

100 word short story

The Corner One

Waiting. Still. Watch hands shake in the freezing cold.

It never took that long. He grabs for the stereo.

To change stations almost hurts a bit in his muscles. Must be temperatures around zero degrees out that car and it feels like way below inside it.

“Fuckhead” he whispers. Through the fogged glass he watches that dealer’s flat.

The corner one, 4th floor. He’s tired.

Outsides changed from blue to black already. His breath clouds crawl into the dark as two windows in that block flash.

Once.

Twice.

Muzzle Flashes. 4th floor. Corner.

Eyes wide open.

It’s hot as hell.

100 word short story

The Card Trick

„No way. Incredible. How did you do this?“

„You’ll never know, Sir. That’s magic. „

„Magic? You kidding me? Must be a cheap trick.“

„So how much is it worth you to get behind it ? Let me show it again.“

„Now i see, you’re one of that kind of fellas. You’re not making any money of me. Get the fuck away!“

He rudly pushes the performer which stumbles and loses some cards.

„What’s wrong with you? You are a rowdy, Sir. What did you expect me to be?“

„Leave him, darling. He’s right. What did you expect of somebody like that?“

Martin Keindl