



Return of the Flashfics ...

Rating: PG

It's baaack ... Last time I did this, it sparked a brief wave of 155-word fics, which was highly entertaining. So I'm trying it again. As before, credit for this concept goes to Bree, not me.

Oh, yeah -- and I'm aware that this kind of conversation is NOT likely to ever take place in the office, much less between Mac and Harriet, but I was having fun.



Graphic by [Steph](#)

A 155-word "flash"fic

(Hey, a new one! Only took me a year or so to get around to it.)

"Oh, shoot!"

Harriet grabbed a tissue and scrubbed vainly at her skirt. "I swear, this is the worst day of the year!"

Walking by, Mac frowned. "Why? What's wrong?"

"The first day of summer uniforms." The lieutenant spat out the words with contempt, gesturing at the smudge on the white fabric. "It's cruel and unusual punishment."

Mac smiled, somewhat mysteriously. "Oh, I don't know, Harriet. This is actually one of my favorite days."

Harriet followed her gaze across the bullpen to where Harm was leaning over the fax machine, his summer whites immaculate. As the colonel's smile turned wicked, her friend sighed in exasperation. "So the rest of us have to suffer for your viewing pleasure?"

Mac only shrugged. "Hey, it's not my fault you didn't go Marine."

Harriet watched her attempt to be surreptitious in her admiration of her partner. "He does cut a dashing figure, doesn't he?"

"Hands off, Lieutenant."

"Happy spring, ma'am."

** THE END **

Here I go again. This happened to me at work a while back, although it didn't all happen in one day. I chose to nail the smartass in question with a Nerf ball, which is the accepted method of retribution in my office. We're a fun bunch.



Graphic by [Steph](#)

another totally random 155-word fic

Harm hung up and stalked to the doorway of his office. "Somebody put me out of my misery."
"What's wrong?" Sturgis asked.

"Ever since they redid the phones, I keep getting wrong numbers. First someone calling for Bethesda, then Finance, then the JSF program office. Twice."

"Must be listed wrong in the directory, sir," Harriet suggested.

"Could you go in and straighten it out?" His phone rang again, and he reluctantly moved to answer it. "Commander Rabb. No, this is not Reserve Command. Yes, please do that." He slammed down the handset, only to hear an immediate ring. "Good lord ... Commander Rabb!"

"Yeah, I'd like to order a pizza ..."

Recognizing his friend's voice, he dropped the phone and hustled through the bullpen. "You are so dead."

Snickering, Sturgis made his escape, Harm giving chase. Mac wandered by in time to see them disappear.

"What the hell was that?"

Harriet shrugged innocently. "Wrong number, ma'am."

*** THE END ***

This is a follow-up to the second-season episode "Force Recon." Yeah, I know, going way back this time. For those who haven't seen it, Harm was undercover as a gunnery sergeant training Recon Marines. This is the first time I've tried to cram an actual plot, basic though it is, into 155 words. It's kind of meant to set up my upcoming fic, "Portraits" -- the connection will make sense when that story is posted (directly following this).



Graphic by [Steph](#)

"Gunny??"

Harm offered an apologetic smile to the slack-jawed Marines. "Sorry for the pretense, guys. Lieutenant Commander Rabb, JAG."

"No way," declared Sibley emphatically. "Uh, sir."

Mac watched with curiosity. "The commander really made a convincing Marine?"

"Yes, ma'am!" they chorused.

The major folded her arms. "I'll believe it when I see it."

Harm cocked an eyebrow. "As you wish."

Fourteen minutes later, the partners were on the range, each kneeling beside a disassembled M-16. As Tesla kept time, they completed a familiar Marine competition: first to assemble and fire into the kill zone wins.

This time, the first shot belonged not to the jarhead, but the squid.

The Recon Marines shook their heads and muttered to each other. Mac stared at her partner, realizing just how much she didn't know about him yet.

She spoke quietly. "Harm, where did you learn --"

The haunted look behind his easy smile stopped her.

"Some other time, Mac."

*** THE END ***



Graphic by [Steph](#)

Missing scene from "Lawyers, Guns and Money." I'm all in favor of the shipper dose we got at Harm's apartment, but the way she left it wasn't exactly ideal in my book, so I'm going to be picky.

My phone rings as I reach my apartment door. "Mackenzie."

He doesn't identify himself. He knows it's unnecessary. "When did you witness my interest fading?"

Oh, Lord. I really don't want to do this now. But I guess I started it. "Well, nothing happened after the JAGathon conversation, did it?"

There's a pause on the line. "I guess we have different definitions of 'back at the beginning,' " he says finally. "Have you been waiting this whole time for me to say or do something?"

Damn. It sounds so unreasonable in that light. "No. Sort of. Look, I can't do this now, okay? I'm sorry, but ..." Nothing's going to sound right in that sentence. "I'm sorry."

"So am I." His voice is quiet and tinged with sadness, and it's tearing me up. "Be careful, Sundance."

"I will. And we'll finish this. I promise."

"Holding you to that."

I hope to God we're telling the truth.

*** THE END ***



Graphic by [Steph](#)

I think I'm going to invent a new genre: snark-fic, for the most sarcastic or satirical fic possible. Because if my tongue were planted any more firmly in my cheek right now, I'd have to apply an icepack ...

(Set a year in the future ...)

"Be careful, ma'am."

Mac turned, frowning. "Bud, I'm only going to Norfolk."

"It's almost the end of May," Bud said gravely. "Bad things always happen right about now."

"Lieutenant, are you going superstitious on us?"

"It's not a joke, ma'am! Last year you were in trouble in South America. The year before that, there was the dirty nuke and -- well, this." He rapped on his prosthetic leg. "And the year before *that*, Commander Rabb's plane went down. Is the timing just coincidence?"

Mac paused, realizing that he was right. Feeling unsettled, she walked into her partner's office without knocking.

"Is the end of May cursed?"

Harm listened as she recounted the events Bud had listed.

"He left out the most terrifying May of all."

"Which one?"

"The return of Brumby."

"Jerk!" She threw her cover at him.

"Seriously, Mac, there is an explanation. It just isn't pretty."

"Well, I'm all ears."

Harm sighed. "Cliffhangers."

*** THE END ***