

Bo watched the couple as they danced, but there was only one person he wanted to find. Anna, who agreed if he could find her at the crowded party, he'd win a New Year's kiss. He had the vantage from the stairs, and unimpeded by the masquerade masks, recognized her in the sequined blue ballgown glittering in the meagre chandelier light. He hurried forward, took her hand, and she spun, colliding into him, chest heaving.

"Found you," he said, watching goosebumps erupt across her skin.

"How?"

"Easy, you're the most beautiful person here."

Anna grinned, leaned forward, and kissed him.



This is one of those micro stories that came together fast, mostly choosing which words to remove to make room for the ending. I enjoy writing description, and it's painful to cull those words. It's all part of the writing process, though. Regardless of how big or small your story is, the hardest part for me is always choosing which words to wave goodbye to.

As we say goodbye to 2024, and welcome in the new year, my hope for you, dear reader, is that whatever you may face in the new year, you're filled with hope. Hope that on those long dark days, there will be light again. Hope that during those beautiful light days you can find the joy in each moment. Hope that in the mundane sameness of the ordinary, you can find the small adventures that fill you with delight. May 2025, be a year of growth for you, and filled with love. And, should you need a little encouragement, close your eyes and imagine me throwing confetti your way and cheering you on.

The Reluctant Author

