

# The Clique

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This is your story. It is called Flash Fiction. The stories are very short usually no more than 600 words. This story has been through corrections six times and it has 349 words. You might be able to correct even more of it. (Is the punctuation correct?) You also might be able to add some things to the story to make it better. Thank you for visiting with me. LS

## **The Clique**

In the dark they waited. An early morning mist hung in the air. A full white moon was sinking slowly in the sky. Very thin, a soft, gray line behind them on the horizon hinted at the day to come.

Moving together as a group, side by side, shoulder to shoulder, staying close, they all looked up at the setting moon. There was low conversation among them but it could not be heard as words. It was more the soft sounds of waiting. Passing time. As night became day.

Looming, black, Abner Gibbs school was in shadow as the moon dropped behind it. Rising dawn turned the glass windows a shinier black against the building's brick and stone façade.

Milling about on the asphalt schoolyard, they remained close together as their friend the moon dropped below the roofline and day began to break.

The early-bird teachers would begin arriving soon. But none would arrive early enough to see the pack change from their sleek gray fur into their daytime forms of the Fourth and Fifth Grade.

The asphalt schoolyard retained a bit of heat from the previous day. It was comfortable as they changed shape and retrieved their backpacks from the hiding place behind the dumpster. They dressed quickly, transforming into their daytime selves.

The first teacher to arrive in the parking lot was Mrs. Ochs. "My goodness, you're early!" She laughed, startled. "Aren't you the go-getters?" Little did she know.

Later, on the afternoon of the same day Mrs. Vincent asked Caragen during Fifth Grade reading. "Do you feel all right, Caragen?"

"Yes Mrs. Vincent. I feel fine." Caragen said and smiled, looking down at her book.

"Good. Very good." Said Mrs. Vincent. "For a moment I thought your eyes looked a little strange, very...well, yellow."

Caragen continued to look down at her book. She smiled to herself. Behind her lips her teeth were very sharp.

On the other side of the world the moon spun on its way. It would rise again in the evening, full and white. In the dark the Fourth and Fifth graders would be waiting.

