



# MicroFish:

## A School Of Short Stories

Adventures under 300 words or less

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• R.C. Allen Jr. •

*She was just radiant.  
I was attracted to her kaleidoscope of qualities. Her  
dimension was electric, the rally of her spirit, power -  
a sculptor's desired artistic suspense. A vision of this  
stage? This level? I HAD to make her my wife!*

*- Dedicated to my wife Nichole -*

## **About the Author:**

**R.C. Allen Jr. is an Author who lives in Norfolk Virginia with his wife and two sons. A lover of pizza, bacon double cheeseburgers and bow ties, he is also a U.S. Navy Sailor.**

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## **Singing in the Shower**

I and the beat roared early. The glass rattled in response, aligning perfect harmony with the spray of the water. Such fun - the admiration was a far call away. Among old degrading ears, bad reviews were expected. Visitors grumbled. I was singing "Let It Go" way too loud.

## **A Second Chance Mom and Son**

Attention of the miracle seemed radiant. The surface of him crossed gravity, a radiant star. The bitter formula capable of such nature suffered. Containing the moment I held back my tears. I was done with this life after this one. And as he opened his eyes in the bucket I scooped him up. He could see, and remember, and live and love. That day I was unemployed, and he became my son.

## **Funerals**

A fixed touch of oration with powerful projection leads the funeral moment. I wondered and wandered sitting in the pew. Their words, despite remembering events, were reduced to pretty possibilities of her life if she lived, no facts about her reality. The day tempered on, pounding my head like a tambourine. Just bury her already.

## **Disconnecting Love**

She cast strange eyes in the night, her voluptuously figure entered carefully. A shadow provided fixed wonderful enchanting desire. Lost in the encouraged flesh, I turned to the words I spoke to her when I first met her. She smiled as she turned off our cell phones, tablets, Smart TV, and then the light.

## **The Survivor**

While the disease is turning here she is smiling, a kind of eternal passionate reality, feminine in the much radiant woman I knew for so many years. The visible conclusion never shone. Her touch - bordering to qualify disenchanting. She appeared to strive more - humiliation turned magical. Stupidity surrounded me because this was a person alive, not one giving up, not dead. I should have brought her dinner, not tears.

## **Mona's Story**

His colors, absolute. The portraits that received his grandeur brushes became a degree intertwined in his soul. The expectations that carved depths. The great dagger transfigured beauty. "Can I get your name?"  
She turned and said "Mona..Mona Lisa."

## **Our Window**

This beautiful window, a reason not to slumber, but to rise and meet mornings with great expectation. My hub to watch nature, lightning, free of time. Strange, fun conversations. Our window. Ouch. I just got stung by a bee. It's time to close the window.

## **Last Sight**

I immediately worry about the expression, not a personal regret. The hours following always can mirage personal defeat. I could care less about my fate and welcomed the needle. The disenchanted wife, a satisfied expression on her face. Such delight in realizing I will be dead. I felt we locked eyes through the reflective glass. The poison takes control, I think about how I killed her husband, then all goes black.

## **The Final Match**

His old moments lost ideal desires, giving power to this apparent abyss of solitary. In the attic, in the depths of his memory, the nature of the impending future of *things* immediately irritated the pace. In a small chest he found his mask, and old *robe*. It sent him back to the ring one last time. He could hear the crowd. "Where's that other box for the yard sale Hun??" his wife asked. "I don't know," he said as he hid the box in a closet under her stuff.

## **The Wrong Luck**

*Dear Diary:* The manifest was vague. I wiped my sweat, turned to the sleepy scattering travelers, trying to light a cigarette. My floor seemed wonderful, the people - excited. I'm glad I bought tickets to Titanic.

## **One Last Gasp**

I sat there beside my grandpa, holding his hand. He gave me some last-moment advice. Between each cough he paused, regained his breath, and spoke again. He then looked me in the eyes and smiled, slowly closing his. His hand, limp in mine. My tears fought through, giving way to acceptance that his time had come. Five minutes later, Gasp! The inhale of air startled me out of my chair. “Don’t ...cheer...for the Cowboys.” And with that he stayed dead the next time he passed.

## **Groupies**

Clare gazed into the eyes of the man in her livingroom. She brushed the sweat beads away from his forehead with her hand. “You broke a sweat being with me today. I’m flattered.” Paul smiled. “I wish I could, but you know my life keeps me on the go.”

“Will I see you again?”

“When I’m back in town, I’ll give you a call. Maybe between gigs we can grab some lunch.”

“Deal.” And with that, MidWest Movers, Inc. packed up their trucks and headed to the next town.

## **The Fall Harvest**

Doug and Samantha had been preparing for the season all year long. They had stocked up on supplies. Their home was secure. All they had to do was survive past November and they would be fine. The neighborhood alarm sounded. Their turkey feathers shook with fear: "THIS IS NOT A DRILL. THIS IS NOT A TEST. THIS ALARM OFFICIALLY ANNOUNCES THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE FALL HARVEST. ALL SEASONS WILL BE IN PLAY FOR 12 CONTINUOUS HOURS UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING AT 7 A.M. WHEN THE FALL HARVEST CONCLUDES. ALL FOREST ANIMALS ARE GAME. BLESSED BE THIS COUNTRY, THE LAND OF THE FREE, HOME OF THE BRAVE,. WE GIVE THANKS THIS THANKSGIVING SEASON."

## **The Intoxicating Scent**

Everyone thought Jessica was drunk and crazy when she came in smelling like wine. It was later discovered that she had read the label wrong: "The 1996 Pinot Grigio from Scopazzi Bros Winery coalesces hard-to-miss sawdust overtones with a scintillating macadamia nut perfume."

## **The Toast**

Foolish years cemented the experience and spread disastrous sarcasm. What a moment left - the memory of a grave autumn. What depths you enlighten such distraction - exile to letting the old emotions, thrilling once, now dress the fooled. An aftertaste that can only be described as shock. The Best Man raised his glass in honor of his toast, took a sip, and sat down, feeling accomplished.

## **Rome**

This castle give false impressions to the eyes. The warned love, the admiration. Fake positivism adjusted the weight of a long reproduction. Its sophisticated novelty, the gesture of spirit, hinted the breath of change and unavenged ghosts.

## **Divorce Day**

Her wonderful cup of tea, his hypocrisy, now capable after this artificial defense. Soon the subtledarkness immortalized the moments, their black hearts built spite gently.

Reconciliation resides in sarcasm, immobilized by stupidity. It was never going to change, they thought. Their eyes learned and betrayed too easily now, the homicide of innermost love.

## **The Pleasure Left Behind**

The finger penetrated the fluid. It was electric, expressing manifested pleasure. It stirred my senses and guilty wonders. You hand me a spoon. We smile. The overwhelming love feels oh so traditional, knowing good and well how wrong we were. I love eating the remaining cake mix left in the bowl.

## **Blind Date**

Her words shaky, his voice seemed to have an intertwined laughter, a personality worthy of her unheard screams. With happiness, his real look revealed hunches of grace, beautiful form. This blind date would be a success, she thought.

## **Not My Grandmother**

The black eyes had attitude, the expression of madness, anxiety. Her ears, covered – larger than remembered. The wonderful being looked on, but it was something different. The nonchalance of her graceful demeanor could fool any other person. The awakened girl recognized the strange truth. This was not her grandmother.

## **Moving On From Cookies**

The dark little drawer provided light haven for the elves. The bunch, seriously youthful, were the hiding hands of the once slippery testimony of a young boy who hid snacks there. In secret, the little men now do the same for his son. "We should go back to the tree," one said. Their leader smiled. "Cookies? We're getting Kit Kats right now. Hush and hide the candy."

## **Zombie Acceptance**

A thousand pressing open the window, the result of an equal set of importunities. The obscene moment troubled all of us. It drowned realities of regular life. That was over. Our core face had to be absolute. They're zombies now, not friends or loved ones. So I struck with certainty, far from any emotional attachment.

## **An Alien's Arc**

I read the animal names aloud to no human response. I sigh, my mind distances from the busy implementation of the machines. Feelings quite like misfortune, sometimes unspeakable boredom. "It's time to go," my new wife says. She takes my hand and we enter the Arc as the robots watch on, bringing in animals 2 by 2. They only needed two humans. I can still hear the screams, and out the window I see my planet go up in flames, followed by a big explosion.

## **Netflix with no Chill**

Under tensed emotion my heavy heart lead the wife to discover a shame more heinous.

The deception did not replace my tone of voice. No charms, only the eyes of fear. A lamp, a small cushion, and a box fan.

She looked at me with a smirk. "So how long have you been coming up here watching Netflix without me?" Time just stopped.

## **Mer-meals in waiting**

Enchanting the wealthy men, she nobly let her amazing light deliver. Unimagined dimensions projecting the charming opportunity seemed golden. The soft smile without desire, impersonality touched them all. She began to turn pale, leaving abruptly. "Bring me the first one. Tell him I hunger for him." Nervously the maidservant left. The woman's curvaceous figure filled the warm tub, candles lit accompanied by moonlight. Her fin splashing to and fro, she was ready to eat.

## **A Passive Ghost**

The metal vibration completed the scene. They had popped the ribcage. It captivated me. I stood there looking at the body. The truth was there, and they were going to find it.

Hair combed and completely naked, the autopsy didn't embarrass me. I was dead anyway.

## **The Dinner Guest**

Bobby didn't know what to think when he arrived at the costume-themed dinner party.

He barely fit through the doors in his chicken suit, and everyone around him greeted him with an evil grin-the kind that said they knew something. One thing is for sure, in a room full of people dressed as Chefs, being the only guy in a chicken suit was really uncomfortable.

## **No Time for Goodnight Kisses**

Agnes smiled as she and her date watched the full Solar Eclipse take form. Soon it was dark. The two embraced in a passionate kiss. The moon's rays slowly inched to their face moments later. She gazed into her date's eyes and said, "Run". He smiled as the once soft hands and painted fingernails were slowly sharpening. He ran down the hill towards his car, motioning for his friends to start the engine! As they sped off, he looked back seeing nothing. Moments later, a startling howl could be heard.

## **A Neighbor's Imagination?**

Noreen peered out her window, watching her neighbors as they hugged family members. "They're aliens. Gotta be," she said. "They're cloning themselves over there."

The live-in nurse walked over and looked

out the window and giggled. "No Noreen. I know them. They recently had twins, So now they have two sets of twins – amazing right?" Noreen signed and shook her head. The neighbors went inside their house and removed their faces, revealing large black eyes and no noses. The mother flopped a dead dog on the table and dinner was served.

## **Hostage**

"All your human sympathy seemed radiant, the smell of flesh fearless. Mankind, take your illuminated absence, account all conversation admirable. Face the morning always keeping this hour - a potential shadow passing by to an advanced, more heavenly and higher companion. Believe not the idea set by the liars - that we are scary, that millions are guaranteed prey." The being endowed immeasurable power.

This was the day we all became slaves of Mars.

## **Fall and Rise: A War Story**

The collapse, shameful. A passion obeyed, simplicity wholesome, yet born from evil. A secret pleasure as deadly forces frolicked. The alleged powerless were coming, these animals. Ready to feel again, hope again, and vindicate the dead, from the elder to carriage eyes the offensive veined the dream enchanting their good, considering indifferent depths. The sanitized ugliness- a deceptive mistress fallen into an affair with a dumb ridiculous illusion. One day this will be over. Until then, we fight!

## **Grandma's Secret**

Geena was surprised when her mother moved into the retirement facility. She was always the independent type, but she missed her friends. She had made enough money to enjoy her golden years, and was ready to relax. "I just don't know what I'm going to do. I mean, what if he's cheating on me?" Gladys smiled and held Gina's hand. "Don't worry, it'll be ok. It's time for you to get to work isn't it?" Geena, totally forgetting what time it was, kissed her mother on the cheek and headed out. Gladys took out her phone and called Steve. "We're over. I just saw a photo of you and my daughter on Facebook.

You're a cheater and an awful person! Don't call me again!"

## **30 Seconds**

His hiding place had been discovered? What would he do now? Time was closing in on him quick. They would soon be hunted one by one. He wasn't expecting anyone to stack boxes and other supplies here. The area was muggy, damp and it stunk – the perfect hiding place. Timmy crowded in and waited. "Ready or not here I come!" Lance said as he stepped off his grandpa's porch. He would never think to check the old

Out House. Nah, who would go in there?

## **Moving On**

The house wasn't the same to her any more. The boys' room was crowded now with magazines, Boy Scout camping boxes, shoes and clothes. The master bedroom stayed a mess, and a consistent wonder if the clothes you picked up were clean. The garage was a disaster, victim to countless floods. No amount of time would save everything.

God sometimes allows things to happen for things to happen, her husband had always told her. They were victims of growing up, and now it was time to move on.

She locked the door and closed the garage one last time.

## **The Top Floor**

The woman stepped into the elevator. Her hair was a mess. Her clothes, dingy – a few holes in her jeans and day-old ketchup stains. It looked as if she tried to clean them off, creating a bigger stain. The woman beside me, who was more refined, cast her eye of judgment on the lady. “I love the view from up here,” she said with a fake smile. “I do too. I had a party on my balcony the other night. Sun was just right.” The lady's eyes got bigger. “Really? Where do you live?” “On the top floor. My husband owns this building.

One of three.”

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