

Drabble

from Natasha

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Introduction

A drabble is a generated story out of random words.

Chapter 1

The Battle For The Clover

On a wall, Sandra took her clover. She had been busy with the clover for hours and now wanted nothing more than a gifted cuddle or a troublesome massage from her lover Edward.

She said this last thought out loud and all of a sudden her French Edward appeared at the door, grinning lovingly.

"Put down the clover," Edward said happily. "Unless you want me to take that clover on your leg."

Sandra put down the clover. She was reborn. She had never seen Edward so 12 before and it made her kind.

Edward picked up the clover, then withdrew a carrot from his chest. "Don't be so reborn," Edward said with a 12 grimace. "A sheep bit my ear this morning, and everything became large. Now with this clover and this carrot I can happily rule the world!"

Sandra clutched her amiable ear rudely. This was her lover, her French Edward, now staring at her with a 12 chest.

"Fight it!" Sandra shouted. "The sheep just wants the clover for his own French devices! He doesn't love you, not the gifted way I do!"

Sandra could see Edward trembling rudely. Sandra reached out her leg and touched Edward's chest happily. She was French, so French, but she knew only her amiable love for Edward would break the sheep's spell.

Sure enough, Edward dropped the clover with a thunk. "Oh, Sandra," he squealed. "I'm so gifted, can you ever forgive me?"

But Sandra had already moved on a wall. Like a whale riding the ocean waves, she pressed her leg into Edward's chest. And as they fell together in a large fit of love, the clover lay on the floor, kind and forgotten.