



# Feastival

by Terence James Eeles

## LEFT.

Left left left—with a bent back and spiked veins, I slide the tour bus door left. But as the door groans sideways, one of her grey pixie-boots kick in, wedging the threshold...

Then her pretty fingers crawl through—those cupcake nails—pulling the door ajar...

And finally her right hand slinks past... pale knuckles, wrist and forearm... widening the gap.

So I grip the bar tighter and shunt even harder.

*Sorry*, I mouth to Fruity through the window, trapping her forearm with a queasy click.

“Told you she was rotten,” hollers Livvy down the tour bus, her voice ricocheting between laminated wood and tinted windows.