



*Arcane Gearsmith and
DragonScribe Entertainment present:*

Amazing Microfiction

Season One, Episode Zero

I'm Michael C. Miller, author and gearsmith. Each week I will pick a selection from my own microfiction and read that story to you like it is an audiobook. (Some times these stories are incomplete) but in general they are meant to convey ideas reader and or listener.

What is Microfiction anyway?

Microfiction generally refers to short stories between 50 and approximately 300 words in length, there is some debate over this, but for our purposes I will keep my selections under 300 words.

This week I have selected two stories for me to read to you... hold on just a second ... just give me a moment print them out...

:::Old Printer Sound:::

Hey it's Microfiction, it doesn't take that long to print out... I guess I better turn off this machinery in the background too... That's much better.

Selection One

Olan jerked himself away from the guards grasp and stumbled down the hall and out into the night. He hadn't done anything wrong, it had been that brat was sure of it. That stupid little street urchin who rummaged through the garbage. What had he done now?

“Stop!” Called the Guard.

“I didn’t do anything! Go away!” Olan spouted as he loped down the alleyway.

“We just want to talk to you!”

Talk! Ha! When did a copper ever just want to talk? They just wanted to blame him for something that urchin had done.

The guard stopped. He knew the old man would come back eventually. Besides, he had the man’s coin purse. He’d dropped coming out of the pub. That little street urchin had found it and turned it in to him.

Selection Two

Enoch stood at the edge of the precipice, his life-force quickly fading away. His bare feet cold against the damp stone of the cliff. Streams of water rushed past his feet spraying jets of mist out into the abyss below.

They had told him not to look down. Trust the Elders. Jump. You will be safe.

Despite their assurances Enoch was terrified. Jump over the edge of the cliff? Where they mad? Why had he agreed to do this?

He looked over the edge. Blackness. The mist tumbled into the chasm and disappeared. If he fell that same darkness would consume him too. Panic rose in him, his body shaking in fear.

Then without provocation he remembered why he was here. With in moments he stopped shaking. His fear vanishing. Enoch closed his eyes and leapt into the abyss. He was at peace, floating through the air, knowing his mother would live with his sacrifice.

Alright I hope you enjoyed the selections this week.

Thank you for tuning into Amazing Microfiction. If you enjoyed this podcast please let me know. You can visit our website at AmazingMicrofiction.wordpress.com, and you can leave me a note there. My goal is to do this podcast weekly, but we’ll see, hopefully it that turns out like that. And let me know what you think.

This podcast is copyright 2018 by Michael C. Miller and DragonScribe Entertainment. All rights reserved.

The selected readings were works of fiction. Any resemblance to names, events, ideas, locations, and characters (or persons), living, dead, or fictional, is entirely coincidental.