**55 Word Stories—2007 contest winners**

**Cleaning House**

When Stan moved out Theresa moved into the backyard tree house. The children gone, her husband gone, Theresa's bond with her home evaporated. The tree house held the best memories. A week later, when she moved back in she brought the good memories with her and swept the bad ones out with a tree limb.

Christine M. Ahern

Los Osos, CA

 **Denouement and Onomatopoeia**

Onomatopoeia slept in a turquoise Fiesta, kept his clothes in a Glad bag, bummed his smokes. He had little, wanted less.

Denouement lived in hotels, bought couture, vomited five-star food. She consumed life, wanted more.

"This time, I won't be back," said Denouement.

"Been said before," answered Onomatopoeia.

"No. This is the end."

"Fine Bang."

Justin P. Tyme

Boone, Iowa

 **Cuttings**

I'm wearing farewell black. As I walk away, past the mound of wet earth, I silently curse the scent of fresh cut flowers. I'm thankful the cold rain conceals my tears.

She's wearing goodbye white. They said her wounds were deep, cut all the way to the bone. I wish my pain ended there.

C. Morgan Clayton

Ocala, FL

 **The End**

The warm fire, as he entered, eased his mind: maybe he wouldn't need to apologize.

He called her name no answer.

Turning to the fire, he went over his apology again.

A metallic glint among the embers froze his limbs the apology vanished as he recognized the spine of his favorite book in the ashes.

Amanda Brooks

Lompoc, CA

 **My Cat and My Broken House**

Relaxing on my deck. Cat walks by says, "Earthquake Leave now."

I'm stunned. "WHAT?"

"A worm I rescued from a bird told me. He felt tremors. Go walk. You need exercise."

Walking to the store, ground heaves. Flattens me. I look back. See my house sliding down the hill.

Cats just says, "Meow."

Weird day.

Phillip Cole

Morro Bay, CA

**Pleasures of the Flesh**

Jesus passed Mohammed a cigarette. Mohammed took a deep drag, then sighed with pleasure. Expensive fags were the best. Sheer paradise. And Jesus was one tight dude.

Jesus was sitting in a cloud of blue smoke. Golden light was shining behind his head, in a halo.

The light went out. Another long night in prison.

Kyra Kitts

Los Osos, CA

 **Letter to Arturo**

Dear Arturo,

I'm sorry, but I ran over your cat, or gato as you would say. I will buy you a new one, and we can have a fiesta with tacos, sombreros, and a pi"ata. I know this will not bring back Se"or Mittens, but it will make you feel better.

Viva La Alamo,

Zander

Zander Pingel

Fort Worth, Texas

 **Spider Webs**

Her white lace stockings shrieked out femininity. He didn't want to seem like an eavesdropper, and shyly looked away.

But one day, she asked, "Want some coffee?"

She shifted her legs. For a moment, he thought he could hear the lace scratch him.

"I want out," he said. "But coffee will do for now."

Matthew W. Fowler

Myrtle Beach, South Carolina

 **Stone Age**

Is this flat stone big enough?

It will do nicely, thank you.

It is amazing what can be done with a little lightning.

In the right hands, of course.

Of course. Are you sure you've finished?

Down to the last letter.

But you only have 10 rules.

You obey every single one. Remember the lightning.

Jim Delaney

West Allis, WI