

“Where’d you find these?” The stooped man behind the counter scrutinized the parchment, capable of reading the symbols that made no sense to me.

Father shook his head. I’d discovered the scrolls in a cave amongst the limestone cliffs when a goat wandered off as if it had somewhere better to be. If the world knew, they’d descend upon our desert in droves, decimating it in search of unearthing their own prizes. Instead, father insisted we sell them.

“Do you have more?”

Father nodded remaining obtuse about the specific quantity.

“I’ll take them all.”

They shook hands, sealing the offer.



Here I am writing a historical micro fiction story — again. I’m not a fan of writing historical fiction, and that remains true with this story. I spent more time researching and then fussing that perhaps one of the real characters’ descendants might stumble upon this story and pick holes in it. Perhaps that comes from living in a house with people who can spot the flaws in any historical movie or fictionalized book they read. Perhaps it’s my perfectionism flaw shining through. Whatever it is, I find more enjoyment reading the articles and rounding up all the details than I do writing about real people. Now, if I’d written something historical, but created new characters, I’d have stressed less, and enjoyed the entire experience more. Either way, I enjoyed the challenge, even if it took me forever to come up with a final product that I’m willing to share with you.

Why the Dead Sea Scrolls? I had to include the word scroll and the action uncovering, and

recently read some interesting facts about them, so when the prompts came through, it was the first historical thing that came to mind. If you want to get lost in some interesting research, you could google the topic yourself. I read multiple articles, including one published in [The New Yorker](#) from 1955. Sometimes technology frustrates me, and other times I'm impressed by it.

The Reluctant Author

