Flash Fiction Competition 2014

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“Thomas!” screeched a middle aged mother wearing a strap with a chubby baby on her chest. “Get away from the Mona Lisa!”

Thomas stopped in his tracks when he heard his mother’s siren-like screech.

‘Of course she gets all of the attention’, Petunia thought keeping the exact same position. ‘Of course she’s the one children try to put their stray mucus on’. Petunia gazed at Mona with a look of disgust on her face.

“Attention visitors. Le Louvre is now closing, please make your way to the exit”.

As all of the tourists left, Prince Pierre crawled out from under Petunia’s feet.

“I hope you know this marriage is not living up to my expectations of it”.

“I know,” conceded Petunia.

“I’m going to my friend’s for a while,” he announced.

“Who?” she demanded.


“WHAT!”

Mona waved at Pierre with a smirk on her face. Petunia’s face turned red with anger. Mona’s reputation went before her, everyone knew of her abilities to capture attention from men to Kings.

“How could you be friends with HER!”

“Well mostly because she does not stand on me every day!” he retorted.

“It’s not my fault he painted us that way”, she countered.

“I will lay you a wager dearest . . . . If I manage to remain in the Mona Lisa for a day without anyone noticing me I can remain there forever. But if I don’t I will return to you and I will let you rest your feet on me forevermore.”

“That would be challenging, my husband, and would make life a little less boring for a day. I agree”.

In the blink of an eye, Pierre hopped over to Mona’s painting and then the starting gun fired.

“Good morning visitors. Le Louvre is now open”.

Thomas and his mother were back. Petunia gave a smirk as she caught sight of them. Pierre however grew a frown as he knew the boy would be up to mischievous antics. He had not factored Thomas into the wager.

Thomas had been captivated yesterday by Mona Lisa’s smile. His mother did not do that so often.
Thomas ran to the painting and sat on the floor. He stared. He stared in a quizzical fashion. Petunia willed him to notice, smelling victory. Mona wondered why she felt so much tension from Pierre, he was upsetting her calm. She began to frown. Thomas, who had come to see her smile to cheer himself up, felt himself become sad. He wondered why. He tilted his head at the painting, and it dawned on him things were not right, Mona Lisa was not alone. He shouted on his mother to come and see. But his mother was cleaning up baby sick. Despite his protests his mother was half way out of the glass door and he had to run to catch up.

At closing time Pierre reluctantly jumped back over to his painting, resigned to a life of being downtrodden by Petunia’s size 5s.
A girl’s dream by Ellie Riley

Once upon a time there was a little girl called Sofia and a little boy called James. They were twins and they lived in the village. One morning James and Sofia were getting ready to go to school. James and Sofia’s friends were knocking on the door. Their mum answered the door and Sofia and James went off to school with their friends.

They are in P3 and their teacher is Miss Mulloy. Tomorrow it is James and Sofia’s birthday. They will be 7 on their birthday.

The next morning Sofia and James woke up to a lot of presents. When all of them were opened they each saw their birthday cakes. Sofia’s cake was purple and had 3 layers - a crown on the top layer, the middle layer had her name and age on it and the bottom layer had ruffles like a dress. James’ cake was green and had a football on the top, the middle layer had his name and age and the bottom one had a pair of football boots.

Sofia wished that she was a princess. James wished that he was a footballer. All of a sudden their wishes came true. They were all in the castle now and the King offered James a scholarship to the royal football team - The Royal Rebels. James accepted the scholarship and Sofia was delighted to be a princess.

Later that day Sofia had a royal tea party. All Sofia’s friends were so excited because they had never ever been in a castle before. They were all in the castle now and the King offered James a scholarship to the royal football team - The Royal Rebels. James accepted the scholarship and Sofia was delighted to be a princess.

James had his first football match that evening. His position was striker, his number was 7 because that was his lucky number (and his age). The Royal Rebels won 5-1.

The next morning Sofia and James were eating breakfast when Mum and Dad came in and told them the big news.

“We are having a baby!” Mum announced.

“It’s a girl and we’re calling her Amber!” announced Dad.

Sofia and James were delighted.

Several months later Amber was born at last and she weighed in at 9lbs 14oz and was 21 inches. Sofia and James went in to the hospital to see mum and baby Amber. Dad took Sofia and James to the shop before they went into the room. They got an “It’s a girl” balloon and some chocolates. When they got up to the room Sofia got to hold Amber then James got to hold her. Amber’s room was a beautiful baby pink and was all Minnie mouse.