

The Pebble

(150 words, no sentence more than 7 words)

After crossing the stream the climb began. Five leagues lay behind them. The last league was all uphill. A soldier's boot carried the pebble. It was quartz and pure white. Belonging in the stream, it was foreign. Here on the mountain granite ruled. The entire landscape was grey and brooding. Escarpments were vertigo inducing.

The soldier slipped dislodging the pebble. Unnoticed, it bounced over the precipice. No longer a pebble, it became more. Ricocheting from rock to rock it descended. The pebble was now a message.

Below, the enemy encamped. One soldier patrolled the cliff base alone. He paused to rest. From his pack he removed an apple. He sat and watched and listened. He heard the pebbles decent. Suddenly he was alert. The pebble stopped at his feet. Knowing these hills, he saw the implication. He thanked his god for the message. He would be prepared when they came.

(One sentence at least 300 words)

The pebble is pure white quartz and being carried unknowingly in the cleat of a soldiers boot, it is transported to foreign grounds, where it is becoming more than just a pebble, because it is to be a message that will change the outcome of the mission as surely as if it were a letter, written on crisp white paper and hand delivered by one of the units fine young runners, directly into the, as yet unsuspecting hands, of the enemies significant but greatly outnumbered army, which was encamped at the base of the mountain range from which the pebble is about to be launched, on its mission which will be seen by some as an unbelievable act of misfortune and by others as a gift from their God or at least a message that they are on the side of good and that their God is with them in all actions including the defence, by military action, of their village, which has been the target of enemy incursion for generations because of its proximity to the ocean port, also the capital of this small seaside nation and the site of bloodthirsty battles which have become all too familiar to the local population, who have an intimate and deep knowledge of the land they work daily with plough and bare hands, which is exactly why there will be no doubt that a foe approaches when the pebble, or shall we say message, is delivered by Devine grace and gravity to the feet of a soldier, patrolling the cliff base as a member of his communities well trained and highly skilled civilian reserve force, who are recruited from the farms throughout the village and know that the only place a quartz pebble can be found within a league of these fertile, black soil plains, is the stream at the back side of the mountain range which forms the boundary of the village.