I found \_ and it \_.

Write a one page story using this as your opening line (after you fill in the blanks.) Please do not share the story with anyone.

I found myself filled with doubt, and it was because of what I had just done. How was he going to cope with the situation I was leaving him to? Let me take you back about three days.

I was in my usual spot in the pilot’s chair, alone on my little star hopper, the Comet. As I kicked back and let the autopilot handle its job, I once again wondered what it was that I was transporting across the Collective. The new client was a referral from a less than savory character I had done business with over the years, in need of a rush job for a high price without attention. I’m not sure the Collective’s authorities would be appreciative of my work, but the Comet’s jump-drive was in need of replacement parts sooner than later. As is said, money talks.

Deciding the time for a shower and dinner was at hand, I left my view of the star filled space that loomed around me and ventured back into my ship. As I washed, I mentally rummaged through my dwindling supply of food. Having made a decision to simply open yet another stale ReadyMeal, I finished up and dried off. At least, I started to when there was an alarm sounding from the cockpit. I dashed back up, and was greeted with the sight of incoming Collective police ships. What the hell were they doing in this sector?

Me. I realized they were tracking me.

The police captain’s voice came booming through my cockpit speakers, demanding I be prepared for an imminent docking and search procedure. The full gravity of what that stranger asked of me came rushing to my head, and I felt weak. I didn’t even know what I was carrying!

Having no means of escape, I was trapped and forced to let them board. I radio’d back an acknowledgement and rushed to be presentable. As I pulled a shirt over my head, I heard the terrifying boom of the docking latches between the ships be secured. I pulled my space suit up my legs and pushed my arms through, as the request for entrance at the side door came ringing through. I combed my hair with my fingers, as I ran to get the door open.

I was met with the ends of three rifles pointed at me as the door swooshed open, and multiple people yelling at me to step back and step aside. I watched as they searched my cargo. Opening that large crate, inside was a child! How?! Like the coward I was, I claimed no knowledge. They took that child, screaming, to their ship. What was my fate to be?

Switch opening lines with someone and write a story using theirs.

Neam Sanner – “I found a black cat and it was sick.”

I found a black cat, and it was clearly sick. Limping, one eye swollen shut, its fur matted, my heart broke at just the sight of the little voidling. How could anyone let this happen, in the middle of winter?

I rushed to the back of my car, opening the truck to find the emergency sack I kept filled. Grabbing the towel, hand warmers, and bottle of water, I searched for what bush the little one was hiding under now. Seeing him struggle to move once again, I knelt down. I used the towel to scoop the little voidling up, as its little mews and struggles betrayed its terror. I just want to help it.

Cradling it in my arms, I took it back to the car. Kneeling in the passenger door, I gently placed it down keeping it bundled up so as not to escape. I cracked the hand warmers and slid them underneath a layer of the towel, to help it warm up. I poured a little water on the towel, attempting to clean the worst of the mud off the little kitten. I went back to my emergency sack in the trunk, looking for anything that could act as a little bowl. I found a little plastic lid; it would suffice.

I walked back to the driver’s side, and after sitting down I reached over to give it some water.