

Story Bytes

Very Short Stories - Lengths a power of 2.

Issue #62 - June 2001

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Story Bytes

Very Short Stories
Lengths a Power of 2

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**Story Bytes better
than sound bites.**

On Being Right

M. Stanley Bubien

“**T**he next 60 seconds may change your life!” the announcer blared. I quickly spun the dial, thoughtless of ultimate destination, but quite suddenly the fanfare from Beethoven’s 9th Symphony, 4th Movement, erupted. [32]

A Broken Vase

Natasha

“I do.”
They walked along a beach as one, talking closely. But later a slender figure interrupted. He was tempted. As he stepped through the door his eyes slipped from the glass to the salty streaks on her cheeks. She knew. A beautiful ring slipped from her finger to the floor. He sunk to his knees suffocating from the permeating, guilty lilies.

“Just go.” [64]

It Hurts

Denise Howard

I held the baby and the baby stopped crying, looking up at me like I was the only person in the world that would make the crying stop.

I watched the baby walk for the first time and reminded myself the baby wasn't walking away from me, it was just doing what it had too.

I watched the baby, little yellow book bag and matching lunch sack in tow, go into the first day of school. Didn't need me to divert the day anymore.

I sat with the baby while reading. Didn't need me to read the hard words anymore.

I watched the baby leave for a first date. Just a school dance I told myself, no big deal.

I watched the baby graduate from high school. Cap and gown. So much learned and I didn't have a thing to do with it.

I took the baby to the first day of college. No longer under my roof.

I wept at the baby's wedding. Beginning of it's own family I told myself. This was how it's supposed to go. It hurt too much though... I cried....

* * *

The tears were real, the pain was real, but the baby wasn't real anymore. I felt the cold examination table under me. The nurse was patting my arm telling me it was all over. "Look on the bright side," she said, "No more sickness in the morning and that belly will go away in a few weeks."

I guess I really didn't want to go through all that pain anyway. [256]

Paisley My Sky

Glynn Sharpe

Paisley slept most of the way there, her chin spilling over onto her jumper in white waves of flesh. I watched her in the rear view mirror as the trees rolled by, silently and unchanging.

My parents were waiting at the front door for us as we pulled into the driveway. I could see their smiling, bobbing faces through the frost-scraped window. They were excited. It was Paisley's first visit.

I carried her in my arms into the kitchen. She was still asleep. My parents cooed quietly so that they wouldn't wake her. They were both eager to get a turn to hold her. As I gazed down at her, my mother said that I looked just like my father did when he used to hold me.

I didn't take my eyes off Paisley as I lifted her high above my head. I slowly turned with her in my outstretched arms, and I could hear my parents' muffled protests. They sounded as if they were a world away from the two of us. Paisley's eyes burst open and met mine. The blades of the ceiling fan just above her head floated slowly like wooden clouds. It was in that instant that I knew that everything would be different for her. She smiled and her face erupted into creases and pink gums. A thread of spittle slipped from her mouth, held there, and fell toward my face like a liquid diamond. It landed above my lip and I felt it with my tongue. It tasted like trust. [256]