



*Arcane Gearsmith and
DragonScribe Entertainment present:*

Amazing Microfiction

Season One, Episode One

Greetings! I'm your host Michael C. Miller, author and gear-smith.

Fantasy. Science Fiction. Mysteries. Horror. Adventure. These are just some of the terms that come to mind when we talk about Genre Fiction.

These often seem relegated to the back side of the book store. And for some of us, like myself, these wonder filled, awe inspiring tales, the allow us to take a pilgrimage through the store, past the dregs of self help and media starlets, to the exciting worlds of aliens, pirates, magic, and murder.

We are often told by naysayers that these genres have nothing to do with the real world, and that they don't have anything to teach us, and are therefore not worthy of their time, or ours.

Instead, in their ignorance they tell us to go read the classics. I just smile and think, Ok let's take a look at some of these classics. I will show you that even these books contain genre based stories:

Sir Arthur Colon Doyle's Sherlock Holmes novels and short stories are mysteries mixed with adventure, and are touted as being the basis of modern forensics.

From the Earth to the Moon by Jules Verne is Science Fiction, it helped us to began thinking about rocketry how man could travel in space.

Dracula by Bram Stoker and Frankenstein by Mary Shelley are both horror stories, and highly acclaimed books in literature.

The Lord of the Rings by J.R.R. Tolkien as The Chronicles of Narnia by C.S. Lewis are widely regarded as some of the greatest works of fiction ever written and are basis of modern fantasy.

These are just a handful of examples, but there are many many more. Despite these literary works, genre fiction is still treated like a red headed step child.

Many of these same prejudices are also levied against another for form of story telling called micro-fiction also called flash fiction. They feel, that do to the constraints of the story type, that these stories do not matter. I beg to differ.

But What is Microfiction anyway?

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

Each episode I will pick selections from my own genre based micro-fiction and read those stories to you like I would an audiobook. Some times these stories may be incomplete, but in general they are meant to convey ideas to you the listener.

This week I have selected three stories for me to read to you... but first I have to print them out.

:::Old Printer Sound:::

Aright sorry about that.

Selection One Vigilant 299 words

Janice braced for impact as the landing craft veered starboard. The ships wood hull bounced off the sheer cliff face. The tiny ship lurched as the port steering pod ground against the jagged rocks.

Behind her the splendor that was the *H.M.S. Vigilant* fell from the sky, her awe inspiring presence reduced to a burning wooden shell. Horrified Janice watched her fellow shipmates fall from the ship like meteors.

Her heart morned as she focused on pulling herself along the hull and getting into the pilots seat. Janice strapped herself in and prayed to the Creator the engines had held together. She grabbed the controls, relieved as the craft responded her.

Quickly Janice scanned the skies ahead and brought the ship to a level flight. She looked around for that bastard, the one who had ignited the store of gunpowder. She saw him, his craft skirting the edge of the forest just below. A stream of dark smoke billowing from his port steering pod.

Janice smiled. So he hadn't gotten away after all. Curse him. May the Creator cast him out!

She watched as both of the saboteurs engines began to fail, green flames trailing the burning craft. Time slowed as the ship crashed into the hillside and slid down the cliff face and into the jungle. It came stop at the base of an enormous pine tree, the steering pods coming to a rest on either side of the tree, like a child's broken toy.

Janice slowly circled the wreckage and landed her craft. There was no sign of the saboteur. Where had he gone?

"Stay where you are!" Called a familiar voice.

Flaming moron, she thought. You let your guard down.

"Get out, before I shoot you."

Janice knew that voice. She wept as her Captain fired.

Selection Two Two Fates Length 210 words.

Kaleath smiled. It had been perfect. The plan. The people. The heist, if you could call it that. Yes, it had been born of genius. Kaleath could admit that truth. His plan had been genius. His smile widened knowing that he had done it and none of these miserable sodden idiots would ever be the wiser.

Kaleath sighed leaning foreward against the dusty rust covered iron bars of his prison cell. *Perfect.*

He laughed riotously! Swines! Those swill slopping swines! Another burst of laughter exploded from his lips, longer this time. It had been so brazen, so bold.

Kaleath had done it. He had done the impossible. Now he was only moments from the gallows. No one would know what he had done. No one except his accomplice: the Queen. He would die a very rich and fortunate man if the final phase of his plan came to fruition. Life or death, which would fate choose?

The floor beneath Kaleaths feet rumbled. He moved quickly brushing away the straw from the center of the cell. With the scraping of stone against stone, he watched as the center square in the floor moved. There in the dim morning light, was the Queen.

Fate had chosen life. Kaleath could live with that.

Selection 3 Sunken Length 293 words.

Ethan's thickly gloved hands felt clumsy as he undid the kink in his air line. He stood on the edge of an underwater trench that divided the ocean floor for as far as he could see. He could only see a few dozen feet in any direction, his antique diving helmet obstructing more than his peripheral vision.

The team topside believed they had found the wreckage of the *H.M.S. Dauntless*, an ancient treasure galleon. It was Ethan's job to find it.

He knew that he was close. He began to walk along the edge of the trench, searching for his target.

After a nearly twenty minutes the skeletal remains of the galleon came into view. The ribs of the ship rising from the debris of the ocean floor like a decaying underwater beast.

He tugged three times on his safety line to let those topside, know he had found the wreckage. He passed through the ribs and into the interior of the ship. There, half-buried in the muck, where the sparkling power crystals. As Ethan drew closer the crystals began to glow from within, casting the wreck in an eerie green light.

He smiled. They were rich!

A cloud of debris had risen on the other side of the ship. Ethen watched concerned as another diver slowly strode from the gloom towards him.

Had the others sent down someone help with the salvage, or was this another crew muscling in on their discovery?

Unsure, Ethan unstrapped the diving knife from his belt and held it forward. The newcomer continued to advance on him, waving his hands in a dismissive gesture.

Ethen began to panic stumbling backwards.

The stranger grabbed his arm then pulled him close.

Confused Ethan stared back into his own eyes.

Alright I hope you enjoyed the selections this week.

Thank you for tuning into Amazing Microfiction. This is going to be a bi-weekly podcast, but we will be adding extras episodes as we move forward . 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.

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