



The Long and The Short of It

(Write a paragraph of narrative 100-150 words, in sentences of seven or fewer words. No sentence fragments! Each must have a verb and a noun)

Sarah was confused. What had happened? Had she stepped on her dress again? Had she exposed too much cleavage? No, that wasn't it. Had she ruined her chance at love? Ted had looked deeply into her eyes. Had he even noticed her absence? She had been absent. She was thinking about a lost lover. Not thinking about who she was with. Ted, dear Ted, was oblivious. Probably hoping her tits would pop out. Not today buddy. Men never did think about important things. Weddings and childbirth came as a surprise. Sarah decided to take charge. She was a woman in control. She knew what she wanted. She would do it right, this time. Sarah raised her stiletto. She stepped forward with real purpose. Ted, the dress, neither stood a chance.

(Write a half-page to a page of narrative, up to 350 words, which is all one sentence)

The realisation came to Sarah slowly at first, very slowly, as if from a dream or some distant memory, a memory deliberately pushed back into the far recesses of the mind, push far away from conscious memory, pushed away to shield the conscious mind, only to resurface at the most inconvenient time, a time of the choosing of the subconscious, timing Freud would no doubt be proud of, and here it came, first the creeping dread that the reactions of those within ear shot really were about her this time, only now did she realise that it usually wasn't, that it did not normally feel like this, small comfort, the dread settled and grew in her stomach, spreading through her body, all the time on the verge of disappearing should this prove to be a false alarm, but the new facts refused to reveal themselves and the guest returned to polite silence, silence that was somehow subtly different to the earlier silence, but still silence in the importance sense that it offered no further detail as to the faux pax, and so Sarah continued on, doing what she was doing, none the wiser but more significantly more anxious than before.

