Flash Fiction Competition 2014

Image 3 children’s entries
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<td>SPECIAL COMMENDATION</td>
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In a room full of people, there were colours on a kilt, which observed the goings on, and kept an eye out for events that might alter the pattern of life.

“Listen” said Red, “something tells me that a new colour is being made, close by. There are signals in the air, 92, 92, 4” explained Red.

“What could they mean”, asked Green, “if its close by, it isn’t going to be in my realm, outside in nature”.

“It will have to be inside. There is a cauldron over there. Perhaps it could be boiling up in there?” explained Red. “Lets head over there then” and the colours jumped to a nearby kilt.

The kilt that the colours landed on wasn’t as happy as their kilt. The colours were Black, Grey, and Brown. “We’d better stay quiet before these boring colours see us. You’re good at that Green” complimented Red.

They scuttled along the tartan quietly, hoping not to be seen. “Arghhh” screamed Red, as a man poked him with a stick. “Who is there” questioned Brown.

“Show your true colours”, roared Black. “We’d better run” Red quickly shouted to Green. They ran for as long as they could down the kilt weave until they came to the man’s knees. They realised, that there was no nearby kilt to jump onto from there. They paused in panic.

“Summon, something from nature” suggested Red. So Green started to try, he concentrated and then said “a spider is coming down to help”. A spider lowered himself from his cobweb in the roof, and the colours jumped onto his back. The spider crept across the floorboards to the dwarf in the corner beside the cauldron.

“I can go no further” said the Spider, and dropped them off on the dwarf’s travelling cloak. “This looks like a basic weave on this cloak, nice colours though, Blue and Orange” observed Green.

“I hope they won’t chase us” said Red. They moved along and spoke to the colours. It took a bit of persuasion, as Red and Green explained that all new kilt colours needed to be greeted or they would become dark colours like Brown, Grey or Black which are boring. Kilts needed to have bright and
cheerful colours. The travelling cloaks colours eventually agreed to help.

The four colours jumped off the cloak and landed on the table. Orange, who was brainy, commented that the table top was 92cm long, 92 cm wide and 4cm deep. “That was the signal we got. We must be close” explained Red.

They climbed up to the cauldron and found a new colour boiling in the potion. They thought they were too late. It was already turning dark. “We’d better get it out” said Blue. They fished the new colour out, and thankfully it began to lighten. They named the new colour Beige and welcomed him into the kilt colour family.