



Dew Platt

Two Flash
Fictions...

**IMPRESSIONS
&
TOMORROW'S
FREEDOM**

IMPRESSIONS

Encroachment; Trenton Page felt it at the moment, as a cell may a million tiny microbes driving against its sovereignty. He had been on a high for the dare after his friends told him to “man-up” about the recent break up with his girlfriend. And the dare had meant something in the light of his recent failures. There had to be benefits, a new height of perception from his friends who often considered him a weak link, the geekiest amidst the nerdy group.

“I’m calling 911,” he heard Duke, the true weakest link in the group say after him as he climbed the side stairway to the warehouse beside the popular bar they frequented.

Many people had climbed, jumped and survived. And those many people were probably drunk. But he was much high on drugs than he could be drunk, thus his normal senses of pain were partially numb as well. When he got to the Brink, the demarcation line reserved by the drinking crowd as the reasonable safety line, he turned around and stared down at his friends.

“You can do this!” Timothy urged.

He comforted himself with Newton’s laws momentarily. “What’s Newton’s law again?”

“Drink!” Caleb answered smiling.

Trenton shook his head. “Not you. Let a scientist speak. Timothy...Harrison...are you guys alive down there?”

“Maintain a straight,” Harrison said, smiling up at Trenton.

“Not that, the other one,” Trenton said. “The more important one.”

Timothy smiled. “I know this one. Be the force! Be the force on the straight line. Be the force making the impression.”

Trenton nodded. “Yes absolutely.” He then thought of the third law briefly, the one about the equal and opposing reaction, before he cleared the fear-mongering thought off his mind and made the jump.

And it all seemed a slumber jack party momentarily, one he was determined to showcase in the moment.

The lowly crowd cheered him as he made the achievement swiftly, landing on his feet, while putting his mind state in disarray. As far as he felt, he was still falling in a straight line, against gravity, which was no longer working against him. And thus, he suffered a backward fall from the self-imposed impression and perception of gravitational pull.

It was the careless release of both mind and body momentum that did the most damage as his head met the hard pavement. The displacement of matter made the brain hemorrhaging instantaneous; coupled with that of the drugged-high mind state, made his slip into the unconscious unrecoverable.

TOMORROW'S FREEDOM

The sun shined gloriously across the field and fifteen year old Edwina was her best happy self playing in it. She smelled the Witch Hazel, crossed the Wild Roses, passed the Forsythia, and by the Sun Flower found a hole. "I don't think Alice went down this rabbit hole."

"Why?" her mother asked. "The hole was not big enough?"

Edwina shook her head. "Alice's birthday is always tomorrow. And tomorrow always comes."

Her mother smiled, relieved. "Would you rather it didn't?"

Edwina shook her head. "I'll rather Alice didn't go down the rabbit hole everyday, so tomorrow can be free."

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