

Prompt 1 - Squashed Snail

The dark haired beauty snapped her fan closed with an expert flick of the wrist, her sea blue eyes glinting in annoyance as they pinned the elegant man opposite her with a deathly stare. It was intolerable! How dare this arrogant, self-righteous bastard rebuff her flirtatious advances? She was practically royalty for goodness sake. She had told him as much, though if anything it had just made his eyes harden and his lips press into an even thinner line. Raising her chin slightly, she lightly laid her hand atop his offered arm. Without waiting for his lead she began walking towards her waiting carriage, the man stiffly keeping step, his loose hand clasped into a fist.

Upon reaching the carriage she exchanged his arm for her footman's and held her poise even as she saw a large snail sliding across the carriage's brass step. She threw a glance back at the man. Useless fool, this would not be the last he saw of her. No indeed it would not. With a dark smirk on her full lips, she squashed the snail with her stiletto and slid into the carriage.

Prompt 2 - Love burned in your eyes

It has been three days since my father lost consciousness. Three days that I have been at his bedside, my thumb tracing the blue hued web of veins on the back of his still hand. Three days of listening to the beep and drone of life support machines, of praying...and hoping. To me my father has always been a giant among men. His unfailing sense of humour and his relentless endurance to save and heal as many lives as he could. It was never too much, even when it meant late nights rushing to the operating theatre or leaving his supper half eaten at the table. But now he is here, in the place where he has poured out so many hours of his life. Now others are fighting to save his, and I know they are fighting. I see the love burning in their eyes. I see their changed hearts. Because of my dad.

Prompt 3 - Green rimmed glasses

"I can't believe Mr Fuller has given me detention...again!" James huffed loudly to Jennifer, kicking at stray stones as the two friends lazily walked around the perimeter of the rugby field. They should probably start heading in, the bell had rung about five minutes ago and the rest of their classmates had already started trickling back to class.

Jennifer glanced up from her phone and looked sidelong at him.

"Well you did say rather loudly that his green rimmed glasses make him look like a librarian mixed with one of those goblins at the bank in the Harry Potter and the Sorcerers stone movie," she said.

"Don't you think he does?" James asked pointedly.

"Um, yeah, but I'm not a dumbass who goes and yells about it," she retorted, not bothering to look up.

"Oh, well, the way his eyebrows shot up that they almost disappeared into his fluffy hair was totally worth it."