

The gaggle of white-haired women hurried down the hall, ignoring the staff following them, muttering something they couldn't hear.

"Which room?" Hazel shouted, hearing aids off — again.

Marge swung her heavy handbag towards the nearest door, accidentally hitting a member of staff. Rita, slowest with her walker, rolled past the young man crumpled on the floor while Marge burst through the door Hazel opened.

"Edna, don't start without us!"

A woman in a glittering gown stared at them, and a football star chuckled.

"Edna, that disguise is dreadful." Hazel narrowed her eyes. "Oh dear, Marge. We're in the wrong room."



This story was an absolute delight to write and came together quickly. My biggest issue was reducing words so I could maintain the one hundred word restriction. It's stories like this that make me considering upping the count to 150 - 200. While I know that would also be challenging, there's something satisfying about wrangling my words until they fit into the smaller limit.

The original version of this story had four elderly friends racing to their destination, each moving at a different speed, depending on their abilities. Staff chasing them. One lone young man intent to help them but getting whacked with an oversized, and rather heavy, bag considering what he believed to be the fragile nature of the woman holding it. I maintained the incident with the boy, but removed darling Barb. Such a shame, because she added further comedic value, zipping around on her electric scooter and making people jump out of

the way lest she run them over.

Maybe one day I'll take this small snippet and expand it, testing the waters at other word lengths to see what may become of our friends intent on not permitting Edna to upstage them. Until then, enjoy letting your own imagination take you wherever it will with these three ladies, who clearly know exactly how to have a good time.

The Reluctant Author 