

## **My short stories**

**from Camoblastiks**

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# Introduction

Just some short stories I wrote when I was bored. \*Warning though; some of these are kinda scary and disturbing, if that's what you wanna call it.\*

# Chapter 1

Story 1:

Directions

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It was a warm day. No more than 70 degrees. Up, Down, Left, and Right were walking down an old, barren road. It was lined with rocks and soil from early farms that were washed away. Up was jumping up and down. Down was slouching and trudging behind left and right who were walking normally. "Guys!" Up shouted impatiently, "You're going quite slow, eh!" He had a bit of a British accent. That was where he was from. Down was from Australia. Left was from Norway and Right was American. "Slow down, mate!" Down yelled from far behind, "Don't you think your goin' a bit quick?" "No!" Up yelled back, stopping to face him, "I'm going MY pace and I like it!" "Will you two just stop fighting?" Right interrupted. "Who let those two even LOOK at each other?" Left shouted with a stressed tone.

# Chapter 2

Story 2:

Threads

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It was a cool, calm, and hazy day in October. Maya was looking for inspiration. Her hanging coats and hats, the stuffed animals on the ground and shelves, her previous books she had written. But nothing came to mind. She was too distracted by the pages on the floor. One with glittering, gold stars. Another with a perfect drawing lined with permanent marker to show the faintly sketched lines and spots of a small lynx and its mother. And the final one, blank. That was what was distracting her. All these other pictures. And one. blank. canvas. She lept up from her desk and grabbed the sheet of paper. Maya began to jot down ideas on one side. "Cats. Maybe. Horses... No... dog? maybe" She wrote each word perfectly in cursive letters. Finally, it came to her. Abstract. She began to draw shapes. Circles, triangles, squares, diamonds, hearts. All shapes that could come to mind were there. It was quite nice. Then she decided to take the 2 threads from her brother's favorite necklace and glue them on.

# Chapter 3

Story 3:

Script

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The cool, refreshing autumn breeze filtered through the trees, filling the forest with nostalgic thoughts of old playmates and playing outdoors. But now, there was no way out in plain sight. Felicity was found in the forest and taken to a dumb ol' human house. They fed her weird dry pellets of food that she refused to eat because they looked like something any other forest creature would find gross. "Lilly!" a motherly voice called, "Time for dinner!" Felicity didn't move. "Lilly?" the woman called again, "Oh! There you are, sweetie!" The woman, who looked about 18 with stringy black hair and pale skin, attempted to lift Felicity off her pillow on the tiled kitchen floor. Felicity hissed and backed into the corner. "Now come on, Lilly. You can't just stay here all day!" Felicity yowled sharply. 'Lilly' her 'new' name. "Now, I don't want to get mad, Lilly, sweetheart." Then don't, Felicity thought. The woman tried to pick her up again. Felicity noticed and opened kitchen door. She hissed and swatted at the woman's hand, leaving a red scratch on her thumb. She darted for the door as the woman tried to grab her to catch her. Felicity panted and trembled. She was in the forest now. "Script! Script it's Felicity! Can you hear me!" She yelled out into the forest trees, scaring away crows and robins. "Felicity!" a red tabby bolted from the undergrowth. He had green eyes, one of which was white and had a red gash above it. "Let's go!" Script said beginning to head for the woods. "Gear, is she at the tree?" Felicity asked quickly. "Yeah. She's made something for us. We have to go see her." Script and Felicity rushed to their tree fort to find Gear.