

It didn't surprise anyone when it happened. Not really, and anyone who said otherwise wanted assurance of a clean conscience for not helping her learn to drive. They'd all sat idly by and watched it unfold, whispering their opinions and betting on failure. Which is why it didn't surprise anyone when the car skidded across the wet road, flew over the embankment, and plummeted into the rocky ravine. No, what surprised everyone was when they realized Tammy was standing beside as the vehicle combust into flames, the air thick and clogged with black smoke.

"Never liked that car," Tammy said.

Author's Note:



Whenever I compose stories like this, someone always asked what inspired it. How did I come to the conclusion? Why this event? The simple answer is, I'm not sure. Most often, I write these short pieces while sitting in the cafe of a local bookstore a few Saturdays each month. Sometimes snippets of overheard conversations enter my writing, but it's rare, as I often have headphones on and concentration music playing in my ears.

Most often, I simply start typing and wait to see what happens. Today's story started with the writing prompt, "Nobody was surprised when it happened." A mere sentence, to get me warmed up, and then wait to see what unfolded. Little change occurred from the original with this story, but I opted to add in the small phrase about why no one was surprised. Why they'd expected Tammy being unsuccessful.

The Reluctant Author:

