

Chapter 1 : Flash fiction - Wikipedia

Flash Fiction. is the current term of choice for the short-short story a fast-paced, pared-down narrative parcel which can be read on short subway rides, often between stops. In this funny, heart-warming and sometimes eerie collection, you will encounter.

I hope everyone enjoys and reviews would be appreciated. Rated Teen for some language, dark settings, suicidal thoughts, little bit of violence and mature scenes. Written before 3x21 airs. My money is on Future-Barry though. Groans escape him as the pain intensifies and he has to bite his lip to prevent himself from screaming and possibly shattering a few windows. The force of the kick sends Barry flying down the abandoned street, only stopping when his back skids into a car parked on the side of the road. The alarm goes off with a loud chirp, and then blares obnoxiously. Unconsciousness approaches from the corners of his vision and before Barry allows the darkness to take him he pleads with the only thing able to save him. He begs the Speed Force to give him some sort of strength, to take him home, to give him something. Barry wakes up the next day with a killer headache and a sprained leg instead of a broken one. Iris and Cisco are both at his bedside when he wakes up and explain his injuries in a calculated matter before demanding how he got hurt. Before she can, however; Joe, Wally and Julian walk in. When Joe turns and sees him the relief that washes over his face is obvious and when Julian sees Barry, his lips twitch upwards in a soft smile. Barry hates himself the more they look at him, and nearly loses the contents of his stomach when Iris kisses him on the forehead and tells him to get some rest and that she loves him. He nearly cries when Joe leans down to give him a fatherly hug and Julian a pat on his shoulder. But what truly breaks him is Wally and the sight of seeing him walk away. The dim lights around him lure him to sleep after a while. He relives her death twenty times in his nightmares. A few more days pass. Maybe he could change the future if he chopped it off. He can still change this future and stop Savitar from existing or from killing Iris or something, right? Jay told him the future is always changing, Barry knows the future is always changing and "and something has to save her. Something has to change. His phone rings from his pocket, effectively breaking his thought process. He digs around in his pocket and has it up to his ear by the second ring. He gets there a few seconds later, stopping dead center in the middle of the living room. Iris is slumped against the bathroom, holding her stomach and breathing heavily. Barry crouches down next to her, holding a hand to her head, "Hey, hey. Barry pulls back his hand, not detecting a fever, but her body is worked up and putting out a lot of excess heat. He rubs her arms, sending the most reassuring smile he can muster her way. She leans her body into his, one hand gripping his bicep and the other his hand. Then he flashes out to the kitchen to grab a glass of cold water and damp washcloth from the bathroom before returning to the bed. He passes her the cup of water, which she generously takes a few sips of, before placing it on the nightstand next to the bed and holding the washcloth to her forehead to try and cool her body temperature. She takes it from his grip, holding it there herself as he grabs the remote for the television and turns it on. When Barry settles on a channel he sits still for a moment before leaning over and giving her a tender kiss on the cheek. The pain in your stomach is from indigestion and strain. He will save her, he amends, no matter what it takes. Iris is, in fact, good as new within two days, though she finds herself incredibly sick in the mornings and before bed. She keeps that to herself though and things continue on as usual. Barry finishes with his hair and then goes to grab the brush off the counter, but it slips from his grip and falls to the floor next to the trashcan. The clatter echoes all the way to the bedroom, where Iris looks up at the sound. Something pink stares back at him. He places the brush back on the counter and grabs the object, which is wrapped hurriedly with toilet paper, curiosity getting the better of him. Unwrapping it yields a pregnancy test hiding underneath, with a bright pink plus glaring at him from the end of the stick. He stumbles out of the bathroom and enters their bedroom with the pregnancy test in hand just as Iris finishes her article and snaps the laptop shut. She looks up at him and when their eyes meet she knows her secret is out. He looks down at the test again and bites his lip when the plus seemingly burns into his very soul, before placing it on the dresser next to the doorway. Like the chapter on Barry Allen has been closed and the chapter on his ill-fated demise torn open. Iris stands up and walks towards him, getting close enough that

she can take his clammy hands in her own. How do weâ€”how do I p-protectâ€”” He tries to pull his hands away but her firm grip keeps him in place. Her ring burns against his hand. Do you hear me? He takes a minute to calm himself, closing his eyes and just breathing for a while. In-and-out, in-and-out, in-and-out, in-and-out, in-and-out, in-and-out. "Iris," he mumbles, low and shaky, "Iris how am I going to save you both? His breathing is better, although still uneven. Iris sighs, gently coaxing his body into hers. His lanky body encases her own at the invitation, forehead coming to rest against hers. She wraps her arms around his back, feeling his muscles coil and fidget at her touch. One slips out his right eye and slides down his cheek, leaving a trail behind. The kiss is desperate, and heartbreaking in a sense. She pushes the thought aside and deepens the kiss just enough to leave him wanting more before pulling away. He stares at her as his arms slowly snake around her lower waist. But she gets there and falls backwards, Barry not hesitating at all before carefully climbing on top of her. They share another kiss and when they part she says something she believes with all her heart. Iris whips her head towards him, arms crossed and mouth pulled in a frown. Barry shakes his head and takes a seat on the ground, raking his fingers through his hair. Iris takes a seat next to him and breaks the silence with a hand on his knee. Iris notices and without saying anything props her head against him, burying her face into the fabric of his shirt. This is her Barry. This is her Barry who smells like firewood and peppermint. This is her Barry with the messy hair and kind eyes. This is her Barry with the genius brain and dorky smiles. She hears a sob boil up inside of him but cease before it can pass his lips. Iris West is taken by Savitar and brought to the park three days later. The claw is inches away from piercing her heart. Her eyes meet his and Barry feels a wave of emotions slam into him all at once and it just comes out before he can stop it. His claw lowers but he keeps a tight grip on Iris. Barry takes a step forward, "Yes. But she was never pregnant. She was never pregnant. But he is evil. He has to do thisâ€”why is something he never asksâ€”he has to do this. He has to do this. Then he looks over and sees Barry, sees how the suit around him is loose around his thin body.

Chapter 2 : Creative Idea Generator - Random Word Generator

Last week's challenge: @YouAreCarrying Next week is SDCC " San Diego Comic-Con. Which means this week is a lot of comic booky superhero-flavored stuff. News bits in particular (including my own bit of good superhero news with author Adam Christopher).

The rules follow the story, thanks for playing! Washington polished the dash of his Chronohopper, looking at his wrist chronograph impatiently. The Chronohopper was designed for intra-atmospheric light speed jumps, moving from one time to another, without changing locality. That made for a lot of limitations. For instance, like now. Once the diamonds had been retrieved from this time, they were to be delivered to a very impatient customer, who held the keys to the master chronograph, and could, at will, decide to send them spinning off into time, rather than being dragged back through the centuries to deliver the jewels in It was a science, stealing from the past. The current crew was attempting something new, known as a parallel snatch. They transported back into to a location, but in a slightly off kilter dimension, so that, in their own dimension, the jewels were never seen as stolen to begin with. Getting caught, however, meant the same as it always did, only they would be stuck in a dimension that was not their own, in another place and time. His cut came from the crypto currency that would be transferred to his wallet upon delivery, and he knew that transporting items across dimensional lines was unpredictable at best. The diamonds might stabilize and last forever, or they might only be pretty to look at for a few minutes, up to a day, before slowly fading back to their original location on the continuum. The client understood the risks, but would have a jeweler standing by to perform tests to ensure their permanency. The longer it took to get them back, the more likely they were to have problems. Finally, Fin turned the corner and headed toward the back of the van at a dead run, Theo right behind him, and right behind them, half of the police force of London. He checked the sync on his wrist, adjusted a single dial on the dash and hit the accelerator. Washington removed his helmet slowly, it always took a segment to adjust to temporal displacement. They were in the right place, but something was off. He turned to find the customer, tied to a chair, a gun to his head, Wolf Fitzer holding it. This was the third heist in the last seven that Wolf had boosted. It was getting to be a habit. He swore under his breath, he was buying a second master chronograph with his next good haul. Position it somewhen safe, then a bad landing like this just meant a second hop to escape the problem. Upvote the original post to enter the challenge. Using the image as inspiration, write an original piece between and words and add it in a comment on the original post. It can be anything, from a narrative piece, to poetry, as long as it refers to the image in some way. All stories comments should be limited to pg13 material, please. Vote for your favorite comment entry by upvoting the comment containing your favorite story! Plus, curation rewards for the comment! The more upvotes you get, the more you can make! Please add a link to your story leading back to your blog, so readers can follow your other writing. If this goes well, you can expect to find a new one on my blog in the near future. Look for the upvote button below. If you liked the post, upvote and share! You get free money for signing up!

Chapter 3 : Expert tips for writing the best flash fiction - The Writer magazine

Flash fiction is defined as very short fiction, usually less than words. In some cases, less than , or even words. Sometimes people call it short-short story or microfiction.

Cockroach, Fountain, Tax, Bottle, Box. Let me know what you think! The only sure things in life are death, taxes and vampires. Push the goddamn button! The closest is still a good five feet behind her. The bat-like features of the vampires come into view and Laura stops running and concentrates on screaming. I turn away and start down the stairs. The UV light will do its job.. The light from her shoes has dimmed to a low glow. I drop to my knees and start searching for fangs. Three teeth found, five to go. You need to look like a victim. Much bigger than at practice. Do you know Brett? The glow from the Vamplight Shoes Patent Pending starts to fade. I pull out a small silver box and put the fangs inside. The first six are about an inch and a half long, and the last two are a fraction shy of an inch. Must have been a young one. The light from the shoes goes out, leaving us in the dark. I slide the box back into the pocket of my jacket and stand up. The only problem with the Vamplight Patent Pending is that it needs to be recharged between uses. I head toward the car park. Laura trots at my side. We reach the cars and I wait for Laura to stop talking. He could have bitten me! I take out my wallet and count out four hundred dollars. Her eyes light up. Now I can, like, totally afford to buy a bottle of Seagrams to share with Brett! This is the best job ever. I ready the Vamplight Patent Pending. She walks to the railing and looks down at the city lights below.

Chapter 4 : Cassava Bread (paleo, AIP, vegan)

A 68 page guide to writing and publishing flash fiction. 60 Publishers, 60 Prompts. Plus, quick inspiration to get you started. Get the book now, for \$

Share via Email David Gaffney: A few years ago, I published a book of flash fiction called Sawn-off Tales. Fifty-eight stories, each exactly words long. The odds were entirely against me. No one wants to publish short stories, least of all by an unknown. And stories that took less time to read than to suppress a sneeze? I was chancing it, I knew. I began to produce these ultra-short stories – sawn-off tales, as I call them – when I was commuting from Manchester to Liverpool: But I had a book, as did most passengers. One day while ruminating on the number of train journeys it took to read a novel, I began to wonder how long it would take to write one. I decided on words a trip there and back was 1, words a day – taking just four months to reach a respectable novel length of 80, words. So the next day I boarded the 8. I was about to ditch the idea when I heard about a new website called the Phone Book, which needed word stories to send out as text messages. All that was needed was a bit of editing. Initially, as I hacked away at my over-stuffed paragraphs, watching the sentences I once loved hit the floor, I worried. It felt destructive, wielding the axe to my carefully sculpted texts; like demolishing a building from the inside, without it falling down on top of you. Yet the results surprised me. Sure, it had been severely downsized, but it was all the better for it. There was more room to think, more space for the original idea to resonate, fewer unnecessary words to wade through. The story had become a nimble, nippy little thing that could turn on a sixpence and accelerate quickly away. And any tendencies to go all purple – if it sounds like writing, rewrite it, as Elmore Leonard said – were almost completely eliminated. By the time I got to Birchwood I had it down to words, by Warrington to , at Widnes and as the train drew in to Liverpool Lime Street there it was – words, half a page of story; with a beginning, a middle and an end, with character development and descriptions, everything contained in a Polly Pocket world. These stories, small as they were, had a huge appetite; little fat monsters that gobbled up ideas like chicken nuggets. The habit of reducing text could get out of hand too; I once took away the last two sentences of a story and realised I had reduced it to a blank page. Luckily the Phone Book liked my stories and published them, and I continued to churn them out each day on the train, while the train guard announced the delays, the tea trolley rolled past, and a succession of passengers sat next to me, reading over my shoulder. A week after sending the manuscript to Salt Publishing I got a call from Jen, their editor. They wanted to publish it, and quickly. All I needed was a quote for the cover, a photo for the sleeve, and we were off. How to write flash fiction 1. Start in the middle. Even a name may not be useful in a micro-story unless it conveys a lot of additional story information or saves you words elsewhere. To avoid this, place the denouement in the middle of the story, allowing us time, as the rest of the text spins out, to consider the situation along with the narrator, and ruminate on the decisions his characters have taken. Avoid this by giving us almost all the information we need in the first few lines, using the next few paragraphs to take us on a journey below the surface. Make it work for a living. Make your last line ring like a bell. The last line is not the ending – we had that in the middle, remember – but it should leave the reader with something which will continue to sound after the story has finished. It should not complete the story but rather take us into a new place; a place where we can continue to think about the ideas in the story and wonder what it all meant. A story that gives itself up in the last line is no story at all, and after reading a piece of good micro-fiction we should be struggling to understand it, and, in this way, will grow to love it as a beautiful enigma. And this is also another of the dangers of micro-fiction; micro-stories can be too rich and offer too much emotion in a powerful one-off injection, overwhelming the reader, flooding the mind. Write long, then go short. Create a lump of stone from which you chip out your story sculpture. Stories can live much more cheaply than you realise, with little deterioration in lifestyle.

Chapter 5 : Flash Fiction, the Shortest Stories in Creative Writing | HobbyLark

Yeah generally flash fiction isn't over words but if you don't stick to it Chuck isn't going to come round your house with a chainsaw to chop off the.

Updated on February 27, more What is Flash Fiction? It now includes a wide variety of types and lengths, from six word stories, Twitter fiction characters or less and drabbles words exactly to longer pieces of a few hundred words. In this article, I provide original examples of flash fiction of different lengths and styles. Hopefully, reading these stories will give you a better understanding of this relatively new, highly focused form of creative writing. Source Do you write flash fiction? They can also draw on common knowledge such as myths, history, and well-known stories to convey a tale with very few words. This untitled story of mine was published in the Twitter magazine Nanoism on December 1, The end of the world? I really admire the way he captured the essence of a grand story in just three short sentences. You asked me to edit your memoir. It was much more satisfying after I replaced her name with mine. Writing stories Source Example: This piece was also written as an exercise. Untitled The books tumbled to the ground, a landslide of paper. She righted the toppled box and picked up each book, cradling it like a broken bird, inspecting the spine and pages for damage. James watched her, unrepentant. She carried the box to the car, not uttering a word, even goodbye. Open book Source Example: Writing to a precise word length is difficult and makes you really weigh every word. Silent Morning Dew-flecked grass rippled in the breeze. The morning air chilled me through my thick clothes. The woods surrounding the cabin were quiet. I sat on the steps, sheltered from the wind. The sky was crisp, ice blue. After a long time, the door opened. I held my breath, resolved not to look. Something landed behind me with a soft thud. I looked up, caught a glimpse of his eyes. The door rattled closed, then gave way to silence. Longer Flash Fiction Here are some longer pieces of flash fiction I wrote as exercises. In the first one, the prompt assignment was to sample a lyric from a song; I used the line "the dogs are weeping" from the song Inside by Sting. They sound their misery in moans, whines, the occasional howl. Yesterday and the day before, they were less sorrowful but no less expressive: He wears sweaters in summer, t-shirts in the briskness of fall. He waits in line at the coffee shop for a single small black coffee. He comes in every morning, makes the same order, counts out exact change. Today, though, he does something different: He smiles, looking at her name tag, and says her name with his thanks.

Chapter 6 : Able Muse Press | publishing the new, the established

Flash Fiction Plus: For Reading on the Go by John B. Haney **FLASH FICTION PLUS** brings together a group of original short-short stories that are ideal for in-transit reading, for they can be picked up and finished in a single subway ride.

A lifelong book lover, C. Chancellor has been writing original fiction since high school. This form of storytelling is intense, with lots of meaning packed into a handful of characters. I enjoy the brevity of this creative writing style: I can be intimidated by huge projects, so a prose form where a complete work can be written in one or two sittings or even a few minutes is perfect for me. And I value the way it can be combined with new communication tools like Twitter to inject stories into our everyday lives. Writing on paper Source

What is flash fiction? The broadest rule seems to be stories that are under 1,000 words, although many publishers set their requirements much lower. Five hundred words or less is quite common, with some venues setting their limits around 300 words. Hemingway is often credited with helping to define and develop this style of storytelling. Ideally, flash fiction should convey a story: However, because these pieces are so short, many elements of the narrative may be revealed through implication or suggestion. Other names for this writing form: My love of sci-fi at least in written form has waned over the years, but I still enjoy fantasy and its offshoots, urban fantasy and paranormal romance. When I started writing fantasy, I was instantly frustrated, because the stories I wanted to tell seemed to dwarf my ability to tell them. When I tried to write short stories, I almost always felt like I needed a larger format to do them justice. But writing a novel scared me; it was too big, bigger than I thought I could manage. Oddly, though, I found that I could tell a fantasy story with flash fiction. You can also use it to try out different styles of writing, different points-of-view including gender swaps, and techniques that are new to you. Salon asked novelists to write two-sentence horror stories. Long stories and occasionally novels have been shared one tweet at a time, but as a delivery mechanism, Twitter is best suited for flash fiction. But Twitter fiction is exceptionally challenging; the character limit means you have a sentence, maybe two, to communicate the story. Here are some Twitter feeds of super-short stories: Terse Tales, a collection of original, Twitter-length stories by Christopher Ryan. Twitter also held its first ever fiction festival in The event ran from November 28 to December 2, and in a way, it both acknowledged and celebrated the trend of sharing stories using the Twitter platform. Writers and publishers both large and small participated using the hashtag *twitterfiction*. I even got on the bandwagon! My entry for the theme "Legendary" was chosen and published. Wired magazine asked famous sci-fi, fantasy, and horror writers to pen six-word stories. Typewriter keys Source

Flash fiction examples Here are three flash pieces I wrote as exercises in response to writing prompts. Example 1 -- Writing Prompt: The pain was like tiny needles jabbing into her. A stitch in time just hurts, she thought. It was her own fault for daydreaming so long. Another call sounded, louder and more threatening. Sandy looked out into the distance, trying to distract herself from her labored breathing and her aching side. Dark clouds were flooding the horizon, and the first hint of the storm kicked up dust from the path. She stood, hunched over, hands on her knees, listening to the twin howls of her mother and the wind. She wished she had someplace else to run. Example 2 -- Writing Prompt: A hundred bucks is almost enough to pay the power bill some months. Every time one came up, somebody else got it first. I checked used bookstores too, but nothing. People must want it. I look at the cover again -- what I can see of it, anyway. I got the first one used, before I knew the second one was such a pain to find. At least he reads. Example 3 -- Writing Prompt: Sally turned from her weeding and glanced around the neighborhood. A moment later, Marie followed, hauling the large, elaborate coffeemaker George had bought her for Christmas. Sally realized the loose metal tin was the pot. Marie dropped the appliance on the curb with a sickening crash. It must be broken, Sally thought, looking at the machine, then at the forlorn pot, resting a few feet away at the edge of the grass. Sally returned her attention to her garden until movement caught her eye again. Marie had returned, this time with a CD player. It smashed on the sidewalk, sending bits of plastic in all directions. Other items followed over the next hour: There was a bag of CDs so heavy that the bottom had ripped, sending the contents spilling into the street; they lay there in a cracked plastic heap while the breeze tugged at the bag, making it dance in midair. And on one side sat the shiny coffee pot George had been so proud to show them.

Marie had stared thin-lipped at the appliance and said nothing. As Sally watched, Marie emerged and began pulling up the flowers from the garden: Up they came, roots dangling, clumped with soil. Marie ferried them to the curb, depositing them on the pile of clothes. Then she knelt down, took the coffee pot and filled it with upended flowers. When the pot was full, she wiped her hands on a rose-colored gown and walked away, leaving behind the roots dangling over the sides of the pot, exposed to the summer air. More flash fiction examples Want more flash fiction examples, including pieces of specific lengths? Check out my companion article: [Writing in journal Source Creative writing prompts to inspire you](#) Ready to try writing flash fiction yourself? Here are some prompts to inspire you! I find writing prompts are a great way to get inspired and give your creative mind a jump start. I typically use them for writing exercises, but sometimes they spark an idea that will turn into a marketable story. Some of these prompts are ones I made up and some are from other sources. Write a story about what you find inside. Close your eyes and randomly hit three keys on your keyboard. Open your eyes and see what Google auto-suggests. Use one of these recommendations to jump start a short story. LitReactor holds a monthly flash fiction contest based on a specific writing prompt usually a photo. All genres are eligible for the contest. Submit your story in the comments section of the page for the current month. Entries will be judged on the last day of the month and a writing-related prize often a book is awarded. This page links to the current and past contests. Flash fiction publishers Ready to submit your stories? Listings are ranked by the submission length accepted shortest to longest. Links go to the submission guidelines.

Chapter 7 : Flash Fiction: Five Words Plus One Vampire | The Happy Logophile

Flash Fiction Project Day 1: Feel free to post your work directly into a comment or post a link to your work. The Pinterest page has details about the image and the attribution link you should use when you write about today's image.

Blog Expert tips for writing the best flash fiction Flash fiction has never been hotter. What is flash fiction? Flash fiction goes by many names: Its word count runs anywhere from characters to over a thousand words, generally capping out at Since the appearance of the landmark Sudden Fiction, an anthology edited by Robert Shepard and James Thomas, flash fiction has become a special genre for many fiction writers, with quite a few magazines and journals as well as small presses open to the form. Very Short Stories from Around the World in For Randall Brown “ author of the award-winning flash collection Mad to Live and editor of Matter Press, which specializes in flash “ it comes down to what the form says about the nature of the world and human experience in it. This world wants rigor. It knows not to know. How is it different from, say, a prose poem? Whatever flash fiction is, or how it differs from other forms, it has a large following. Writing flash fiction Why write flash fiction and not the traditional short story? The short story itself is a compressed form, so why seek even greater compression? For some it may be in the demands of such extreme brevity, the challenge of handling a whole piece of writing in such a short space. Flash Fictions and Prose Poetry. Painter sees flash as both a challenge and a gift: The challenge and the gift both nourish flash writers “ I wish they occurred simultaneously more often. Given these extreme parameters, what makes a piece of flash fiction truly great? Chinquee provides a sweeping list of key attributes: Things that are left out. Elements such as tone and point-of-view can fill in for the plot. And a smashing title and ending. A kind of internal rhythm to the language. I do think there should be a story inherent in the piece, and this is what separates it from a prose poem to some degree. Consider what two leading figures in this field say: Martone thinks along similar lines: The key element for me is not that a piece gets better, but that it gets different. I enter a text with curiosity for what this thing is: What draws so many magazine editors to this form? Bite-size chunks of text in this medium are very reader-friendly. Hers is an enthusiastic welcome: Someone is sitting at a bar, in a coffee shop, at the corner table in the library. Eyes meet “ and voila. That flash, that momentary gleam in the eye is exciting. It is the promise of what is to come. What makes good flash fiction from an editorial standpoint? The criteria come down to compression, language, character, story, and context. This compression tends to lend itself to great depth, too. Flash fiction should begin with language that surprises and digs deep, generating narratives that strive toward something other than a final punch or twist. Ideally, this brevity should work in tandem with evocative, deliberate language. In general, it should begin with language that surprises and digs deep, generating narratives that strive toward something other than a final punch or twist. It should contain pieces that add up to something, oftentimes but not necessarily always meaning or emotional resonance. And it should be honest work that feels as if it has far more purpose than a writer simply wanting to write a story. Good flash, according to Laskowski, situates richly developed characters in a well-delineated setting: A strong voice helps accomplish this: Masih is the founding editor of the new annual series The Best Small Fictions, which honors the best flash fiction under 1, words from journals and presses around the world. Henry period what a good flash was, they would have insisted on twist endings. Literary writers have gotten away from the twist in the United States, but it is still valued in other countries, such as China. Does the story have power and resonance in a small space? Does each word count? Does the writer offer us something new in terms of language, structure, voice, point of view, punctuation use, worldview? Is it concise not just short? Unpublishable flash fiction examples So where can flash fiction go wrong? What kinds of problems do magazine editors note in the slush pile? The sentences are flabby. The writer wastes words on details that are not important to the piece. This editor, then, leans over and, with a flourish, drops it into the round waiting can. In an effort to suggest a wider context, some writers can fall back instead on vagueness and obscurity. Or they are short stories cut down to words to meet our guidelines. Or they are just character sketches, with no narrative arc or story. A description of a moment without significance is unmemorable, however lovely the language may be. But there are a fair amount of small presses that regularly publish book-length microfiction

collections. Rose Metal Press is one of the leading publishers of flash fiction. The press publishes two full-length books a year and also holds an annual chapbook contest for flash fiction as well as flash nonfiction, with the winning entry being one of the two genres. Red Hen Press is another venue for flash fiction. So what kinds of unique problems do book publishers see in their submissions? What must transpire in a book-length work of flash fiction to be publishable? Just as each word needs to be important in flash, each story should be important in a collection so the whole achieves a narrative or emotional arc in order to be memorable. Better there be fewer, with more quality and resonance. A weak first story can harm the chances of an otherwise accomplished manuscript. The form calls for adept handling of language, depth of development, and movement, resulting in richness yet restraint. So much is accomplished in such a short space. Jack Smith is author of numerous articles, reviews, and interviews, three novels, and a book on writing, entitled *Write and Revise for Publication*.

Chapter 8 : Stories in your pocket: how to write flash fiction | Books | The Guardian

In keeping with the spooky October theme, this week's flash fiction challenge at TerribleMinds was to write a word story about an old favourite: a vampire. But the story also needed to include 3 of the 5 following words: Cockroach, Fountain, Tax, Bottle, Box.

Chapter 9 : Subscribe - Flash Fiction Online

What is flash fiction? Flash fiction goes by many names: microfiction, sudden fiction, short-short, postcard fiction, etc. Its word count runs anywhere from characters to over a thousand words, generally capping out at