

Favorite Short Pieces



Woke up at nine but still tired.

Checked on hazel and cleaned her up.

Worked on homework- so much homework.

Finally free time. Well deserved, too.

Sister requesting some game time together.

I agree. I really liked it

It's Dinner time- finally no reheats

Time for bed. Talk all night



There was a gas station, and like all gas stations it provided cars with gasoline. This one had a store that sold products, one being hostess dingdongs. One time the gas station started a fire, and Bob Ross showed up to let everyone know that everything was being figured out. The fire department showed up and put the fire out, saving the city. Willy continued with his day and walked home to play zombie 3



“Where does this lead?”

“Nowhere good.”

We stood at the end of a dark tunnel, our hearts racing as we gazed at the vast darkness ahead. The military had told us we were the only ones who could save humanity, save the world from the extraterrestrial forces.

My friend and I didn't know why, or how, we could ever stop such a thing, the government refused to fill us in, but we were determined to do what was right.

“What's that?” My friend asked, her voice shaking.

From the depths of the tunnel glared a small, green, eerie light.



Once upon a time, there was a man named Gene Kelly who sang and danced. He made musicals. Then one day, nobody liked musicals. Gene tried other things, like horror and sci-fi, but was no good. He needed money.

“I know!” he exclaimed. “I will do commercials!”

Gene Kelly tried out a commercial. It was for Gary’s Gasoline. It was a hit. Next, he landed a Hostess cupcake gig.

With all the money he made, Gene treated himself to a gift – tap shoes. The country may not want to see musicals, but no one could stop him from dancing.



“Where does this lead?” “Nowhere good.” I stood in-front of a towering gate formed from a heavy golden mist. I knew where this door led, I had been here before, but not in this life. I stepped to the door, put my hand against it and pushed through. As many times as I’d been through it, it still felt strange like walking through ice cold rain. I would’ve been terrified by the monster I saw on the other side if I hadn’t seen it before, alas I had, I clenched my teeth, sword and shield in hand, prepared to fight.



“Where does this lead?”

“Nowhere good.”

“You sure?”

“Unless you desire being split into millions of tiny interdimensional pieces and thrown across the universe, I suggest not stepping there.”

“How about that one?” The young girl said, pointing towards a spiraling and twisted violet door.

The spritely woman beside the girl paused, her face becoming pensive.

“Ah. The man-eating flower field... Move along, we don't have much time.”

“But grandmother! You never let me see the Hallway of Doors,” she whined.

“Don't dawdle, we're going to miss it. AH! Here we are.”

Before the two stood a glowing circle-shaped door.



"Where does this lead?"

"Nowhere good."

The path through the forest was narrow. It quivered with spots of light and malevolence.

"Do you know where it leads?"

"Nope."

"Why are we going then?"

I turned to look around at my companion. They were slightly out of breath, as the terrain underfoot was uneven. Their eyes met mine, and I found their gaze obscured with indecision.

"It's probably better if you don't ask questions."

Turning around, I could hear them behind me, scrambling ineptly over the slippery rocks. The fate that lay ahead of them would be no fault of mine.



“Where does this lead?” I asked, “Nowhere good.” my friend replied as we walked down the dark path unsure of where it leads. I asked my friend "why are we doing this? Like there's no reason to do this other than for kicks," my friend replied "well, no one knows what's at the end of this tunnel". We could be the first people to see the end". We made it deeper and deeper into the tunnel and began to see light Pierce the darkness. "There's the end my friend" exclaimed, but as we got closer we saw the light fade.



Where does this lead?

Nowhere good?

Two roads in the woods

To those

I suppose

who chose

the new roads

These roads

And their secrets

stay misunderstood

Walk them

They blossom

Unfold

Like spring's first new rose

exposing their secrets

To those that can't see

To those who are gone

And to those left to mold

These woods and their roads

Stay cryptic as Japanese codes

Mystical cognitive incidents

Painted in physical verdure

Their enticement can't be a coincidence

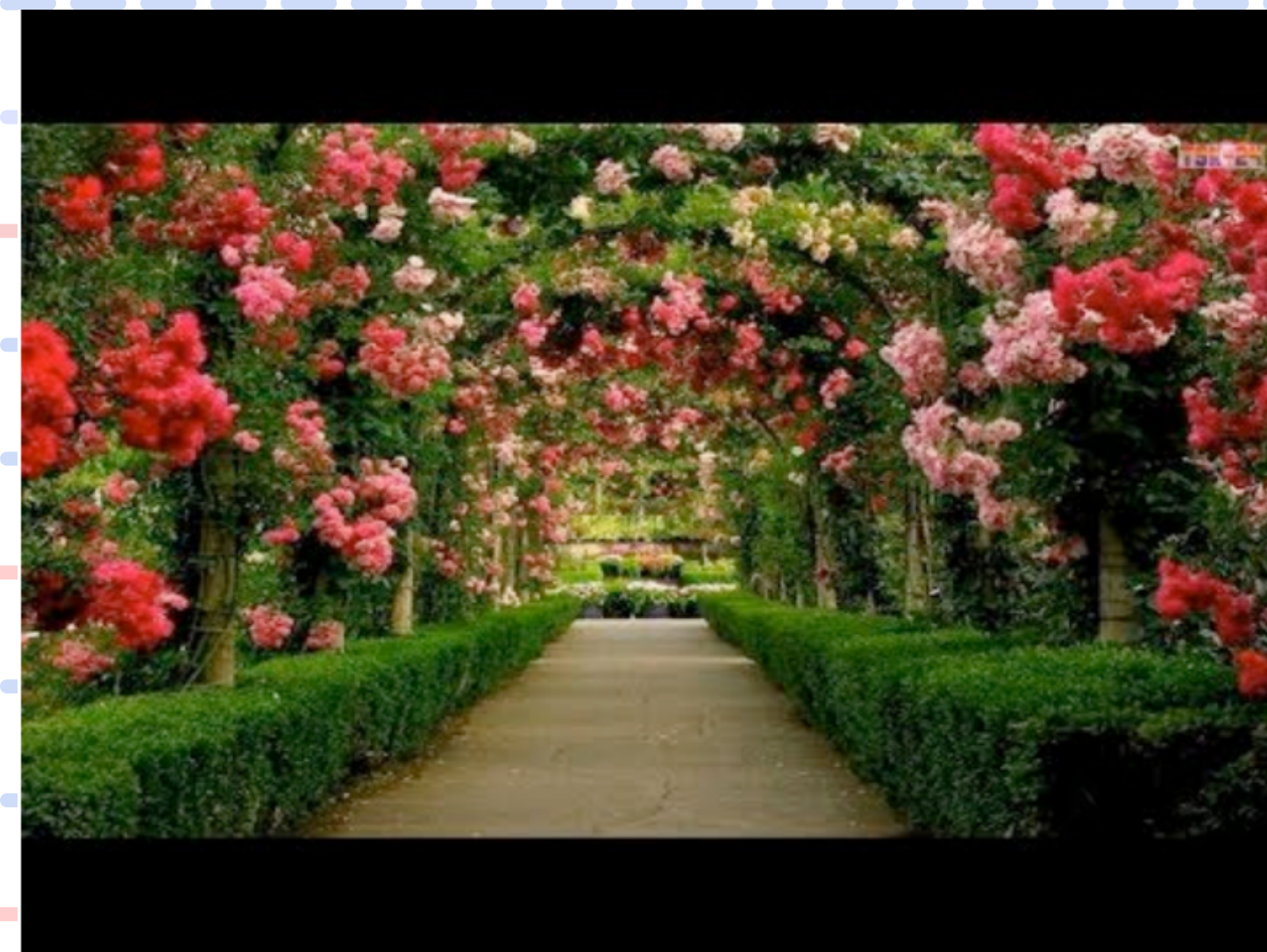
Haunting and mythical

Monsters endure

In the woods

And they whisper the words of the past

They curse and they laugh



“Where does this lead?”

“Nowhere good.” The lieutenant glanced over his shoulder. “But we have no choice.”

To support that, gunfire flew toward the men.

“Let’s move,” the lieutenant barked, pushing the young private down the wooded path.

The private stumbled forward. “Will this lead to our unit?”

No, he thought, but knew better than say as much. “Hopefully it won’t be Jerry.”

The private stopped and looked back at the lieutenant. “Jerry? You know my cousin?”

The lieutenant sighed, as bullet whizzed past. He gave the private a shove.

“No, and let’s keep it that way. Move it!”



Handwriting practice lines on the left side of the page, consisting of four sets of three horizontal lines (top solid red, middle dashed blue, bottom solid red).



Handwriting practice lines on the right side of the page, consisting of four sets of three horizontal lines (top solid red, middle dashed blue, bottom solid red).



I woke up this morning with the goal to get through the day, just one more day, every single day. I swig bitter coffee and don worn jeans and bright reflective jacket before driving to my construction site.

I know that Jesus Christ had hardened hands from a life of touching metal and wood, and he hung on a cross made of wires and pipes, and his blood was gasoline. I know God was a working man, and I know there's a bit of him in me. Makes dying in blue jeans and dirty boots a bit more noble somehow.



A late start fogs the brain.

The window creaks, fresh air surrounds,

Sips of tea, music rings out.

The work begins, and never ends,

The sun peaks, then softly falls.

Visitors knock, laughter flows, adventures commence.

Days never the same as before,

Pages flipped, words read, worlds opened.

Warm meals at the table together,

Καληνύχτας and I love you's exchanged.



I plucked the strings with my shaking fingers, the vibrations ringing as light and softly as a feather. The stage lights were hot and glaring, as if a fire was hovered above my head. I swallowed nervously, the music running through me. I grasped onto my blue guitar pick, it's warm, plastic covering giving me a comforting feeling. I was wonderful.

But then came time for a solo. A solo? I stared at the audience for a moment, I can't let my fans down!

And I didn't. My fingers swept across the fretboard like a skier on a snow hill.



Woke up much too late, again.

Got myself ready for the day

Stretched out to sooth the body

There's happiness in the birds chirp

Doing meliora homework because I procrastinate

Made myself lunch so feed the body

My shelf fell, now I fix

Folding laundry and cleaning my room

The day is over once again

There's never enough time in a day



The smoke swirled around me. Everything was gone. My house had burned down and I was standing in shock. The fan must have overheated and caught fire. A single white feather floated amongst the ashes, although turning gray, somehow it became a metaphor in my eyes. Where will I go now? What will become of me? Thankfully I had my wallet and phone on me when I left. Maybe I could live. Maybe even thrive once again. Suddenly a mysterious humanoid shadow walked silently up from behind me, grabbed my shoulder and pulled me into the dark night. . .



“Do you want your receipt?”

“What receipt?”

“This receipt.”

“That receipt?”

“Yes.”

“Yes?”

“Yes.”

“I’m fine without it.”

“Take the receipt I don’t want it.”



“I’m nothing,” Tuesday wailed.

Monday frowned. “You’re my friend! Without you, I’d be next to Wednesday.”

“What’s wrong w’dat?” Wednesday wiped his nose on his hand.

Monday sniffed. “Exactly.”

Tuesday sighed. “I’m pointless. Monday starts the work week. Wednesday is hump day. Thursday is next to Friday, and everybody loves Friday. Then there’s Saturday and Sunday – the weekend is always fun.”

Monday eyed Tuesday. “What are you going to do?”

Tuesday jumped to his feet. “I’m not going to be the boring day of the week anymore. I’m going to work for Taco Palace!”

And so, Taco Tuesday was born!



Tuesday heard the slam of a door as Monday rushed through the front entrance way of the house. Monday tiredly walked down the hallway to their room and Tuesday knew it was time for their shift. Tuesday lazily stood up from bed and began to walk towards the front door. Tuesday was usually a quiet day and usually snuck under the radar of plans and worries, although it could sometimes be tiresome to get through. As things began to quiet down Tuesday meandered back to the house so that Wednesday could take over the shift, for Tuesday's time was up.



I'm somewhat an outcast. I prefer to think of myself as a recluse, but the truth is I was excluded long ago. Newcomers quickly learn of my tale and are told to stay away, and they do, because no one wants to die.

The ones that do come, however, have nothing to lose and nothing to live for. Those are the ones who would wander into a bog because they wondered for a fleeting second what it felt like, or stand underneath a falling tree and wonder if they should move out of the way.

Those are the ones I welcome.



I was looking for the code to a lost safe rumored to have a map to the holy grail, passed down from generation to generation until it made it to the personal safe of Jeff Basose. I stuck past the guard by coming in from a window, then I quietly picked to lock on the safe, I slowly opened it to reveal \$50 all of that for 50. Then I noticed something behind the bill...



I opened my kitchen cabinet, in search of crackers for my cheese. Instead, I found a notepad and pen, with a fifty-dollar bill on top.

“Dear Natasha,” it read, “Only you can complete this mission. You must use the included laser-beam pen and funds for expenses. Travel posthaste to 5181 Main Street for more information. Be discreet.

The fate of the free world is in your hands. Good luck!”

I took the notepad and flipped the page over. On the backside was a grocery list.

“Yay...” I mumbled. “My turn to go shopping.”



Completely isolated, the small red cottage, amongst all white-blue of winter, struggled, to stay together.

The wind is unforgiving on this small hut. No one here for company, nothing around for miles.



With flurries in their eyes, and chills through their bones, they trudged forward. Stinging pains crept through their whole body, when they finally saw billowing smoke in the distance. Like a rose amongst jasmine, a scarlet cottage had been hidden in the icy dunes. The house had a golden glow coming from its lone window, but oddly, not a single door. As they took a step onto the frozen pond to reach the house, they began to flip, along with the whole landscape. The cottage's grayed reflection in the pond had spun upright taking them to the warm world beneath.



The men featured in this beautiful artwork is a representation of how the system is only benefiting the already wealthy while the less fortunate are forced to work only to be stuck in an inescapable prison of life. Take note of the size of their dinner and the contents of the plate. That my friends is that now onto this beautiful picture of a house on a lake or this bill in a safe.



How can I describe this family? The Mashers had a buttery way about them, sometimes they were salty about things, but always a pleasant treat.



Baby tater was sitting in the family field. Come fall, the family would multiply by the millions. Three-fourths would go to the machine out back...



A laugh track played as Mr. Mash and his entire family took center stage. They looked around at the live audience as the laughter quieted.



“Do you think what lies beyond is frightening?”

“No, no I wouldn't say so.”

“Well I suppose I'll be needing to leave now, safe travels.”



A single crimson feather floated down in a spiral until it landed gently onto the marble palace floor. Dancing shoes barely managed to avoid trampling the resting plume. The bubbly laughter and warm melodies playing began to deafen once people noticed the feather. Panic raced through the guests as they looked towards the sky, searching for the source of the bright omen. One woman in a pale-colored dress dropped her lace fan and screamed once she saw the burning phoenix looming above. In a colorful display, the bird smoldered into ashes that fell to the floor, leaving the palace aflame.



A fire burned underneath me, so close I felt the heat on my stomach. I had to reach the door alive, but more important was the ancient fan I'd been sent in here to find.

I felt a brush on my hand and looked down to see a feather, which had seemingly appeared out of nowhere. I picked it up carefully. It was soft and shiny beneath my fingers, a signal of hope.

Sure enough, as I scanned the floor, I spotted the fan laying directly under me, covered in dark runes. I needed to get it out of here.



"You shouldn't have picked up the phone."

"I know. But I did."

"You're leaving, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"But we have so much left to do."



I hate always waking up early

I treasure the days I don't

I always stay up very late

I know its probably not good

I live for small enjoyable moments

Hours snatched and hard worked for

Thats the real me then; authentic

I can truly live those moments

Mindfully, without regret, and with joy

Will life always be like this?



“Hello!”

“Hello!”

“This bench is cold”

“It’s winter, of course it's cold”

“Damn right.”

“My bus arrived!”

“Have a good journey!”

“Goodbye, Stay Warm!”

“Thanks!”



A man clenched his phone.

“I’ll unleash the virus tonight.”

A dog growled.

A cat hissed back haughtily.

A candle shatters in the brawl.

Ignition.



The world is crumbling around the duo. A dog and cat, an unlikely friendship. They must find a way to save the world. The end



Welcome, servants of Colloran. Today, I am here to teach you about the three kings you will be working for, and how to feed them. Let's start.



The first king – the Grand King – rules over everything. He is served a platter big enough to feed a city for a week.

The second is the Middling King. Since he rules a province of Colloran, he is only given a plate of food that can feed one family dinner.

The third and final king is the Petite King, who rules one town, like Dos Caballos. He shall be served a child-size portion.



Two kings sat next to each other in a tension so thick it could be cut with a knife. They both looked around wondering when their food would arrive, as the two kings had made a wager. This wager was to see whose cook could construct a dish befitting royalty, and the country of the winner would receive much needed food, risking the prosperity of their country. The first chef walked out and presented his dish, then came the second chef. The royal courts decided the winner, the first chef's dish was an unequivocal masterpiece, the other chef had lost.



Led Zeppelin played on the radio,
We drove down the busy expressway,
Stopping for coffee & expensive gas,
We reached the museum of dinosaurs,
It was fun, intriguing & nerdy,
We saw fossils, bones and tools,
A child pulled the fire alarm,
The loud siren rattled me much,
Not one, but two trucks arrived,
We learned it a false alarm,
So then we went back inside.

