

FLASH FICTION WINNER

The Thai Dinner

by Jade Scheytt

The emotions coursing through the room could be described in several ways; “foreign” was almost too literal as the pan seared and vegetables sizzled as they were shifted. The aroma was harsh and warm. The girl sat still, eyes wide open, seeing nothing. She could not see past her grief and astonishment. The buzz of whispers were around her but blurred, words of sadness unable to be made out past her own disheveled thoughts. Her mother sat, head in hands, unable to console a soul. How could she when there was no longer someone to console her? The sorrow passed down the line, as each person was wrapped in themselves and the cloak of what had happened. “Gone” was the overwhelming truth that echoed through the house, drumming in every ear drum. The uncle spoke, saying something weak and impassionate. A response was mumbled in reply. The girl stared on, trying to focus on the world around her, trying to focus on anything but her loss. Her little sister wore an apron; even she felt the heaviness of the room. She helped the guest roll out rice paper. Both of their faces were grim, as they put all effort into the meal at hand. They all inhaled in humid air and took in the flavors of the meal before it ever reached their lips. Fatigue was seen in every face. Suddenly the guest stated, “It is done.” Heads lifted in the direction of the kitchen toward a sprawl of food set before them all.

One minute the girl was sitting, the next she was lifting her spoon. Eyes shut tight, she begged for the flavors to wash it all away. “Mmms” filled the room, and the rough sounds of bowls and spoons took over the solemn silence. The guest must have known just the right amount of salt to account for the tears. The panang curry was thick with comfort and a longing to mend broken hearts. The one no longer there shared his final meal with his family one last time. He would have loved it.

The Inventor’s Mentality

by Keith Winans

When do you start to believe in the Inventors mentality?
Is it when he’s alive?
Or when he’s dead and buried?
Isn’t this rhetorically our reality?

Because mostly my effort was in designing this new reality!
From the atoms in my mind to this physical frequency,
From the inner dimensional,
Drawn out in mental lines of x, y and z’s,
From formations of artificial realities,
Spanning throughout my mental laboratory!

Who can invent with me out to the edge of gravity?
Who wants to build more vibrations of reality?

Creatively constructing inside microns of restructured lines of coded atom-ology,
3D printed inventions for your economical monopoly,
Rapidly fabricated using the latest in Nano-technology,
Perfectly polished using Tesla’s high frequency philosophy,
You can’t mess with this,
Because it’s infinite energy!

Levitating transportation gliding on magnetic harmony,
Viscosity and Adhesion working in a vortex of horse powered geometry,
Expanding with the accuracy of a galaxy,

Like spinning the latest inventions using the latest in holographic technology,
Like generating prime inventions off of the well know laws of Universe-ology,
Like there plucked from the shelves of God-ology...
And intensely studied for its human-ology...
Then quickly shared before death deletes the whole society...
So let’s get together and invent immortality!!!

You’ve Never Looked Finer Than This

by Aaron Leque

A gift of the occasion it had always seemed to be at once when a solid feeling came out of the great unknown—letting itself free to feel the great injustice of the freedom itself, and the tortured inequality of those who seem so far from us all—after a life of desperation, a single man stepped forward in the line.

His name was greater than anything one might believe to be something more substantial that anything anyone might see on their late night/early morning news repertoire beatings of other people we can do nothing to apprehend or console. This man’s name was Stanley Wayward, a fitting name for a man who only thought about stepping out his next foot in front of him (not at the occasion of progressing in line (which was what he was doing at the moment)) but to be actually take the act into justice; to do what one thought was impossible—an act of thinking, not of doing. What Stan did was continue to dream, and never act.

“It’s been too long, since I had something good to drink..” he moaned his way through the line as others didn’t dare look back, or even attempt the socially heinous act of talking to him (much like any other pedestrian you’d might see in a metropolitan/urban setting). Stan began to think if yawning or sighing (a makeshift irate yawn) to display is unsettled dissatisfaction of impatience in the line, in the cost of ostracizing himself among others who might probably think the same. “I think I’ll just.. Try and think some more to pass the time..” he mumbled under his breath—almost at point of in his mind- and think is what he did.

A woman walked Stan’s way, making his last name appropriate: “Don’t tell me you’re going to yawn, God. I hate how everyone in the city just yawns, all of the time—like they own the place.”

“Well, I suppose..” answered the somewhat meek soldier of his own disposed atmosphere, only to be shared with those we let in for a short while. “I saved a spot for you,”

“I see that,” she complied and noticed the small compact space of air and concrete where he opened up with his arms in length as if for a hug instead of introducing reserved contemporary real estate. “thank you..”

“You’re welcome,” he smiled moderately.

FIN.