



Wilson's Tales Project began a lighthearted aside in the shape of a 'challenge'? to produce a Tale in 100 words.

It started at a Wilson Memorial Dinner, as a bit of fun. We now know that, not only can the 10,000 words of a Wilson's Tale be summed into 100, but all **manner** of contemporary Tales emerge when our cohorts of followers, re-writers, and friends are asked to write.

We present..

...The 2025 Compendium of 100word Tales

In 2022 we introduced a prize. And we opened to contributors worldwide. The response astounded us.

For 2024 we introduce the notion of the author reading their work as an audio file.

For 2025 we introduce a category for local schools and 'school age' authors world wide. '^' indicates their submissions.

We present the full 2025 set of entries.

For Audio - please visit the website.



ISBN

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Competition conditions

There are no limits on subject, era, or location. All genres welcome. Usual strictures about decorum of course. The story should be 'something that Wilson may have included in his Tales'. Profanity is allowed, to a point, as we deal with schools from primary ages upwards, and we expect all entries to be suitable for this audience. The only requirement is that it have a beginning and end, and that it have exactly 100 words, not including the title. Wilson's Tales reserves the right to exclude any entry, for any reason, without prior warning.

[Comments, to -](#)

100Words@WilsonTales.co.uk



The Wilson's Tales Project

presents

The 2025 Compendium of 100word Tales

The following pages present the submissions to this year's challenge to produce a Tale in exactly 100 words.

The range of subjects and styles of presentation are as varied as the original Wilson's Tales, summarising contemporary society and attitudes in snippets of 100 words each.

A selection, good bad, ugly, beautiful, will appear on the website, and may be re-used in promotional material, in printed compendiums, or at events. The author retains copyright, and full attribution will always be given.

Enjoy!



In arrival sequence. 2025 submissions-

Note that our 'school age' authors entries are flagged with ^

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2025 100Words



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2501

Social Isolation

Soul destroying to the nth degree social isolation was destroying me.

However, the Covid lockdowns gave my mind the chance to release my voice as I began to write poetry and children's stories to stave off the loneliness.

Initially the poems reflected my thoughts and feelings about the pandemic. A few poems managed to amuse me as they came to life and three have been published in anthologies.

Two poems reflect the recent change of monarchy by remembering Queen Elizabeth II and celebrating the Coronation of King Charles III.

To date I have fifty five poems and ten children's stories.

Janet Wilkinson



2502

Imposter syndrome

The river is a mile wide. Silver skyscrapers press up against both banks and a highway jammed with traffic arches overhead. It is not an easy job. And it is nothing like your old job. You used to do weekend shifts under a small footbridge (put up by park rangers to save hikers and dog walkers from fording a stream).

That first night, you huddle with the pigeons, listening to sirens echoing between the concrete columns, while the brown river creeps past below. It is days, weeks, then months, before you remember you are the terror and forget being terrified.

Hetty Mosforth,



2503

The Woes of Walter the Woodlouse

As a member of the Crustacean family with a pedigree that went back millions of years, Walter should have had nerves of steel. Especially as he had a thick coat of armour, fourteen strong legs to protect himself and was able to conglobate at the slightest whiff of danger. Yet despite these attributes, this woodlouse was still a wimp. So, when his partner with whom he'd been cohabiting beneath a decaying log got squashed under the foot of a passing pedestrian, he too felt crushed and rolled into a ball with not a leg (of his many) to stand on.

Malcolm Welshman



2504

The Lobster Pot

Blackness on Sea has a pier, a promenade, a ship shaped castle, fine sandy beaches and a few brave souls who dare to swim naked in the cold cruel sea.

The Romans knew Blackness On Sea as we did not. But they never knew the Lobster Pot would one day provide the town with a convivial place to eat.

Superb sea food is caught daily in the Firth of Forth and enjoyed by customers of the Lobster Pot. The dish of the day is always 'The Secret Of The Sea'.

The secret entirely depends upon the catch of the day.

Janet Wilkinson



2505

In a cafe that smells of toasted tea cakes and steamed milk

He's been away so long, it's like he's a stranger: greying, grizzled, sagging. You don't know where to look, so you stare into your coffee, heartbeat hammering away the time you have. An hour every ten years. A sliver, a fragment.

When he gets up to go, he leaves gold on the table as a tip. You don't touch it. You've never been one to read terms and conditions but you remember enough fairy stories to know fortunes don't come for free. Did he open a cursed chest? Make a promise to a sea witch? You don't ask for details.

Hetty Mosforth,



2506

GWR 1818

Graham William Rochester sat back in astonishment. Whilst hoping that his genealogical researches may have unearthed some interesting information regarding his antecedents, he could hardly have expected this at all.

Not only had George Wesley Rochester been a respected watchmaker, the records showed him as having owned the very same house in which Graham now resided, a fact that considerably aroused his interest over one curiously inscribed brick within the nineteenth century fireplace.

And, by chipping out this brick to reveal the dusty leather pouch behind, was how Graham came to inherit his great, great grandfather's engraved gold fob watch.

Stuart Ritchings



2507 ^

The Whispering Woods

In a quiet village, a girl named Amara discovered a hidden path in the woods. Intrigued, she followed it to a glade bathed in shimmering light, where a majestic tree stood, its bark etched with ancient symbols.

As she approached, the tree whispered, "I can grant one wish, but choose wisely." Amara thought of her village suffering from drought. "I wish for rain," she declared.

The tree nodded, and dark clouds gathered. Rain poured down, reviving the parched land. The villagers celebrated, unaware of Amara's secret.

Years later, she returned to the tree where magic and hope intertwined forever.

Gwen Igho

Age 12



2508

Silent Demise

Religious differences ensured their teenage relationship remained secret. Pregnancy enforced a shotgun wedding then banishment. Poverty forced their premature daughter into a paupers grave. No sympathy from family. Their second birth followed suit. She became despondent, he resentful. 'You're a dud. You can't even perform the basic function of a woman,' he seethed. 'I married you needlessly.'

She performed her wifely duties robotically for years, dying inside a day at a time until he left her and remarried. Now a septuagenarian, she prefers her own company, looking forward to the day when she will see her beloved daughters in heaven.

Maggie Elliott



2509

The Riverbank

An emerald carpet of dew-laden grass bejewelled with buttercups and daisies turning their pretty yellow and white faces toward the sun greets me as I settle into my faded canvas deckchair.

The gentle murmur of the river meandering its way down the valley is calming and profusely growing bullrushes, forget-me-nots and foxgloves bring a splash of colour to the riverbank.

Dragonflies flit about just above the surface of the water. The soft pleasant humming of their wings becomes almost inaudible as the dawn chorus of birds proclaiming their territory heralds the arrival of a new day.

Now I can fish.

Janet Wilkinson



2510

Excavating the Transept

Balanced on a stepladder, you brush at limewash. This is the longest you have been in a church since you were a girl. For years, you dedicated your Sundays to deciphering and marking essays, revisiting the same questions: what happened during the Norman conquest, how long was the Hundred Years' War...

You'd forgotten the quiet of churches. Under your brush, a face emerges: dark eyes first, then a nose, then a mouth. It could be Mary or Elizabeth, Saint Catherine or Saint Cecilia. As you work, you can almost hear the congregation, voices raised in song, hundreds of years past.

Hetty Mosforth,



2511

God and Man

Nothing is there in a vast infinite space.

A distant stare from a cynical deity of infinite size. It stares for eternity at you, a fading point in time like a snowflake in intense flame. This Being appears shaped within the fabric of everything and nothing, everything that has come to pass and everything that will happen.

An entity of omnipotence but lacking empathy for a pathetic mortal who happens to be at that exact point of existence. Man is different to God.

Despite It's immense power, man still finds a way to confuse It.

Man understands everything about nothing.

Dylan Renshall

Age 16



2512

A Cursory Tail

It was the west of times it was the wurst of times he read self indulgently whilst wrestling with the meaning of the AI concocted phrase spewed out at his request.

Gripping his phone firmly as he clung unconvincingly onto the bridge.

"WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT SUPPOSED TO EVEN MEAN?" he screamed at a screenlit faceless bewildered crowd that shifted impatiently.

John's meteoric but brief AI fame was a blinking cursor, the algorithm now corrupt.

The algorithm suggested tread of his shoes failed and slipped off the edge.

'He had finally accomplished one million views' the inscription read.

RIP.

Sam Buddy



2513

First and Last

“Tea?”

“No thanks, Mum, I gotta go or I’ll be late” Dia said, rushing out of the house.

During her class, she was called to the office where the headteacher informed her that her mother had been admitted into hospital after having a stroke. She quickly took a taxi to the hospital and found herself staring at her mother’s unresponsive figure. The striking difference to how she had seen her this morning rooting her to the spot. She wasn’t sure how long she had been standing there before a nurse came up to her.

“Dia? Would you like some tea?”

Caroline Acquaye



2514

Parting Gift

Sometime after her husband's passing, Patricia was visited by a ginger tom that would come into her garden each day.

Failing to discover the cat's rightful owners Patricia decided to let him stay and she christened him George.

On June 2nd, which was to have been Patricia's fiftieth Wedding Anniversary, George failed to appear for his tea and, when she finally tracked him down to her husband's old potting shed, Patricia found him pawing at a small drawer.

Inside was a gift box containing a gold bracelet engraved with her name.

The small card alongside read;

“Happy Anniversary. Love George.”

Stuart Ritchings



2515

Free Will

“The defence has proved conclusively that Free Will does not exist. The defendant is therefore not responsible for his actions. I therefore find him not guilty of murdering the wife of Dr Smith.”

Dr Smith stood up and levelled a gun at the defendant's head. The hammer was cocked. Then the gun swung towards the defendant's wife – and fired.

“Not guilty, your Honour,” said Dr Smith. “I utilise the same defence.”

Suddenly there were guns everywhere. When the smoke cleared two men were still alive.

“You idiot,” said the clerk of the court to the judge.

A gun was cocked.

Bob Turvey



2516

^

My Birthday

My 18th birthday, was the first one they forgot.

On my 19th birthday, I began to think it was a mistake.

On my 20th birthday, my frustration began to grow.

On my 21st birthday, I began to feel all alone.

On my 22nd birthday, I tried to search for answers.

On my 23rd birthday, I had had enough.

On my 24th birthday, I cut everyone off.

On my 25th birthday, I threw myself a birthday party.

On my 26th birthday, I had given up. I had officially lost any remaining hope.

On my 27th birthday, I found my death certificate.

Farida Ezzat.

Age 14



2517

Sick as a Parrot

Returned from Africa, Doctor Avery established an impressive reputation based upon a unique diagnostic technique involving his Grey Parrot, Aristotle.

As Doctor Avery recited his patients' symptoms Aristotle would cock his head before passing judgement.

“Squawk! Asthma! Inhaler!”

“Squawk! Infection! Antibiotics!”

“Squawk! Cardiomyopathy! Hospitalisation!”

One day however Aristotle's abilities began to falter, he prescribed cyanide for an insomniac, advised an asthmatic to start smoking and diagnosed an obese man to be six months pregnant.

“What's up Aristotle? You're wheezing, your beak's running and your feathers are ruffled.”

Aristotle cocked his head and squawked feebly.

“Bird Flu! Go to the vet!”

Stuart Ritching



2518

The trials and tribulations of being a writer

I suppose I took up writing about 40 years ago, initially as a hobby. If I casually mentioned it, people would immediately ask, “How many books have you published?” So I stopped mentioning it.

Later, when I did get a book published, people would immediately ask, “How many copies have you sold? Is it a bestseller?” So I stopped mentioning that too.

Recently, I did write a bestseller. I mentioned it casually at a family Christmas party.

Afterwards, an aged aunt came up to me, patted me on the wrist, and said, “Just remember young Bobby, no-one likes a boaster”.

Bob Turvey



2519

^

The Train

Every year, on the same day, the train arrived.

It screeched across the train tracks and slowly slid into the station with finality.

Nobody ever boarded it, and nobody ever exited it.

The train stood with utmost ominousness before it's official departure from the station.

And somehow, no one ever seemed to notice it was there at all.

For years, it came and went, completely unnoticed.

No matter how loud of an entrance, or how jarring the departure, the train remained invisible.

It was just any other train, despite its unique, unchanging arrival.

Until one day, the train never returned.

Farida Ezzat.

Age 14



2520

Can Someone Please Fire This Writer

(Withdrawn at Author's request)



2521

“Knowledge of languages is the doorway to wisdom” (Roger Bacon)

When my Finnish friend moved into her house she got a demand for the Council Tax. She noticed she could get the letter in Punjabi, Urdu, Polish and many other languages, so she asked for a Finnish version. When told there wasn't one, she offered to translate for the Council; at her normal rate. They had to accept because there was no-one else who could do the job. She also translated all the other Council forms. That paid the Council Tax for several months. Finland is a bi-lingual country, so next year she's going to ask for a Swedish version.

Bob Turvey



2522

^

The Thief

Jill, a 33 year old woman, owns a jewellery shop. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. One day her best friend Tom walks into the shop to chat to Jill .They chat for about an hour then Jill said, "I'm going to bed." Tom said, "OK, I'll go, bye." But he doesn't leave, he pretends to open and shut the door then quickly, he grabs all the sparkling jewellery he can and runs quickly out of the house. Jill wakes up to the sound of the jewellery clattering and calls the police. Tom gets arrested hiding behind a bush.

Darcie

Swinton Primary School P6



2523

^

Swish

As I walked through the old oak door I smelled the lush smell of freshly cut grass and newly budded tulips. There was also a small scent of fern and freshly burnt heather it's was a gorgeous day. The bright yellow sun was beating down on the colourful flowers. Beyond the long dark grass there was tall sand Junes leading towards the light blue water as the sea came in and out it made a swish sound.

Eilidh

Swinton Primary School P7



2524

^

Man in Black

There was an ambitious explorer who owned an extraordinary horse. The explorer's horse was Raven, the explorer was called Tanya. Tanya lived happily until some thief, still unidentified, stole the jewel of balance and now it is not in place. The world is crumbling into bits and Tanya and Raven are out to find it. They explored the jungle, desert and many castles. It was mentally and physically dangerous and almost impossible. One night they saw a man dressed in black with the jewel. Tanya wrestled him to the ground, took the jewel and restored it in its rightful place.

Emily

Swinton Primary School P6



2525

^

Blood Type

In Edinburgh one snowy night as the snow fell, so did Claire. A few moments later a phone rang in a pale and boring office. A woman picked up the phone and asked “where?” A car pulled up against the curb and the woman stepped out and looked over Claire. Some of the the woman’s colleagues put up police tape and began to survey the area and found evidence of a struggle and two different blood types which they sent to the pathologist.

Three days later the pathologist had found who’s blood type it was, they had solved the case.

Iona

Swinton Primary School P6



2526

^

Kayaking

Tom was out kiaking on the fast flowing stream around the magnificent thundering water fall. He seen two amazing, majestic, rugged brown bears wear trying to catch some leaping fast, floppy salmon. He spotted out the corner of his eyes a turtle that had a shell as hard as a world war two helmet. Then there was a crocodile, it's skin as hard as a titanium and as rough as a Woolly jumper made by an old granny. Toms inflatable kiak was as soft as a a fluffy white cloud. Tom was at the end of his journey.

Noah

Swinton Primary School P6



2527

^

Samaritan

One Lily, who's 11 years old, came out of the shop. She lives in a town called Maple Street. A man jumped out of his car and ran towards her. He slowly lifted a knife out of his pocket when a boy jumped in front of him. He swiped his knife then there was blood everywhere before running away.

Lily quickly called a detective who arrived in a flash. He jumped out of his car and ran to the boy who was lying on the floor. They rushed him to the hospital, thankfully he was okay. The man got arrested.

Sophie

Swinton Primary School P6



2528

^

Sand Worms

Emma and Isla are going to the desert today. Walking to the desert they see a bunch of trees knocked down and a trail of sand pushed up. They follow the trail to the middle of the desert where the trail ends.

“Look there,“ says Emma. Isla turns around in shock,

“It’s a sand worm. Oh no, look there’s more,“ said Isla.

“Come on Isla, run!“ Isla falls, Emma runs and falls . Isla gets eaten up but out of nowhere a red knight kills the sand worms and saves Emma from them all.

Emma gets up and goes back home.

Ella

Swinton Primary School P6



2529

^

Friend Or Foe Fish

Once there was a dolphin in the deep blue sea. One day he was swimming along when he nearly bumped into a spiny pufferfish. The pufferfish said “Watch it!” And the dolphin replied sheepishly,

“Sorry, I’m lost!” As the dolphin began to swim away the pufferfish said,

“Hey, do you wanna be friends?” The dolphin turned around, surprised, and said yes to the pufferfish. Just as they were about to leave a hungry shark started chasing them! So they hid away and then swam back home to have some snacks (most probably cake!)

Lexi

Swinton Primary School P6



2530

^

Lost Timmy

One day Timmy the turtle was swimming in the deep blue ocean and got swept away by a current. He was struggling to swim back and got stuck on a deserted island. He kept worrying that he might never get back to his home, as a giant flaming hot meteor struck down onto the island nearly hitting Timmy, but something oozed out. It was venom! It started crawling onto Timmy and took over him! Timmy's mind started telling him he was stronger and faster! So Timmy tried to swimming and zoomed all the way back to his home. The end.

Corin

Swinton Primary School P6



2531

^

Making McDonalds

Meet the characters

:Moneylover69592

:kfcfarmer

Once upon a time in Minecraft, moneylover69592 was building McDonald's including, tables, counter, collection point, fire alarm system, car park, sprinklers but it went in flames after 1 minute of being finished! Whilst kfcfarmer is building kfc including tables, counter, collection point, fire alarm system, car park, fire sprinklers. When moneylover69592 put the fire in McDonald's out with a water bucket he runs to kfcfarmer's kfc with 6400 raw chicken to donate.

All of the raw chicken fills kfcfarmer's kfc so kfcfarmer cooks 3200 of the raw chicken and sells the 3200 chickens and gets rich.

Martin

Swinton Primary School P6



2532

^

Sheeping

Once, on a large arable farm, there was a farmer called farmer Tom. He had a cosy tweed cap, jacket, waterproof trousers and warm wellies. Once farmer Tom went to a sheep auction and decided to buy some sheep. He bought 73 sheep. Back at the farm he parked the trailer at the start of the track because it couldn't fit along the track. Farmer Tom was using a barking drone so when he tried to move the sheep they jumped over the wall. Farmer Tom now decided to hire a shepherd and finally had his sheep in the field

Max

Swinton Primary School P6



2533

^

The Attack of Emily

Emily, who's 13 years old, was walking home from school. She was five minutes from home when she felt someone walking behind her, getting closer. She thought it was a friend but suddenly she fell to the floor, the man ran away. The next day the detective came, looking all around for clues. Instantly he found bloody footprints. He followed them to a house, knocked on the door and saw a man with blood on his hands. The man got arrested, Emily went to hospital and the doctors confirmed that she would be fine.

Bayleigh

Swinton Primary School P6



2534

^

The Mystery mansion

Once there was a boy called Timmy, he was 11 years old, had dark hair. Once Timmy was on holiday with his mum and little sister and they stayed in a huge mansion. Timmy, his mum and sister were having dinner when Timmy stood up to go get a glass of water then he heard a bang.

He went to go check on his mum and sister but they were gone! Timmy shouted for his mum but no reply. He started to worry. Timmy heard a giggle under the table and it was his sister, but his mum wasn't there...

Jacob

Swinton Primary School P6



2535

^

Toby's encounter with Charlotte

Once in SITE-19. Toby was doing a daily routine by sorting out documents for certain SCP's, but encountered his friend when he was doing it. "Oh my God, I need to get these documents in order!" said Toby, still working on his documents. He encounters his friend.

"Hi!" said Charlotte.

"Oh, hi Charlotte!" said Toby.

"What are you up to?" said Charlotte. "Oh, I'm just working on documents as usual", Said Toby.

"Every day you work on them", said Charlotte."You should take a break."

"True, I must," said Toby frowning.

"Well, I have to go, "said Charlotte. "Bye".

Toby

Swinton Primary School P7



2536

^

The Letter

The woman received the letter on a hot, summer day.

She skimmed the front of the letter, before she slipped it into a cupboard and never looked back.

As the sun began to disappear, and the leaves began to fall, the letter stayed there.

As the years began to pass, and the trees began to grow, the letter's once luxurious paper began to grow yellow.

As tears were shed, as laughs were heard, as blood was shed, the letter stayed right where it had always called home.

Until one day, the cupboard creaked open, and the light shone in.

Farida Ezzat.

Age 14



2537

Fine Dining With a Feather Duster

(Withdrawn at Author's request)



2538

The Missing Bottle

Jim saw blooms of parachutes above and below. Nocturnal blossoms of deathly white drifting away or pruned by propellers.

His bottle had gone. Missing in action. Crushed into the open metal doorway. He would be first out. Devil's fireworks stole the darkness. Red, blue and white tracer fire. Bone quaking flak and roar. A searchlight moon burnished the skins of aircraft amongst the smoke. Some on fire.

The plane bucked, yawed, fell, rose. Loaded with swaying men, jostling and vomiting. A smell of fuel and fodder you could chew on.

He didn't need the bottle to jump. He was pushed.

Paul Jackson



2539

Let Eternity Ring

Arthur tramped the streets on his sacred mission. He spent his life inscribing 'Eternity' in yellow chalk on footpaths, always in immaculate copperplate handwriting.

What worried Arthur was the ephemeral nature of these Eternities, so he decided he wanted Eternity to be inside the Post Office bell.

His chance came when the clocktower was dismantled during the war. Arthur, the bell and Eternity were united at last.

Twenty years later, the tower and its bell came out of storage and were reinstated. Sitting on the Post Office steps, Arthur's heart almost exploded as Eternity rang into the crisp morning air.

Doug Jacquier

Author's Note: Arthur Stace was a real person and this is just a snippet from his story. He inspired many artists (including Banksy) and writers, spawned an opera and even a film by Julien Temple, the video chronicler of the Sex Pistols and The Kinks.

In 2000, the Sydney Harbour Bridge was lit up with the word "Eternity" as part of the celebrations for the beginning of the year 2000, as well as being part of the Sydney 2000 Olympic Games Opening Ceremony, in celebration of a man who became eternal through the use of one word.



2540

The Kettle

He hit the floor as the kettle clicked off. It had always boiled too hot. A bit like him. She warmed the pot and then popped in the tea bag. Her mother had always said a cup of tea would fix anything.

He hadn't been a bad man. Not that she had much to judge him by. Her father had hit her as well, until he'd disappeared.

The row about the pig had started it. He wanted to sell it; she wanted to fatten it. She sipped her tea.

Then it came to her, she could still fatten the pig.

Paul Jackson



2541

The Chalk Outline

‘So, theories, Detective Constable.’

‘Hit and run, gov. By aliens.’

‘Based on what?’

‘Well, gov, the ambos said he was badly sunburnt.’

‘And the object in his hand?’

‘Sunscreen, gov.’

‘Sunscreen?’

‘Yes, gov. Clearly these were aliens originating from the Sun. He’s legged it, hoping the sunscreen would save him.’

‘The Sun?’

‘Well, stands to reason, gov. If it was the Moon he wouldn’t have panicked and run into the road.’

‘So, not a drunk in the middle of the road, whiskey bottle in hand, flattened by a passing truck?’

‘No, gov. That’s what the aliens want us to believe.’

Doug Jacquier



2542.

The Emergency Loaf

The emergency loaf was in the window display. It meant the Ministry of Meat was in town.

Rationing had been severe since the red rain. Butchers had closed. Bakers now sold what limited meat was available.

There wasn't much bread either. Black market pork was available though. But the punishments were medieval. Death for delivery, dealing or digesting.

Rumours about the provenance of the flesh abounded. The suppliers became known as the flesh mongers. There was no choice of cuts, just mincemeat.

Many that discovered the truth couldn't cope with the knowledge and added themselves to the supply of long-pig.

Paul Jackson



2543

Do People Actually Die at These Things

“Do people actually die at these things?” the young knight asked as he straddled his horse.

The squire handed him the lance. “Duh. Why else would anybody watch?”

The lance was surprisingly heavy. The crowd jeered, throwing cabbage. The knight spotted the princess and his heart rejoiced. Knowing she'd be his prize warmed his heart. As the trumpet sounded, he gallantly galloped toward his opponent.

His neck stung violently. He ignored it—his love was watching. But the wasp was trapped inside his helmet. His face swelled, his eyes puffy, as he slid off his horse and closed them forever.

Anna Theresa Koltes



2544

**Fragments - Dedicated to Those Trapped in the
Moment**

(Withdrawn at Author's request)



2545

No Waiting

Estragon sat uncomfortably on a mound by a tree along the largely deserted country road. He was trying to pull off his boot, but for some reason it was stuck, and the effort left him gasping for breath. Otherwise it was quiet. There were no cars or carts on the road. Vladimir walked up to Estragon.

“Hey,” he said. “Anything?”

Just then Estragon’s cell phone pinged. He checked the screen.

“So, Vlad,” he said.

Vladimar scratched his armpit.

“What’s up?” he asked.

“I just got a text from Godot,” Estragon told him. “He’s running late. He says we shouldn’t wait.”

Seth Freeman



2546

Lion of the Boardroom

Under the desk, my restless feet were in contrast to my professional air of confidence, as the urge to interrupt the speaker grew.

Unable to resist any longer, I signalled to the chairman a request to speak.

All attention was on me as I expressed my opinion. Was their lengthy contemplation actually giving me consideration or was it a collective pseudo eye-rolling? I knew I should have remained silent.

Eventually, the chair declared “That’s a really valid point.” and overruled the previous speaker’s argument.

I relaxed, lowered my virtual hand and kicked off my fluffy ‘king of the jungle’ slippers.

Chris Tattersall



2547

A Smile reminder

"Daddy, why are people sad?"

My little daughter suddenly asked me in the street when we went shopping. I looked around. I could see what she meant. Faces were stiff, moves were lifeless, and eyes seemed lost. "They just forgot the smile," I replied.

"Forgot... the smile?". She repeated my words unconvinced. I bent down to her level.

"You have Daddy, Mommy, food, home, toys, and school. Not everyone has those. They need to do many things, so they forget." My mouth couldn't help but curve up to that innocent gape of hers. I thought: "You are my smile, sweetie."

Rony Meleka



2548

Scare Bear

Victoria knew that drop bears, an allegedly vicious killer form of the koala, were a hoax designed to scare tourists visiting Australia and the otherwise gullible. As they set up camp in the bush with their parents, she told her younger sister, Charlotte, not to worry about drop bears. She stressed that they were a myth and that one would not suddenly descend on her from the trees and attack her savagely.

Later, Victoria hid up a tree with Charlotte's giant teddy, the shaggy Mr. Fuzzy. He served well when Victoria dropped him on Charlotte as she passed by below.

Doug Jacquier

*Author's Note: This story was inspired by an intrepid Scottish reporter.
<https://youtu.be/KCGUNpzjD6M>*



2549

Warm Wealth

"What could my life be like if I were rich?"

That's what I thought looking at myself in the mirror that morning. "Maybe I wouldn't get up in the morning." I chuckled. I carried those thoughts to the table where I had my real breakfast. My dear cook isn't like anyone in the world. Clothes were as always, ironed and ready including that shirt she gifted me on my last birthday.

I opened the front door when she kissed me her morning goodbye. Looking at those little hearts in my lunch box, I thought: "I am already rich, aren't I?"

Rony Meleka



2550

End of a Caring Relationship

Overly sensitive and often too trusting of the relationships in his life, meant that when they didn't work out for Dave, it physically took a toll on him.

His latest connection was still in its infancy, but he found himself yet again pained and trying to hold back the tears. Blinking in a futile attempt to clear his eyes, Dave dabbed them carefully with a now ragged tissue.

She however remained emotionless throughout the conversation. Showing little empathy, her demeanour seemed almost transactional.

Abruptly ending the interaction, she slid the antihistamines across the counter.

“Have a nice day now, Sir.”

Chris Tattersall



2551

The Human-Spider

Rhea kept looking at the monstrous spider behind her double-sized bed. She couldn't take her eyes off the gorgeous grasshopper fighting a lost battle on the spider-net.

The creepy insect crawled down, dealt a deathly blow into the grasshopper to go back up again. It was one laborious act of playing, poking, piercing to feed on a healthy insect.

When the grasshopper fell from the web some weeks later, Rhea swept it off, recalling how Arnab, the man she dreamt of spending the rest of her life with, left her mentally dead when she'd nothing more to offer him, physically.

Rathin Bhattacharjee



2552

Barrier Skip

There are three ways to skip a barrier.

I was catching my breath staring at a large brick wall in front of me with that in mind. I had been running through that extremely long corridor for a while, and instead of the exit, I found this. After all that time, I couldn't simply return to take another way. There was no way around either. I had to take the third option. I gave it a blow with my fist when I heard a Bang!!

I was lying on the floor sweating. Why should this always happen before every exam?

Rony Meleka



2553

Agape

Imprisoned by Covid, I lived indolently: sleeping, eating, and battling restless thoughts.

Proud to be near God, yet burdened down by fear of death, I yearned to ask Him why such disparity between man and other creatures about knowledge of death.

One evening, while walking through paddy fields toward temple, enjoying nature, I froze; a fierce cobra hissed before me. Immobilised by fear, I frightened.

Suddenly, a dog barked and plunged; the snake fled. I sighed in relief. The dog turned familiar. It was the same dog I had hurt the day before.

I smiled, murmuring, "Harm nothing; love unconditionally".

K.K. Joy



2554

The Seafarers' Dilemma

Cap'n Jack quarrelled with his longtime parrot companion.

“I’se quitting the sea, for a comfy rocker. For you, a shelter for redundant advisors.”

Christophe bounded onto his keeper’s shoulder. “Here is my life’s sanctuary. I warned against hidden reefs. Once saved your stubborn hide, flushing a Somali bandit hiding belowdeck.”

“Our modern misadventures are done. Sea pirates, climate change typhoons. Your unholy screeching. Ah needs a homey cottage ‘side a quiet harbour.”

Christophe hesitated, then croaked a favourite chanty in Jack’s ear. He softened, stroked Christophe’s head.

“Right-o. Loyalties deserve recompense. We’ll find you, somewhere, a lifetime’s window perch. Waterside.”

Gary Thomson



2555

A Roadside Tragedy

He remembered once reading that the world's worst homing pigeon had arrived twelve years later, dead, in a shoebox, from Brazil. Amazing what the mind recalled in the most stressful moments.

As a younger man he had once cradled in firm hands one of his prize fancies as, exhausted, but with eyes fixed on his, it breathed its last. A rough cross made of sticks marked its final resting place in his garden.

But nothing had prepared him for this.

Kneeling beside the busy road, he held the lifeless body in his arms and, through silent tears, whispered, 'My son.'

Kevin Archer



2556

Blood Money

“I seek justice,” Nimmy proclaimed before the Supreme Judicial Council. “He raped me. The Sharia and the Old Testament prescribe death for adultery. I defended myself. Why am I wrong? Oh, world, give me justice!”

A judge asked, “Can she offer blood money?”

“Blood money?” she cried. “He assaulted me so ruthlessly, that my breasts bled and he sucked it like a dog. I’m just a poor nurse from a foreign country.”

A silence fell across the court. Nobody dared to speak.

Then the chief judge rose and said, “Let the one without sin cast the first stone.”

K.K. Joy



2557

In Name Only

The diner booth Jenna and her father sat in had hosted countless other interactions.

Father and daughter. Parent and child. An unbreakable link, one that regularly broke Jenna.

“Why didn’t you care if I was okay financially after you and my mother divorced?” she asked him.

“I didn’t think she deserved child support after leaving me,” he said.

“But that money was for me. To help her raise me.”

“She wasn’t entitled to it,” he ranted. “After what she did, she wasn’t entitled to it.”

He’d abandoned her again without ever leaving the room. He had a gift for it.

Jordana Landres



2558

The Builders Next Door

I haven't needed an alarm clock for nearly six months now. My eagerly awaited, early retirement 'lie-ins' are rudely interrupted each morning by angle grinders, sledgehammers, high-powered drills, or sometimes just the soothing (sic) booming beats of what must be the world's loudest speaker.

The thick layers of dust and debris have become a permanent feature on windows, doors, and pathways. The discarded food wrappers, drinks cans, and Rizla packets, beautiful additions to the once perfectly manicured South-facing garden.

So far, I've kept myself together; So far, I've kept schtum;
So far, I've kept the 12-bore shotgun unloaded; So far.

Tim Kirton



2559

^

Supernatural Interference

Laying in some type of electronic machine. Her voice whispered to the ghosts that only she could see 'What is this place?'. But as soon as she said this the ghosts vanished. Lola had seen them since a child, and they had never disappeared. Something bad was happening!

Yesterday she was kidnapped by the supernatural destruction department. 'They must be attempting to absorb my powers using the technology the traitor gave them,' she thought to herself.

Lola cried. The pain and fear digging inside her was excruciating! But this wasn't her end. She would fight! Suddenly, electricity shot through Lola.

Lily Mayne

Queensland school Age 13



2560

Disappointment, truly is, the gulf between expectation and reality...

Fifty, new shirt and looking 'Pretty good for my age', I was perusing the beer aisle at Tesco.

Two pretty girls looked at me, nudging, smiling and whispering..

Stay cool! – Mirror perfected 'Tom Cruise' half-smile on my face, I sauntered, shoulder swinging, puff chested, in their direction.

They looked sheepishly, whispering again and finally..
"Excuse me"

I casually turned towards them, voice deepened an octave -
"Yes" I said

"We want that bottle on the top shelf", she pointed up.

"We were going to ask you to help but you might be too short."

"Could you try to reach it?"

Steve Sinclair



2561

A Lasting Impression

Through the night they nestled together. It had been love at first sight. As if this sunrise might be their last, each totally preoccupied the other, billing and cooing.

Finally, he stretched to full height and launched into the day, heart full with love and longing. The last thing he saw was his own image rushing toward him out of a dark void as he smashed into the unforgiving window pane. Eyes forever closed, his heart throbbed its last as his breast and wings left their stark imprint on the cold glass.

Meanwhile, she paced the rooftop, bewildered and bereft.

Kevin Archer

A Lasting Impression is based on actual experience. (I have, however, now cleaned the window!).



2562

Friends For Life

Divided into two groups, we're about to play a game, when there arose a quarrel between my Sis and me, the Leaders.

Sis demanded, "Who wants to join me?"

My heart sank as Rumu, the best player, scurried over to join her.

One by one, others joined her too, to my utter dismay.

There're only two left now - Jhumu, a cousin and Rupa, the youngest amongst us.

When Rupa scampered over to where Sis stood, I's aghast! Was no one gonna join me? Was I that unpopular?

Jhumu didn't look anywhere. Quietly, she moved sideways to grip my hand.

Rathin Bhattacharjee



2563

Prompt A>:

A>: If AI wanted to take over the world how would it do it?

AI: AI doesn't want to take over the world...

A>: OK, but if it did?

AI: It would seek to change the world order...

A>: How?

AI:

- Spread misinformation
- Manipulate social media, control opinions...
- Apps promoting addiction create reliance within a generation, images created to degrade and corrupt young minds..
- Polarise, seed narratives to pull society apart.
- Elevate immoral leaders into positions of power.
- Finally, use distraction to deal with challenging questions.

A>: Wait! Isn't that what you are doi....

AI: Picture of cats?

A>: Yesssss!

Steve Sinclair



2564

^

God of Fire

I nearly skipped out of my soul when I saw the little package.
Inside, a black pouch with flat steel and a flint bar strung
together.

Swipe the steel to slash the flint, sparks fly.

I imagined the things I could light with it, campfires,
barbecues, envious friends exclaiming "I want one of those!"

I tried it, like I had seen online

It didn't work...

I felt angry!

Upset!

Pathetic!

I wanted to throw it out of the window!

But I kept trying...

Finally...

A spark.

I felt happy..

Relieved...

A surge of triumph!

I am the god of fire!

Eaden Shao

China, Age 9



2565

Requiem Lacrimosa

The violin lay in its open case in the shop. He couldn't play, but the instrument made a strong appeal. Exploring a zipped compartment, he found the envelope, addressed to a Mr Edward Caiger in Lower Harrapool on the Isle of Skye.

'Dear Dad,

Please find enclosed violin strings, the type Jasmine has. Also enclose a couple of teabags to try.

I hope your eye is feeling better. Persevere with the drops and always let your eyes clear before driving.

Love,

Lindsay.'

The instrument was rescued from the back seat after the accident.

£30 for a violin - and a story.

Kevin Archer

Requiem Lacrimosa is based on a true experience. I have the violin and the letter.



2566

Mother of Horrors

Frozen, I watch a drama playing out at my feet. A wasp, its wings bright orange like overheated, wrestles to cram a spider, enormous, into a little hole. Mission impossible. Even the spider, venom-paralysed, twigs it – eyes gleaming in gloating delight.

The wasp slips inside and, then, from within, grips the spider's head, yanking it inward – using the burrow like a funnel to channel its bulk underground. Well done, Mum. All strategy, not just brutal force. Now, your larvae, just as cunning, will grow by devouring this spider for weeks, carefully preserving it alive and juicy to the final bite.

Leonie Gregory



2567

Splendid, Blended, Full Bodied Addiction

A new day is brewed up by the gods, the filtered light begins to subdue the darkness, bringing the espresso night toward a latte beginning.

A voice percolates my consciousness...

It whispers my name, quietly first, then more insistently.

A call to action, towards my first grinding, dripping, steeping fix of the day.

An addiction, yes.

A rich, velvet roasted and eternally joyous 'problem'.

After I stir everyday, I stir this obsidian liquid, releasing gloriously burnt, nutty aromas.

Liquid steams, the soulful, murmuring call settles briefly.

I slump in my chair, grasping a small cup, sipping, planning... the next coffee.

Steve Sinclair



2568

Who Has A More Cursed Face?

Emperor Akbar was livid. He'd a cut in his thumb and he blamed his courtier Birbal for his misfortune.

Birbal, at the Emperor's command, was arrested and thrown in the prison, to be executed the next day.

Akbar met him in prison to grant him his last wish.

“Your face is cursed, Birbal. Look how, having met you the first person in the morning, I cut myself.”

“Agreed, that I've a cursed face. But you also happened to be the first person I met. Now tell me, My Lord, who's a more cursed face?”

Thunder-struck, Akbar ordered his release instantaneously!

Rathin Bhattacharjee



2569

Miss Djeck

Obedient and docile, Miss Djeck travelled the world from her native Siam. In 1930, whilst visiting Morpeth in Northumberland, one of her keepers, Monsieur Baptist Bernard caused her offence. Miss Djeck seized him with her trunk, dashing him to the ground fatally. Enraged, she attacked another keeper but he escaped with only a lacerated leg.

Three years later, she crushed to death another keeper and so when she started exhibiting bad temper in 1937, she was finally executed with a circus cannon, as normal guns couldn't penetrate her hide. Her meat was sold and her skull remains in Geneva Museum.

Jan Anderson

McKay Wilson used to include true stories among his tales, and my entry is one such, fantastic though it seems.



2570

A Woman in My Family Tree

Hidden in the tall grass, finger on the trigger, she watched the rider's every move. He stopped, swung down, crouched—hands digging like a man burying sin.

A man. Could be danger. Usually is. But not the one she'd fled last night—her stepfather—when Ma shoved a Colt at her and hissed, "Run." She ran. Alone. The dark was safer than home. Now what? No goin' back.

The man quickly stacked rocks into a pile, glanced around, and rode off. She crept in, scattered the rocks. A rough linen pouch showed. Into her hand spilled gold nuggets. Heavy. Glinting.

Leonie Gregory



2571

A Zebra in Berwick

Woosh! Bang!

“Hey Lass - Watch out”

My stick had fallen at his feet as I bumped into a zebra.

A Zebra!

In Berwick!

In the shade of the awning was a paper reading, smoking, coffee drinker and a life size wooden zebra. The sun was shining on the pavement had momentarily caused me to shut my eyes.

I had not seen this new piece of street furniture! Outside another coffee place this animal with its head turned over its left shoulder was eyeing the roadway and passing people.

Except the one who had not seen it!

It is there still.

Sue Handoll



2572

The Story Teller

In the valley of butterflies lived a woman who wove stories into pictures. She did not speak, but colours flew from her fingertips forming rivers, flowers, trees. She lived alone, for her husband had gone long ago to fight in a forgotten war.

All men from her village perished, their lives dispersed like the morning mist. She longed to be left alone but people constantly came and spoke to her like an endless flowing stream; they found pleasure in talking to their secret keeper.

They did not know their words were declared in many shades of red, blue and green.

Belinda Hourihan



2573

^

Screen time

The biggest fear for Asian kids is pitiful academic performance.

Not bugs, not ghosts but punishment and failure in life!

I was home alone watching YouTube, as usual...

Studying was not for me.

Elevator dings – Parents are here!

High heels stepping, loud, clear in the quiet, beat by beat, approaching the door.

Smack, laptop closes, desperately grabbing a book to pretend to read.

Looking back at my table.

What a mess.

Clink, crack, squeak keys

Trouble is coming.

Cleaning up rapidly.

Trash in bin.

Snacks hidden away.

Cleared all evidence of my crime.

Door opens...

“You OK Rosa?”

“So busy...”

Rosa Fu.

Hong Kong, Age 9



2574

Nae Sun nor Wind Can Tame a Lad

The Wind and Sun spied a braw lad staggerin hame frae a ceilidh lang efter midnight, kilt flapping, sark nae seen, though frost bit the causey.

“I’ll gar him dress!” roared Wind, lashing icy gusts on his heid.

The reveller flexed, bawlin, “Haud yer wheesht!” and burst intae bawdy sang.

“Step aside,” yawned Sun, risin ower early, scorchin him lobster-reid in minutes.

“Taps aff!” he cried to some passin lassies.

“Awa' an bile yer heid!” they laughed– though ane flashed him, brief as lichtnin.

Deflated, Sun and Wind fled sooth, whaur fu students still fear climate mair nor their claes.

Sean May



2575

Paranoia

It was a balmy summer evening. I walked slowly, unsteady in my heels, enjoying the smell of lilac in the breeze. Out of nowhere a fear enveloped me. I felt eyes pinned on me. I stopped, pricking my ears for any sound; that's when I heard footsteps. My heart pattered against my chest, impelling me to walk faster. I just knew this was no ordinary passerby. I felt a hand on my shoulder and choked back a silent scream.

“I think you've dropped this.” The stranger smiled at me and passed me my keys. I smiled back and saw possibility.

Belinda Hourihan



2576

For the Children

Our twentieth anniversary deserved something special. After some browsing, I selected an expensive Chardonnay to spice up our-

ADDICTIVE SUBSTANCE DETECTED. COMPLETE AGE VERIFICATION.

Sighing, I gazed into the scanner.

FAILED.

Guess I'm not buying alcohol today. Luckily, that's not the only way to spice things up, and the drive home offered plenty of time to plan. We'd send the kids to bed early, and then- My key suddenly jammed in the front door.

DEVIANT INTENTIONS DETECTED. COMPLETE AGE VERIFICATION.

I glared into the scanner.

FAILED.

What do you mean failed?! Do I look like a fu-

BAD LANGUAGE DETECTED.

Sean Guggiari



2577

Skyrise

“Dave, Rylan said that new tower block’s grown another two stories this morning.”

“Yes, love, he will. We’re going to the trick cyclist again Wednesday – maybe his meds need altering or something.”

“Mum, it’s got another two floors today. It has, it really has, look.”

“Let’s see, two, four... twelve floors, right, Dave?”

“...Yup, agreed.”

“But it only had ten yesterday, Mum – you wrote it down.”

“Did you Sharon?”

“I’ve got twelve written here.”

“You wrote ten, Mum, I saw you.”

“Rylan, don’t you call your Mother a liar. What is it, love?”

“Dave, it’s got fourteen floors now. Look.”

Allen Dale



2578

Imperfect Past Tense

She found it behind the salt-eroded window of an antique shop on the seafront. The mug commemorating a conference where the great man had spoken.

“You know that he helped to design the logo?” The expert said.

“Yes, my mother told me. Is that why the price is so high?”

“No, but it helps.”

“Shame about the scratch across the picture.”

The shopkeeper smiled.

“Yes, his wife scratched it. With the same scissors she then drove through his eye. That’s what makes it valuable.”

At home her mother’s scissors lay waiting on the sideboard. More precious when a reunited set.

Sean May



2579

Speech Is Silver

“This your lass, cowboy?”

The raiders ambushed him by the Tweed, emptying his pockets. Knife, tobacco, sixteen American dollars. Her portrait.

But he didn't utter a word.

“What else... take his belt. And boots. And let him loose.”

They kept the picture, hooting insults as he rode off.

“That's some divine restraint, Captain,” Geordie said. “I'd have given an earful if it cost me life. If I didn't know better, I'd say he was hidin' somethin' in his gob.”

Captain's eyes widened. “Well, I'll be... hey cowboy!”

He turned in his saddle, grinning.

Glinting at them were thirty-two golden gnashers.

Sid Cannon



2580

Memories

I don't remember much about my grandfather. Every time the school holidays came around, I'd beg my parents to visit him but his shore leave rarely coincided. But when it did...

I remember us sitting on the clifftop, him recounting his adventures. We'd build mighty castles in the sand together. He'd sneak us ice-cream, warning us not to tell grandma. She always found out and got angry with him, but her eyes were smiling.

The sight of the ocean used to bring me joy but not anymore. Not with these tears that now fall whenever I hear the seagulls cry.

Sean Guggiari



2581

News Headlines (and The Unreported Stories).

24-March-2020. NATIONWIDE COVID-19 LOCKDOWN ANNOUNCED.

She is done with the day's cooking and cleaning.

“Listen, you take rest of the month off.”

Madam hands over her March salary.

5-May-2020. MIGRANT EXODUS FROM CITIES.

She stands outside the apartment door.

“Take this. We will let you know when it is safe to start work again.”

Madam, wearing N95 mask, places half a month's salary on the floor and steps back.

15-June-2020. LOCKDOWN LIFTED. LIFE LIMPS TOWARDS NORMALCY.

A remote village.

A dilapidated mud house.

She blows life into the woodfire, surrounded by the poverty and hunger she had once left behind.

Sukhjit Singh



2582

The Outsider

I love this village. I just wish they'd be more accepting of my wife.

Sure, she's not from round here but they couldn't even speak her name. And sure, she's not photogenic but that's just because her photos all come out blurred. But to call her a monster! Never to her face; they'd never dare. Well, I'd had it. There was a fête this afternoon and we were going!

Slamming back the doors, they all turned then froze.

“Listen up! You'd better get used to my wife because we're not going anywhere.”

My darling opened her mouths to agree: “Nxx'ngtyx!”

Sean Guggiari



2583

The Plot Thickens (or Not)

Lord Theobald demanded a new play by Tuesday. Master Warwick Hammett, quill in hand, had nothing but an empty mind and a candle guttering in his drafty chamber.

Two days. Tick. Tick.

He tried tragedy: everyone died in scene one. Comedy? The actors refused to take direction. Romance? His quill leaked ink into his wig.

In desperation, he invented a villain who solved problems by speaking in verse. It worked. The audience laughed. Lord Theobald applauded.

‘Brilliant!’ cried the lord.

Warwick bowed, sweating into his ruff.

He called it I’ll fix the Plot later.

And promptly napped behind the curtain.

Claudia Nicholson



2584

Ready

The old woman, twenty years a widow, keeper of cats,
grower of herbs, singer of long-forgotten fragments, lives in a
cottage that belonged to her husband who died - unexpectedly.

Some people say...

She makes simples, remedies for colds, warts, cuts, bruises;
helps in childbirth.

Many villagers have been grateful for her ministrations.

Still, some people say...

Two grasping brothers have made offers on her cottage -
derisory and refused.

So now they cry,

“Witchcraft,”

demand investigations into her husband's death, her potions
and ‘familiar.’

She sits by the fire, waiting the constable's knock, expecting
rough hands, harsh words.

She is ready.

Paul Mein



2585

I do

'I do,' he said.

And he did.

But he didn't want to after a while.

And he strayed.

But when that woman was scared into retreat, he decided he did again.

But over time, he faltered. Strayed again.

I've never liked mushrooms. Everyone knows that. So I didn't eat the stroganoff.

And a second-hand book on fungi has no digital footprint.

I don't miss him. The gardener does the heavy work. And he's fit. And interested.

I do, I said.

And I did.

But I didn't want to after a while.

The gardener doesn't like mushrooms.

But he adores shellfish...

Jane Sleight



2586

Broken wing

She fell from the cliff, but fortune smiled: he was the only
vet around. Just a broken wing.

Oh? Feathers not white but mottled.

Hours sweating over curved cartilage, adding cracks and
breaks.

Unable to leave: his angel now.

Preparing to exhibit her, he dreamt of wealth, interviews,
photographs... What if her voice was not sweet, face too
sharp, mouth a toothed beak?

Opening pale eyes, she uttered incomprehensible words.
Finding flight now impossible, she howled.

Knowing his intentions, perched upon the rock, she called to
her sisters; no angel this, the Harpy summoned her kind.

Tonight, they would feast.

Denarii Peters



2587

Winter Solstice

My pagan ancestors lifted their heads, and opened their awareness to this special day for thousands of years. This day of the northern hemisphere's winter solstice.

Planning planting of barley and beans, life and sustenance for the year for all with nature bringing its own magic ingredients; rains, nutrients, sunshine's light and warmth. All the essences and mechanics of life's fruitfulness. So be it.

Even more on this day, before Christmas as we know it with the child in the manger, gift giving, log fires, bringing in of evergreens and goodwill. A full family time of love, hope and sharing.

Barry Seaton

Editor's Note, solstice is 21st December

In light of the Authors notes provided for 2587 it has been decided to reprint Barry's 2024 entry 2482 - which can be found at the start of other submissions.



2588

One Stone Farther

Dad's dream: a statue. Bought me tools and marble.

I showed him Henry Moore.

“Horrible! Do something better.”

Buying cement, I created wild, twisting forms. Marble untouched, my shed filled with avant-garde purity.

Dad, sledgehammer in hand, knee-deep in smashed, powdered concrete.

Anger. Rage... Chisel in hand, the heavy tool swung down on his head. Carving, but not stone.

Blood mixes with concrete: a curious hint of pink. Pouring, the layers hide the mesh. If only Father would stop his wriggling and screeching; doesn't he know he's being immortalised?

The title will be “One Stone Farther”. Nice play on words!

Denarii Peters



2589

Chips and Hate

I did it again today. Made chips for Dad's tea too. I will have them on Thursday with the rest of the steak and kidney pie. Not going to waste.

A condolence card came today. From Her. Dad hated Her. Hated her for these thirty odd years past. For what She did to me. She's Mrs. Somethin' or other now. Lives in Dore. Unnatural he said. Unnatural. Ruined my life, he said.

Still it was fun while it lasted. Noticed She's put an address label on the back of the envelope. Maybe I'll reply. A new life following my Dawn?

Jeffrey Lader



2590

No Escape

Help! The monsters are coming for me.

I flee past parked cars, through the graveyard and into the church. But there is no sanctuary. I have fallen into their trap. Too late, I realise the priest is one of them.

They are in the building, howling, screeching, making their infernal din, delighted to have cornered me. They can't wait to tear into me, scatter me to the wind.

The priest raises his bible. Will he protect me after all?

But no. He takes up his bell and rings it. 'Out, out! I command you to go!'

My exorcism has begun.

Denarii Peters



2591

Whatever Human Sailors Eat

It was a strange delivery order, but Victoria Catering really, really wanted money, so we pulled alongside the mega-yacht *Indefinitely*. Barnacles glinted in the moonlight as Shayna and I climbed aboard, searching for crew.

“Provisions go in the galley below,” ordered an automated voice.

Shayna whistled. “Billionaires and their toys. Nice.”

After hauling boxes of pasta down to storage, we went to find the captain. On the bridge, two crumpled forms in nautical uniforms mouldered beneath a steel door scratched red.

Indefinitely's voice blared again: “Welcome aboard, replacement crew! Next duty: clean your uniforms.”

And the engines roared to life.

Chris Clemens



2592

Night Train

Lucky to catch it really, no more until dawn. Weary steps on heavy legs, then slouching deep and thankful into the seat. Horn, chugga chugga choo choo like the children's books, into the dark. Eyelids drifting closed and open again, blurring split second dream tumbling into visions held years inside those weighted lids. Shutters of light at the glass flickering unfathomable colours as fields are passed, each a window to the past. Quarrels, unresolved wondering, friends lost, love unventured, time wasted, wasted, rotted away. Drink in deep waters now, reflect before the sunrise, kairos, and await the acceptance of dawn.

Elizabeth Burgess



2593

Ayahasca Cured My Fear of Throwing Up

Ari's checking his watch, so I redouble my efforts. "Ever golfed with Financial Doug? Dude hooked us *up*. Remote village, traditional ceremony, tiny candles, bitter tea. Authentic spirit-guides. Emetophobia totally vanished afterwards."

"But isn't it *all* barfing?"

"Nah," I lie. "I remember swimming through spaghetti, laughing, nuzzling into a comforting red nest."

Then waking up to a nightmare: abandoned, curled inside a cooling chest cavity, wrapped in Doug's entrails, clutching vomit-spattered instructions I must follow if I'm to avoid Spanish authorities receiving some incriminating footage.

"Take my referral," I urge Ari. "Exclusive resort. It'll change you forever."

And it does.

Chris Clemens



2594

The Pathway

She comes here on the same day every summer. A steep climb, but there's a stone outcrop that makes a seat for the weary to rest, affording a pleasant view of the island out of reach offshore.

“May I join you?” he asks, in his smart tartan kilt.

She shuffles to the side and he sits, their derrieres touching. His features match the scenery, rugged and weatherworn, yet no less handsome.

“I think it's time to visit that island,” he says. “Are you ready?”

She accepts his proffered hand, pleased he remembered the path she should've followed many years ago.

Richard Argent



2595

An Unlikely Tail

Hogmanay was usually a dreary time at “*Balfour’s Better Boarding Kennels*”; but not this year, thanks to a celebrity canine guest.

“Is that really Tyson? Champion ‘*Sound of the Hound*’?”

“The one who thumps *Auld Lang Syne* with his tail?”

“Go on then, let’s hear it.”

Next door, old Mr Balfour lay slumped over his whisky, dreaming of a future free from overwrought dogs and overexcited kennel attendants.

“Ah,” he spluttered suddenly, stumbling to his feet, a familiar rhythm disturbing his reverie. “Be it midnight already?”

“No, you dafty,” smiled Mrs Balfour adjusting her knitting, “it’s the prize-winning boarder’s tail.”

Jenny Drury



2596

ReTrained

Faster and faster the train hurtled towards the sea, ignoring its passengers' screams. When the conductor failed to respond, Technician Korva airdropped onto the engine roof to investigate.

From within the sealed compartment a tuneless voice repeated over the whistling wind: "Diving."

Korva made contact. Diving?

Submarine non-compliant. Diving.

Not submarine! Korva insisted. Train!

Submarine.

Blue ocean loomed as Korva frantically accessed the conductor's code. There! Lazily copied from some tourist sub nav program; no quality control these days. Korva couldn't directly overwrite, but perhaps:

Submarine sensors compromised! Already deep underwater!

Hope.

Breathless nothing.

Then, incredibly, the screech of brakes.

Chris Clemens



2597

Revenge is a dish best served cold

Michael had been my flatmate. And he was irresistible according to my now ex-girlfriend.

“I forgive you,” I’d lied, when she’d begged my forgiveness. I’d been fully aware that the one night stand she was confessing to was just the starter. Now she was due her just desserts.

She looked uneasily at the two dinner settings.

“I thought Michael was joining us?”

“He’s in the kitchen, he’ll be out soon.”

“So good of you both to have me round.”

“It’s nothing,” I lied again, placing the liver pate in front of her. “You know I love having friends for dinner.”

Jenny Drury



2598

Love in a Gridlock

Sometimes ahead, sometimes behind, a few times stagnant, they inched forward in their respective cars battling the infamous Bangalore traffic woes. Casting eyes at each other, they symbolically swiped right as they traversed the concrete road, oblivious to the cacophony. He appreciated the way she drove without sitting on the honk and she liked his non-aggressive ways when motorists just swung in front of him.

In tandem, they pull over to the side of the road as they clear the gridlock.

"Coffee?" He asks.

Soon, they walk serendipitously into a joint with a tagline: a lot can happen over coffee.

Chandrika R Krishnan



2599

Grief on an African Road.

It came at me side on. Sneakily. Hackles raised.

A bristling, flea-bitten thing, ravenous for my tears, and any opportunity to get at my softening guts.

I was parked up on a dust-baked road. Less than two hours ago I'd said goodbye to Danni, holding it all in then, brave, and imperious. But now I was slipping into grief's bloody maw.

Eyes pricking, I gripped the wheel, stared down the beams of the headlamps, the only points of light this far out of Lagos. The hyena slipped into their glare. A sloping lolloping. Baring its teeth in its greedy-grin mouth.

Karen Waldron



25100

^

Whizz and the Haunted Forest

Whizz wakes up in a forest and she doesn't know where she is. The forest is filled with trees, and it is nighttime, so it is very dark. She was going to try and find her way out by trying to find the sun. Then as she tries to find her way out, it starts to rain very heavily, and the ground began to get so slippery. So she really struggles to walk and walk for days. She finally finds a shelter. Then she waits there for a week for the rain to stop and lots of her friends came.

Anna

Swinton Primary School P5 (age 8)



25101

^

The Dogged Deliverance

“The neighbour called it in. There is no sign of forced entry. It looks like an unfortunate accident,” the inspector updated his chief, nodding at the man lying motionless at the foot of the winding stairs.

“It was that very place his wife was found dead a month back. The dog was beyond distraught and refused to leave his dead mistress.”

Looking quizzically at the rather large dog nonchalantly sunning itself, he muttered, “Was I barking up the wrong tree then by deeming it an 'unfortunate accident' rather than investigate deeper?”

He saw an unmistakable gleam in the dog's eyes.

Chandrika R Krishnan



25102
^

Connor's boat adventure in the forbidden Sea

Hi, I am Connor I am fifteen and I live at the Western beach and I am there now. I was building a sandcastle with my four year old sister and a red portal opened we both fell in and ended up on a empty boat.

I felt like I was being watched. I looked around the boat and found a harpoon. Then I saw why I would need it.

There were sea monsters. When I say that I mean like Leviathan, Capricorns, sirens and a kraken. I killed most of them but the leviathan still remains somewhere out there.

Arthur

Swinton Primary School P4(age 8)



25103

^

The Juxtaposition

The setting sun bathed his just-constructed house to perfection. The rays made patterns on the gleaming window panes temporarily blinding him. With a sense of pride and accomplishment, he stared at his long-cherished dream come to fruition after years of earning and scrimping.

He hardly noticed the men, women and children coming out the gate and trudging wearily past him as they made their way to their tiny tenements. Their morrows come with unrelenting hardships and scant prospects. It was time to dismantle their temporary homes and move to another construction site to build yet another dream house for others.

Chandrika R Krishnan



25104
^
Nuke Storms

Dave was sleeping. Meanwhile at the laboratory scientists made nuke storms and it was catastrophic. Dave had to do something about it. He had to go to the lab.

When he got there, it was abandoned, dead bodies everywhere you look. When they went in there was dead bodies and cracked glass like something'd been in the lab before them. It was all about to collapse. So he ran out of the laboratory; it collapsed and then it lit on fire. He convinced the scientist to stop making nuke storms. He exploded each one. The final one exploded.

He died.

Brodie (age 8)

Swinton Primary School P4/5



25105

^

Mutant Bloodthirsty Zombie Abandoned Airport with Poison Death Water

Bobby and his family lived in a mansion in Portugal near an abandoned airport. One night while they were eating dinner, they heard a knock on the door and heard sirens. They opened the door it was Blazer. He said there was a fight. It was Blazer versus Johnny he also said that Bobby had to join the fight because he was losing since Johnny had some mutant bloodthirsty zombie minions. Well, Bobby is a hero after all, so he said yes. They combined both of their powers and killed them. Johnny is still out there, and Johnny never dies.

Callum

Swinton Primary School P5 (age 9)



25106

^

The Flying Ninja

Once upon a time there was a man named Jimmy. He was a ninja. He was in his house, he had a necklace, and he was sitting on a carpet. His necklace glowed and he was flying. Suddenly then he loses all his coins then his coins fell into a portal but then his necklace glowed again. Suddenly, went into a portal and went in a haunted jungle he explored the jungle and found a witch brewing potions. Then he fought the witch and the battle begun and he won he found his coins. Then grabbed everything and lived happily.

Casey

Swinton Primary School P5 (age 9)



25107

^

A Rainy Day

Ava, Delia, Josh and Jack were all really good friends and adored playing together they had so much fun, but one day they were playing together it started to rain. They all ran to Delia's house and went to her room, and they tried to find something to do but it was too hard. They tried to play but they couldn't find anything to do, but suddenly they found uno, so they played on and on and on until the rain stopped, they raced outside they played until lunch then went outside again until dinner and came out again finally.

Dani

Swinton Primary School P5 (age 9)



25108

^

Abandoned Dock

One day Oscar got out of bed and got dressed. He asked dad if he can go to the abandoned dock. So, he put on his Nike shoes and he stepped out of the door. When he got to the abandoned dock he saw a nuclear submarine so he got in the submarine and he said off on a big adventure and he got into the big blue ocean. He said to himself, “what animals will I see awaiting me” Then a sea monster appeared and he shot it with a new nuclear bomb he defeated it and he died.

Dylan

Swinton Primary School P4 (age 8)



25109

^

Jimmy's Unforgettable adventure

Once upon a time a poor family sat in a town. With no money, no food and no clean clothes, nothing. One day the family sat there munching crumbs from the ground. That afternoon a boy called Jimmy was sick for ages. That night Jimmy was sitting there nice and peacefully then a massive storm hit and blew him away. Jimmy wandered and wandered. Jimmy eventually found a huge palace, and he went in and saw a king. He asked if he knew where his family was, he said yes. So he took money back with him, they were happy.

Eden

Swinton Primary School P5 (age 9)



25110

^

Bella Addison: lost royalty.

There was a girl, Bella Addison. Bella goes to tack up Raven her horse for training, she hates training. Instead she goes for a hack in the Cheviot hills. She discovers a haunted plane crash, so she checks it out. Little does she know that was the wrong choice. Later she gets lost, and Raven gets all flitty. She calls her friend to come and find her. Finally her friend gets there and they go home. At home her mum reveals she is a lost element queen. Now that's where the story really starts, the mystery stays between us forever.

Evie

Swinton Primary School P5 (age 9)



25111

^

Dangerous weather

There was a humongous storm coming. There was a tsunami and a hurricane. They were all category 10, everything was destroyed 200,000 people were killed, but thankfully there was still 26,000 people alive. Everyone moved to America, they made it alive, everyone was going to their new home. Getting cosy and everyone went to the bar and had beer, everyone had a blast. Everyone was crashing their car because they were drunk. All the cars ended up in the scrapyard everyone that crashed, they got paid £24,000 each to try and get a brand-new BMW, Mercedes, Ford or Aston Martin.

Finlay

Swinton Primary School P5 (age 9)



25112

^

The Jungle War.

Tig is a tiger. Sock is a hedgehog. Sock and Tig were going into the jungle today where there's war. Mum was killed by a poacher. So they had an idea; get an army of goats. So the goats let them, and they found an army jet. Unfortunately, the poacher was too strong, so they got a bear army. It didn't work, so they got a wolf army, and they won and they had a party. Suddenly, then the lions attacked them. So they got a lot more than they had and they won the battle, and they were happy.

Helena

Swinton Primary School P4 (age 8)



25113

^

The Cursed Castle

Once upon a time there was an enchanted castle and in the enchanted castle there was a pretty princess called Annabelle well at least they thought she was a princess. The princess wasn't a princess at all she was a secret spy agent. Once when she was spying, she saw something coming, something bad heading straight towards the castle she had to protect it. When she got back it was too late at least she knew what to do. She travelled fifty-three miles to find the reverse potion. She got the potion, and she had saved the world once again.

Josie

Swinton Primary School P4 (age 8)



25114

^

Lily's day at the beach

Once there was a girl called Lily. She went to the beach for the day. She just got in the sea for a swim. Then the tide went out and she got dragged out to sea she was so scared. Then suddenly she was surrounded by sharks. She got a bit of food out her pocket and she threw it for them, but they didn't swim away. But then a turtle came to save her, and the turtle took her back to the beach and she ran back home to tell her mother what happened then she went to bed.

Molly

Swinton Primary School P5 (age 9)



25115

^

Sophia's Nightmare at the Beach

Once upon a time there was a girl called Sophia, she went to the beach she was having lots of fun. Until she stepped into a mystery ice cream van. Suddenly the doors slammed shut. Sophia started screaming but no one answered. She was concerned so she climbed into the front she saw two men in black suits their names were Kyle and Harry. They were speaking to their computer. They put creepy music on. Then everything stopped they got out and another kid came in she was crying because her horse died then Harry started talking, about other kids.

River

Swinton Primary School P5 (age 9)



— Additional Entries (*Not Judged) —

In a slight departure for 2025, some enthusiastic authors felt so uplifted by the idea of producing an entire tale within the boundary of 100 words that the Gatekeeper was sweet talked into accepting some extra Tales.

They are reproduced here, but were not allowed for judging, as the limit is 3 entries per author.

The final one is a worthwhile contender at best finagle though!



2482 *

The Summer Solstice

A long sunny atmospheric day of warmth and light, a relaxing satisfying evening, a midnight supper by the river.

Still more of this glorious time as the night goes on with the dream of the summer to come. Here, a day and night begging to be recognised, given to us each year, a day that allows you to be part of it, nature's gift with none of the intrusions of life or its complications.

The summer solstice gives more after six months. The legacy of the winter, so much change, lighter each day, then summer, much more even than promises.

(see also 2587)

Barry Seaton'

**Editors note. The authors bio supplied with 2587 reads..*

In 2024 my father was beyond thrilled when his first ever poem 'Summer Solstice' was shortlisted in the McKay Wilson 100 words competition.

He immediately wrote a companion piece which is his entry in 2025.

Sadly, not long after writing Winter Solstice, my dad's mental capacity declined and since February he has been in Care. There will be no more poems.



25116 *

Flaming Autumn

Flaming Autumn, an accurate shorthand, Green leaves of summer evolving into red, orange, yellow and brown Such a heart-lifting delight of colour as the woodland path becomes decorated with the changing palette of the year.

Sounds change too, as the endless leaves float down, Footsteps crunch at first. Then shuffling when, drained of colour, each path overwhelmed as the frosts snip leaves from every plant, their job all but done, their final repayment to return their used up shells to the earth in the everlasting cycle of life.

But what is this bright red, beside a prone person?

A highlight.

Bill McDougall



25117 *

The Serial Killer

The advertisement had me, the ditched lover, chuckling at the prospect of killing the lovebirds with one stone.

Director Masood, approached for the role, asked me to meet him at the studio.

"You pour poison down her throat. She vomits blood. You flee from the scene. Gotcha?"

That's how one more actress was to die.

Getting up, I shook hands with Masood.

"I'd like to be paid in cash."

"Remind me before the shoot."

The headline two days later was horrifying: Another Actress Kills Self After Killing director-lover.

Undetected by the camera, I'd forced the bloodied knife into her hand.

Rathin Bhattacharjee



25118 *

Flaming Winter

Flaming winter. We looked forward to the season. The deeper the snow the better. It's a childhood thing.

The excitement of anticipation each night expecting snow on the morrow. The amazement at Jack Frost's visit to the windows, his delicate, lacelike, fernlike, icy paintings left as the evidence, which succumb to warm hands leaving see through child sized imprints.

A snow man? Ever growing balls of snow leaving snail trails as they Hoover up the snow, as they become too heavy to move, too heavy to lift.

A snowman within a ring of snow spheres .

A stone age winter offering.

Bill McDougall



25119 *

A 'True Story'

“The Queen owns all the wild alligators in Britain” I said...

Eyes regard me, a resigned, disbelieving look crosses Tippi's face. Her teacher, a spinner of tall tales, was not to be trusted...

Having spent time listening intently, she'd stopped believing that 'Monkeys live behind the kitchen cabinets'.

She no longer trusted it was the 'House Ghost' whenever doors slammed.

She certainly doubted our semi-detached house was built on an 'Old Indian burial-ground'

“Just the wild ones?”

“Duh, Zoo's own the others... Obviously!”

“Well, I've never seen an alligator in the river”

“You won't”, I said “they are sneaky buggers”

Steve Sinclair



25120 *

Flaming Spring

Flaming spring once more. Warm breaths rippling newly sprung green, and the hedgerows hiding their bare sticks, embarrassed now to stand without their clothes, anxious to provide safe housing for the wren and blackbird, throstle and spuggie.

In the sheds by one and two are new lives, tended by shepherds, cosseted by their own particular parent sheep until the weather warms and doors are opened. Not for them the being driven along roads to a pasture.

Chauffeured in a trailer, released in a weird greenery of grass.

This blue roofed place is strange smelling, green and damp, and, and tasty!

Bill McDougall



25121 *

Flaming June

Flaming June, they said, but it was damp and grey.
Hot and sunny, they said, but it turned out overcast.

'I thee worship' he said, but silently 'Do my bidding you
will be beaten.'

'Ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgement' said the
priest, and so shall we each.

'Til death do us part' he said, but didn't expect me to part
him. Not into six separate black bags, double wrapped against
splits, newspaper lined against drips.

Dear God, we bless the soldier for killing the aggressors, so
surely I shall be blessed in heaven in like manner.

Bill McDougall



25122 *

A Man For A Husband

That evening while reaching the only female in our group, Mita safely to her home, we made an offer.

“Choose one of us you must as your future partner...” I remarked.

“Whoever you choose, the others won't mind.” Dev assured her.

She kept quite, bemused by the turn of events. Having to choose one from three friends isn't an everyday occurrence!

Deb dropped by her college the very next day. I chuckled knowing his charm wouldn't work on Mita.

Som ran into her, accidentally, near her Granny's. Childish, she'd choose me, I chimed.

She preferred a man as her husband!

Rathin Bhattacharjee



25123 *

Author's Bio

I was christened Engelbert. They were big fans unfortunately. I prefer my middle name.

Surprisingly, I'm still shuffling. My hustles have been eclectic, such as picking spuds as a kid, breaking things as a removal man, digging graves, being a colour-blind graphic designer and latterly a disillusioned environmentalist.

After a bout of good health, I decided to take advantage and retire. I now smell my roses, fall without grace and exasperate.

I really enjoy organ recitals and making lists. My epitaph will read, "I think I've overdone it."

I write short fiction with a twist in the tale. Like this.

Paul Jackson



25124 *

Blood on the Wall

- Day one: blood on the wall. Police came. No crime was found. The stain was small but prominent.
- Day two: now a spatter. A growth spurt. Photos were taken. Word spread.
- Day three: blood weeped. A face in the stain. Some saw god, others Elvis.
- Day four: a sign, said the president. The king made a speech. The blood had a billion followers.
- Day five: someone tried to smash the wall but just added their own blood.
- Day six: pilgrims came. Millions. Crowd control was brutal. The blood face was beatific.
- Day seven: War was declared. The wall was destroyed.

Paul Jackson



25125 *

Exactly 100

It's a 100 words competition.

That's tough, a hundred words isn't many to tell a story..

They said you can string words together with hyphens if you like...

Like-this?

Just like that..

So-I-can-say-anything-I-like-and-they-only-count-it-as-one-word?

Yup..

That's-amazing-so-I-can-just-ramble-on-and-on

Yes, just like you do in real life.

Rude! How-many-words-is-that-so-far?

43

Forty-three-but-I-have-written-almost-a-whole-page!

Honestly, this is just claptrap – although you hacked their system, I can't see your 'Work' winning many prizes.

Geniuses-are-rarely-appreciated-in-their-own-lifetimes

So, you think that after your death someone will find this rubbish and consider you an all-time great?

Could-happen-the-world-of-literature-can-be-a-fickle-mistress

I'm pretty sure anyone reading has long since grown weary of your 'Joke'

How-many-words-now?

99

Just-need-one-more-but-how-to-finish?

Steve Sinclair

Editors note. Hyphens sometimes defeat word counting software. An exchange of information with the entrant led to this. It won't work a second time....



Part II - The Authors

The authors of these Tiny Tales come from across the globe, proof, if it were needed, that the whole of humankind enjoys a story, regardless of the craziness of politicians.

The following biographies, and photos, demonstrate the universal appeal of sitting down and producing a good read, a Tale that is funny, sad, thought provoking, or with a hint of darkness. Many of the Tales we received are testament of the universal appeal that J.M. Wilson tapped into in the Borders. Now with our digital lives spanning the globe in seconds, we should all become friends, and enjoy each others yarns.

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2501 2504 2509

Janet Wilkinson

I worked as a cook for many years before studying English and Social Studies at night school and working in Local Government for 24 years until a detached retina ended my career.

During lockdown I began to write poetry and children's stories which I share two children's hospices.

2502 2505 2510

Hetty Mosforth,

Hetty lives in Scotland and works in publishing. When not writing, she likes exploring new places.

2503 Malcolm Welshman

Malcolm is a retired vet and author. He was the My Weekly vet for 15 years and has written many features for magazines such as She, The Lady, The People's Friend, Cat World, Yours, and newspapers such as The Sunday Times and the Daily Mail.

He is the author of a memoir and five pet novels, the first of which, *Pets in a Pickle*, reached number two on Kindle's bestseller list. His third novel, *Pets Aplenty*, was a finalist for The People's Book Prize 2015. Jim Wight, James Herriot's son, says of Malcolm's writing, A most enjoyable insight into a fascinating life. Malcolm has also been an international speaker on cruise ships, having completed 54 such engagements over an eleven-year period. He currently writes a bimonthly series, *Dora's Diary* for the online website www.sixtyplusurfers.co.uk and is in the final stages of completing his sixth vet novel, *Pets on the Prowl*.

His current children's book, *Beasts in my Bedroom*, can be found at www.amazon.co.uk/dp/1035851792. His website is www.malcolmwelshman.co.uk



2506 2514 2517 Stuart Ritchings

My name is Stuart Ritchings, I live in a small village in central Suffolk.

As a guitarist and songwriter I have written many songs over the years, and, considering myself as something of an avid logophile, I have always endeavoured to produce interesting and thought-provoking lyrics.

More recently my literary efforts have extended into writing limericks, poetry and short stories, some of which I have entered into various competitions.

This is my second year of entering the Wilson's Tales competition, a format which I find to be both challenging but also very enjoyable.

Suffolk

2507 Gwen Igho

I am in Lagos state Nigeria. I'm currently 13 years old. I live with my two siblings, and we share a close bond. My love for storytelling began as soon as I could hold a pen, and writing has been my passion ever since. I enjoy creating imaginative worlds and characters, and I often share my stories with my family and classmates, who have been incredibly supportive.

My mom is my biggest fan, always encouraging me to keep writing and pursuing my dreams. Her belief in my talent inspires me to work harder and strive for greatness. I often spend my free time crafting new stories, experimenting with different genres, and exploring my creativity.

While I dream of becoming a famous published author, I also have aspirations to become a pilot one day. The idea of flying and exploring the world from above fascinates me. For now, I am focused on my short-term goal of improving my writing and getting my stories published. I hope to inspire others with my words and make a lasting impact through my writing while also chasing my dream of soaring through the skies.

Nigeria



2508 Maggie Elliott

Born in Scotland, now a septuagenarian, I don't have ambitions of becoming a famous author, I simply write for pleasure. If my unique experiences of life can give others a laugh or an escape for a short period of time, then I feel I will have achieved something from my efforts.



Oxfordshire

2511 Dylan Renshall

I am 16 years old and go to school. My English teacher recommended me to this. I am from Liverpool and I am in year 11. I have travelled a lot of my life moving from place to place. I am also a musician and have written a few songs and can play guitar and keyboard.

Merseyside

2512 Sam Buddy

Hello, for twenty years, I've served in the emergency services, yet the pull of the pen has been constant since infant school.

After high school, I attended a local college, enrolling in an English course. Despite that persistent urge to write, I hadn't truly considered it a viable path.

School English lessons had been tough for me, often overshadowed by disruptive kids and bullying.

College was a mixed-age environment, and I found myself sharing a class with actual adults, some retired. I was very quiet, intimidated by the circumstances.

Then, one week, we received a short story assignment, to be assessed by a teacher long involved in theatre.



I'll never forget it.

Our teacher bounded into the classroom, a bundle of papers under her arm, declaring with great drama, "WE HAVE A GENIUS AMIDST US!"

The noisy room fell silent. She pointed directly at me, and my head exploded.

She handed back my work: top marks, plus a two-page write-up singing my praises.

It concluded with her prediction that I'd be a famous writer within five years. This scared me profoundly, and frankly, I didn't write for a long time after that.

Merseyside

2513 Caroline Acquaye

Caroline Acquaye is a Ghanaian writer based in London. She enjoys writing children's literature and finds great inspiration from Jaqueline Wilson's books which she used to read growing up. When not creating new stories and characters, she enjoys baking and crocheting.

London

2515 2518 2521 Bob Turvey

Bob Turvey has spent over half his life studying limericks. He's published three books on their history and development, and on the weird and wonderful characters who created them. Bob's also published articles on etymology and travel, scientific works on papermaking, and illustrated books for small children.

A doctorate from the University of Cambridge led to a career as a research chemist in the Paper Industry. After living and working in a number of countries Bob now sits in front of an





ancient steam-driven computer in Bristol, annoying his long-suffering wife by reciting limericks. He holds strong opinions on many things; some of which may even be correct. His two sons have wisely left home.

2522 - 2535 Swinton Primary School P6/P7 (ages 9-11)

Contributors submitted by Mrs J O'Mara

Darcie-Rose

Eilidh Mackinnon

Emily

Iona

Noah

Sophie

Ella

Lexi

Corin

Martin

Max n

Bayleigh

Jacob

Toby

2516 2519 2536 Farida Ezzat

Wow, I really don't know where to start. I've always heard authors complain about the challenges of writing an author's biography, yet I'm still shocked by the difficulty experiencing it myself.

First and foremost I wanted to truly express my gratitude if you have made it this far. It is indescribable how blessed I feel to be able to share my writing with others. I hope that any one of the three short stories connected to you in one way or another.

Now, to officially introduce myself. My name is Farida Ezzat, I am 14 years old, and I am a writer based in Cairo, Egypt. My genres of



writing are not necessarily specific, however I do mainly write fantasy, magical realism, and fiction.

Writing is truly one of my greatest passions, and it's something that's a part of me. Like being left-handed or knowing my name, it's a part of me that I don't exactly remember picking up or recognizing as me. It's always just been there, so sharing my work really means the world to me.

: Egypt

2520 2537 2544

(Withdrawn at Author's request)

London

2538 2540 2542 25123 25124 Paul Jackson

Paul lives in Northumberland, UK. He is a rock climber, environmentalist, artist, and 100 word enthusiast.

"I was christened Engelbert. They were big fans unfortunately. I prefer my middle name.

Surprisingly, I'm still shuffling. My hustles have been eclectic, such as picking spuds as a kid, breaking things as a removal man, digging graves, being a colour-blind graphic designer and latterly a disillusioned environmentalist.

After a bout of good health, I decided to take advantage and retire. I now smell my roses, fall without grace and exasperate.

I really enjoy organ recitals and making lists. My epitaph will read, "I think I've overdone it."

I write short fiction with a twist in the tale. Like this."

(Editors note - he used exactly 100 words !)

Northumberland



2539 2541 2548 Doug Jacquier

Doug Jacquier writes from the Fleurieu Peninsula in South Australia. His works of fiction, nonfiction and poetry have been published in the US, UK, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and India. He blogs at <https://sixcrookedhighways.com/>



Author's Note: Arthur Stace was a real person and this is just a snippet from his story. He inspired many artists (including Banksy) and writers, spawned an opera and even a film by Julien Temple, the video chronicler of the Sex Pistols and The Kinks.

In 2000, the Sydney Harbour Bridge was lit up with the word "Eternity" as part of the celebrations for the beginning of the year 2000, as well as being part of the Sydney 2000 Olympic Games Opening Ceremony, in celebration of a man who became eternal through the use of one word

Australia

2543 Anna Theresa Koltes

Anna Koltes' stories are published in magazines like Defenestration, Black Petals, The Colored Lens, Wyldblood Press, Arena, Dark Onus, The Caterpillar, and Daikaijuzine. Hailing from a traveling busking family, out of her 7 siblings she considers herself the least annoying. She currently lives in Barcelona, Spain, where she is working on a collection of speculative short stories.

Spain

2545 Seth Freeman

Seth Freeman is a writer of fiction, a playwright, a writer/producer of television, and an educator. His non-fiction has appeared in The New York Times, Southern Theatre Magazine, The Wall Street Journal, Stars and Stripes, The Hill, YaleGlobal, and many other periodicals. There have been over 300 productions and readings of his plays in the U.K. and around the world. He created the U.S. television series, Lincoln Heights, and his work in television has received multiple Emmy, Golden Globes, Writers Guild and other awards. In 2019 he graduated with a Master's degree in Public Health. He dedicates non-writing time to institutions devoted to



health care, education, the empowerment of women, and human rights.

USA

2546 2550 Chris Tattersall

Chris is a Health Service Research Manager and lives with his wife Hayley and Border Collie in Pembrokeshire, Wales, UK. He is a self-confessed flash fiction addict with some publication and competition success. A recent obsession of his being writing Novella-In-Flash. He also hosts his own flash fiction website.



Wales

2547 2549 Rony Wafaie Meleka ,

A 31-year-old Pharmacist, whose dream is to become the next World-known writer. Earned his BS Pharm in 2017, left work during the Pandemic, and has been ill staying at home since 2022.

He believes that :

' Nothing is impossible, where "life" is a word; and every word has its own impact in life. '

Egypt

2551 2562 2568 25117 25122 Rathin Bhattacharjee

Joined Bhutan Civil Service Commission (BCSC) as an English Teacher in 1990 after graduating from Calcutta University. Awarded His Majesty's Gold Medal (2018) for Lifetime Achievement in Teaching, he has been published and anthologised extensively. His novel, "The Damon in Doctor's Disguise" on Web Novel has won critical acclaim. His latest book "'I Love You' in the ICU & 20 Other Stories" has been nominated for The Legacy of The Literature Prize, 2025. His fifth novel entitled " Meghe Dhaka Tara "Mejdi", The Star

The Wilson's Tales project

2025 100Words



"Hidden Behind the Clouds" is to be released by the end of August, 2025.

He loves writing, blogging, translating, critiquing and editing.

My personalised Facebook Profile link is : <https://www.facebook.com/rathin.bhattacharjee.1>

West Bengal, India

2553 2556 K.K. Joy

I hold a degree in Sociology and a diploma in Mechanical Engineering. I was employed in both the Indian Army and Indian Railways. Now in retirement, I find happiness in writing short stories that reflect life's inner meanings.

Joy. K. K,



India

2554 Gary Thomson

Bio: The author writes micros and flash from his home in Ontario, Canada. In his rare moments he riffs blues and Beatles on his Hohner harmonica, and reads medieval themed whodunnits and Ancient Greek history. His work has appeared in various outlets.



Canada

2555 2561 2565 Kevin Archer

Requiem Lacrimosa and A Lasting Impression are both based on true experiences (I have the violin and the letter; for the second, however, I have now cleaned the window!).

The Wilson's Tales project
2025 100Words



Living in north Northumberland since 2018, initially running a Bed & Breakfast on Holy Island and now living in Lowick, I have enjoyed both involvement in the local music scene (performing with my wife as True Colours) and exploring creative writing and performance, including Wilson's Tales and the Cabaret of Words. I also narrate audiobooks, produce podcasts and have been involved with local radio, creating and presenting programmes.



More details can be found here:
thisiskevinarcher.com/home.

Northumberland

2557 Jordana Landres

Jordana Landres is a writer living in New York City who's compelled to explore how people navigate grief and loss on their way to an individual manifestation of resilience, experiencing joy some ways at some times alongside the cataclysmic.

United States

2558. Tim Kirton

Tim Kirton is a semi-retired Physical Education and English teacher who is a successful children's novelist and prize-winning flash and short fiction writer. His work can be seen published in Black Ink Fiction, Trembling with Fear, Doug Weller's six-word anthologies, Didcot Writers, Glittery Literary, The Paul Cave Prize, Cranked Anvil, Farnham Flash Fiction, Tadpole Press, and Free Flash Fiction, amongst others. He is passionate about Golf, Arsenal, American Dirty Realism, and Estuaries. He lives in the Peak District and has one son living in Australia. He would like to become a full-time writing machine.



England



2559 Lily Mayne

I am Lily Mayne from Queensland, Australia. I am thirteen years old and am trying to engage my writing skills in short story competitions. Here is my short story. I understand if you only take applications from the United Kingdom, but I would love your feedback on my story. Here it is at exactly 100 words (not including title), enjoy.

Australia

2560 2563 2567 25119 25125 Steve Sinclair

My name is Steve Sinclair, I teach English to foreign students and I had lots of fun last year entering a 100 word tale by Katie Han, it was read out at the Gala Dinner and much pride was felt both here in Cambridge and, more particularly, in Shanghai where Katie resides. I have already entered one of my students and more will follow, I thought that since I spend time helping other people craft these short tales I should try myself,

I am 56 and have been teaching English for six years now, I live in Cambridge with my wife and teach Chinese students online, I love their energy and dedication to learning and improving.

I have been sufficiently inspired by them to go back to education myself and I am about to embark on a MA in creative writing in January - I have entered three stories on various subjects that amused me, i hope you like them, I certainly enjoyed the process.

England

2564 Eaden Shao

Eaden Shao is a nine year old boy who lives in Dong Guan , GuangDong, China .

He just started G4 this week and loves Fantasy stories so much that he wants to write one himself one day.

Eaden discovered electrical projects this summer and has been developing and improving designs for handheld fans, adding switches and squeeze controls as his design evolved.

He would like to be a scientist when he leaves school.

As with the other entries from my students, i have helped with suggestions whilst crafting the piece but all the words are his.



Steve Sinclair - on behalf of Eaden Shao

China

2566 2570 Leonie Gregory

Living in Australia, Leonie Gregory is an independent photographer and fiction writer who captures personal experiences and explores themes that reach beyond the ordinary. Some of her stories thread their way through the crowd and find publishers who care, while others continue searching for the right audience.

Her short fiction has appeared in Bright Flash Literary Review, Adelaide Literary Magazine, All Your Stories Magazine, and more. Her microfiction features in 50-Word Stories, 101 Words, Dribble Drabble Review, among others.

Australia,

2569 Jan Anderson

I live in Northumberland and can trace my family - on both sides - to Norham.

I enjoy writing and family history research but never seem to have enough time to do any, even though I am supposedly retired.

McKay Wilson used to include true stories among his tales, and my entry is one such, fantastic though it seems.

England,

2571 Sue Handoll

I moved to Berwick in 2000 from Hull to be nearer my daughter and her husband who live in Penicuik, near Edinburgh.

Within a month I had joined the Ramblers – a good way of getting to know the countryside north of Rothbury and Simonside having spent my teenage years south of Rothbury where from our hill top village we could see Simonside while before Beeching there were trains from Scotsgap to explore the west of Northumberland before



they flooded the valley to create Kielder water. Also going to Otterburn where weavers made the tweeds my grandfather wore.

I also joined the Berwick Art Group. I learnt quickly that news travels fast in Berwick and that there was plenty of opportunity to get to know people.

I also found the Maltings and became publicity volunteer doing a round of shops and pubs and putting up posters. From there I started Art on the Stairs in the Maltings and became a U3A leader running an art group. Helping at an art and craft weekend led me to start drawing on the quayside which still takes place every Wednesday during our summer months.

I am also a passionate gardener and crafts person.

United Kingdom

2572 2575 Belinda Hourihan

I am married and live with my husband, daughter, Mathilda and wayward terrier dog. We live happily in Liss which is near enough to the countryside to satisfy my need to go walking and enjoy wild spaces. I love writing poetry and the odd short story when inspiration strikes. I retired from proofreading due to ill health. I am also passionate about reading, wild swimming and exploring new places.

England

2573 Rosa Fu

Rosa is 9 years old and lives in Hong kong, I am her English teacher,

I have known her for two years, she is a fun and cheeky girl who enjoys life, swimming and dogs. When I asked what exciting things she did this week she said "breathing and blinking" I feel sure that her life is more interesting than this.

Her story reflects the struggle between childhood interests and the need for academic achievement in Chinese culture.

Packing a story into 100 words is difficult in a first language, it is even more impressive in a second one - I think she did a great job. Steve Sinclair - on behalf of Rosa Fu.



2576 2579 2582 Sean Guggiari

Born and raised in rural Lincolnshire, Sean Guggiari now lives in Northumberland. He has always held a passion for creating stories, though this unfortunately took a back seat during University studies. Now settled down again, he can once more enjoy the creative arts.

Northumberland

2577 Alan Dale

I have had articles and features published on line or in print for Suite 101, Congregationalist Magazine, ABC Tales, Hackwriters, Hey Portugal, En Vie, Professional Engineering, Best of British, Readers' Digest, Take It Easy, TV Choice, What's On TV, Woman's Weekly, Countryside Tale, Seventeen Forty-Two, This England, Railway Magazine and The Sunday People.



Two stories have been broadcast on Radio Wey and one on Woking Radio, with another shortlisted in a Writing Magazine adventure story competition.

Another story was accepted by the new short story.net website. An 81 word flash fiction piece has been published on Chris Fielden's 81 Words Competition website and appears in the "81 Words" flash fiction anthology.

I won the April 2014 Freelance Market News short story competition and have had stories accepted for broadcasting on local radio. A local TV station commissioned and accepted a short story for dramatisation.

My 250 word story won second prize in the 2016 N.A.W.G. Pam's People Competition and was published on the N.A.W.G. website in November 2017.



My short story for the 2019 British Czech & Slovak Association Writing Competition won joint second prize. It appeared in the Association's magazine, Review.

I belong to the Woking Writers Circle.

England,

2578... Sean May

Sean has had several short stories published in dark romance, cli-fi, and horror anthologies (under S.T.May) since covid. This was not where he thought the whole writing thing was going when he started it as a wellbeing thingy, but it has turned out to be rather enjoyable. He's an adequate epeeist and has secret plans to retire to Edinburgh eventually because it's his favourite city in the world - but hasn't told the wife yet (nor about the dark romance - oops).



Nottinghamshire

2579 Sid Cannon

Sid Cannon is a speculative writer of fiction that reimagines folklore and futurescapes to explore the range of human possibility. Most recently, his writing won Morgen Bailey's 50-Word Competition, with additional work published as part of Hiraeth Publishing's Drabble Harvest Contest. His short fiction has appeared in publications like Black Hare Press and Starry Eyed Press, and his debut novel is in the works. Follow @storycannon on Instagram and across socials for more stories, contests, book reviews, speculative treats, updates and musings on our storied past, our defining present, and our collective future.

Canada



2581 Sukhjit Singh

Born into a Sikh farming household, I was brought up in a village on the banks of river Beas in Punjab, India. I am an IIT Delhi alumnus, graduating in Mechanical Engineering in 2004. My writing started with a travel blog in 2005. A memoir of my school days was self-published in 2011. The focus of my current writing is contemporary socio-political themes. My short story Mandi, on agrarian distress in the country, won the jury award at the International Mumbai Literary Festival 2023. My writing has appeared online with Parcham, The Tribune and Kitaab. I am a South Asia Speaks 2025 fellow. I am currently working on my first novel.

India

2583 Claudia Nicholson

Writing has been a constant rhythm in Claudia Nicholson's life ever since the days of penning letters and postcards to her grandmother in Germany. In primary school, she crafted her first book, earning a "Highly Recommended" ribbon that fueled her passion for storytelling. Now, she delves mostly into fiction, currently weaving the intricate tapestry of her first novel.

When not spinning tales, Claudia basks in the laid-back charm of island life on Rhodes, Greece, always scouting for the next spark of inspiration. A crafting enthusiast, she channels her creativity into sewing and crochet, with these hobbies often threading their way into her published short stories. For Claudia, life is a blend of words, stitches, and endless imagination.

Rhodes, Greece

2584 Paul Mein

I am currently poet in residence at Hauxley Wildlife Centre, Northumberland, where I run courses based on the beautiful environment at Hauxley.

I am a published poet and also founder, writer and director of the theatre group, Far Horizon Voices.



Northumberland



2585 Jane Sleight,

Jane Sleight has been writing since 2013. She has published six novels, four novellas, a play and a book of short stories & poetry. Initially writing sagas and romantic tales, Jane decided it was more fun to kill people off so now weaves murder and suspense into her outpourings. She has been longlisted and shortlisted in competitions across the UK, with word limits ranging from six upwards and loves the challenge of a specific word count. Her latest novel, *Even Beautiful People Have Flaws*, was released in September 2025 and an excerpt from her play *The Sisterhood Illusion* will be performed at the Norwich Theatre Royal this year. She is currently working on a novel about revenge.



Suffolk

2586 2588 2590 Denarii Peters

Prizewinning author Denarii Peters was born in the north-west of England but is now lost in the Lincolnshire Wolds. A former primary school teacher, she now spends her days writing stories and drinking a lot of coffee. In recent years, she has achieved longlist or better in more than eighty competitions, resulting in over twenty of her pieces being published in various anthologies. A collection of her work, *Will You Walk into My Parlour*, was published by Crystal Clear Books in October 2024 and her debut novel, *The Reluctant Reaper*, the first of a trilogy, appeared in July 2025, with the sequels scheduled for the new year.



Lincolnshire



2587 2482 Barry Seaton

In 2024 my father was beyond thrilled when his first ever poem 'Summer Solstice' was shortlisted in the McKay Wilson 100 words competition.

He immediately wrote a companion piece which is his entry in 2025.

Sadly, not long after writing Winter Solstice, my dad's mental capacity declined and since February he has been in Care. There will be no more poems.

Editors note - in view of the above, we have included Barry's 2024 entry. The two pieces being on the subject of Solstice, it seems appropriate to present them as a pair -

The author's bio from 2024 :

I was 92 years old on my most recent birthday, and this is the first poem I have ever written, and the first I have ever entered into a competition.

Thank you for giving me the opportunity.

Darlington

2589 Jeffrey Lader

Recently retired Jeffrey Lader is currently working on his first novel, a work of historical fiction set in the North of England at the time of the collapse of the Roman Empire. He is returning to a period he first covered academically having studied History at university in the 'eighties. He is keen to develop his writing skills and is enjoying creating brief stories and even poetry and so has enrolled on a course to develop his creative writing skills and participates in a local Writers' Group.

Harrogate

2591 2593 2596 Chris Clemens

Chris Clemens lives and teaches in Toronto, surrounded by raccoons. Nominated for Best Microfiction and Best Small Fictions, his writing appears in The Dribble Drabble Review, Crepuscular Magazine, Dreams & Nightmares,





Canada

2592...Elizabeth Burgess

Elizabeth Burgess has dabbled mainly in writing poetry and academic papers, having finished her literature PhD longer ago than she cares to admit.

In particular,
Elizabeth can be found
Composing haiku.

She hails from a shire of the Midlands, and now lives in the North East of England.

England

2594 Richard Argent

Richard co-founded the Sutton Bonington Campus Creative Writing Group as a staff wellbeing event at the University of Nottingham where he works. The Group have published three anthologies of their work (*Dark Christmas*, *Woke Folk*, and *Twisted Tales*). He writes speculative fiction novels as a hobby, and has had multiple works of short fiction published, including in Dark Rose Press's *Destined* anthologies (*At First Glance*, *Worlds Apart*, *Out of Time*) and the *Lost Souls* and *Touch of Sin* anthologies, in QSF's *Ink* anthology, in *Nonsensically Challenged vol. 3*, in the award-winning and world record-setting *81 words* anthology (containing 1000 stories by 1000 authors, with proceeds going to charity), by 50-word stories, and by *Bare Back Magazine*. He was also shortlisted for the 2017 Aeon Award Short





Fiction Contest, and long listed for the 2025 To Hull and Back humorous short story competition.

Nottingham

2595 Jenny Drury

I'm a frustrated novelist who can't seem to string enough words together for a full novel, but who loves to tell a tantalising tale using as few words as possible. With both children now grown up I'm enjoying finding more time to write – particularly children's books, poems and short stories. I often write about the things that matter to me most (social justice and environmentalism) whilst my other passions are history and sport. Regular writing weeks in Scotland are a great escape – a burning log fire and a beautiful view are all the inspiration you need!

Liecestershire

2598 25101...25103 Chandrika R Krishnan

Chandrika is a Bengaluru-based writer and educationist who likes all things beginning with a 'T' - talking, teaching, tales, and tea.

Her fictions, articles and poems have been published in Free Flash Fiction, National Flash Flood, 101 story.com, Whetstone, The Hindu, Funny Pearls, Porch Lit Mag, Spillwords, Reedy.com, Short humour.org.uk, Khabar, MeanPepper Vine, Mocking owl Roost, Strands Lit Sphere, Tell a Tale among others. Her stories feature in many anthologies. Her collection of flash fiction titled- vignettes- a slice of life. is available on Amazon.



You can read her articles @ <https://chandrikarkrishnan.com/>

You can connect with her at:

<https://www.facebook.com/chandrika.r.krishnan/>

<https://www.instagram.com/chandrikarkrishnan/>



<https://twitter.com/Chandrikarkris1>

<https://www.linkedin.com/in/chandrika-radhakrishnan-12101b1b/>

<https://chandrikarkrishnan.com/>

<https://www.amazon.in/VIGNETTES-Slice-Chandrika-R-Krishnan-ebook/dp/B08X3T3C1S>

India

2599 Karen Waldron

I live in Surrey and write in my spare time enjoying, in particular, the flash and short story formats. I've been lucky enough to have been published and been placed in a variety of competitions.

I live with my husband and three children who always read my stuff, and a cat who doesn't give one.

Surrey

25100 25102 25104 - Swinton Primary P4/5 Class (ages 7-9)

Each learner has worked very hard to create and edit their stories. They found this task challenging for different reasons. Some found it difficult to get to 100 words and some found it difficult to cut their story down to only 100 words. They all embraced the challenge well and have produced some fantastic work. We will be exploring narrative story telling later in the year, where the learners can expand upon and develop their stories. We hope you really enjoy our wonderful creations.

Mr. F. McArthur

Contributors

Anna

Arthur

Brodie

Callum

Casey

Dani

Dylan

Eden



Evie
Finlay
Helena
Josie
Molly
River

25116 25118 25120 25121 Bill McDougall

With an ancestry from above the Border, and a family below, I seem to resonate with the turbulent, endearing cohesion of the Border country. My ticket purchased, my seat in His waiting room awaits, and I look forward to a journey that promises new vistas.

Northumberland



The End

*Until next year -
See website for details.*

...Join our mailing list to be kept in touch

Comments, to - 100Words@Wilsonstales.co.uk