



*Arcane Gearsmith and  
DragonScribe Entertainment present:*

## *Amazing Microfiction*

### *Season One, Episode Six*

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

I have a few announcements for our listeners.

First, our new website is up and running at [AmazingMicrofiction.com](http://AmazingMicrofiction.com)! It has more information about both me, some of my other projects, and the podcast.

After receiving several questions from listeners this week I created a new page on the website called the Scrivener's Toolkit. It is a launching point for new authors to learn more about the craft of writing. It has links to some of my favorite writing resources. If you are thinking about writing give it a look.

Second, I created a Twitter account last week. You can follow me: @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).

And finally I upgraded some of my recording equipment this week. I purchased a new Yeti microphone and a silent clicking mouse, hopefully the improvement shows.

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.

First time 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 stories to read for you.

***Selection One                      Derrick J. Roderdam III                      Length 295 words***

Starting over again was all a big lie. There was nothing fun about space travel. Sure the recruiters talked about fertile new planets to attract the labor force, but what are we really? We are just a bunch of grunts. Slave labor for the corporate entities back on earth.

I knew it was going to be a rough ride when I asked about doing the centripetal force machine and they just laughed at me. They said no one does that anymore. We freeze you before you go up to space.

What they really meant to say was that we are going to drown your sorry ass with refrigeration chemicals, and if you survive being frozen, then you get sent into space according to their need.

That's what happened to me.

Derrick James Roderdam III, wait I'm sorry, Interplanetary Revival Resource Gamma Gamma Theta - 03974261 for you Earthers. They just call me Derrick GGT. And when they are pissed off it's the whole code. What Jerks.

I signed up for helping to mine the Belt. Big Bucks for ten years hard labor, then you retire on mars or even Luna as a millionaire. Although most go buggo from the isolation first.

I'm not that lucky. They screwed up and sent me to the crap end of the universe, Theaon Prime, more than five-thousand light years from Earth. No Mining. No Retirement.

I'm a freaking plumber. Actually no, I'm a Sanitation Engineer. When I finally showed up at the colony that was the only thing they had left. Otherwise they were going to keep me on ice, the bastards.

You know the truly sad part about all of this? That's the job I had back on earth. Corporate jerks, must be their kind of a sick joke.

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. Hoka 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 its nursemaid.

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

After several long minutes Hoka 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 Hoka's ears.

Hoka 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            Nefa            Length 294 words.***

Nefa missed her father. He was the Clan Chief, and had gone hunting days ago. Longer even.

She sat on the mud brick roof, legs dangling care free over the side of her dwelling. This simple hut had been her family home since she was born.

The narrow canyon walls were only a stones throw away. The canyon was her playground. She knew it and all its hiding places.

Nefa smiled and dropped from the roof to the ground.

"Just where do you think you are going?"

Nefa smiled at her mother. "I was going to climb down and play in the water."

"Not today." Her mother sounded worried, tears forming in her eyes. "Stay in the village."

"But..."

"Nefa, do as I say." Nefa looked at her mother's face.

"Yes Mama."

Her mother forced a smile and waved her away. "Go play." With a quick nod, Nefa ran around the building. She could hear her mother calling. "Stay in the village!"

The village was boring. The same people, the same stupid kids. A dip in the river sounded great, and Nefa knew the perfect place.

With a smile on her face she ran through the village. There was a little used path just behind the second stable. As she approached the path one of the clan's warriors stood guarding it, bow at the ready.

In fact, now that she thought about it, all of the Warriors were gone or busy. Curious, she sprinted for a different trail. It was guarded to. She looked around, all of the trails were guarded.

Then a warriors cry echoed down the canyon and was repeated by each warrior in turn.

Nefa got the chills. Long before she saw the body, she knew that her father was dead. Nefa began to weep.

### ***Selection 3          Shipment          Length 300 words.***

There was nothing grander than the view from atop the Dock-tower as the sun rose. From this height the sunlight made the town look as if it were on fire.

Far below him few noticed the sunrise. The Docks were full and there were plenty of airships waiting their turn to be unloaded.

Corim Smiled. This was how life was supposed to be. Tradesmen and merchants buying and shipping their wares, and Corim collected the docking fees. But today, was special. One final ship and he would escape this backwater town.

There was a knock at the door. Reluctantly Corim walked over and opened it.

"Mister Cedrik, you are late."

The man dressed in a used overcoat and dockworker clothing, stepped hesitantly into the large office. "Sorry sir, the men..."

Corim cut him short. "What is the status of our special delivery?"

"It is scheduled to arrive at mid-day. The bay has been cleared and the neighboring docks as well."

"I want the whole level cleared."

Cedrik's jaw dropped. "But Sir, there are still five ships awaiting unloading..."

"Move them! I can have nothing go wrong today!"

"Yes, Sir. Right after you pay us."

Corim stared in disbelief at the dockworker. "This is an outrage! Do your job or you are dismissed, all of you!"

"I don't think so. You need us to unload those weapons." A pistol appeared in Cedrik's hand. "Besides you wouldn't want the new Constable to know what you are doing, do you?" Cedrik grinned.

Corim turned red, eyes burning with hatred. "You don't understand! The safety of the frontier depends on these weapons arriving."

"Then you better pay us."

Reluctantly Corim nodded, taking a stack of money from his desk and handing it to Cedrik. He took the money, then shot Corim in the head.

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 extra 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](http://AmazingMicrofiction.com), or follow me on Twitter @AGearsmith.

Thank you for listening.

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.