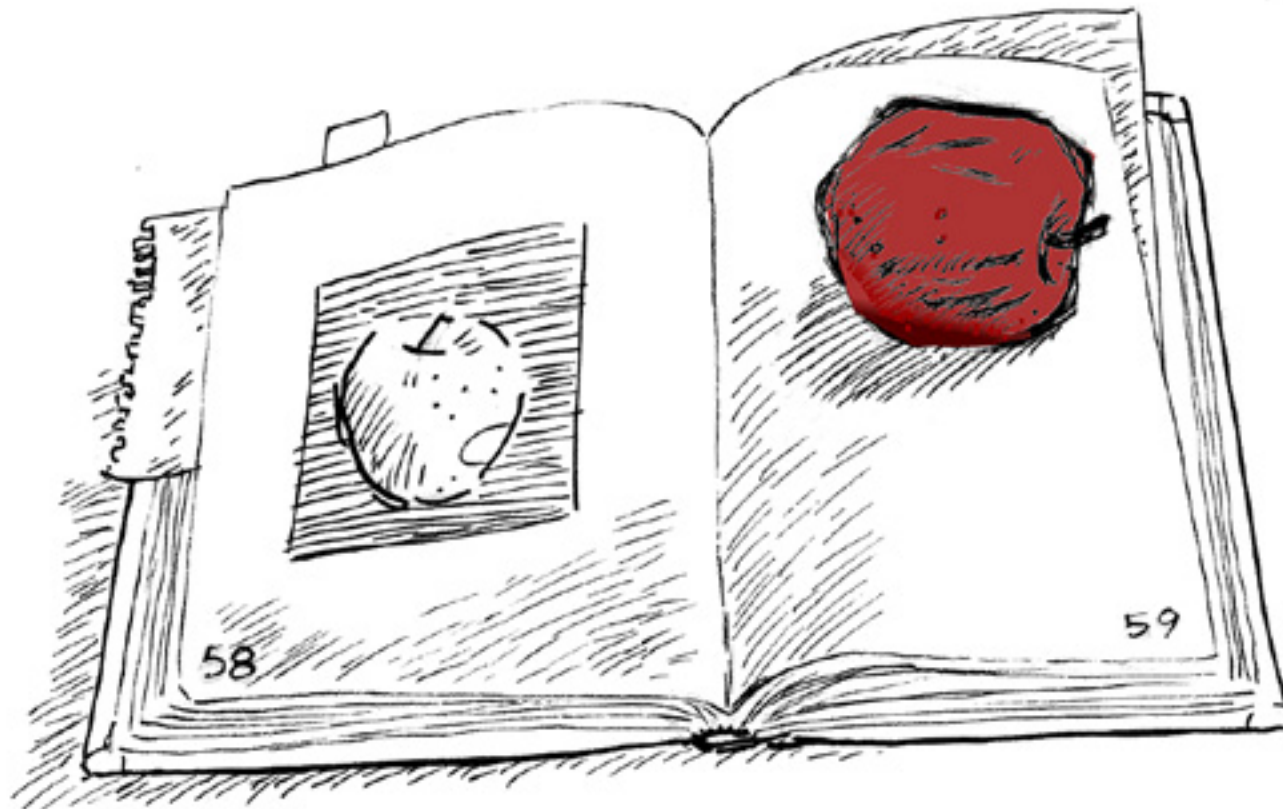


Flash Fiction



Short Fiction Concepts

short story:

- a literary genre of fictional prose narrative that tends to be more concise and more to the point than longer works of fiction.
- almost all begin *in medias res*.
- word count of 7,500 or a little less.

vignettes:

- short, impressionistic scene, sometimes referred to as a character sketch.
- lack traditional plot-line and reject notion of background, resolution or conflict.
- show a brief span of time which displays a character's *reactions*, or *personality*.
- aim to sketch out development of a character & are usually intended for a larger project.

Short Fiction Concepts

prose poem:

- concentrates more on the use of figurative language:
 - > heavy metaphor and simile use
- strong focus how words interplay and connect:
 - > mimics poetry's original musical intentions
- places an emphasis on poetical devices in a prose fashion
- typically averages about one paragraph
- roughly appear under 1,000 words.

Short Fiction Concepts

flash fiction:

- new classification from 2005
- short story of less than 2,000 words.
- once called **short-short stories**, or **sudden fiction**.
- parables and folktales are forerunners of these “modern” inventions.
- does contains the classic story elements:
 - > protagonist and antagonist
 - > sense of slight resolution
 - > conflict
- limited word length forces some of these elements to remain unwritten; generally they are hinted at in the supplied story-line.

Ernest Hemingway

A short fiction attributed to E. H., sometimes seem with a title, other times— not.

For sale: baby shoes, never worn.

Kenneth J. Eppes

“Help! Get me out of here,” shouted the voice from above. “Why, Robert, whatever are you doing in that tree?” asked Marci, as she spied her husband-to-be. “Do something! I’m about to fall!” Marci stared through the branches at Robert, who was hanging by both hands from a spindly limb near the top of an oak. “Darling, how did you get up there in the first place?” Robert tried in vain to pull himself onto the branch. “Never mind. Do something quickly. My arms are giving out.” Marci, hands on hips, sighed with exasperation. “Robert, you know you shouldn’t go climbing in your good clothes. Look. You’ve ripped your trousers.” A gust of wind jostled the treetop. “Marci, please! Call the fire department!” The limb creaked, then gave a loud snap. “Robert, you’re falling!”

Eppes, Kenneth J. “untitled.” ¶. III.2 (1990): 26. Print.