

There was something special about this little creature. Donna couldn't quite pinpoint what it was, but she knew with all her heart that it was true. It wasn't a matter of if she was going to try and save it, but a matter of how she was going to save it. She went back to the car to get a blanket and when she returned the creature was gone.

He couldn't remember exactly where he had read it, but he was sure that he had. The fact that she didn't believe him was quite frustrating as he began to search the Internet to find the article. It wasn't as if it was something that seemed impossible. Yet she insisted on always seeing the source whenever he stated a fact.

He had done everything right. There had been no mistakes throughout the entire process. It had been perfection and he knew it without a doubt, but the results still stared back at him with the fact that he had lost.

The box moved. That was a problem. Peter had packed the box three hours before and there was nothing inside that should make it move. The question now was whether or not Peter was going to open it up and look inside to see why it had moved. The answer to that question was obvious. Peter dropped the package into the mailbox so he would never have to see it again. It was their first date and she had been looking forward to it the entire week. She had her eyes on him for months, and it had taken a convoluted scheme with several friends to make it happen, but he'd finally taken the hint and asked her out. After all the time and effort she'd invested into it, she never thought that it would be anything but wonderful. It goes without saying that things didn't work out quite as she expected.

The answer was within her reach. It was hidden in a box and now that box sat directly in front of her. She'd spent years searching for it and could hardly believe she'd finally managed to find it. She turned the key to unlock the box and then gently lifted the top. She held her breath in anticipation of finally knowing the answer she had spent so much of her time in search of. As the lid came off she could see that the box was empty.

Her hair was a tangled mess which she tried to make presentable by putting in a lump on the top of her head. It didn't really work although it was a valiant attempt. While most people simply noticed the tangled mess on top of her head, what most people failed to understand that within the tangles mess was an entirely new year. That was her secret. She kept worlds on top of her head.

She had been an angel for coming up on 10 years and in all that time nobody had told her this was possible. The fact that it could ever happen never even entered her mind. Yet there she stood, with the undeniable evidence sitting on the ground before her. Angels could lose their wings.

He swung back the fishing pole and cast the line which fell 25 feet away into the river. The lure landed in the perfect spot and he was sure he would soon get a bite. He never expected that the bite would come from behind in the form of a bear.

He heard the crack echo in the late afternoon about a mile away. His heart started racing and he bolted into a full sprint. "It wasn't a gunshot, it wasn't a gunshot," he repeated under his breathlessness as he continued to sprint.

He picked up the burnt end of the branch and made a mark on the stone. Day 52 if the marks on the stone were accurate. He couldn't be sure. Day and nights had begun to blend together creating confusion, but he knew it was a long time. Much too long.

It all started with the computer. Had he known what was to follow, he would have never logged on that day. But the truth was there was no way to know what was about to happen. So Dave pressed the start button, the computer booted up, the screen came alive, and everything Dave knew to be true no longer was.

She didn't understand how changed worked. When she looked at today compared to yesterday, there was nothing that she could see that was different. Yet, when she looked at today compared to last year, she couldn't see how anything was ever the same.

Twenty seconds were all that was left and Richard could hear each one tick by. Fifteen seconds now remained and the panic began to fully set in. Ten seconds and he wasn't sure he had enough time. Five seconds, four, three, two, one...

Stranded. Yes, she was now the first person ever to land on Venus, but that was of little consequence. Her name would be read by millions in school as the first to land here, but that celebrity would never actually be seen by her. She looked at the control panel and knew there was nothing that would ever get it back into working order. She was the first and it was not clear this would also be her last.

There was only one way to do things in the Statton house. That one way was to do exactly what the father, Charlie, demanded. He made the decisions and everyone else followed without question. That was until today.

anyone else. That wasn't to say that he hadn't disappointed others. The fact was that he had disappointed a lot of people who were close to him. The fact that they were disappointed in him was something that made him even more disappointed in himself. Yet here he was, about to do the exact same things that had caused all the disappointment in the first place because he didn't know what else to do.

"Begin today!" That's all the note said. There was no indication from where it came or who may have written it. Had it been meant for someone else? Meghan looked around the room, but nobody made eye contact back. For a brief moment, she thought it might be a message for her to follow her dreams, but ultimately decided it was easier to ignore it as she crumpled it up and threw it away.

The cab arrived late. The inside was in as bad of shape as the outside which was concerning, and it didn't appear that it had been cleaned in months. The green tree air-freshener hanging from the rearview mirror was either exhausted of its scent or not strong enough to overcome the other odors emitting from the cab. The correct decision, in this case, was to get the hell out of it and to call another cab, but she was late and didn't have a choice.

There was a time and a place for Stephanie to use her magic. The problem was that she had a difficult time determining this. She wished she could simply use it when the desire hit and there wouldn't be any unforeseen consequences. Unfortunately, that's not how it worked and the consequences could be devastating if she accidentally used her magic at the wrong time.