

Thirty Word Stories

by Jake Barnes

The Film Debut of Donald Duck

I was born in 1934, the same year that my mother's uncle Ole died when an eagle dropped a live turtle on him, mistaking his bald head for a stone.

A Work of Art

The comely model moved slowly from easel to easel, chatting with the students. She whispered in the ear of a blushing boy, then waltzed away trailing her Mona Lisa smile.

Alzheimers

When Uncle Bob got sent to the Alzheimer's ward, the ladies licked their lips. Fresh meat. When he died just before Christmas, that put the kibosh on the Christmas party.

Bad Dreams

A feather duster, a baby in the living room, a cat in the nursery eating ice. I didn't sleep well last night.

