



Still More Flashfics ...

Author's Notes: Notes? That would defeat the whole purpose of limiting myself to 155 words. Whoops -- too late now.



Graphic by [Steph](#)

(a post-"ATW II" flashfic)

I wonder when exactly it was that I lost my faith.

It might have been that Christmas Eve so long ago.

It might have been the night I punched out of a jet and landed beside a fireball.

It might have been in China, as the drugs wore off and exposed my naïve dreams to the harsh light of day.

It might have been in Norfolk, after I opened up a body bag and found someone I would have died to protect.

It might have been in Russia.

It *should* have been in Russia.

It might have been the first time I was accused of murder, though more likely it was the second.

It might have snapped along with the neck of a nameless adversary in the Chaco Boreal.

But if you asked me to take my best guess at what finally destroyed it for good ...

... it was five minutes ago, when she said "never."

*** THE END ***

And now for something completely different ...

I wrote this one for the FanFest fic contest last year and then forgot to post it here. Their rules specified 100 words instead of 155, so this one says even less than usual.



Graphic by

[Steph](#)

(A 100-word flashfic for once)

"What's another word for 'elusive'?"

Mac glanced up, frowning. "Are you doing a crossword puzzle?"

Harm shrugged. "I have a break."

"Hennison case?"

"Pled out."

"Database update?"

"All done. Face it, Marine, I'm just too efficient."

She rolled her eyes at his smirk. "Don't get cocky. The admiral will give you the next case in, no matter how lousy."

"Let me see if I can fit 'jealousy' into my puzzle."

As she glared, a commanding voice rang out.

"Rabb! My office."

Seeing Harm's look of consternation, Mac smirked back. "Five-letter word for 'getting what's coming to you,' flyboy -- karma."

*** THE END ***

Now back to your regularly-scheduled 155-word randomness.



Graphic by

[Steph](#)

(an April Fools' Day flashfic)

"Mathilda Grace!"

Mattie glanced up guiltily. "What'd I do?"

Harm folded his arms across his chest. "Did you think I wouldn't notice the detention notice stuck behind your permission slip?"

"Well ... I knew you'd freak out, and it's really no big deal."

"I'll be the judge of that. What happened?"

"Just an April Fools prank, on a jerk soccer player who's been messing with Andre all week." The teenager looked studiously at her toes.

"Details, please."

"He leaves his gym bag by his desk, so ... I kinda smeared his shin guards with Icy-Hot."

Her guardian just looked at her until she squirmed and confessed fully.

"I may have emptied the rest of it into his, uh, cup."

At that, Harm turned abruptly away, making her wonder just how much trouble she was in. Then she saw his ears turning pink, and heard him fighting back a chuckle.

"Pretend you don't see me laughing, all right?"

*** THE END ***

Just when you thought I'd gotten this wacky concept out of my system, the 155-word wonder returns.



by [Steph](#)
(a post-*The Four Percent Solution* flashfic)

Mac hates taking down Christmas decorations.

She explained this to me during the post-accident weekend I spent at her place. As a kid, Christmas was everything to her. The house felt like a fairytale -- because that's what it was.

Then, not long after the presents were opened, her parents would stop feigning happiness. Within days, her mother would silently take the ornaments down while her father cursed from another room.

So, understandably, Mac's not a big fan of un-decorating. When I offered to do it for her, she wistfully commented that it would be nice if holiday cheer lasted a little longer.

So I "borrowed" a few of her decorations: a little snowman, a couple of ornaments. They've been appearing in her office for the past week, whenever her day looks bleak. Nothing's been said so far, but her smiles never required any explanation.

I haven't decided yet what to do with this mistletoe.

*** THE END ***