Have you ever wondered about toes? Why 10 toes and not 12. Why are some bigger than others? Some people can use their toes to pick up things while others can barely move them on command. Some toes are nice to look at while others are definitely not something you want to look at. Toes can be stubbed and make us scream. Toes help us balance and walk. 10 toes are just something to ponder.

It was that terrifying feeling you have as you tightly hold the covers over you with the knowledge that there is something hiding under your bed. You want to look, but you don't at the same time. You're frozen with fear and unable to act. That's where she found herself and she didn't know what to do next

He watched as the young man tried to impress everyone in the room with his intelligence. There was no doubt that he was smart. The fact that he was more intelligent than anyone else in the room could have been easily deduced, but nobody was really paying any attention due to the fact that it was also obvious that the young man only cared about his intelligence.

There are different types of secrets. She had held onto plenty of them during her life, but this one was different. She found herself holding onto the worst type. It was the type of secret that could gnaw away at your insides if you didn't tell someone about it, but it could end up getting you killed if you did.

She closed her eyes and then opened them again. What she was seeing just didn't make sense. She shook her head seeing if that would help. It didn't. Although it seemed beyond reality, there was no denying she was witnessing a large formation of alien spaceships filling the sky.

The red line moved across the page. With each millimeter it advanced forward, something changed in the room. The actual change taking place was difficult to perceive, but the change was real. The red line continued relentlessly across the page and the room would never be the same.

Her breath exited her mouth in big puffs as if she were smoking a cigarette. The morning dew had made her clothes damp and she shivered from the chill in the air. There was only one thing that could get her up and out this early in the morning.

April seriously wondered about her sleeping partner choices. She looked at her bed and what a mess it had become. How did she get to the point in her life where she had two dogs, three cats, and a raccoon sleeping with her every night?

The river slowly meandered through the open space. It had hidden secrets that it didn't want to reveal. It had a well-planned strategy to appear calm, inviting, and appealing. That's how the river lured her unknowing victims to her water's edge.

You know that tingly feeling you get on the back of your neck sometimes? I just got that feeling when talking with her. You know I don't believe in sixth senses, but there is something not right with her. I don't know how I know, but I just do.

Betty was a creature of habit and she thought she liked it that way. That was until Dave showed up in her life. She now had a choice to make and it would determine whether her lie remained the same or if it would change forever.

Do you think you're living an ordinary life? You are so mistaken it's difficult to even explain. The mere fact that you exist makes you extraordinary. The odds of you existing are less than winning the lottery, but here you are. Are you going to let this extraordinary opportunity pass?

The desert wind blew the tumbleweed in front of the car. Alex swerved to avoid the tumbleweed, but he turned the wheel a bit too strong and the car left the road and skidded onto the dirt median. He instantly slammed on the brakes and the car stopped in a cloud of dirt. When the dust cloud had settled and he could see around him again, he realized that he'd somehow crossed over into an entirely new dimension.

The computer wouldn't start. She banged on the side and tried again. Nothing. She lifted it up and dropped it to the table. Still nothing. She banged her closed fist against the top. It was at this moment she saw the irony of trying to fix the machine with violence.

I'm going to hire professional help tomorrow. I can't handle this anymore. She fell over the coffee table and now there is blood in her catheter. This is much more than I ever signed up to do.

He was aware there were numerous wonders of this world including the unexplained creations of humankind that showed the wonder of our ingenuity. There are huge heads on Easter Island. There are the Egyptian pyramids. There’s Stonehenge. But he now stood in front of a newly discovered monument that simply didn't make any sense and he wondered how he was ever going to be able to explain it.

The light blinded him. It was dark and he thought he was the only one in the area, but the light shining in his eyes proved him wrong. It came from about 100 feet away and was shining so directly into his eyes he couldn't make out anything about the person holding the light. There was only one thing to do in this situation. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a flashlight of his own that was much stronger than the one currently blinding him. He turned it on and pointed it into the stranger's eyes.

Debbie had taken George for granted for more than fifteen years now. He wasn't sure what exactly had made him choose this time and place to address the issue, but he decided that now was the time. He looked straight into her eyes and just as she was about to speak, turned away and walked out the door.

She looked at her student wondering if she could ever get through. "You need to learn to think for yourself," she wanted to tell him. "Your friends are holding you back and bringing you down." But she didn't because she knew his friends were all that he had and even if that meant a life of misery, he would never give them up.

There are only three ways to make this work. The first is to let me take care of everything. The second is for you to take care of everything. The third is to split everything 50 / 50. I think the last option is the most preferable, but I'm certain it'll also mean the end of our marriage.

The lone lamp post of the one-street town flickered, not quite dead but definitely on its way out. Suitcase by her side, she paid no heed to the light, the street or the town. A car was coming down the street and with her arm outstretched and thumb in the air, she had a plan.

She patiently waited for his number to be called. She had no desire to be there, but her mom had insisted that she go. She's resisted at first, but over time she realized it was simply easier to appease her and go. Mom tended to be that way. She would keep insisting until you wore down and did what she wanted. So, here she sat, patiently waiting for her number to be called.

They say you only come to peace with yourself when you know yourself better than those around you. Derick knew nothing about this. He thought he had found peace but this was an illusion as he was about to find out with an unexpected occurrence that he actually knew nothing about himself.

They rushed out the door, grabbing anything and everything they could think of they might need. There was no time to double-check to make sure they weren't leaving something important behind. Everything was thrown into the car and they sped off. Thirty minutes later they were safe and that was when it dawned on them that they had forgotten the most important thing of all.

Samantha wanted to be famous. The problem was that she had never considered all the downsides to actually being famous. Had she taken the time to objectively consider these downsides, she would have never agreed to publically sing that first song.

The light was out on the front porch of the house. This was strange. Judy couldn't remember a time when she had ever seen it out. She hopped out of her car and walked to the door. It was slightly ajar and she knew this meant something terrible. She gently pushed the door open and hall her fears were realized. "Surprise! Happy Birthday!" everyone shouted.

The tree missed the days the kids used to come by and play. It still wore the tire swing the kids had put up in its branches years ago although both the tire and the rope had seen better days. The tree had watched all the kids in the neighborhood grow up and leave, and it wondered if there would ever be a time when another child played and laughed again under its branches. That was the hope that the tree wished every day as the swing gently swung empty in the wind.

He had disappointed himself more than 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.

"It's never good to give them details," Janice told her sister. "Always be a little vague and keep them guessing." Her sister listened intently and nodded in agreement. She didn't fully understand what her sister was saying but that didn't matter. She loved her so much that she would have agreed to whatever came out of her mouth.

He sat across from her trying to imagine it was the first time. It wasn't. Had it been a hundred? It quite possibly could have been. Two hundred? Probably not. His mind wandered until he caught himself and again tried to imagine it was the first time.

What have you noticed today? I noticed that if you outline the eyes, nose, and mouth on your face with your finger, you make an "I" which makes perfect sense, but is something I never noticed before. What have you noticed today?

Lori lived her life through the lens of a camera. She never realized this until this very moment as she scrolled through thousands of images on your computer. She could remember the exact moment each photo was taken. She could remember where she had been, what she was thinking as she tried to get the shot, the smells of the surrounding area, and even the emotions that she felt taking the photo, yet she had trouble remembering what she had for breakfast.

There wasn't a whole lot more that could be done. It had become a wait-and-see situation with the final results no longer in her control. That didn't stop her from trying to control the situation. She demanded that things be done as she desperately tried to control what couldn't be.

Welcome to my world. You will be greeted by the unexpected here and your mind will be challenged and expanded in ways that you never thought possible. That is if you are able to survive...

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.

"Are you getting my texts???" she texted to him. He glanced at it and chuckled under his breath. Of course he was getting them, but if he wasn't getting them, how would he ever be able to answer? He put the phone down and continued on his project. He was ignoring her texts and he planned to continue to do so.

He knew what he was supposed to do. That had been apparent from the beginning. That was what made the choice so difficult. What he was supposed to do and what he would do were not the same. This would have been fine if he were willing to face the inevitable consequences, but he wasn't.

There wasn't a whole lot he could do at that moment. He played the situation again and again in his head looking at what he might have done differently to make the situation better. No matter how many times he relived the situation in his head, there was never really a good alternative course of action. There simply wasn't a whole lot he could have done in that particular moment.

I love the feel of wood curls flying off the lathe as I begin to shape the log in front of me. The sound of scraping changes based on the wetness of the wood, the speed at which the lathe is turning, and the type of cut I am making. The smell and feel of wet wood being turned are unique. The water is sprayed out as I cut through the different layers of wood. A log can turn into anything one's imagination can think of with the right set of hands-on tools. I have those hands and imagination. I use all of my senses and intuition to create a beautiful object. That is why I enjoy turning wood.

The trees, therefore, must be such old and primitive techniques that they thought nothing of them, deeming them so inconsequential that even savages like us would know of them and not be suspicious. At that, they probably didn't have too much time after they detected us orbiting and intending to land. And if that were true, there could be only one place where their civilization was hidden.

She wondered if the note had reached him. She scolded herself for not handing it to him in person. She trusted her friend, but so much could happen. She waited impatiently for word.

He stepped away from the mic. This was the best take he had done so far, but something seemed missing. Then it struck him all at once. Visuals ran in front of his eyes and music rang in his ears. His eager fingers went to work in an attempt to capture his thoughts hoping the results would produce something that was at least half their glory.

Housework could be everyone’s work, not just “women’s work”. Why do women enable men to act oblivious to cleaning, grocery shopping, pet feeding, etc? Somehow when men live alone they figure out how to do all of those things all on their own. My friend’s husband claimed he didn’t know that sheets should be washed more than once a season. He said he didn’t know one had to clean toilets. He assumed that since you flush toilets they clean themselves. She tried to get him to help but he did an awful job so she let him off the hook. Wouldn’t it be better if she spent the time and energy to get him to do it right instead of letting him claim he is “just bad at it”. My sons were raised to clean toilets and change their own sheets. Hopefully, in their future homes, the housework will be equally divided.

The red ball sat proudly at the top of the toybox. It had been the last to be played with and anticipated it would be the next as well. The other toys grumbled beneath. At one time each had held the spot of the red ball, but over time they had sunk deeper and deeper into the toy box.

There was no time. He ran out of the door without half the stuff he needed for work, but it didn't matter. He was late and if he didn't make this meeting on time, someone's life may be in danger.

My pincher collar is snapped on. Then comes the electric zapper collar. Finally, my purple at-home collar is taken off and I know I’m going for a walk to the dog park. I’m so excited to see my friends. I hope Spike or Thunder are there already. They're the most fun to chase and tumble with. My human is pretty strict with me. I’m only allowed on the grass and not on the sidewalks. I think she’s afraid I’m going to jump on the other humans. I don’t understand why everyone else gets to jump on the benches and run wild on the sidewalks. They don’t listen to their humans. I know I could ignore mine but if I do she may zap me and it’s just not worth it. She probably wouldn’t let me back at the dog park if I didn’t listen to her. I just love the dog park.

There was a time in his life when her rudeness would have set him over the edge. He would have raised his voice and demanded to speak to the manager. That was no longer the case. He barely reacted at all, letting the rudeness melt away without saying a word back to her. He had been around long enough to know where rudeness came from and how unhappy the person must be to act in that way. All he could do was feel pity and be happy that he didn't feel the way she did to lash out like that.

Where do they get a random paragraph?" he wondered as he clicked the generate button. Do they just write a random paragraph or do they get it somewhere? At that moment he read the random paragraph and realized it was about random paragraphs and his world would never be the same.

There was a leak in the boat. Nobody had yet noticed it, and nobody would for the next couple of hours. This was a problem since the boat was heading out to sea and while the leak was quite small at the moment, it would be much larger when it was ultimately discovered. John had planned it exactly this way.

Things aren't going well at all with mom today. She is just a limp noodle and wants to sleep all the time. I sure hope that things get better soon.

