

EXAMPLE SHORT FICTION STORY

Prompt: Use your imagination to write a story that is set sometime in the future. Show how the characters solve a problem that they are facing. Make sure that the story contains at least five paragraphs and all the elements of a story. Use the MLA style.

TITLE OF THE STORY: Beware of the Vicious Trees!

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Beware of the Vicious Trees!

An innocent hike on the planet Solaris turned into quite an adventure. On one of our vacation days, my friends and I decided to go on a hike to see a special forest, called the Deadwood Forest. Calista, a tall red head, is the artist in the group; she photographs everything. Martina, a pint-sized pixie with curly black hair, is the cook; she brings the best picnic lunches. Of course, I'm the pilot, and I just go along for the ride. As a group, we had chosen Solaris for our vacation because its beauty is rarely found in today's universe. It is covered in tall mountains, green forests, and big blue lakes. One of its most intriguing features is the Deadwood Forest, which is comprised of trees that eat mammals. We had planned to spend the day hiking to the forest and back to our ship, but we did not plan on what would happen in that forest!

Our hike started innocuously enough. Once we put on our packs, we started walking at a pretty brisk pace. The path was level, and we were enjoying the scenery and each other's company. After we had walked about two miles, Calista asked, "Please remind me again. Why are we hiking to this forest? After all, WE are mammals, and these trees EAT mammals!" "Don't worry about it," replied Martina in an exasperated tone of voice. "Our guidebook says that as long as you stay a yard's length away from them, you'll be safe." "Even so," Calista replied. "I hope someone brought along some way to fight off those people eaters!" Ever the practical one, I had worried about having to save someone from

the trees. I had brought along a couple of stun probes, just in case, but I actually doubted that the stories about the trees were true. Actually, I had no idea whether stun probes would work on these trees, and I did not know if I would have the courage to use them.

After we had hiked four miles, we saw a sign that said, "The Deadwood Forest. Enter at your own risk." "WOA! That's ominous!" declared Calista. "I'll wait for you two out here." "No way!" Martina declared. "You've GOT to go in with us! This is a once-in-a-lifetime experience!" After a few minutes of disagreement, Calista reluctantly agreed. We all walked into the dark forest where the tree trunks were very close, and the path was narrow and rocky. "These look like regular trees!" complained Martina. "I thought they'd at least *look* evil!" As Calista laughed and turned to look at Martina, she stumbled on a tree root and fell against one of the tree trunks. The branches of the tree immediately closed around her body and pinned her to the tree trunk. "Help me!" she screamed. I immediately took out the stun probes and shot some energy into the branches around Calista, taking care not to zap her instead. The branches turned black, and we were able to wrestle them away from Calista's body. She fell toward us, and we caught her in our arms.

"Let's get out of here!" yelled Martina, throwing one of Calista's arms over her shoulder. The two of us sped down the path and out of the forest as fast as we could, half dragging and half carrying Calista. Sadly, Calista was very groggy and was not communicating with us. We concluded that the tree had shot her with some sort of venom to make her sleepy. Unfortunately, even after we got out of the forest, we still had four miles to hike back to the ship. The hike was long and difficult since we had to carry Calista and our packs. At one point, Martina stumbled and twisted her ankle, which made the

return hike even more difficult. At times, I was helping them both. Martina did not complain, though; she just kept marching forward with her eyes on the ground.

After a long struggle, we heaved a sigh of relief when we spied our ship in the distance. With the end in sight, we got a “second wind.” We were able to carry Calista the rest of the way without any more mishaps. Once we were on board the ship, we were able to hook Calista up to the health-monitoring systems. According to their instructions, we gave her some intravenous fluids and some anti-venom medications. Within a couple of hours, Calista had some color in her cheeks and was talking to us once again. “I certainly learned my lesson!” confided Martina after Calista went to sleep. “I’ll never push someone to do something dangerous in the future just because it’s something special or something I want to do.”