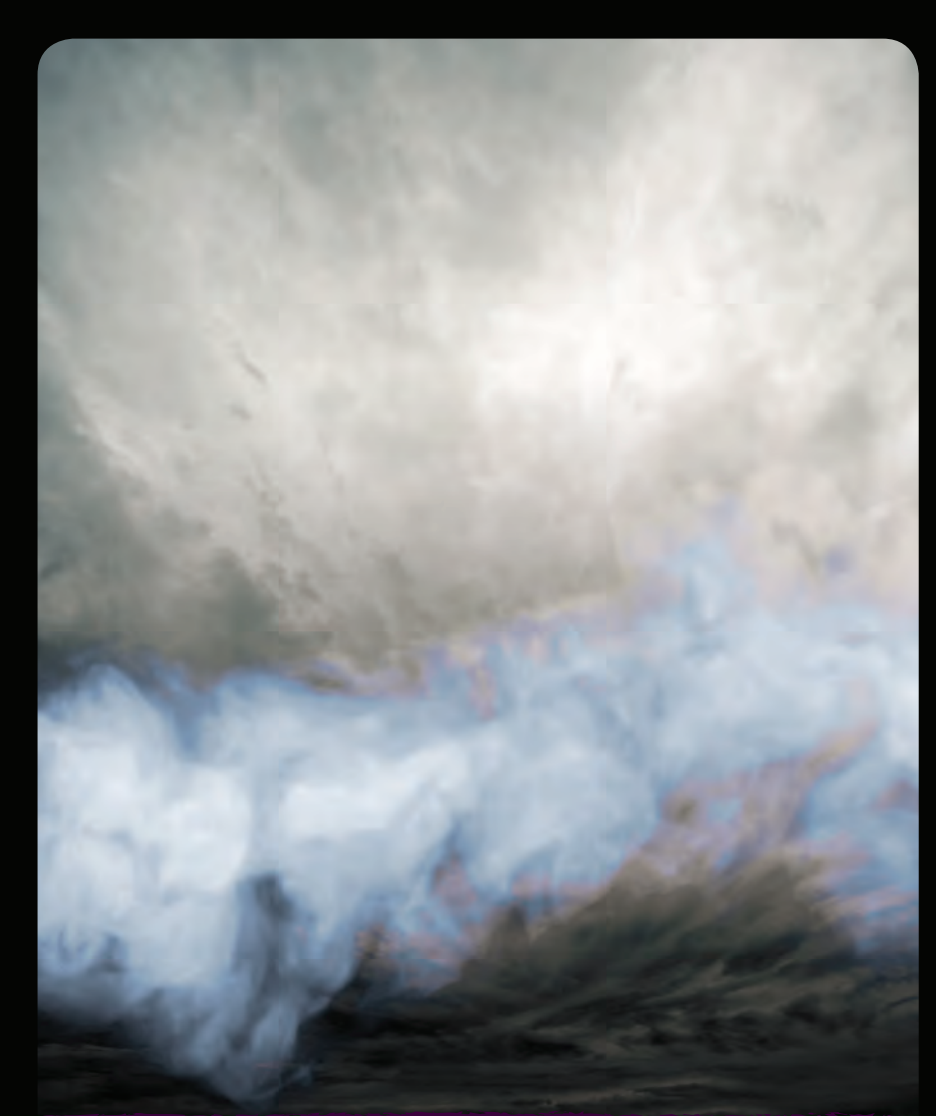




Trent and Gail lean on the wall.
He hugs her close.
Then he plants a kiss on her lips.



Gail laughs.
“Stop it.
I need to get home.”



All at once, the day dims to dusk.
A damp mist twines around them.

Gail spies a trace of white.
Then she sees a wisp of limp *hair*.
There, by the big tree.





Bumps rise on her skin.
“Did you see that?”