

CREATIVE WRITING

WHAT IS FLASH FICTION?

- Flash fiction contains classic story elements (protagonist, conflict, obstacles or complications, and resolution) from beginning, middle, to end.
- Flash fiction has a word count between 100 to 1,500 words.
- Flash fiction ends with a twist that will surprise or shock the reader or change the expected outcome of the story.
- Flash fiction has only one or two characters (three at most), has only one setting, and only one conflict.
- Because flash fiction is so short, flash fiction relies on the reader to fill in the gaps.

THE GATES OF ALFHEIM

by McKay Smith

Kirito's sword clanged against the sword of another fairy. He dodged and parried, avoiding the sharp point. The fairy swung around, trying to gain power for a big move. This was Kirito's chance to strike. He thrust out his sword. It cut through the other fairy's yellow armor easily. The fairy fell out of the clouds.

Kirito moved down slowly, searching for the body.

FEATURING

- ▶ **McKay Smith**
- ▶ **Sydney Johnson**
- ▶ **Kate Bennett**
- ▶ **Robby Lapray**
- ▶ **Carter Flory**
- ▶ **Hannah Hanks**
- ▶ **Ramsey Anderson**
- ▶ **Javier Thompson**

I hope I didn't do too much damage, he thought.

Kirito found the body and tried to get what he could from it. Food, water, some magic ingredients, but nothing much. He looked around. He still had some time to kill until she came back.

He sat on the grass, waiting for his friend to appear. He slowly leaned back until he was laying down on the wet field. The sun warmed his face. Despite the repetition, he loved this place. He slowly closed his eyes and started to

drift off to sleep.

“Ready to go?” It was his earth fairy friend, Leafa, returning from getting supplies from a nearby merchant.

He stood up. “Yeah.”

“We have to hurry and get to the town before the night falls,” Leafa reminded him.

“I know,” Kirito replied.

His black wings unfurled out of the back of his black armor. Leafa’s did too, and they slowly rose. They took off, speeding through the air. The wind felt good on his face.

“Flying makes me happy,” he said to Leafa.

She got a confused look on her face, “What’s...happy?”

He smiled sadly. But Kirito knew what Leafa was going to say next. “Look behind you!”

He tried to act surprised as he turned around and replied, “Oh no, Scorpions!”

The rogue tribe of fire fairies rose slowly behind them and chased them. But Kirito knew what to do. He ducked and swiped with his sword, almost routinely, knowing where the Scorpions would try to strike him. Kirito yawned as he finished them off.

He and Leafa landed. The gates loomed before them.

“Got the key?” Leafa asked.

Kirito took the key out of his pocket and jammed it in the lock. The gates boomed as they tried to swing open. Finally, he might be able to pass this quest. He almost got a look at the city beyond the gates when the whole landscape started to vibrate. Kirito knew what that meant. He sighed. This *always* happened.

The message popped up before him in orange letters: *Kirito Kurosaki, come here now!*

He sighed.

Kirito’s avatar dissolved as he logged out of the virtual reality game, and trudged downstairs to do his homework.

The Imposter

by Sydney Johnson

Ellie ran the brush through her doll’s hair and hummed to her favorite Disney song. It was 3 o’clock in the afternoon; preschool had ended at 2. Ellie’s mom was the one that picked her up and now she was downstairs reading the romantic novel, *Safe Haven*.

Ellie stood up and went downstairs. She walked past the Harry Potter closet beside her room on her way down the stairs. Her mom was lying on the couch eating Ben and Jerry’s ice cream and watching the *Safe Haven* movie.

“Mommy, did you finish your book?”

“Yes, baby. Want to watch the rest of the movie with me?”

“No, but can I have a snack?”

“Dinner will be soon, can you wait a teensy bit longer?”

“Yeah, I’ll be in my room.”



"I love you baby."

"Love you too, Mommy!" Ellie skipped up the stairs. She loved that her mom would call her baby. She was desperate for food though. She continued playing dolls for the next 30 minutes until she couldn't stand it anymore. She dropped her doll to go downstairs until she remembered the cookie they made in preschool. She munched on that to settle her stomach for now. She got bored of dolls and started to play with her make-up and turned on her favorite Disney song.

"Wet it go! Wet it go!" Ellie sang her little heart out and put blue eye-shadow on along with purple lipstick. She listened to "Let It Go" over and over.

"Elizabeth," shouted her mom, "time for dinner." Ellie was never called Elizabeth, only when she was in trouble; her mom usually called her baby. She slowly started to walk out of the room. She was yanked into the closet next to her room and a sweaty hand covered her mouth.

Her mom whispered, "It's okay baby, I heard it too."

Amber Eyes

by Kate Bennett

I smiled as I walked home from school that day. It was a short week. I turned the corner down my street and paraded in the front door. My mom was still at work, but there was a note on the fridge saying:

Mellie,

I promised the neighbors that you would feed their cat while they were out of town

tonight. They left the key for you on the trays. Can you please do that now so you can go to the movies later?

Thanks!

Love, Mom

I huffed as I dropped my backpack, grabbed the key, and walked outside across the street to where the new neighbors lived. I inserted the key into the lock, heard it click, and pushed it open.

The main room was nice, natural lighting, geometric designs, all that stuff my mother would talk about for hours. I shuffled towards the kitchen and saw a huge bag of cat food and the biggest bowl I had ever seen. I bent over and found a note scribbled on the bag.

Four cups of this, and there is some meat in the bottom shelf in the freezer. Just leave it the food bowl downstairs and then Amber and Spots will find it. Thanks Again! -The Walkers P.S._

I didn't need to read on. I followed the instructions on the note and carried the full, giant bowl down the stairs to the cluttered basement. It seemed very warm and the air was thick and humid. There was a large door, with a heavy doorknob. I shrugged and pulled open the door, slipping the food along the floor. The inside of the fence looked strange, with fake palm tree looking things and jungle-y underbrush. I squinted at the bushes as I saw two pairs of amber-gold eyes staring at me. I screamed like a little girl, slammed the door, and ran upstairs and out through the door. As I ran, the note fluttered to the floor.

P.S_ Hope you don't mind, but Mr. Walkers is a zoologist. :) Thanks again!!



Silence

by Robby Lapray

I woke up, and checked my calendar hanging on the wall. *Yep, it's still 2123*, I thought.

Every morning I would check my calendar, because every once in a while my sister, Jane, who was 16, would trick me into thinking that there wasn't school when there really was. (High school didn't start until 9 which was really unfair.)

I also checked my watch; it said that it was 7:20. It was time to head to school.

I clomped down the stairs trying to purposely wake my sister up. Once I was in the kitchen, I could already hear her groaning. I threw open the pantry and grabbed the box of corn flakes off of the bottom shelf. I also got the gallon of milk out of the fridge that was starting to get warmer. We wouldn't start receiving power for another 40 minutes.

I gobbled my cornflakes down and grabbed my backpack off of its hanger right as my sister came out of her room looking just like a zombie.

My shoes were on my feet by the time she reached me. *This better be quick, I thought, or I might be late.*

"Mornin'," I said looking at her tired eyes.

Then, very slowly, in her quiet early morning groan she managed to say, "Trevor, today is Saturday." Then she trudged back into her room and closed the door leaving me standing there, in silence.

The Nedusa

by Carter Flory

It has been almost a century since the nuclear bomb had been used by the Nedusa species to attack and destroy the Earth. Just thinking about the Nedusa makes me throw up in my mouth. The Nedusa is a grey and grim alien species. They have the power to turn its target into stone like Medusa from Greek Mythology.

It was all in the papers that a rocket had been stolen from NASA and that the one Nedusa left alive had escaped the orbit and gone to Mars for cloning. At that time, I started construction on the S.S. Coria. It was a massive space rocket fitting over two thousand people. I used a cruise ship for design.

Oh sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. I am Ethan Barns. I am a scientist that once worked for the Russian Space Program.

Screech!

"Quiet down Fred!" I yell downstairs. Fred is my friend. He saved me from the Nedusa when they tried to kill me. Fred is.. well.. an alien. Fred is the one who lived from the other alien species, Yeyva, who is not existing anymore. No matter. Time to launch into hyperspace.

Screech!

"We are now approaching the orbit of the Uranio Galaxy. Over," I repeat into the speaker.

After a couple of minutes a voice comes on and says, "Big Dipper we have an emergency."

"Now what?!" I yell.

The microphone goes static when he talks. "A--- alee---in-- ship hass--- take-- oveerr-- Torfey---"

Even though it is static I can tell that he is serious. "Do you read me? Eletry!" They don't answer. "Peachy.."

Fred pats me on the back. *Screech!*

"Yep," I reply. "We only have six more ships until we are literally utterly destroyed."

Then a man walks in wearing a blue shirt with a black hat pointed.

"Sir," he says.

"What is it now?"

"The Nedusa have caught the position of our ship and are planning attack this very moment."

"Send the guards in the speeders and then fire the machine guns at the star ship."

"That is the thing sir. We don't know where it is. They have a cloaking device protecting them followed by a three kilometer wide electric force field."

"Hmm... They must have got that from the Eletry ship. Very well. I will send a message to the Trom ship and they will use the science shield to find them."

The commander nods then salutes and runs out the door.

I pick up the microphone and press a button and begin talking with the Trom. "Trom do you read me?" No answer. "I repeat, Trom do you read me?" Nothing.

Static comes from the microphone. A new voice comes on instead of the captain. A dark and deep voice begins to talk. "Hello, Coria." It echoes through the halls and I know

that it is also on the main deck and everywhere else on the ship. "You have done well. You have fought for your planet and now the Nedusa has wiped out all ships and signs of life except for your hunk of junk you call a ship." I hear fire but stay to listen.

"You can't stop this powerful race of aliens. We are unstoppable. We are on your ship right as we speak. You cannot find us. We are fire. We are death."

Then five commanders suddenly rush into the room trying to speak but I silence them. They stand there. There is gunfire and I look out the window and see our turrets blow up into a million pieces.

"Also one more thing. We left a housewarming gift. It is called a bomb. I feel it will give an explosive ending to our battle." He chuckles. Which turns into laughing. I know at that second he isn't laughing at a joke.

I lift up the radio and open my mouth to speak. "So Mr. Deep voice dude. When will this bomb blow up?"

"Oh... Lemme check the time. Now."

And at that second the last thing I hear is ticking and BOOM!



The Key

by Hannah Hanks

"Dang stinking key," says a voice on the other side of the bush he was walking by. He looks around the bush and sees a girl with burgundy hair, struggling with the lock on her door.

"May I help you?" he asks politely. She lets out a scream as she covers her heart with her hand.

"Oh dear. You scared me, and yes, you may help me."

"What is the problem?"

"Well you see, my key won't go in the lock, so I'm thinking that my mother changed the locks today while I was at work," she says letting it all out in a breath.

"Um okay, but why would she change the locks and not tell you?" he asks, feeling a bit confused.

"She did tell me, but she just wasn't sure about when she wanted to do it," she answers.

"What should we do? Do you have your phone because if so, then can we just call your mom?" he asks, walking over and examining her key and the lock to see if she was just putting it in the wrong way.

"I left my phone at home because I forgot to charge it and it was dead," she says kinda shyly.

"Is there a back door that is open or a window?"

She shakes her head no. Well this is just great. He sits there thinking about it. Maybe if he can find an open window or one that is not locked then maybe he can get in and unlock

the door from the inside.

"I have an idea. If we just find a window, you can give me a boost and then I'll jump up onto the roof-" his voice cutting off by the sound of glass being shattered. He looks to see that the girl threw a rock at the front door window causing it to shatter.

"Or we could do it like that," he adds astounded, looking at the mess.

She looks at him with a smile on her face. "Sorry, but your rambling got boring so I just figured I would throw a rock at it and break it." She says it like it's no big deal.

"Now that you are in, are you gonna be safe?" he asks.

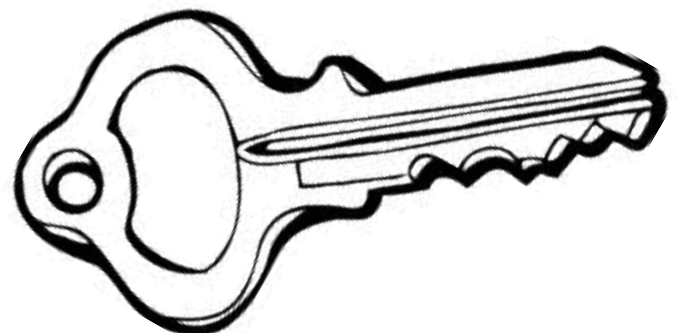
"If it wouldn't be too much trouble, could you maybe come in and check to see if the coast is clear?" she says as she unlocks the door, looking back at him waiting for his reply. He only nods.

As they enter her house they can hear police sirens in the distance. Odd. He follows the girl when suddenly she stops which causes him to almost trip over her.

"Oops, silly me," she says laughing lightly.

"What?" he asks, growing worried as the sirens get closer.

"This isn't even my house," she states, laughing as she walks out of the house into the dark night leaving him standing there speechless.



Something Terrible

by Ramsey Anderson

I awoke to the smell of warm maple syrup and the sizzling of salty bacon on the stove, the sun reaching its bright rays through my window. Quickly, I dressed and walked into the kitchen, eyeing the fluffy pancakes dad had made.

Mom was already gone, and dad was putting on his shoes, moving sluggishly while he drank his mug of hot chocolate. I noticed the skin around his eyes was red, tear streaks marked down his face.

"Dad, are you okay?" I asked hesitantly, not wanting to upset him. No reply came, not even a clue that he had heard me. Turning his back to me, he pulled the door open and left, without even a backward glance. Coming to the conclusion that he had merely gotten up on the wrong side of the bed, I shrugged, quickly downing my breakfast, and heading outside.

Sighing, I knocked on Emma's door once more. Nobody answered, so I hopped down her porch steps, breathing into the frosty December air. That was when I heard her door creak open, accompanied by her sniffs, as she ran down the sidewalk.

"Hey Em!" I said, glad she was able to walk with me. She said nothing, but with her head lowered, walked right past me. I instantly wondered what I had done to make her upset to the point of silence.

"Em, you okay?" Not a word came out of her mouth. Great. She and dad both wouldn't bother to talk to me. I couldn't think of anything I had done to deserve that. Sighing, I

walked down the snow-covered sidewalk and into the school, glad to be relieved of the chilly morning air and the awkward silence between me and my friend.

I slung my backpack over my shoulder, hanging it in my locker, and ran to English, knowing I would be late. Though I arrived seconds after the bell sounded, I received no lecture from Ms. Benson. In fact, she didn't even bother to give me that scolding look she was famous for.

When I raised my hand to ask her a question, she looked right past me, as if to say, "I don't have time for your silly questions," and moved on to the next subject.

In math, when I impatiently blurted the answer out to the class, not a person seemed to notice, not even Mrs. Draper.

By this time, I was beginning to get irritated with all my teachers and Emma, who had most likely convinced every other friend of mine to give me the "silent treatment" as well.

Giving an exasperated huff, I slammed my locker, swinging my lunch box around. Suddenly, it flew out of my hands, my sandwich, chips, and cookie landing spread out on the cold lunchroom floor. I could have sworn dozens of people passed, but not even the nicest girls stopped to help me pick up my lunch. I clenched my jaw. This really was turning out to be the worst day ever.

Tears stinging my eyes, I stood up, walking swiftly toward my spot at our table. The only problem was that my spot had apparently become Kaitlin Andrews' spot, her perfect chocolate-brown curls bouncing up and down as she chattered endlessly to Emma, laughing and smiling. I rolled my eyes, taking a seat by the end of the table, and placing my

head in my hands. No one asked if I was okay. Nobody even looked at me.

Finally deciding I didn't feel hungry, I tossed my sandwich in the trash. As I was walking away, I caught the strangest words coming out of Ashley's mouth. "It's not the same without her." Glancing back, I caught sight of Emma, her head turning to the side, tears welling up in her eyes. I knew that look. It was how she looked when she was trying desperately not to cry. What was wrong with her today? Turning my back, I stomped away, glad to be rid of her.

I sighed as I opened the door, feeling the lump in my throat, tears threatening to spill down my face like a rainstorm. Emma hadn't even waited for me after school. My mind raced, trying to think of what I could have done to her that sparked this neglect. Another question came to mind. I had seen all my friends sitting at the table that morning, yet Ashley seemed to think someone was missing. The depressed look that played across Emma's face was unmistakable.

Walking inside, I saw the most unnerving sight of all. Mom sat on the kitchen chair, with Dad's arms around her, both their shoulders shaking. I could make out their desperate cries, the mourning clear in each of their voices. My heart stopped as I braced myself for the shocking news. Someone had died. I knew it.

Taking a shaky breath, and already feeling my eyes well up, I stepped forward and tapped Dad on the shoulder. He didn't seem to notice.

"Um, Mom, Dad, are you guys okay?" No reply came.

"Dad," I tried, a little louder.

By this time I was raging, trying to figure

out what happened, why they were ignoring me.

"DAD, ANSWER ME," I screamed, tears beginning to slide down my face, stinging my cheeks.

This must be something terrible. Maybe they just needed some time. Heaving a deep sigh, I began slowly walking toward my bedroom. That was when I heard the sentence that arose so many questions in my head.

"I just... I just... miss K-Kaylee," which was followed by an unsteady breath. Then, I made out my dad's voice, which indicated he had been crying as well. "I know, me too."

A thousand questions raced through my mind, and when I opened my bedroom door, it became clear. A chill ran down my spine as I spotted my bed, with my still body remaining in it.

The Snatchers

by Javier Thompson

Wherrreeee's the bacon! Oh, that tree smells good. Find the meat shop, so so hungry. Run run run. Oh, move cars, you're in my way. Chase the cat. Ah dang, I can't jump that high. Stop getting side-tracked. Find food. Child with the hat, why are you touching me? You smell like food.

Boy is riding bike. Follow bike. Man this human is fast. Hey, slow down man! I'm going on an empty stomach. Where is this boy going? There is a truck there. The man inside has a treat! Whoa, why are you closing the door? NEEDLE! Bite bite bite! Ohhhhh, snap! Can I have another shot of thaa... No no no no! I hate cages . . .