

"For sale: baby shoes, never worn."

The general concept of trying to tell a story with the absolute minimum of words became known by the general term of [flash fiction](#).

Brevity: shortness or conciseness.

Intended Outcome: To explore the power of word choice. To practice being succinct and express ideas without directly stating them.

TRAGEDY OF BABY'S DEATH IS REVEALED IN SALE OF CLOTHES

The world is indeed a complication of joys and sorrows, a continuous play made up of tragedy and comedy, and even in every day life, items and experience, small and unusual to us, perhaps, is woven a little story of the heart.

Last Saturday an ad. appeared in a local paper which read: "Baby's hand made trousseau and baby's bed for sale. Never been used." The address was on East Mission street.

This perhaps meant little to the casual reader, yet to the mother who had spent hours and days planning the beautiful things for her tiny baby, it meant a keen sorrow and disappointment.

She had, perhaps, dreamed of the time when her little one should be grown up and could, with a source of pride, look back upon its babyhood days and display the handiwork of its mother in the first baby clothes worn and the first trundle bed it had slept in when it first opened its eyes upon the beauties of the world.

But the hand of fate had been unkind and took from the devoted parents the little one which was destined to be the sunshine and light of their life, and the mother, in a desire to forget her sorrow by parting with anything which reminded her of the little one, advertised the garments at a sacrifice.

On a lined piece of paper, write your own 6 word story. Write your NAME on the top.

Try to have some kind of idea of where you want your story to go...

Example:

“Wrong number,” says a familiar voice.

Next...you will receive a random student's 6 word story.

Write either a poem or narrative from these 6 words. It can be about anything you want, but make it relevant to the first 6 words.

Has to include

- 1 example of alliteration**
- 1 example of simile**
- 1 example of repetition**

We will present these once the majority of students are done!

"For sale: baby shoes, never worn."

The woman put the sign up and wiped her sweat-stained palms against her scraped and sagging knees.

It's been 3 months, 4 days, and 8 hours.

(His eyes would have been green
like the pear-shaped leaves that reached toward her window,
outside)

Waiting, waiting, waiting

She only cried for the first week.

But her husband noticed the luggages underneath
her half-closed eyes
Stretching, sinking

Waiting, waiting, waiting.

“Wrong number,” says a familiar voice.

Brainstorming:

- Who is the familiar voice? A lost lover? A best friend? A parent?
- Why would they say “wrong number”? Do they not want to speak? Do they recognize who was calling?
- Who WAS calling? Who is going to be the speaker of the poem? (usually you want to think of this *first* when writing your poems...)
- Mood...what kind of mood is the poem going to be in? Happy? Positive? Sad and depressing?

“Wrong number,” says a familiar voice.

Before I had the chance to respond, they hung up. Even if they didn't, even if they gave me three seconds to say something, anything, I'm not sure I could. My throat would not let me speak. It closed up on me like the walls of a prison cell. I glanced down at my sun-baked hands, the skin slowly peeling off. They were shaking. The last time I saw my mother was when I was thirteen. She had red curls in her hair that twirled upwards in the wind, but sank down during the summer. Her nails were always painted red. I remember them being sharp. I tried to stop thinking about it, about her, about how her voice was not what I remembered it to be. Did she have an accent? Who did she live with? Why did she hang up? What was the sound she made when she left twenty years ago?

