



JENNIFER EATOUGH WRITING SAMPLER

FLASH FICTION

E jenna@eatough.net

P 801-503-2238

A Eagle Mountain, UT 84005

Flash Fiction Samples

How to Build a Hoard

by Jenna Eatough

Genre: Fantasy

Character Sketches Available



“Spare some change please?” an uncultured accent inquired.
“Gold ones, especially?”

I turned glowering. How dare some urchin beg my money? I worked hard to...

The thought perished as I looked up to the scaled face unsuccessfully peeking over the wall. It was larger than the structure. I took a step back.

A dragon, one attempting to look sheepish. I might’ve laughed but for the me-sized incisors. Instead, I held up my purse mutely.

Talons grasping the strings, the dragon perked up. “Thank you! It’s not hard gathering a hoard at all.” Spreading his wings, he launched into the sky.

What's in Two Letters

by Jenna Eatough

Genre: Urban Fantasy



Elsie was back. Something broke as the box she carried hit the ground. Probably dishes. “What did you do?” She rushed past me panicked.

I followed her, scuffing at the dirt. “I ordered what you wanted for the race.”

“I said to order wagons. Wagons!” She stressed the W.

Well that made more sense. I should have listened with both ears instead of one. “At least they came with saddles?”

Elsie glowered at me. I shrugged. The kids seemed pleased with my substitution. They darted excitedly around the lazing dragons as a couple trees burned. They’d remember camp this year.

A Quest for Fane

by Jenna Eatough
Genre: Fantasy



Raffin Fane gripped the latch to my chambers closed door as if that contact spared him contamination. I glowered and he wrenched his hand free as if burned. I turned my attention back to my hearth.

“Aendild,” he said the mostly dead flames more audible. Heh. A cough, slightly raspy, cleared his throat. “Aendild,” His voice was stronger, “I’ve come to ask you... what’s in that pan?”

Grabbing a towel, I pulled the pan from the hearth and displayed the contents: eggs, ham, and a bit of pan bread. “Breakfast. Thanks for inquiring after my diet, Majesty.”

Raffin’s face contorted through expressions. Plopping the food onto my trencher, I allowed him to work through the mundanity of it. “Or did another question haunt you?” I prompted finally.

“Her majesty beseeched me to seek your wisdom.”

“On cooking eggs?”

“No on...” Raffin glanced over his shoulder. “Last night I dreamt I was an ostrich again.”

I took a bit of the eggs. Ugh. Runny. “Best it weren’t for my eggs.” He scowled at my jest. Good, he’d a smidgen of strength after all.

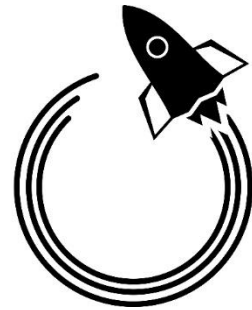
I leaned back. The meaning was obvious, but Queen Cwynna could've been blunt herself. No, if she'd sent him this required a different approach.

What we needed was time then. Fine. I dropped my truncheon to the floor. "Have you heard of the Astiram Flightless Quest, my liege?" Interest sparked in his gaze. Spirits preserve, and curse Cwynna's sure sight for proclaiming Raffin Fane our savior and king.

Skittering

by Jenna Eatough
Genre: Science Fiction

"Kev?" Static buzzed from the speaker in response. "Kev?" I tried again swallowing the lump in my throat. Static again. They had him. I glanced around the room desperate. Nothing was here that could help though. Only if Kev had reached his position. But he hadn't.



My ears twitched to tiny clacks skittering over the station's metal decks in my imagination. If only the problem was imagined too.

The Skittering, I thought bitterly. We shouldn't have drug the survey vessel in when it'd drifted near, powered down and abandoned. They'd had a crew of hundreds. Eos Terminal, a crew of twenty on a good day.

Today wasn't a good day.

Kev had figured it out first and the Commander had ignored him. I could still hear his screams in my mind. At least Kev's wouldn't join his.

My head snapped to the left, and I backed away from the door. Retreat was cut off. If there'd been anywhere to go. Silver specks of metal slid under door's seal. A trickle at first. Tiny objects just skittering over the ground. But the grew into a flood.

Glinting and spilling over each they grew until it was a seething mass. The attack came from the top of the pile. I swatted at them, but it was like trying to hit gnats. I screamed as the first burrowed into my skin. More followed.

Vision blurring, lines of information flooded my vision before they took me. Huh was my last thought.

Shalt See

by Jenna Eatough
Genre: Fantasy



THOU SHALT SEE THAT IT IS BARREN.

The green world blurred stretching into dusty yellows. Helia rubbed her tongue over her drying mouth. Closing her eyes, she shook her head vehemently. “Get out of my head, Sandiel.”

Reopening, her eyes she tightened her mind forcing the god’s fingers away. The dusty dunes disappeared back to green hills cut by the nearing peaks of Ramua Range. “You must be getting desperate, old goat.”

OLD GOAT?

Helia glanced to her left. Mist coiled, twisting into a man. His face was distinct – long, narrow, with a shrubby beard at the tip of his chin. “See, goat.”

He huffed, tendrils of mist emerging from his incorporeal nostrils. *NEVER, NEVER DARED YOUR ANCESTORS SUCH DISRESPECT.*

Helia barked a laugh, loud in the quiet. “Their lack of imagination isn’t mine, God of Lies.”

The mist swirled, moving from beside her to into her path. Halted, Helia managed not to touch the mist. *IF YOU GO, I CANNOT CLAIM YOU AS MY OWN ANYMORE.*

Helia’s mind flashed back to the empty village she’d left. “Why should I weep over that? You took them all.”

The god stepped back, his form dissipating before her rage. *THEY WERE TAKEN FROM ME. WHAT I SEE. WHAT YOU SEE. THEY MATCH NOT. TRUST IN ME.*

Helia stepped around the god. "That I am out of."

UNTIL THE END THEN. Helia didn't glance back, but knew the mist followed. A god afraid of being alone. Helia held blindly to her lies.

Clever Boy

by Jenna Eatough
Genre: Urban Fantasy

My breath rushed out as I glanced at my phone. The text message simply said 'very clever.'



"No," I said. She couldn't have found me. Not now. Gripping the phone, I peered over the cubicle. There, past the maze of cheap fabric walls, were the deliberately ignored windows. And her.

She was light, nature, magic, and chaos floating three floors above the ground. From my coworkers' lack of reaction, she was invisible as well. I couldn't trust that to last.

Crooking a finger mischievously, she beckoned me to come play. I wouldn't go back easily though. I wasn't lost anymore.