



*Arcane Gearsmith and
DragonScribe Entertainment present:*

Amazing Microfiction

Season One, Episode Five

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

Alright, I just have a few announcements this week. Our new website is up and running at AmazingMicrofiction.com! It has more information about both me, some of my past projects, and the podcast. Check it out!

For the time being I will continue to duplicate new posts on to the old wordpress site for your convince.

Second, I have also created a Twitter account : @AGearsmith. I post almost daily Twitter Fiction (stories with up to 140 characters in length) and occasionally will post my random musings as well. You can follow me by clicking on the "follow" button in the sidebar of the website (or towards the bottom of the website for mobile users).

Let's get Back to the podcast.

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

New listeners may ask, 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, we will keep our selections under 300 words.

This week I have selected three of my newest new stories to read for you.

Selection One***Protector******Length 300 words***

Hokar crouched on a high limb of a gutwood tree watching the pack of Jakk Wolves far below. He spotted the creatures while he was hunting along a deep forest game trail. The trail lead to a series of small ponds, fed from an underground stream. It was perfect, a hunters paradise.

The wolves were slowly and cautiously coming up the trail behind the other animals. The pack had spread out like fan to prevent any prey from escaping.

These were dangerous creatures, best left to themselves. Hokar knew that this is how The Wilds were. There were predators and prey. The strong and the weak. And he knew that he should not interfere with the Cycle, no matter how much he wanted to. He was a Protector of The Wilds, not it's nursemaid.

From his vantage point he could not see the wolves prey. Hokar cursed the earth mother. He was small and moved effortlessly, climbing spider like across the forest canopy.

After several long minutes Hokar managed to find the source of the Jakk wolves' behavior.

At the leading edge of the pond was a small bundle of blankets and cloth. It had deliberately been placed at the head of the trail. Without a doubt someone wanted the child found, not devoured by a pack of ravenous wolves.

The child cried, its sorrowful tone reaching Hokar's ears.

Hokar leapt into motion. He jumped from the tree and glided on thermals of air until he reached the child. He landed mere feet from the baby, his his large feathery wings tucking behind his back.

The wolves watched as the strange creature took the human baby into its arms and flew up out of the forest.

Selection Two***Summoned******Length 294 words.***

Jero had been summoned to meet the Elders. He had been on the borders of the wilds, keeping watch on the new intruders, the ones with the strange metal horses. They had burned the outer village with their strange weapons, killing many of his people, including his blood brother Jek.

Jero approached the small group of earthen lodges at the center of his village. He entered the largest of the buildings, the Elder's Council chamber.

It was dark inside with only a single fire burning for light. Nerell saw Jero and motioned for him to join him next to the fire.

Jero sat and waited. He watched as the Nerell, the Chief Elder, began tracing ancient symbols onto the sand covered ground. A blessing ceremony. Jero sat more rigid, his pride showing at being chosen.

Nerell nodded to himself and continued drawing glyphs in the sand.

The first was Loic, Spirit of Safety. It was a prayer for protection, often used before a hunt. It protected him from evil spirits and enemies.

Next came Niku, the Mother Spirit, Spirit of Healing & Balance. The Mother Spirit embraced the blessed one, giving him peace of mind, balance of thought, and the gift of healing.

Lastly the Elder drew the symbol of Korak, the Spirit of Justice, and of Revenge.

Jero looked up to meet the eyes of the Elder. There was a twinkle of amusement in them. How had he known?

The elder smiled back at Jero. The Elder pulled a small leather pouch of crystal dust and a slowly covered the symbols. The Elder nodded to Jero.

Jero closed his eyes and began singing the song of Renewal. The Elder waited for the song to begin again then joined his raspy voice to the song.

Selection 3 Assassins Length 299 words.

Jarrold watched the rooftops. He had heard the nothing but the cry of the meat pie vendor and the murmur of the crowd for over an hour. His stomach rumbled. A meat pie sounded rather tasty at the moment. He sighed, choosing duty over hunger.

He was up on top of the church bell tower, crouching next to the body of the sniper he had just killed. There had been no scream, only the gargle of blood as Jerrod had slit his throat.

From this vantage point he could see the entire street. Below, children chased a helpless mutt, the shopkeepers sold their wares, and the crowd milled in anticipation. The people were gathering for Tr'Nel, a festival that celebrated the Rite of Rule, and the swearing in of a new Regional Governor.

Guardsmen from all over the city had begun to arrive in the town square, securing the area with their typical lack of enthusiasm.

The more people gathered below, the more Jerrod concentrated on the rooftops. There would be other assassins hiding in the shadows.

A roar went up from the milling crowd as the governor's entourage approached. He would walk from coach to the speaking platform, that was when the assassins would fire.

Off to his right Jerrod saw the light reflect off a blue-grey gun barrel. The assassin had given his position away. Jerrod turned raised his rifle and fired. A moment later the assassin fell from a nearby roof, his body just missing the meat pie vendor.

Jerrod had found two of the three rumored assassins. He smiled.

Below the carriage had arrived. The Governor Elect stepped from the carriage and Jerrod aimed and fired, the governors' head exploding into mist of red vapor.

Jerrod's stomach rumbled. It was time for a meat pie.

I hope you enjoyed the selections this week.

Thank you for tuning into Amazing Microfiction. This is a bi-weekly podcast, but we will be adding extras episodes when we get some spare time. If you enjoyed this podcast, or have any questions, please let me know. Once again you can visit our new website at AmazingMicrofiction.com, or follow me on Twitter @AGearsmith.

Thank you for listening.

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