



*Arcane Gearsmith and
DragonScribe Entertainment present:*

Amazing Microfiction

Season One, Episode Three

Hello and thank you for tuning in. I'm your host Michael C. Miller, author and gearsmith.

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.

Some listeners may ask, what is Micro-fiction 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, we will keep our selections under 300 words.

I have three story selections for you this week, all of which are either thriller or horror based.

Selection One

Seth

300 words

Mel reluctantly entered the old barn.

Forgotten farm equipment filled structure creating a maze of blades, leather harnesses, and rust.

Mel called out, "Seth, where are you?"

She listened to the deafening silence. She pulled out a flashlight, then ventured into the darkness. She felt like something was watching her.

Mel took a step forward. Beneath her foot there was a sickening crunch. A blood curdling screech pierced the air.

Mel raised her foot. Purple goo clung to the bottom of her hiking boots, orange shell stuck in the tread.

It was a large unidentifiable egg. What had laid it? What if the creature was still around? Had found Seth? She called out again, "Seth I'm sorry, come back."

She looked around and found a bucket, filled it with hay, then gently placed the remains inside.

Mel resumed searching the barn, bucket in one hand, flashlight in the other. Again she felt like something was watching her. Mel ignored the feeling, approaching the far corner of the barn.

"Seth?"

From the darkness came a muffled whimper. There huddled in the corner was Seth, her Labrador. Behind him, through the broken slats of the stall, a dark form lingered. Iridescent chitin moved in the light, like the shell of an enormous beast. A claw-like hand reached out, its talons softly stroking the dog's fur. Three glowing violet eyes turned from the dog to her and then it stepped from the shadows.

A low rumbling growl came from the beast, it extended a long multi-jointed finger towards the bucket. Mel hesitated.

Another growl. Another more urgent gesture.

Unsure, Mel extended the bucket out to the creature.

Slowly it took the bucket and brought it close to examine it. Then, in a burst of motion, the creature disappeared out into the night.

Selection Two Sprawling Length 299 words.

Bowlan pulled his cart off the Queen's Road, and stared at the enormous dark mass that blocked the way. In the dim evening light he could only see an undulating mass of darkness.

Strider, Bowlan's ancient stallion, pranced nervously, eyes wide with fear.

"Easy there boy.", mumbled Bowlan. He patted the horse's neck to reassure him. It didn't help.

He removed the harness, releasing Strider from the confines of the cart. The moment he was free Strider whinnied and ran. Bowlan called out to no avail.

Alone, he could make out the thing against the darkness of the forest. Foam-like mucus exuded from beneath the creature, reminding Bowlan of a snail's slime trail.

There was an unworldly cry and the thing undulated violently. Ripples pulsed through its shiny black and brown skin, the waving motion making Bowlan want to vomit.

The smell of rotting fish and decaying meat filled the air. Bowlan got a whiff of the creature and gagged involuntarily, and fell to the ground and vomited.

With a sickening suction, the creature reared up onto three massive tentacles, revealing its slime-covered underbelly. The thing bellowed an unearthly roar. Nearby, Strider collapsed and lay there whinnying.

Then a second roar erupted from the thing. It raised itself up, revealing a gigantic maw with row after row of dagger-like teeth. The beast descended upon the cowering horse, new tentacles sprouting into existence just to force the equine into its hungry maw. There was a loud crunch as the creature swallowed Bowlan's trusty steed.

Bowlan laid on the ground terrified as a roving tentacle examined him.

Then with a quickness he would have never imagined, the creature rolled itself into an enormous ball and crashed into the forest, leaving Bowlan alone in the night.

Selection 3 Galen Length 299 words.

Galen rested against the damp sewer tunnel, panting as he listened to the darkness for the town guard. One. Two. Four...

Galen shook his head.

Where had they come from? He had been free. They had come from nowhere, as if they had spawned from the walls around him.

His plan had been flawless. For one glorious moment he held the Royal Jewels, wealth far beyond anything he had ever imagined. The next he was forced to drop the treasure and run for his life.

Panicked, he could wait no longer. Galen forced himself into a run, feet pounding against slick stone. His heart grew heavier as he ran. Grief over losing his family and friends over a few trinkets finally overwhelmed him. He stopped running, his strength gone.

He silently cried out to the Creator. Save me, though I am guilty and do not deserve it! Foolish idiot, you never prayed before, why pray now?

The guards voices were coming closer. He would not get away.

Suddenly Galen heard stone scraping against stone a few paces ahead of him. He took a step forward.

A bright light filled the sewer momentarily disorienting him. A hazy torch lit the wall revealing three ragged figures inside a small opening in the sewer wall.

"In here, before the guards come.", offered a raspy voice.

"Yes, hurry!", hissed another.

Galen ran forward towards the strangers. He squeezed himself through the opening, the four of them quickly replaced the missing stones and waited. The sound of searching footsteps eventually faded. Elated Galen turned to meet his mysterious saviors.

The three scrawny ratches were covered in tattered rags and filth. It only then that finally Galen noticed the necklaces of bone and rotting flesh. He screamed as he was dragged into the darkness.

Alright I hope you enjoyed the selections this week.

Thank you for tuning into Amazing Microfiction. This is a bi-weekly podcast, but i will be adding extras episodes when i get some spare time. If you enjoyed this podcast, or 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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