

The gray sky rumbled when Maggie left home, as though the world itself was crying over stupid rules, too. In her determination, she ignored the cold, spring rain. She'd go to the library first, grab plenty of books, and stay up late reading under the stars. The choices were endless now that she was on her own, the rules of home left behind as she marched down the street splashing in puddles, heavy backpack weighing her down.

"Be home in time for dinner." Mom waved from the porch. "I made cake for desert."

Maggie slowed. She could always runaway tomorrow.

## Author's Note:



This week's story came together rather fast, be it because I sat in a cafe, concentration music playing through my AirPods, or the ease of the prompt I chose, I'm not sure. I changed little about the story from beginning to end, putting most of the work into rearranging and swapping words until I was satisfied.

I will confess, when I sat to write this, I imagined a person much older than Maggie. A young adult venturing out on their own to conquer the world. When writing, characters can develop a life of their own, which Maggie did. She quickly morphed into a child in a yellow rain slicker, and, irritated at some injustice, set off on an adventure. Until someone mentioned chocolate cake. After all, there's always tomorrow.

## The Reluctant Author

