

FIVE ORIGINAL SHORT STORIES

By Konstantina Angelis

Comfort Zone

It was the sound of the leaves falling through the branches every time the wind blew. It was the sound of the grass and sticks crunching beneath my feet like potato chips. It was the distant, faint sound of dogs barking and children playing. The further I went the less I heard them and the more I heard cars beeping and trucks speeding by. It was calm, relaxing almost like I was in my own world. I was born in the city, so loud noises were comforting for me. I could walk around there for hours but I loved to make it to this one specific rock. It was the perfect view. Approaching the rock, it was as if my body would prepare itself to relax. The stress and worries would fade away. Almost like I was walking through a security check at the airport. Leaving all my belongings in a bin before I step through the metal detector. I would take a deep breath and step down on the rock. Warm summer wind would brush my rosey cheeks. I would look down at the rock careful of where I stepped. I usually had to use my foot to brush beer bottles, needles and cigarette cartons to the side so I could sit down. It upset me that people would use my rock to do these things, but everyone has their own way of relieving their stress and worries. After clearing a space for my body I sat on the rock exhaling that long breath that lets out everything to the point where my lungs don't have any air left in them. There they go. All the things I worry about. All the bad things that scare me. They go, gone with the wind. I can breathe normally again. I hang my legs over the edge of the rock and I watch the world around me. I watch the wind take my worries far away. It brings me comfort knowing that there's no way the wind can bring them back to me. They have a long way to go. To reach

the other side of the world, to clash with someone else's worries and die. I watch the river water ripple with the wind to show me proof that the wind is helping other objects besides me. I look down over my legs and watch the cars go by beneath me. I watch each of them speed by, each car seems to have somewhere to be. I watch the sun kiss the river around 5:30 and I lay my head back to count the stars as they appear. 1, 2, 4, 7, 11... too many for me to count now. I watch all of them flicker, the stars wink at us every night. They are our loved one's letting us know they are there for us. I wink back once for my dad. I know he will always be watching over me while I'm sitting in my comfort zone.

Cinderella

Imagine that she never lost her slipper after the ball at midnight!

Midnight struck and it was time for her to go. Cinderella knew if she had stayed a minute after midnight that all the glamour and the glitter would turn to dirt and dust. She couldn't let the prince see her like that so she makes it a point to leave the ball 5 minutes early complaining of stomach pains and feeling sick. Out of respect the prince walks her out and gives her a goodnight kiss on her cheek. Cinderella blushes and turns to get into her horse and carriage, where she is taken home. Cinderella lays on her bed in a ragged pink dress and broken sandals she was wearing originally before her fairy godmother came to bless her.

Cinderella wakes up the next morning to hear about how the prince was at the door asking for Cinderella. Her ugly stepsisters spent hours trying to convince the prince they were Cinderella. The prince became fed up with these tactics being performed. They were no longer amusing to him. He stands up and stomps his foot. "Where is Cinderella?" He screamed. He screamed loud enough to shake Cinderella all the way upstairs in the attic. Cinderella lightly made her way downstairs and peered around the staircase. She was in a position where she could see everyone, but no one could see her. "I can't take this madness anymore. Cinderella, my princess. Where are you? You're beautiful blonde hair and you're bright blue eyes that can capture my attention from mile away. They guided me here to you today. I can't forget the sweetness your cheek left on my lips that night when I kissed you." The prince said all this with his eyes closed as if he could see

Cinderella in front of him. Cinderella peered around the corner and walked down the steps and right up to the prince as if her stepsisters and stepmother were no longer in the room. She stands in front of the prince and smiles. At last this was the moment he was waiting for. Cinderella no longer feared her imagine to the prince, after hearing all the sweet things he had to say about her nothing else seemed to matter. The prince pulls her in for a soft hug. “How are you feeling today?” He asks Cinderella with genuine care. Cinderella looks up into his eyes and smiles, “Better now.” She replies.

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Let’s fast forward to the future a little now.

Cinderella and the Prince get married and live happily ever after. See even with my twist the story ends the same. I did this to show how I believe if the universe has a plan for your souls to meet, there is no twist that can put a change to where you are suppose to be or who you are suppose to meet.

Love Hurts

My best move yet, I remember that night as clear as day. I remember every emotion, every feeling. It was 4:30 pm and you had just walked through the front door. This was the same moment of each day that I dreaded the most. I could feel my body immediately reacting, every muscle tenses up from head to toe. Your presence would send me into a trance, I felt like the bottom of my feet were glued to the floor, like I couldn't move until I was told to. I focused on your foot steps traveling through the living room and into the dining room. I could feel myself trying to control my breath, I didn't want to be too loud or obnoxious. I could never be comfortable with you the way I believed I could. Your touch hurt but your voice burned.

I heard you pull the dining room chair out from under the table, scraping up the wood I just finished polishing. That was my cue. My cue to move from where I was glued and to bring you your dinner. You had me trained like a dog with a finger snap. You'd make a move and I'd come crawling to your feet. Some would call me a genie, granting your every desire, though it never please me. I set your hot plate in front of you and I sit across from you. I don't dare speak or even make eye contact. I know that's how you like it, quiet. You always said, "A silent bitch won't end up with a stitch".

After dinner you just walk away from your mess and sit in front of the tv as I am suppose to clean up the dinner table and the kitchen. I stand in the kitchen and wash each dish as slow as possible to avoid having to spend another second next to you. Unfortunately, the tv doesn't entertain you enough and you call for me. The sound of your voice calling for me sends a feeling

of ice running down my spine. I become paralyzed with the thought of what is going to happen next. "SLUT, don't make me call you again!" I knew what was coming but I walked into the living room anyway. I said nothing as I always do, to make sure you were pleased. I didn't want you to hurt me, not anymore. You reached out and grabbed my hair pulling me to sit next to you on the sofa. That's not at all where I wanted to be. I felt a warm tear slide down my cheek. "Awe don't cry. You know you deserve this." You're words followed by your strong hand smacking against my cheek. I don't know what hurt more at this point, you're words and actions or the fact that I still loved you. I hated what you did but you managed to make me believe that I did deserve this, that I was no better than this. The silence grew and I knew you were becoming bored with me. You pick me up and have your way with me. Despite my screaming and crying you have your way with me anyway. When you finished you threw me to the ground and spit on me. You did this every time to remind me that I was still trash. I knew I was worth nothing. If I was worth something I would've found a way to leave you. My insecurities were the only reason I was still with you. For some stupid twisted reason I convinced myself that I deserved every bit of this.

That same night I stayed up. My body and mind throbbing from your abuse. I watched your chest rise and fall next to me. You were peacefully sleeping. This is when I would fall in love with you even more. You were poison to me. I brought my knees to my chest and I sobbed. I let myself go for about two minutes. I couldn't keep this up. I walked into the kitchen and I could almost feel the weight on my shoulders being lifted. Every emotion I felt became happier and calmer. My heart began to slow down as I turned around and slid my back down to sit on the floor. My wrist bleeding. I could smell lavender, my favorite. I smiled finally feeling at peace.

This was the moment of happiness I was waiting for my whole life. I was going away on a trip. Tonight was the night. I just bought myself a one way ticket out of this hell.

Imagine This

One summer morning in Bikini Bottom Spongebob reports to his job, 8:00am sharp as he has been for the past 17+ years. "Reporting for duty Mr Krabs." Spongebob gleams putting on his uniform hat and picking up his spatula. Spongebob heads into the kitchen where he greets his very greasy grill, "GOOD morning Grill." Spongebob says turning the knobs so the grill heats up. He grabs two patties and tosses them on the grill as the grill responds with a sizzling noise that send shivers down Spongebob's back. Mr Krab walks into the kitchen, "Hurry up lad! What's taking ye so long?!" He scolds at Spongebob. Spongebob becomes sad and looks down at the grill. "Well sir, I am just warming up the grill now, she's a delicate creature you know?". "I'm not paying you to be delicate Spongebob." Mr Krabs says frowning. "Actually sir, you're not paying me at all." Spongebob snaps back. Mr Krabs looks puzzled and then immediately he fears the worst. Spongebob takes off his hat and throws it to the ground. "I QUIT! I am going to find a place where I will be appreciated and paid." Spongebob storms out of the Krusty Krub leaving everyone in there shocked. Squidward on the other hands is ecstatic at the fact that he no longer has to work with Spongebob.

The very next day Spongebob goes into the Chum Bucket. He approaches the counter to see Plankton standing on his computer wife Karen's head. "How may I help you?" Plankton smirks in his deceiving way as he watches the best fry cook in the whole under the sea world approach his counter. "Well Plankton, I am actually looking for a job." Spongebob says looking down at his shoes while he fiddled his thumbs in shame and embarrassment. Plankton hops off Karen's head and onto spongebob's shoulder. He quickly inject Spongebob with a painless mind control liquid and Spongebob spits out, "What are your orders sir?" in an eerie monotone voice. Plankton laughs the most evil laugh as he plots his revenge to his all time enemy, Mr Krabs.

Years go on as Spongebob remains under Plankton's control. Spongebob never returns home, he sleeps and works at the Chum Bucket. He becomes overweight and hairy. Spongebob becomes brain dead after all this time of not using his brain. He loses all his friends and worst of all the Krusty Krab goes out of business. Which only leads to worse events. Mr Krabs can't support himself or his daughter Pearl so they go broke and become homeless. The only true good thing to come out of this big mess is that squidward finally has time to work on his clarinet and he becomes a famous clarinet player. Squidward never looks back to help out anyone. He moves out of the Bikini Bottom. Plankton becomes the most Powerful man in the Bikini Bottom almost making him an under the sea Donald Trump, some would say.

The End

My version of Thumbelina

Manny and Jake have been in love since they met in college. It was love at first sight. Jake and Manny shared an apartment with two other friends. Of course they had their ups and downs, breakups and make ups, but they found a way to make it work. After college, Manny started his own carpentering business and became very successful at this. Jake became a driving instructor for students and started a program at his college after he graduated.

Jake and Manny live in Pittsburg where they sleep in a roomy home with a sweet little porch and a nice sized back yard. They also have a young bulldog. Manny and Jake have lived alone together for almost five years now. They sat down at the dinner table one day and Manny was staring into his plate looking for the right words to use for how he was feeling. "Jake, I think I want us to have a baby." Jake's face couldn't have lit up any brighter. This is what he has wanted since he was in 6th grade. A prince, a home, a job and finally a baby. Jake stood up and walked over to Manny. "Of course, babe. Let's have a baby." Jake hugged Manny and then it was decided. They would start making the baby tomorrow.

The next day Jake and Manny took a trip down to the baby center where they only had to log onto the computer and like an old build-a-bear, they had to just build-a-baby. They searched for hours through all the different options. When they finally chose their “perfect” baby they were told they just had to stay home and wait for the baby to arrive. The both of them take a week of personal days and they stay at home waiting for their baby to arrive.

Two Days Later

Knock, Knock, Knock Jake and Manny stand from the sofa abruptly. “Our baby” Manny sighs and shuffles to the door quickly. Jake follows behind him they stand at the door. They both take a deep breath and open the door. They look down and they see a box. Puzzled they drag the box through the living room and into the kitchen. Manny grabs a butter knife and cuts through the tape. Jake pulls the flaps back one at a time as fog from the dry ice pours out of the box and over his hand. His whole body fills with goosebumps. Manny grabs the instructions and begins reading them out, *“Hello, and welcome to the life of parenthood. We are so happy that you chose us as a carrier. This is your new baby girl. She is a little bowl of pudding at the bottom of this box. Please follow all the instructions **carefully**, for each step is critically important to the end result of the baby. So please do as follows,*

- *Remove the cup*
- *A cup of salt*
- *A cup of sugar*

- *It is best to grow the baby in a room temperature tub of water. (people tend to use their bathtubs.) fill up the tub halfway with lukewarm water.*
- *Open the cup of baby pudding and spill it in the tub.*
- *Now add the cup of salt.*
- *Add the cup of sugar*

Congratulations now all you have to do is wait. Please close all lights in that room and don't re-enter that room. The baby making processes should be complete in exactly 48 hours. Good luck and congratulations. "

Manny and Jake do as the instructions say. They make sure not to skip a single step. They finally get all cleaned up and get to bed. They wake up the next morning and make breakfast. "REX!" Jake calls from the kitchen. After a minute passes and their dog hasn't responded Jake and Manny begin to worry. "Babe, did you leave him in the yard last night?" Manny asks Jake very concerned. "No, I saw him laying in the hallway when I woke up to get a glass of water last night." Jake responds as he walks upstairs to find Rex. When Jake gets to the top step he almost faints at the sight he sees. "MANNY!" Jake calls with a crack in his voice. Manny stomps up the stair quickly only to be stopped by what Jake is looking at. Manny pushes past Jake who is just dumbfounded at the sight. Manny pulls Rex out of the tub of water. Manny throws Rex out of the bathroom where Jake is waiting with a towel to dry him off. Manny begins to sob. "Jake come look." Manny manages to squeeze out with a lump in his throat. It turns out Rex got into the tub and began to eat away at the pudding.

Manny and Jake run Rex to the vet and end up being stuck there all night while the puppy gets his stomach pumped. The next morning they drive to get some coffee and then home to see what was brewing in the bathroom. Jake sits on the sofa in the living room while Manny goes to the bathroom to see what the pudding has grown in to. Manny reaches into the tub and pulls out the baby. He wraps her into a blanket and sighs. He makes his way back downstairs and sits next to Jake. "Honey, look our baby is done." Jake sits up straight and looks into the bundle of blanket. He begins to cry at the sight of his baby girls. "She's beautiful. Isn't she babe?" Manny asks Jake for reassurance. "No!" Jake cries out, "She's ugly and unproportionate." Manny can't stop looking at the baby girl squirming in the towel.

One of her eyes is bigger than the other, both of her arms are way too small and her hair just doesn't fall the right way. Jake sleeps on the couch that night while Manny sleeps in the bed with their new baby girl. After a while Jake gets tired of Manny sleeping with the baby instead of him. Months go by and this tiny, ugly baby who has now been named Microphoni which means tiny voice, has only grown an inch in size but a mile in Manny's heart.

Out of all this anger and jealousy from sleepless nights Jake kidnaps the baby and tries to kill her. Jake takes her to the river and tries to drown her listening to her little voice crying out. She moves her arms and kicks her legs. Manny comes home from work to find the house empty. He starts to panic. His heart begins to race and he begins to get dizzy. He calls Jake 10 times before tracking his phone to the river. When he arrives to the scene of Jake rocking back and forth holding Microphoni wrapped in his jacket, Manny slowly steps out of the car and approaches Jake. "Jake-" his voice cracks slowly walking up behind Jake. Jake turns around to Manny and

starts to giggle. “You still want this baby?” Jake snickers. “What did you do?” Manny cried out pulling the jacket away from Jake to see a limb cold baby.