

A Prick of Conscience

You leaned over me, something concealed behind your back. I looked at the floor, tears blurring my vision.

“I’m so, so sorry,” you said, thrusting a small succulent towards me, its delicate pink phallic tip drooping.

“Wha-a-a-t?” I slapped my hand over my mouth, unable to stifle my laughter.

Magz Morgan loves the magical power of words and inspired by Ian Rankin, she decided to spread that love through Flash Fiction. Magz writes short stories, poetry and has a book in the cauldron.
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"A word after a word after a word, is power." Margaret Atwood