Flash Fiction Competition 2013

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Pork and Piggy by Amelia Morawiak

In a house made out of hay and sticks there lived a scruffy, filthy creature called Bob. It had two large spikey horns, little ears that were prickly at the ends and a long tail shaped as a question mark!

Its big feet smelled like eggs, not normal eggs rotten eggs. He lived in the country side. He had a friend, I mean he ate his friend.

Although he sounds scary he is really kind. He once went out to get some food because he was really hungry he never ate in years. He saw a 10 year old girl with a blonde wig, blue eyes, with a really posh puffy dress singing Metallica (a rock band) he thought it was a little was a little strange because she looked very posh but behaved like a tom boy. He was really hungry he decided to pounce on her and gobble her up. Because he was so hungry like a wolf, he was in fact, half wolf so he went for it. The girl saw him she froze for a couple of seconds and screamed.

The creature had very sensitive ears so he tried to stop her screaming by putting his hand over her mouth but she bit him on his little pinkie. So he let out a humongous ROAR! The girl stopped screaming “Finally you stopped screaming” said the monster, “I’m not that scary.” “No said the girl it was just because of your nails you seriously have a good manicure” she said in a Texas accent.

The monster explained that he was really hungry and asked if the girl knew of any good restaurants where they could eat. The girl said she would take him to her favourite restaurant, “Pork and Piggy” where she had eaten since she was very little. The monster decided that was a great idea but said they would have to disguise him as he was a monster!

He asked the girl her name and she said it was “tickle prokel dandy lion sick cherrypop chicken laptop and my short name is tickle sick.”

“Alright my name is Bob” said the monster. They walked to tickle sick’s house. She lived in a small tree house that was filled with dust, cobwebs and makeup and dress up clothes! I have an idea thought the girl. We’ll dress you up so that you don’t look like a monster.

After some makeover work, Bob tried to walk but he was stiff like a Barbie doll. After all of that they had to get to the top of the mountains to get to the restaurant. It was a long way but the girl and the monster were now making friends.

When they arrived at the restaurant, there was only Pork on the menu. “I am a vegetarian” said the monster. “Let’s go and get some sandwiches down town said the girl!” Later they laughed and laughed about the whole strange day and were friends for ever more.
A long time ago in a far-away village there was a guy called Bob, all the villagers didn’t really like his personality. Bob was a very bad selfish person and didn’t care about anything but himself. The village was called Andelisiya, everybody is nice there except Bob. One day Bob went out pretending to fish, he actually had something bad on his mind. He stepped out of his dirty house which hasn’t been cleaned since 1943. Bob’s house had been abandoned for twenty years he got his house in 1942 when Bob was six. Just after they got the house Bob’s Dad died in 1943 that’s when Bob never cleaned his house ever again. Bob is now seventy one years old he didn’t really care or act like he was seventy, instead he acted like he was in his twenties which you could tell he definitely wasn’t.

Bob sneakily crept out of his house making sure no one was looking while he took out his super-duper freeze ray, covered in a thin piece of silk. Once he knew nobody was looking he rushed to the Salsa beach near his house, pulled out his freeze ray and pretended it was fishing rod. Everyone in the village knew something was fishy and he was up to no good. “Hi Bob! What’s up?” asked the girl with the pink hair called Linkie Pinkie Poppies. The names in Andelisiya usually rhyme but quite weirdly.

Bob shouts out freeze ray. And he blasts the girl. And she gets frozen. One of the people scream and shout, my little girl. People kept coming out and shouting at bob. Bob ran away and he ran back to his house.

When he was in his house he could hear banging. The banging got louder and louder until there was a crash in the house. He couldn’t believe his eyes he saw a huge monster with purple spots and a big nose. The monster took him away to a big dark place.

Bob thought it was a cave but he didn’t quite figure out what it was. At first there was darkness then he saw three lights coming closer. The lights went on brightly. It was a blinding light that you get blind when you look at it. Bob was waiting there till he saw a wizard appear like that.

The wizard said you have done many bad deeds and so now you must pay for that.
There was a ghost and a god. The god said you must pay and now you will be punished. One spark of light and bob turned him into a creature with two big large horns, a tail the size of the empire state building and he also had a stick with him. The god said if you want to be back to your normal self you must do good deeds. And repay what you have done.
Defonia and The Magic Stick by Eleanor Tuladhar-Douglas

One cold misty morning, Defonia, of the clever Lebon tribe was scurrying around looking under the reddish, brown dusty coloured leaves. Then he saw a little glint of silvery light through the mist. He went closer following the silvery gleam through the icy fog and there he saw a little silvery stick with a ball on the end, it was beautiful. The little silvery stick had ancient symbols all over it and also scorched in the magical stick was a 3 headed, fire breath, scaly dragon! Defonia picked up the shining stick and carried it back to the village.

When Defonia got back to the village and showed the tribe what he had found, the wise, grey haired elders screamed and shouted till their throats hurt. They stared at what he had in his hand, it was the evil stick of the dark powers! Defonia looked into the jet black eyes of the scorched dragon, in them he saw lightning. Defonia looked more and more, ignoring the unhappy cries of his tribe. All of a sudden Defonia wasn’t himself, he didn’t know what he was doing. His hands were spinning and flying all over the place, hitting and slapping people left and right, it was a disaster. Now and then dark purple and black fire was coming out of the now black stick. The purple and black fire was setting the houses on fire, it was horrible beyond belief.

Defonia looked inside his heart he could see the stick trying to control more of his body still. Then he looked carefully at the silvery black stick and after a while saw 6 small holes. Defonia thought for some time, then put the end of the stick that didn’t have the ball on it to his purple lips and blew. The sound of music burst out from the shiny ball on the end of the stick and Defonia played on with his hands and his mouth like he was in a trance. Women with babies and men started to dance to the beautiful melody, even the elders who did not like this nonsense of an evil stick creating this merry like music started quietly dancing in a corner to the tune that kept on changing like the chorus of a spring day. As joy swept through the village like a breeze, it started to rain lightly and the houses which were on fire soon were sodden by the rain. Nobody cared because they were too busy dancing and the echo of clapping and the pitter patting of the rain was heard all through the village and forest.

Defonia had found the good in the evil stick. This would now teach the people of his town to look for the good in everything.
Once upon a time there were 4 dragons who had been terrorising a nearby town and destroying their plants for food and their houses. The people of the town were unhappy but didn’t know what to do and so they asked a knight to help them.

One day they were in their nest play fighting. Then one brave knight appeared and decided to try to tackle the fearsome dragons. To get there he rode his own dragon which was neon blue. Its breath was green, his talons were gold, his wing span was the size of a jumbo jets wings and could reach a cheetahs speed in 1 second flat.

The knight had a plan. He planned to sneak behind two of the dragons and then check if his rope is strong enough to trip them up. He would sneak to the nest in the forest. It sounded like the trees were talking to him. He heard the dragons roaring. One saw him coming closer and closer until they charged at him. His dragon scared them away. He knew he was lucky to have a pet dragon to save him when he was in trouble.

The two dragons did not give up and they had a battle. Eventually late in to the night the knight managed ot defeat one of the dragons but the other escaped.

In the morning after the horrific night the knight was back on his pet dragon hoping to find and slay the remaining dragon to finally let the town be safe. In the town he got food and washed up his dragon.

The knight and his pet set off for the last dragon and eventually he found it near his town in the scary mountains. Nobody dared to go there without protection of armour or a dragon.

The knight fortunately had both so when they came across the giant dragons whose claws were the size of a sky scraper, he knew he was ready for him. He was frightened but couldn’t show it. He charged full force straight up to him and jumped his highest right up to his head and sliced his neck open. The dragon was in pain and finally fell to the ground. The knight had finally done it and now the people of the town would be safe.

The knight was always remembered by the town as the bravest dragon slayer of all time.
Poor Jack by Suzie Bator

Once upon a time in 1841 there was a man who was really poor. He had dirty, old, stinky clothes. His name was Jack. One day he was walking down a narrow street. It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining. He had one dream, he wanted to be a prince and he would live in a big beautiful castle. He always wanted to have a wife that could be his princess.

He was walking past an old green house. He wondered who lived there. He slowly stepped into the old green house’s garden. He looked down and saw a letter. It said “I’m a fairy I’ll make your dream come true!” Jack was surprised. Could this lady change his life?

Jack knocked on the door. An old lady in a long, orange dress opened the door and said, “What do you want?”

“My name is Jack.” Jack said in a scared voice. “Are you the Fairy that makes your dream come true?” asked Jack.

“Yes!” she answered.

“Can you make my dream come true, I want to be prince!” said Jack in an excited voice.

“Come in.” she said.

Jack sat down the chair. The fairy asked his name and he told her in a whisper. The lady then left the room to get her stick. It was magic but it looked just like a branch from the tree.

She then looked at Jack and asked what his dream was. “I want to be a prince!” said Jack in a terrified voice. Jack smiled at the old lady. The lady laughed, “A prince?” Jack bounced his head. “ABRA CADABRA ALMA SINCO LA!”

Jack looked in the mirror and was astonished to see he was a beautiful boy. He looked just like prince Wiliam.

“At six o’clock there is a ball in the castle!” the fairy explained. “You must be there.”

And so Jack went off to find the castle. He was standing in front of the door to enter the castle. Jack stepped very slowly, he looked around everything was white and gold it looked very rich for him. He went down stairs, creeping. Everybody was dancing so he went off to dance too. He had a wonderful time, it was 12 o’clock. Jack heard a BANG! Everybody started to scream, Jack was very scared!
He realised they were screaming at him. He looked into a mirror and then started to scream because he had turned into a monster! His face looked like's goats and he had a tail and he was very fat. Jack ran up the stairs, to the door. He ran out from the castle he started to cry he was so sad he ran away from the village.

What Jack didn’t know was that the fairy that he met was a witch and the words that she said meant at 12 o’clock the boy will turn into a monster. Jack was never seen again.
The Chenka Herb by Soumya Sree Tangirala

There was a lonely planet that had talking creatures! They are quite civilized like us but communicate using common digital signal tune. This planet had no regional boundaries. All inhabitants shared their happiness during regular occasions. The occupants never faced a disaster, until today. An infectious disease spread uncontrollably all over the planet, within no time. The planet started turning lifeless. All the Doctors tried their best to save the infected, but just couldn’t find the right cure.

There was one intelligent wizard, called Chenka, who stepped forward and told everybody that he would find an herb that could cure the disease. He had a dream describing the characteristics of the herb. When it was discussed with the top physicians, they were not ready to believe it and began bantering. However there was a very small group who developed a ray of hope. Chenka was however determined to realize his dream and set off to search in the woods. During Chenka’s endeavour, he found a plethora of varieties that matched many of the desired characteristics but none with the exact specification. The bud should be red with white speckles, its stem thick and leafless and roots bent in a semi-circular manner.

After a week’s relentless search for the panacea, he was about to give up and head home. On his way back, he met his old friend Proporous. While they were strolling, Proporous suddenly collapsed. His eyes reddened, body turned pale and limbs trembled. These were the symptoms of the deadly disease which had struck the whole planet. This incident motivated Chenka to resume his quest to locate the medicine.

After an unyielding search for twenty seven hours, a fascinating creation of nature drew his attention. Chenka came upon the marvel he dreamt. The exotic herb matched all the essential features. He extricated it from its roots, prepared the stem, poured some water and ground it into a pasty mix. He then applied the mix gently onto Proporous’s skin. It showed no reaction for an hour. With a small jerk, Proporous started laughing. This was apparently one of the side-effects.

Chenka was delighted that he saved the planet from the brink of extinction. He was regarded as a saviour by one and all. A special commemoration event was launched to express the gratitude towards his commitment to co-habitants. An emblem with his picture and embellished with words of praise, was released. This special herb then got its name as THE CHENKA HERB.
The Wicked Satyr by Boluwatife Joseph Modupe-Joseph

About 700 years ago there was an atrocious Satyr. He was in his 30s and had just come back from daily murder. His was velvet with blood. He says this was his thousandth massacre. The girl he had murdered was strolling down a busy market road when suddenly the Satyr attacked and rammed his horns into the girl’s back. She instantly fell. He then kicked her dead body. Then he dashed into hiding waiting for victims.


Hades was now coming to the conclusion that he would throw the wicked, menacing Satyr off Mount Olympus. Meanwhile the Satyr was being lead to the top of Mount Olympus where he would be thrown off. After around twenty minutes Hades and Zeus appeared. Hades gave the order. “THROW HIM!” shouted Zeus and Hades at the same time as if they had rehearsed it. The Satyr was thrown! He tumbled down and coincidentally landed on the flying horse Pegasus. Pegasus swooped down to the Earth and dropped the Satyr off.

Now the Satyr began to plan a revenge on Hades, Zeus and Hera. He decided to disguise himself as Poseidon, God of Sea, and tell Zeus to make a new rule that “no one is allowed to own lightning” (but will pronounce it as “no one is allowed to own lighting” then he’ll ask to write the law).

Now the mischievous Satyr was on his way to Mount Olympus to propose the new law to Zeus and Hera. When he arrived he said, “I have come to propose a brand new law. May you, your wife and your BOLT live forever! As I was saying the new law shall be ‘no one can own lightning (lightning)’.

“Why should I believe you,” thundered Zeus and Hera. “Please, O please let me write the law”. After about thirty minutes of begging Zeus gave in. “Fine. You can do it”. The Satyr leaped for joy. Very quickly he scribbled down, “No one can own Lightning.”.

He handed it in to Zeus and while Zeus was reading it he stole Zeus’ lightning bolt! He sprinted of down the rocky hillside but as luck may have it the bolt warmed up and shocked him! Over and over again he was electrocuted! Then with an absolute power it heated up big time, sparked and the Satyr passed out. The bolt returned to Zeus. He rejoiced and held a big party. When the Satyr came to his senses he discovered he had lost the bolt. He wept and wept. Then Zeus asked him to come up. The Satyr happily bounded up. Then he gave the Satyr a mighty blow which knocked the beast off his hairy feet, tumbling down and died in the valley below.
THE BEAST AND THE VILLAGE by Georgia McInnes

A long, long time ago a little girl was outside playing in her garden. This little girl was called Rose and she was a little girl with a big imagination. She decided to dig in the mud in the garden. The deeper down she went the more she found of this weird object. Finally, she was able to pick it up to discover it was a book. The book had weird writing and a picture of a monster. She brought the book to her mum and she said that she was not sure what it was. “I do know who will know what it is” said mum. “Grandad!” said Rose. “How did you know grandad would know the story” said mum. “I have saw a book at grandad’s house with this weird writing before” said Rose pointing to the odd words in the book. “I have never seen a book like this at grandad’s before said mum flicking through all the pages.” Will you drop me off at grandad’s house” said Rose. “Of course” said mum. So that afternoon Rose went to grandad’s house.

“Hello Rose why are you here” said grandad. “Well earlier today I was digging in the garden and I found this book. “Do you know what it is” asked Rose. “Yes” replied grandad. “When I was a little boy everyone knew the story of the beast and the village but no one knew where the book was”. “I guess this is the book with the true story of what happened on that very scary day” grandad told Rose. “This book was made by the village people of Sanqa”. “When the village was attacked by a beast”. “This monster (said grandad as he pointed to the picture) saved the people of Sanqa”. “So the people of Sanqa decided to write the story of the beast”. Rose and grandad decided to take the book to the closest museum. The museum were so, so happy with the book that they put it in a special glass case in the museum. Even to this day people are still looking at the book in the museum.

Unfortunately, Rose’s grandad passed away. So even to this day, Rose either goes herself or with one of her grandchildren to see the book in the museum. Over the years Rose has told the story of the beast and the village to her own children, her grandchildren and even some of the children in the local schools.

Rose decided to write a version of the beast and the village story which has only been sold to the local people but at least more and more people will know the story.
The Flasher and the Flashlight by Ieva Valanciauskyte

A calm and peaceful night in the village of Scarlets. An animal-shaped figure is moving around the dark streets. It is looking for its victim. It is planning to get a women partner for its last victim. The flasher as everyone knows he’s called, so the flasher has chosen its victim as he flashes towards the girl, she’s a young girl sitting with her window open brushing her long blonde hair. The flasher’s horns tell her exact position, he grabs her before she can scream and flashes away.

The girl is in a cage but the flasher has not turned her into anything but, he has put her in a cage with her meant to be lover but she doesn’t love her brother as a lover she loves him as a brother. They are trapped in a cage, but as they see the sun rise the flasher has to flash away and so Mila and Edgar have to find their way out.

They have to unlock the cage. The key was once turned from a grumpy man into a key. So the key was chilling in the sun after locking the cage. The problem with the key was if it is going to serve the flasher well for 2 years it will become human again, so it won’t just unlock the door. Mila had a hair clip so she said ‘I could try to open the lock but if not I don’t know what to do’. They didn’t know about the well in the village, if someone was enchanted by the flasher they had to dive in the water so they will be free from the curse. Then they found a letter that said how to get rid of the curse. They woke the key up and told him all about the well.

The key hesitated about whether to open the lock, but in the end he unlocked it. When Mila got out she saw a flashlight so it was about to get dark so she switched it off as the flasher appeared but the key turned into a human without the well. It was a miracle. The flasher turned into a handsome prince that ruled the country well, as everyone was happy. Unless, the key man was grumpy, Mila was happy, Edgar was married, and flasher was nice and funny.

One day the flasher went to his old place where he stayed when he was a beast, and saw the flashlight but left it there then he found the cage Mila was trapped in and just had to apologise to her. When he arrived to the village the key man went all grumpy about it but Mila forgave him so the key man went away. Soon after that they married and lived happily ever after.

However one day Mila was having a child, a girl that would rule the kingdom when she grew up. Her name was Katherine. Mila and the flasher were happy.

THE END
The Return Off The Beast by Izhar Salaam

It was the beginning of the summer holidays and my family had just moved into a new house that was in the country side, surrounded by fields and cattle. Looking around my new home I came across a strange painting hanging in the corner of the room. I thought that the last people living here had left it behind by mistake but it was all covered in cobwebs and dust which I thought was odd. I could not see what the picture was so I wiped the dust off with my sleeve and I was surprised with what I saw.

It looked like a half man and a half monster. It’s body was an orangey brown colour, It was covered in fur and had a long tail. The body was a bit like a foxes body but it’s hands and feet were like human beings. Lastly it had two horns on either side of head. Holding in both hands was like a rod of some sort. For a minute I thought it was looking straight at me, maybe it was my imagination.

It wasn’t until night-time when something strange happened. There was thunder and lightning outside and the wind was howling madly with heavy rain hitting the window. I tried very hard to fall asleep but because of the noise outside I couldn’t, also I kept thinking of that creepy picture on the wall. Finally I was about to fall asleep when suddenly a flash of light went across the room and the room went cold. At the corner of my eye could see this dark shadow appear from know where and I could hear someone whispering in my ear. I started trembling and I could feel my heart beating faster and faster. Trying to be brave, I slowly reached out for the bed lamp switch. Suddenly something grabbed my arm, I froze like a statue and the room slowly got brighter and brighter and the creature that should have been in the picture was now standing right next me smiling and pointing his rod towards me, a beam of light shone on me. All of a sudden the creature disappeared and somehow reappeared in the picture.

The next morning when I woke up I felt strange all over then I walked towards the picture and noticed that the rod in his hand was missing. I quickly got ready for school and I went downstairs for breakfast and there I noticed that the rod was lying on the floor and both my parents had grown horns on their heads and they were speaking in a language that I had never heard before. Without saying anything I quickly grabbed the rod and tapped my parents twice on the head on their head and before I could do anything, they changed back to their normal selves but they still act weird even to this day. As for the rod it disappeared from my hand and it was never seen again.
That’s him in the picture. The monster who wanted to marry me, then tried to kill me.

I was collecting water from the well outside our village one day, when I heard a twig snap behind me. I shuddered, but kept on walking. Then I heard a rustling in the bushes, and a horned shadow was cast over me. I heard a growl, and a monster jumped out at me! It had a bushy tail, and fur all over its body. It had a large nose and fur all over its body. But its horns were the worst. They were smooth, but sharp, gleaming and shimmering as if they were made of silver. I had heard all these descriptions before. A kraizer.

Kraizers are monsters that are supposedly quite nice if you get on the right side of them, but if you get on the wrong side of them, well, you don’t want to know. Anyway, the kraizer growled bit more, to make sure I was scared?!

He held out his hand and a rope appeared out of nowhere, he threw it at me, and I expected to be able to catch it, but I just got caught up in it.

The kraizer picked me up and ran with me over his shoulder. We must have been going at a-hundred-miles-an-hour.

Just minutes later, we arrived in a cave. The monster put me down on a bed of leaves, he then knelt down and untangled the rope.

He growled to get my attention, then he stood up and said, in a deep, thundering, voice, “you,” (pointing at me) “will marry me.”(Pointing at himself). I shook my head. He looked as if he meant it. A tear rolled down his furry cheek.

“But Roberto gets so lonely all the time, stuck in his cave!” So now I knew his name, Roberto. “You must marry Roberto because he’s all alone all the time.”

So in a few days time, I was his wife. But I had a plan. I would be a good wife at first and then pretend to be all clumsy and useless, and hopefully, he wouldn’t want me to be his wife anymore.

So on the first day, I baked some lovely cakes, on the second day, I swept the cave, on the third day I polished the monsters’ horns. But on the fourth, I burnt some cakes, and “accidentally” broke my weaving loom. I think he must have been getting fed up by then, because he picked up the broken pieces, and was about to throw them, when half my village streamed into the cave, throwing spears at him. Suddenly, he fell down dead.

That night, back at the village, we had a massive party, for the girl who married the monster.
The wicked wizard by Michal Wiercigroch

One day the Peter, the night went to the forest to get some berries and nuts. On the way, Peter notices that something is wrong the nut tree is missing. He sees a small hut instead of the big old mouldy tree. “It was time that tree war removed,” thought Peter. Peter see s another hut he thinks something is wrong said peter to his horse. Peter rushes to the castle to tell the king about the huts.

The king tells peter that it is the market season and people sell their goods and build there huts. “There is one seller that sells poisons apples and he makes a man killer monster each year to scare away the people of the kingdom”. The king says, “It has big claws and teeth that look like knives and big blue eyes. “It is believed that the wizard makes the monster at night, when the moon is full,” the king says.

“The monster is very quiet and very deadly,” said the king. Peter goes back to the wizard’s hut he knocks on the door an old woman is at the door. (He does not know it is the wizard’s hut) He asks to buy some cheese milk and meat. Peter warns the woman about the great monster she said back to peter the monster is scary be careful my evil husband might get you with his magical powers. Peter goes on his horse and gallops away. Peter has glimpse at the food the meat was ok the apples were ok and cheese was horrible it had mould everywhere it was very yucky so he chuck ed It away, he should of listens to the woman.

A small goblin working for? Took it to the evil wizard the wizard grinned. The wizard was a bad man, he took money from people and broke children’s toys, and he hated everything. He created evil monsters to kill people he was very rarely happy he had everything. The wizard lives in the woods in his evil fortress. He once created a monster so bad it came out of control and it is killing to many people. He sets off in to the dark the woods he unexpectedly meets the wizard peter ask “what are you doing here wizard” the wizard says back to peter “here’s an apple. Peter refuses and challenges him to a sword fight. The wizard swing his sword of monsters and the monster appear when Peter pulls out his sword, the sword of magic the entire monster dies and the wizard is poisoned peter takes him to the castles prison. Everyone is happy and they all lived happily ever after.

The end.