DRAGON TALE   
— Jana Seely

Muscles rippled under the blue-green scales as the dragon stretched, then relaxed.

Fascinated, I watched the creature freeze to perfect immobility. I stared until the man noticed me. With a glare, he rolled down his sleeve.

“Nice tattoo,” I said, embarrassed.

“What tattoo?” he asked, turning away.

Under his sleeve, I saw something move.

EDMUND's DISCOVERY   
— Paul Tucker

Edmund's car wouldn't lecture him when he forgot to buckle up. The instant teller's cryptic note implied his PIN number didn't exist. The motion detector above the supermarket door refused to notice him.

Troubled by these developments, Edmund sat in his empty apartment and thumbed reluctantly to the obituary column.

“I'll be damned,” he said.

HIGHER EDUCATION   
— Ron Bast

“College was a breeze,” Jennings said, washing his grimy hands. “With all those budget cuts, they couldn't teach much. They just gave us our grades and sent us on our way.”

“How did you learn?”

“We didn't, but so what? Look at me now.”

A nurse opened the door. “Dr. Jennings, you're wanted in surgery.”

A DECEMBER STORY   
—Dean Christianson

Nick DeSantos, mailman, scanned the dead letter bin. Hundreds of envelopes bore the same address: “Santa Claus, North Pole.”

“Hate seeing disappointed kids,” Nick said to his supervisor.

“Serves 'em right” he said. “Believin' in Santa Claus.”

Arriving home, Nick reached inside his bag and took out one of many letters. “Dear Bobby” Nick wrote.