



**Proudly Presents:**



**May 10, 2014**



Flash fiction, micro-fiction, sudden fiction...Whatever you'd like to call it, know this: These stories are short (and we mean short), intense (imagine a novel crossed with a haiku), and powerful (whether they're illuminating a single moment or a whole life).

We started by writing 20 word introductions about a friend, which is much harder than it sounds. How do you introduce somebody in 20 words or less? We quickly learned that we needed to choose the perfect words and the most important details to describe our friend.

Then we brainstormed a list of important elements in fiction and talked about how flash fiction stories use these same elements but in a special way. We discussed what **Flash Fiction IS...**

...6 to 1000 words long (depending on who you ask)

...a fiercely condensed story, a *FLASH!* of a story that erupts on the page, burns brightly, and is gone...

...more like a poem than a typical short story:  
Every. Word. Matters.

...are often confined to a single moment in time

...MEMORABLE: “Finding a good flash is like sighting a comet!”

As well as what **Flash Fiction IS NOT...**

...a joke—it can be funny, but it should make your reader *think* and *feel* too!

...an anecdote—anecdotes are told because they are interesting and funny in themselves...but they end there.

...a poem—there should be a STORY behind those beautiful words!

...a fragment—a description of a character or an event is merely that—a description.

...EASY!

Finally, we wrote our own flash fiction stories, which you can read here. We really hope you enjoy them!

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## **Wild**

By Kayla T.

I had been waiting for this moment for years, ever since I heard my dad boasting about the dangerous animals he had caught: a piranha, a young tiger, a poison frog. Yet now as I stepped through the fence that separated the ordinary spectators at Yellowstone National Park from its animals all I felt was fear and dread. I lost my purpose. I felt like nothing would be better than sitting in our warm living room curled up in my favorite chair. "Stop." I summoned my courage out of the depths of my fear, forced my feet to move. After too short a time I found what I had been seeking. The bison. Here was my chance to prove to myself that I, too, am strong and brave. Great hooves pounded the frozen ground. Thump. Thump. Thump. The pounding of the hooves matched the pounding of my heart. The chief bull was running almost past my tree. It was now or never. I threw the rope. The bull was suddenly forced to a stop. I had him. He stared at me, challenging me. I stared back into his wild eyes. I saw the sky, the ice, the wilderness reflected there. In that moment I realized that by

taking an animal away we are taking away their beauty. They are living mirrors of their beautiful habitats. Barely aware of what I was doing, I took my knife and cut him free. He took off running... running... running.



## **The Twister**

By Julia T.

When I go to school I don't even have to walk out the door. To get milk or eggs all I have to do is walk to the barn. But this simple life of a farm girl isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Last Sunday my life fell apart. The sky was crystal clear and sunny all morning. As the afternoon came, however, the sky darkened and the sun slipped behind a cloud. The wind started to howl its mournful tune. My blonde hair started whipping around.

"Come inside Anna!" Ma called and I obliged. In Oklahoma, storms are common but this one was different. The wind whipped harder and faster. I looked out the window and saw a twister. *A twister!*

"In the cellar!" I yelled. We huddled in the dark, dank quiet with Ma and my brother. Finally the wind subsided.

We peeked out; everything was in ruin. The cows were gone, flown somewhere by the wind. The chicken pen was destroyed. No more milk or eggs. The barn was still partially standing, and when I went inside a pitiful moo came from the corner. The cow calf was still alive.

"You know we'll have to sell her," Ma said.

"But that was Pa's calf," I replied.

"What else can we do?"

"Re-build," I said, touching a plank, my determination showing through. My green eyes flashed as I imagined how much easier this would be with Pa. But he's gone, I thought, and we can re-build our life together.

And so we did.

## **Tribute to a Disaster**

By Lindsey W.

"I don't want to go!"

"You don't have a choice!"

"But I don't want to leave them!"

"If you want to stay in a burning building and die, then be my guest. But if you don't want to end up like your parents then come with me!"

"They're really dead?" The little girl in a nightgown sniffed.

"Yes." The man with a face covered in soot sighed. "I tried to save them. I was too late. I'm sorry."

The little girl wailed, and the man picked her up and ran out of the collapsing building that used to be one of the most successful world trade centers in America. The Twin Towers were gone, and so was the hope of the United States.

The little girl whose parents died wasn't the only one who lost family members, friends, relatives. Not many people survived the devastating explosion of the Twin Towers. The girl was one of the few lucky ones. Even though the evidence of the disaster is gone, the memory of the terrible event still lives on in the hearts of millions of Americans. 9/11 is a day that everyone in the United States will remember forever.



# **The Savannah**

By Clary R.

All I hear is the distant deep rumble of the hooves, the thunder of the night. The prairie is alive with the night dwellers. Only wild lies in their solemn hearts. The wild has been unleashed. A victory. A time lapse. The clock out runs them. Time, a thunderstorm.



## **Lollipops In The Sunset**

Hannah W.

They sat in the bottom of the basket; they'd given up standing hours ago. Their picnic basket lay in the ruins around them, the fancy cheese wrappers scraped clean, the last crumbs of crackers shaken into hungry mouths. The champagne empties to wash down the crackers and cheese, the bubbles tickling the unpleasant thoughts already swirling about their angry brains.

"This is your fault," Sally mumbled.

"Look, I'm sorry, I've apologized, and there is nothing to do about it now!"

"You just had to cut the ropes, couldn't think it through first."

"I'm sorry."

They sat sullen as they floated towards the ocean.

## **One Hundred Word Way Station**

By Mary B.

Mail. Shipping. Freight.

It is a windswept territory that seems empty. My feet clatter on wooden floorboards and down the stairs. The sky flashes light under dark clouds, and the grass whips at my boots. Hopeless,

despairing, the men mutter as I pass by, and one tightens his horse's saddle. The urge to ride away is strong, but not having an answer is even greater. How long can I linger until it is time for me to also move on?

"Flip it, dude," my classmate says. "That's a boring picture!"

Mail. Shipping. Freight. I travel on to the next page.

## **Man and Animal**

By John L.

The cool morning silence is punctuated by each drop of the coffee maker. That is all. There is peace. He pours from the carafe to the mug, thinking today will be different. He lifts the cup to his lips and smiles, but the smile quickly fades. He sees the evil squirrel tip-toeing across his fence. The man and the animal lock eyes while the sun slowly rises on this new day.

## Untitled

By Phoenix M.

I walked up the stairs in thirst. I had not had a drink of water all day, and I was terribly dehydrated. I grabbed a cup and turned the sink on, not seeing the sign above my head that said, "SINK CLOGGED DO NOT USE." It was only when my cup was full that I saw the sign, and I tried to turn off the sink. I furiously turned the handle, but nothing happened. The water was filling up the sink quickly and was starting to overflow. It took about fifteen minutes for the water to fill the small café. The water was rising to a height of about four feet, and all of the people that were in the café were now frantically swimming out. "Help! Help!" I heard many voices say. Five minutes later, sirens sounded through my water-clogged ears and firemen started pouring in the once beautiful and warm café. My jet-black hair was soaked and so was the rest of my body. The firemen eventually managed to drain the building, but the café would never be the same. I did finally get my drink of water, except this time I did not overflow a building.

## Untitled

By Kevin P.

The rain was falling in huge destructive drops. I looked around the unfamiliar street, for any place for us to hide out. I swallowed hard, grabbed my brother by his collar and forced the door open. It was dark and dusty, the windows were cracked and black with dirt.

"Why did you bring us here?"

"Me?! This is your fault!"

"You're dumb for listening to me! I'm a kid!"

"This is a dumb argument!"

"You're both dumb!" We jumped. It was a voice we both recognized, our sister. Great. "You guys realllly shouldn't be in here!"

"Why?" our brother immediately shot back at her, "because this place is haunted?"

"What? No, that's stupid--"

A loud slam of a door from, well, somewhere in the building cut her off.

"That was ironic."

"I think you mean 'coincidence.'"

We glared at our brother and started down the dark and dusty hallway.

"Why are you in here?"

"I mean.. this place is cool?"

My brother snorted. I shot him a look.

“I went looking for you guys, I assumed you guys knew this building cut across the block where our parents are.”

“You mean we’re only a block away?”

“So maybe you should listen to me?”

I ignored him.

Streaks of blinding sun poured in as I opened the door. Directly across from where our parents seemed to still be having the same boring conversation that made us want to leave in the first place.

“Hey, cool—hey, where did she go?” We both looked around and.

“ It’s like she--”

“Boo!” she jumped out from behind the door, laughing. “You guys are really gullible--”

The door behind her slammed shut echoing throughout the alley. We shared a look and took off back to our parents as fast as we could.

Check out our 2014 calendar!

## **SUMMER WRITING CAMPS!**

Adventure Tales & Survival Stories, 9am-5pm

At Back Space and all over Denver

June 16-20 (ages 8-11) & July 14-18 (ages 12-15)

## **WORKSHOPS!**

All workshops are from 10am-1pm at Back Space, unless otherwise noted.

August 9: Golden Details

September 13: Two Thumbs Up

October 11: Scary Stories Celebration  
*3pm-6:30pm at the Denver Museum of  
Miniatures, Dolls & Toys*

November 8: Finding the Poetry in an Atom

December 13: Writing as a Gift



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