FF#1

“Our parents worked so hard to get us here, we really should enjoy it until it’s over” the lovable little boy, though raggedly attired, remarked with a sweet smile to the equally cute girl. Scuff marks on his knees told tales of hardships only the greatest adventures could bring. She was busy watching the consistent arrival of the endless ocean’s waves; he was used to the quiet and didn’t expect a response.

The water was a warmth that made her feet smile but which brought an adult-like sense of resignation to her – she thought, ‘Does he really appreciate this prison of paradise?’  She regarded their surroundings, the steady gaze of the sun reflected playfully on the deadly expanse of the vast ocean, the lone tree gave a life-saving shade, but really, she was watching the arrival of the next waves.  She considered, ‘what brought us here? How could they do this? There were so many signs right in front of their ignorant eyes – I’m surprised they didn’t hit their heads on them all.’

“Hey, do you wanna play a game?” he asked her.

“No, I don’t want to lose any more sand!” she replied. The last game he convinced her to play ended up with the water taking over a portion of their island.

“Can we play the ‘I wonder’ game then?” he asked pleadingly.  She looked down, frowning, but agreed.

“Sure, go ahead” she responded.

“Okay! I wonder … why we were picked or … I really really wonder what ice was like or what’s it called … win …”

“Winter” she interjected.  He’s grasping at straws like the last of the people did with the sides of the boats.  Man, he just doesn’t get it.  If the next extreme weather event doesn’t get us, then it’ll just be us racing motionlessly against the sand clock which is steadily eating the land from under us with ocean waves.  She gazed back out at the warm ocean that seemed so kind but that instead, with the melting of all the glaciers and Antarctica, left the world suffocated by a blanket of oceans that rage against the dying light of failed humanity.  The very humanity who should have seen it coming and which, in its ignorant disarray ended up having its last two people remain on the last little piece of fading land and playing ‘I wonder’ until their final sleep.

Word Count = 400

Reflection example

8. Euphemism – I used a euphemism at the very end of my story when I wrote, “The very humanity who should have seen it coming and which, in its ignorant disarray ended up having its last two people remain on the last piece of fading land and playing ‘I wonder’ until their final sleep” in order to add a sense of unfairness and hopefully outrage in terms of the conflict (the Earth’s environment having been destroyed be inaction against climate change and pollution). A euphemism used in that way seems a little juvenile (something a kid would say) and so I wanted that euphemism to also remind the reader that climate change is bad for us, but unchecked, it would be worse and worse for the very young who would have to deal with the issues we passed down to them.

9. Theme - The theme of my flash fiction is to recognize that our decisions today affect everyone on this Earth, more specifically in terms of the environment. When I wrote, “She gazed back out at the warm ocean that seemed so kind but that instead, with the melting of all the glaciers and Antarctica, left the world suffocated by a blanket of oceans that rage against the dying light of failed humanity” it was with the intended effect of linking current events of melting ice caps and disappearing glaciers, to this story and where inaction can bring our Earth to a really sorry state. Quite literally, if we (humanity) do not act soon, then the young will inherit an Earth that could be damaged beyond repair, as outlined by my resolution.

FF#2

“You have no idea what you have done. Your mother is going to disown you and then you and that *thing* you married - well, you two will never be allowed to set foot in our home again.” Jen’s father was clearly quite upset to hear about her entirely unexpected elopement. In fact he moved their conversation into their worm-hole access room, just to get away from his wife.

Before Jen could respond, her father continued, “I mean, your mother and I are so open-minded, we’re not racist, homophobic, we’re cool with whatever gender identity any person may have, and we even let you take that punk aerobics class wearing those ridiculous things called jeans...” he sighed before saying, “what you have done goes too far, why would you do this?”

Jen, exasperated, responded with, “Because it’s 3015. Why does my love have to conform to YOUR expectations, if you really are so open-minded, why can’t you just accept whoever or whatever I love when it comes from such a good place? Why hate love, no matter its form – which is how you should be thinking of your new son-in-law. I have never felt so content nor happy as when his arms are all wrapped around me and we just smile.”

Her father fired back, “Because it’s ugly and wrong, to marry and join your life with another who knows nothing of your life, of how the ocean feels like the kind embrace of nature when the waves envelop your body, or how the mountains stand stately to express their presence and beauty … our home is not known…”

She cut her father off, furious now and yelling, “How can a refugee know our home so well and how can you so ignorantly demand that! I’m happy to have found a love which accepts me, even if I have to turn my back on a family who refuses to allow me my love.”

Jen decided to do just that, she voice-activated her jet pack and prepared to go to her new home, just in the neighbouring galaxy, thinking the whole way about how her dad was open-minded for humans but not for her husband. ‘So what if he has four arms and three eyes, it just makes him better at cleaning their house!  I’ll leave them in my dust; good luck cleaning it all up with your regular human arms!!’

Word count: 400