Micro-Stories

1.
Twenty-seven leaves fell soundlessly as the bullet quivered through the sultry July air. Shocked from their branches too soon, they twisted and rusted; dying. Life passed.

2.
Wrapped in her overcoat against the cutting wind, she was a forlorn figure. The No27 was late. Her bare toes curled against the cold, damp pavement.

3.
Corsica: He put the blade back in the drawer, rinsed the red from his hands and rested in the big chair. That’s the last of them. He thought.

4.
有时想你，
有时念你，
有时怨你烦你，

但是请你相信我是真的很爱你。

Sometimes thinking of you,
Sometimes very missing you,
Sometimes complaining you and disturbing you
But do believe me that I will always be in love with you

These are adult contributions but young storytellers also rise to the challenge. Here are two from Glasgow, which evoke sounds, tastes, and sights:

Wee Ted: A steady trickle of sap met her lips. After so many berries it was too sweet. The smallest cub lapped at it. He still had a chance.

One Christmas Day I woke up and looked outside my window to see shining snow dazzling. Then a reindeer alone in the distance, was he left behind?

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