## Issue 10 January/February 2014

Theseus Publishing Online Magazine Home to a variety of Sci-Fi and Fantasy Short Stories.

# What SViquein this dition? 

 Editors: Becky Hayes andTasha Williams

## 50 WORD SNDTI

An Arrow to the Heart ' Flash Fiction

## Contentes

## 1. Flash Fiction Welcome

## Page.

2-3.50 Word Stories. 4-6. Heart Flutters by

## Jennifer Button.

7-9. Crimson Cupid by

## Dani Brown.

10-11. Hunted by Rachel meHogan.
12. 18 5th Wave Review. 13. Next Issue's theme?

## For this issue our theme was



## - 50 WORD STORIES -

## Picture Perfect by Susan Morris

The earth beneath my feet was rich, as the sunset appeared. I held hands with the mystery as I watched our shadows intertwine as we walked towards the vessel. Who would have thought that I would spend my Valentines Day seeing my first spaceship? A Kodak moment, for sure.

## Fairytale Twist by Stana Brooks

Once upon a time there was a guy.
Was he handsome?
Yes. And he met a girl.
Was she pretty?
Yes. And they fell madly in love.
Did they live happily ever after?
No. I'm afraid not.
Oh. What happened?
The usual.
They grew apart?
No, she shot him in the heart.

## Evening Dweller by James O'Brien

Evening hit my eyes with a bang as I turned to face the creature before me. Fur coated every inch of his face, all bar his bright yellow eyes that studied me fiercely. I placed my hand on his face, tracing his fangs. He wouldn't hurt me. Then the moon appeared, and all that changed.

## - 50 WORD STORIES -

## Love and Life by LS Williams

Alone and waiting for my future.
Then a chance of love ensues.
Love and lust become my family
Years of hunger, blessed and full.
Now the time is passing quickly,
Love is dying with his heart.
And then the end; Love has vanished.
Alone and waiting for death to come.

## Tic-Tac-Oh by Elizabeth Hunt

'You betrayed me, Stewart' I cry, throwing the nearest thing to me at his startled face.
The pack of Tic-Tacs bounces off his forehead, opening on impact and littering the floor with hundreds of white specs.
'What the hell!' Stewart shouts, viciously rubbing his forehead. 'Did you just throw your Tic-Tacs at me?'

## Eight Girls by Andrew Hoffman

Seven girls, and counting, he thought to himself as he carved another heart into the tortured oak. Tonight would be the eighth, and she was right on the floor above, totally unaware that she was about to become one of Mr Valentine's cursed dolls.

## Heart Flutters by Jennifer Button

'What the hell is that?'
'What?'
'That!' I point frantically at the feathered mass sticking out from his chest. He stares dumbly down.
'Oh. Well that's unfortunate,' he smiles sadly, his smile faltering as his knees suddenly buckle and he slips to the floor. 'I thought the damn thing missed.'
'No, Henry,' I rush to steady him, holding his face in my hands. 'Henry, listen to me.'
His eyes begin to roll back into his head and I tighten my grip, shaking his head slightly, 'No Henry, stay with me. Look at me, baby.'

The whites of his eyes suddenly give way to his pupils once more and he focuses back onto my face. An awful attempt of one his confident signature smiles causes my heart to falter briefly. I look down to the arrow sticking out from his chest; the exit wound looks clean but I would never claim to be an expert when it comes to these things.
'We need to move, Henry,' I whisper, resting my face against his cheek and trying to pull him to his feet. 'They'll be here any minute.'
The sound of flitting wings behind us causes me to spin around in horror, but the relief quickly floods over me at the welcoming sight of a flock of pigeons taking off down the street.
'Not exactly the night I had in mind,' Henry winces, staggering onto his feet beside me. He clutches the feathers bulging out from his bloodstained $t$-shirt. I dig
around in my pocket, searching for anything to stop the bleeding, but come up empty. My jacket is the next best thing; I take it off and tie it tightly around his chest. He winces as I pull his arm around me.
'Here, lean on me. We have to move.'
He nods, letting me steady him as we slowly begin making our way down the deserted street.

A feral cat darts out from behind a dustbin, causing me to jolt backwards. Henry gasps in pain at the sudden movement.
'Stupid cat,' I hiss, flapping my spare hand at the flea-bitten creature.
'We need to get off the street,' Henry wheezes.
'Somewhere under cover, so they- they-' He stops and holds a bloodied hand to his forehead. 'I don't think I-' 'You're going to make it,' I cut him off, sensing where this conversation is going. 'There's an old warehouse just round the next corner. We'll make it.' I don't know who I'm really trying to convince now, Henry or myself.

The five minute walk to the warehouse feels like forever. Henry nearly collapses several times, and by the time we make it l'm practically using all my strength to keep him upright. I carefully lower him down at the warehouse doors, turning my attention to the lock. It seems pretty old, and gives up without much of a fight.

The warehouse is pitch black inside. We stumble in regardless, thankful to no longer be outside, and no longer watched and hunted from above.
I strike a match and lead Henry over to an old abandoned mattress, likely left behind by an old homeless lodger. 'I'll see if I can find a light switch or anything,' I say, after
carefully lying him down on his side. I wipe his sweat-drenched fringe from his face. 'Maybe they'll have a med kit around here somewhere,' I suggest, striking up a new match as the first one blinks out of life. Henry nods quickly in response, but his expression is doubtful. I turn my attention to the long, wooden arrow running through his chest and out of his back.
'Should I try to remove it?'
'N-no, not yet. Go se-see what you can find first.' 'Okay,' I stand up to leave, turning to look down once more at his helpless face. 'I won't be long, I promise.' 'Cro-cross your heart?' Henry smirks, grimacing. 'Cross my heart,' I smile sadly. 'And hope to die.'

## The Crimson Cupid by Dani Brown

It had been 24 hours since Myles' heart had stopped beating.

And she had stared at it for that entire time. I mean, who wouldn't stare at an unbeating heart if it was sat there, in your lovers ripped open chest cavity? She'd found him like that, it wasn't as if she had murdered him or anything. Most women would have fallen down, cried, got covered in blood, rang the police. She did her fair amount of crying but that was about it. What could she say to the police about this?
'Hello 911? My boyfriend is dead, and oh yeah, there's a creature too.'

Oh, I failed to mention that didn't I? Yeah, she'd had a bit of a fright to say the least, not only were Myles' ribs mere splinters with his heart tucked in as if it were merely asleep, there was a creature next to him.

She didn't really know how to explain it. It was like a human, a child perhaps, but why would a child have such long claws? And don't even get me started on the wings. She guessed they were lovely and white at one point, but these wings are splattered with so many shades of crimson that it was pretty difficult to distinguish their original shade.

What was even more disturbing was the scythe that the child held in it's chubby hand. And the kitchen knife wedged in it's chest. Clearly Myles had fought back. The smell was sickening after 24 hours of decay. Though the red was as vivid as ever, as she crawled over to Myles and the creature on her hands and knees.

She looked down at his face, somehow hoping that he'd wake up. Then she looked down at his chest and saw his heart. And in that split second, it moved.
'What the hell?' she said, as she froze, just as immobile as before. How could a heart beat when Myles was so clearly dead?

Before she could even comprehend what she was doing, she scooped the heart up in her hands, and it continued to pulse even more, blood trickling down her hands and splattering the bathroom floor with yet more red.

She was that focused on the heartbeat, she didn't hear the fluttering of wings coming through the open window behind her. She felt a sharp stab in her shoulder as she was turned, towards yet another creature, though larger and with those perfect white wings.
'Well, well,' it said, it's wings slowly beating as it floated inches off the ground, holding the scythe that was in her shoulder limply, 'we have been naughty

## haven't we?'

'What...what are you?' she managed to say, 'what is this?'

The creature sighed, and tore the scythe out of her shoulder making her scream in pain and relief combined, as she still held the heart in her hands.
'We're Cupids dear, and that' he pointed at her hands, 'is ours. And I'm afraid to say, we'll need yours too.'

And with that, the Cupid flew down, and carved her heart out, leaving her body lying right next to Myles' as the body of the Cupid disappeared, and they were together for eternity.

## Hunted by Rachel Hogan

He cornered me in the alley. I expected him to be finished by now. I was trapped, there was no where to go. I couldn't defeat him and I didn't have any weapon - not that it would do any good, they we're almost impossible to kill. He stood there watching me. I looked around frantically wishing that a hunter would pass by and kill him. I couldn't hear anything but the sound of my own heart beating in my ears. It must be driving him insane. All that blood. It had been here nearly a minute, enough time for him to have killed me by now. But no, he was still standing there. I looked at him, facing my fate. He was young, he looked nineteen. But then again you can never be sure with them. Nineteen? he could just as well be ninety.

Grandma had told me stories about them when I was younger. Back when she was only a little girl and they were only tales that held no truth. She told me people wrote books about them, made movies about them, but that they didn't actually believe in them. Fools, the lot of um. In a way I think it was ingenious really. They spread the truth about themselves, but it was a truth disguised as a lie. Get the entire planet believing the notion of vampires being real as a ludicrous and certifiable idea and it made their lives easier. Anyone who did see them believed they had gone crazy so they didn't tell anyone for fear of their craziness being confirmed. Her stories always mad me sad. How lucky she was, she grew up when the world wasn't crazy, when humans were at the top of the food chain. Back when a seventeen year old girl wasn't cornered in an alley way about to have her
veins emptied.
He took a steep toward me. Eyes pinned to my face. My breath was coming in hard. I hadn't believe in a God in a long time - after Teddy there didn't seem to be any evidence of one. And if there was then I severely hated him, wanted to punch him in the face and ask him why he hadn't intervened. Why he watched so many suffer. I didn't believe in a God, but in those last moments I prayed that he wouldn't let me die. Prayed he would save me. I wasn't ready. No matter how many times that I had thought about just ending it, some pills, the bridge, a rope - I knew deep down that I wanted to live, that I had so much life left in me. The monster was so close to me now. I could smell him - it reminded me of the outdoors, of the forest. He bent down to my neck.I closed me eyes. It was over. Breath. In. Out. I told myself. I waited. And waited. But he hadn't bit yet. He was savoring the moment I realised - the sicko. He was smelling me, smelling my blood. This must be like foreplay for him.

He pulled back and stared at me in the eye. He had brown eyes. And he looked angry. I began to open my mouth - to say what exactly I don't know. Before I knew it he had his hand in my mouth. A cold metallic taste ran down my tongue. He held the back of my head tightly. I fought. I tried to hit him, knee him in the balls - anything. But he wouldn't budge. Panic was racing through me. No he couldn't. I couldn't. I tried biting his hand before I realized that would just make it worse. I tried not to swallow the blood, I really did. But before I knew it everything went black.

I was turning.

## THH STH Wavi

The 5th Wave is the first in a new sci fi series by American author Rick Yancey. It focuses around the end of the world as we know it, with 4 waves that have already eliminated the majority of the human race through the introduction of a mass illness and natural disasters such as tsunamis and hurricanes.

The main story to begin with focuses on a teenage girl named Cassie Sullivan who is trying to find her little brother, Sam, after he was taken away by soldiers in the back of a school bus. This close connection she shares with her brother is interesting to read throughout as you really get the impression of how much she cares and is willing to fight to save and protect Sam.

Over time, Cassie encounters a boy named Evan and a typical will-they-won't-they situation begins to develop between them despite the harsh conditions that they live in.

The story of the invasion is told through multiple perspectives, as a reader flicks from Cassie's story of looking for her brother to the story of teenage Soldier 'Zombie' and the harsh training and obstacles hé is facing in his life. This can be confusing at times but that is part of the fun, as The 5th Wave is certainly not a book that isn spoon fed to you.

I can't wait for the next book The Infinite Sea to come out in September. This series has a lot of potential!

## And what about the Next I'ssue?



More info will be arailable soon at: vave. Uheariopodidishing. yeady.com

