

What happens? Flash Fiction

What happens when I cease to be
One moment there, and then.....what?
Nothingness, epiphany, glorious white light?
Alexa doesn't know the answer
No good to me then
I fear losing all consciousness
No memory of passing
from one state to another
I will rage against the light
if that is what I see
at the moment of my passing
Some say they will go gladly
Into that dark night,
a release from mortal trials
Me, I'd prefer a pause button
So I could see either side
For a wee while
Dave Thomas

Descriptive setting, taken from " Road To Nowhere"

The flashing neon motel 6 sign was like a bright star in a bleak sky.
It highlighted resting trailers and tankers parked in the vast waterlogged
wasteland.

Testosterone, tanked -up truckers, were at play with the scantily- clad locals
over at the rowdy bar.

Springsteen vocals were speaking their truth. A shabby low level dollar- store
had noisy teens sharing cans outside it. This tableau of late night silhouettes
fluttered, a rainbow reflection in the muddy puddles. Fluorescent rainbow oil
swirls floated around them. An unexpected moment of beauty, captured in
contrast to the barren urban reality.

C. Pemberton

Dialogue (short Extract from a post -Grenville Tower story)

“Adil!”

A sideways glance, shoulders lurched sharply forwards rejecting and ignoring me.
He pulled back and stood back dramatically staring at his shoulder where I had placed my
hand. I tried to ignore the provocative snarl to his full Nigerian lips and watched his eyes
move up to mine while his head stayed downcast. Slowly he faced me. Standing stock
still he scanned me in slow motion from head to toe.

His friends were his audience as he feigned submissive pupil..

“Oh ...k SIR, did you want to ...talk to me... SIR?”

Smirking, Adil bobbed his head sarcastically left and right as he spoke, that in turn gave
him more power.

“You didn’t come to our meeting !Be there today at 4 pm! - last chance! “

“Yea whoa- Evver ”

Adil put on headphones and turned his back, concluding the interaction.

“Show me you’re ready to begin Adil.”

A shrug, arms crossed, he stares at the floor.

“I’ll wait until you sit up, look at me when I speak and give me the respect I give you.”

He crosses, uncrosses his legs. Silence.

He bites and picks his nails intently and makes no eye contact.

“Adil I know you’re in pain. Please believe me when I tell you that all want is to help you”.

“Fat lot of help excluding me is ”

Chris Pemberton

“Crispy Jimmy” A Character Study

I’ve just wiped my nose on my sleeve because I can. Because she is not going to say a word ... any word ... any time ... ever again. I still hear that demanding gravelly voice, ‘*You need to put water in the cats’ bowls, now Jimmy. Why are you so useless?*’ I detest those cats. One by one stealing her affections, and my wages. And now what? I’m twenty; skin like greasy zits and chips, working in that skanky crisp factory, sitting here alone, Wussy Pussy trembling on my lap. Well they’re coming soon for the lot of them - all fourteen.

I’m clearing them out.

I’m clearing her out.

I’ve already cleared out the family bag of cheese and onion crisps she choked on ... while we all watched, curious, paralysed, and did nothing.

Jane Thorp

Flash fiction- Regret

“Are you calling me a thief?” Dave leaned forward across the restaurant table.

He pushed his plate away and shouted.

“Nobody calls me a thief”

The other diners turned their heads

“Come outside you coward”

Peter was shocked. All he had done was to make a joke about builders overcharging.

Dave a builder who had worked for all the friends.

The joke was predictable. Dave had teased the others about their professions.

Dave had ragged Mike the quantity surveyor about the errors they make on their estimates. Steve a lawyer was ribbed about his high bills.

Steve reminded the group how happy he was with the work Dave had recently done on his roof . It calmed Dave momentarily,.

But Dave shouted again.

“ Calling Steve’s roof a hospital job”

“ A hospital job”

“To think I would rip Steve off”

The meal finished early.

Dave appeared the next day at Peter’s house with a file of invoices.

“Its all here. I can prove Steve’s roof price was correct. See my worksheets”

“I don’t want to see your accounts Dave”

“ We trust you” We all go back years.

Peter got Mike the surveyor to look at the roof. He wanted to prove Dave right and end this row. Mike estimated the roof repair would cost £15,000.

“So Steve how much did you pay Dave for the roof?”

£40,000

Peter was shocked. All he had done was to make a joke about builders overcharging.

Graham Taylor