

## Flash Fiction Examples

### The Great Pumpkin Mix-Up

On Halloween night, in the sleepy town of Willow Creek, where jack-o'-lanterns grinned from every porch, twelve-year-old Billy had an ambitious plan. He intended to outdo every trick-or-treater with his costume: a giant, lifelike pumpkin. The costume was so realistic that when Billy perched himself among the pumpkins outside Mr. Hargrove's house, he was indistinguishable from the real ones.

As dusk fell, a group of teenagers decided to play a prank on old Mr. Hargrove, known for his dislike of Halloween. They crept up to his porch, snatched what they thought was the biggest pumpkin - Billy in his costume - and ran off to Mr. Hargrove's front door. Giggling, they left Billy there, rang the doorbell, and hid in the bushes.

Mr. Hargrove opened the door, his eyes widening in surprise. "Well, I'll be," he muttered, "a giant pumpkin on my doorstep!" Not wanting to waste a perfectly good pumpkin, he dragged Billy inside, planning to carve him into a jack-o'-lantern.

Inside, Billy remained perfectly still, a plan forming in his mind. As Mr. Hargrove fetched his carving tools, Billy waited for the right moment. Just as Mr. Hargrove was about to make the first cut, Billy jumped up and shouted, "Boo!"

Mr. Hargrove leaped back, dropping his tools. "You're no pumpkin!" he exclaimed, a mix of shock and amusement in his voice.

Billy couldn't contain his laughter. "Gotcha, Mr. Hargrove! Happy Halloween!"

To Billy's surprise, Mr. Hargrove began to laugh too. "You young rascal, that's the best trick I've seen in years!" he declared. In the spirit of Halloween, Mr. Hargrove decided to give Billy the biggest candy bar from his stash.

As Billy walked home, munching on his candy bar, he thought about the night's events. His plan to be the best trick-or-treater had gone awry, but it led to an unexpected friendship. And as for the teenagers who had carried him off? They were still hiding in the bushes, waiting for Mr. Hargrove to discover a pumpkin on his porch, completely unaware that their "perfect pumpkin" had already made his escape.

In Willow Creek, it turned out that the best Halloween tricks were the ones you never saw coming.

## Chatty the Elf and the Silent Night Mission

In the North Pole, where the snow sparkled like a million tiny stars, there lived an elf named Chatty. Chatty was known for two things: his impeccable gift-wrapping skills and his inability to stop talking. His words flowed like a never-ending stream of tinsel, bright and unstoppable.

One Christmas Eve, Santa chose Chatty for a special mission. "Chatty," he said, his eyes twinkling, "I need you to accompany me tonight. We have a particularly tricky house to visit. The children there are light sleepers, and we must be as quiet as mice."

Chatty's eyes widened with excitement. "Oh, Santa, I won't let you down! I'll be quieter than a snowflake landing on a marshmallow! Quieter than—"

"Chatty," Santa interrupted with a gentle smile, "the key is to be silent."

As the sleigh soared through the starry night, Chatty rehearsed being quiet. He practiced holding his breath, tiptoeing, and even miming. However, as they landed on the roof of the light sleepers' house, Chatty's excitement bubbled up like a shaken snow globe.

Inside the house, Santa and Chatty crept towards the shimmering Christmas tree. Chatty was doing surprisingly well until his eyes fell upon the family cat, a fluffy creature with wide, curious eyes. "Oh, what a cute little—," Chatty began, but Santa quickly clapped a hand over his mouth.

Each time Chatty nearly spoke, Santa was there, a reminder of their silent mission. They placed the gifts under the tree with stealthy precision. Just as they were about to leave, Chatty's foot found a squeaky floorboard. The squeak was like a firecracker in the silent house.

Santa and Chatty froze. A door creaked upstairs. Thinking fast, Chatty spotted a bell from one of the reindeer's harnesses lying nearby. He jingled it loudly, covering the squeak's aftermath. The stirring upstairs ceased, as the children must have thought it was just Santa's sleigh.

Back on the roof, Santa chuckled. "Well, Chatty, that was close, but you did it. You kept silent when it counted."

Chatty beamed, his chest swelling with pride. "Santa, I learned that sometimes, it's okay not to say anything at all. But, you know, it was really hard because—"

Santa laughed, his belly shaking like a bowl full of jelly. "Let's save the stories for when we're back at the North Pole, Chatty."

And so, Chatty the Elf learned the value of silence, at least for one night. Back at the North Pole, however, he made up for lost time, recounting their adventure to anyone who would listen, which, in the North Pole, was everyone.