



*Arcane Gearsmith and
DragonScribe Entertainment present:*

Amazing Microfiction

Season One, Episode Two

Greetings! I'm your host Michael C. Miller, author and gear-smith. Thank you for tuning in.

In each episode I choose stories from my own genre based micro-fiction and read those selections to you like they were audiobooks. Some times these stories may be incomplete, but in general they are meant to convey ideas to you the listener.

But what is Micro-fiction?

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.

This week I have selected three stories for me to read to you... but sadly, I need still print them out.

:::Old Printer Sound:::

OK, I'm sorry about that. I promise I'll get better.

Alright, let's dive in to this weeks stories...

Selection One Target 296 words

Arelon watched the target open the patio door and walk out onto the second story balcony. The target leaned against the railing, looking out over the manicured gardens, and lazily sipped a glass of champagne.

The sprawling country villa was out of place here at the edge of the Wasteland. The house was a sanctuary, miles from town, surrounded by barbed wire fences, nestled in a rare, but thriving, mountain valley. Ivy and tangle vine climbed up the moss covered stones of the manor house. It looked idealic, like something from a young woman's daydream.

A daydream that would soon become a nightmare.

The target would never see him. He was too far away. It was almost too easy with this modern equipment, a simple flick of the switch, and the target would be vaporized, reduced to ashes in a fraction of a second.

Arelon waited for his shot. Waiting for the perfect moment.

Then the target looked at him.

Arelon shivered. How had the target known? He was over a mile away, at the top of a small hillock, hidden deep in the underbrush. He was in full camouflage gear. Every possible surface of himself and his weapon had been covered in blackout paint. He used no telescopic lens, nothing shiny or reflective. Nothing could give his position away. Hell, he'd chosen a less than optimal firing position to hide his location.

The target smiled and then to Arelon's astonishment pointed directly at him. Then to his absolute horror the target raised the champagne in a salute.

A chill ran through him. Almighty Creator! How did the target know? What kind of creature was this? Panicked though he was, he stayed still. He knew that if he moved he was dead. His mission a failure.

Selection Two To Flee Or Not To Flee Length 299 words.

Dirt rained down around the group of refugees. They had managed to escape into the tunnels to avoid the siege above. The passage was dark and cramped, with only the occasional torch to light their way.

"Where are are going?", asked Darren, one of the taller refugees.

"This tunnel leads to the palace stables.", said Retu the guard whom lead the group.

"But that's the wrong way!"

Retu brought the group to a halt. "It's the only option we have left. We can escape the capital on horseback."

"But the knights were butchered in the courtyard! We'll be killed if we go there!" Some of the other refugees murmured their agreement.

Retu held his anger. "This tunnel leads to the outer stables. We'll be safe." He motioned for the group to continue.

"No. I won't lead my family to slaughter."

Retu grabbed Darren. "What the hell is wrong with you? I'm trying to save you."

Darren scoffed. "You're only trying to save yourself."

Anger boiled up inside Retu. He slammed Darren against the hard rock wall. "I'm trying to save us all. We don't have time to waste arguing."

"From the minute we got down here all you've done is order us around. And we're tired of it! We're going back." The others agreeing with Darren.

Retu smiled. "Listen here dirtbag, I didn't come down here, into this filth to be yelled at. I came to save your miserable hides. If you don't want my help, fine. You and your tunnel rats can die without me. I've got better things to do, like living."

Retu watched as the rest of the group turned walking back up the tunnel away from him. The ground shook and the tunnel behind him collapsed. Retu wept as he reached the safety of the stables.

Selection 3 Storm Blessed Length 297 words.

Trenn held onto her drake as it flew into the darkening storm clouds. She was desperately looking for the heart of the storm. It was considered a blessing by her kind, a gift from the ancestors. It was a mark of honor among the Korri, and Trenn needed the blessing badly. Many tried and failed. The stories said you had to find the heart before the storm began to rain.

Dak, Trenn's drake, dove deeper into the center of the storm, ignoring the frigid air. Trenn grew frightened as ice formed on Dak's wings.

Careful, my friend, she thought. Careful.

Her hands had froze in place, gripping tufts of black fur along Dak's neck.

After a few moments, the drake stopped diving and transitioned into a gentle glide. Warm air washed against them as they flew. Somehow, Trenn knew that they had arrived.

"You have found me, child of Korri."

"Where are you?", asked Trenn as she saw the heart of the storm. It was a long glittering ribbon of light and dark that danced in a spherical pattern just below them.

"I am here..."

"Great One I ask your blessing."

"A blessing is earned, not given."

"What must I do?", Asked Trenn.

"Give me your drake, it is the cost of the blessing."

Trenn hadn't been told of this. Dak was her friend, her protector. How could she give him up?

"Choose.", urged the storm.

Conflict grew inside Trenn, but she knew what she must do. She called out to the storm. "I can not sacrifice a friend, even for the blessing of the ancestors."

Suddenly the winds caressed them, a feeling contentment filling them.

"You are wise daughter of Korri. You already have the blessing. Go and live renewed."

Then the storm began to rain.

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 or if you have any questions 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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