

# **The Last Short Story**

The young writer sat wide awake. He was up passed 1 Am and was very tired. He desperately needed sleep but he knew all too well he needed to finish his project. The Writer, Colton, was punching at his keys *not* to work on his project, but to goof around on his favorite social networking sites. The hours grew later and Colton just kept avoiding his duty to write. He neglected to write his story due to a bad case of Writer's Block.

Suddenly Colton minimized his Internet browser window to reveal his desktop. On his desktop background loomed a big picture of a cartoon character, a small purple horse of all things, giving him a scolding look with a caption "DO YOUR HOMEWORK NOW" in big bold letters. Colton thought he may have been seeing things, but then it came to him like a bolt of lightning that he set up that background to remind him to finish on his work and stop messing around on the Internet.

Colton then opened up a word processor and began thinking of a solid concept to start writing on. He couldn't find any! He thought for a long while hoping a good idea would appear in his head. Suddenly a good idea finally came, not for a story, but an idea to help the flow of creative juices in his head and get his project off the ground.

His idea was to take his thumbdrive with his old works of Creative Writing and start to re-read them for inspiration. He say for more than an hour rereading each piece and analyzing his own creative style. After indulging himself in his own work he quickly passed out with his laptop opened up with his background horse staring angrily at his sleeping head.

Colton woke up to find himself in his room on the floor. Oddly enough, his room was completely barren. No clothes pile laying lazily on the floor, nothing stuffed into his closet, and no unmade bed.

There was just nothing. That is until he turned around.

Suddenly behind him appeared the purple cartoon horse giving him the same angry look as she was on his desktop. Colton jumped back to the far corner of his room as the horse approached him. "DO YOUR HOMEWORK NOW!" the small equine commanded.

"Who or what are you?" Colton nervously asked.

The mare then smiled and responded, "Oh silly me. I came off a little too strong I guess." The horse continued to speak. "Sorry to scare you. You must be frightened out of your mind to see a small little cartoon horse walking around your house."

Colton then regaining a bit of his composure "Yeah I gathered that but how or why are you're here? "

The horse then proudly started to explain herself, "Simply put, I am your conscience! Kinda like Jiminy Cricket! I'm that little voice inside your head that tells you what's right from wrong. Like right now I am trying to tell you to finish your work."

Colton then started to understand the bazaar situation, "Okay so you are my conscience? So that explains a lot." Colton still with questions, "But why are you a horse?"

Colton's Conscience replied in a confused tone to match Colton's, "Well I don't know? You tell me, I'm *your* Conscience." Conscience then kept going, "I mean an awfully weird form to take. I normally show up as a father figure, an old pet, or a Ghost of Christmas Past type thing. But nope, your mind went for cute little adorable horse. Kinda odd for a young man such as yourself."

Colton then started to grasp reality... or where ever he was at this moment. "Well considering that I am physically seeing and arguing with my Conscience, I wouldn't really consider myself normal."

Colton then stood up. Conscience on all fours barely reached up to his knees. “So what are we supposed to do about this project?” Colton then felt his stomach grumble, “Well can’t write on an empty stomach!”

Colton opened the door as Conscience warned from behind, “WAAAIIIT!” It was too late. Colton already swung the door wide open to be blinded by a bright light which made him pass out.

Colton then woke up again laying down on a bed of hay. He noticed he certainly wasn’t home, but instead in the middle of some vague medieval setting. It probably would’ve been harder to guess if there wasn’t some big sign that read, “Ye are Welcome to Llamasome”.

Colton got up to notice a heroic looking pair of biceps with a head for a man with his long golden locks flowing cinematically in the wind. The mound of muscle, armor, and hair was fighting a giant ferocious beast, a beast that appeared to be some half bear, half dragon monstrosity. The vicious Bear-Dragon didn’t seem concerned with mere mortals such as Colton so Colton just sat bored watching the spectacle and desperately wishing for popcorn.

Colton then started to speak aloud to himself, “So Conscience, where am I now? I know the sign reads Llamasome, but for some reason this all seems vaguely familiar.”

Colton then heard her girlish voice come from inside his own skull, “Well if you must know...” Suddenly the violet mare seemed phase straight through Colton’s Forehead. This gave Colton a slight headache. “Oh sorry for that! I guess I should’ve figure that would hurt. Really dense and cramped in their though.”

Colton ignored that last comment which most likely was an insult, “Yeah, don’t do that it hurts!”

Conscience then went on to answer Colton’s question, “This is the land of Llamasome, where

heroic figures with bronze chests, golden hair, and iron swords fight mighty beasts to save Princesses.”

Colton not caring for the scenery, “Sounds like a dump. Seems like the only way to live here is if your muscle mass challenges the mountains. A meek fellow like me would get gobbled up in seconds.” Colton then nonchalantly kicked a rock that was at his foot. It rolled some distance toward the battle scene until the rock entered the fray. Suddenly Mr. Big Ball of Beef’s flowing hair got in his eyes and he tripped over the rock. The Bear-Dragon then quickly grabbed the world’s most heroic meatball and flew off with his meal.

A stout young fellow, also armor clad but with a ridiculously handsome mustache, then noticed the scene and danced a jig. He started seeing to himself in between hearty laughs, “YES! I can now do quests for the Kinda-Oval-Shaped Table!”

Colton knew he recognized that luxurious moustache from somewhere, but there was no time to think about that, the Bear-Dragon wanted a Colton-sized appetizer to go! Colton and Conscience ran to the barn that was behind them and Colton opened the door to find another blinding light.

Colton then woke up on a park bench in the middle of some city. Colton really didn’t care where he was. He just wanted for all this craziness to end. He then noticed a girl trying to hail a cab. A thought came to Colton that maybe all doors can teleport him to places. He quickly shoved the young woman who was distracted scribbling something in her notebook, out of the way so he could quickly get in the cab.

Colton didn’t teleport anywhere. He just sat in the cab as the young woman scream obscenities at him. Colton tilted his head towards a nearby bus stop and told the woman, “There go take the bus!” She ran off to catch a nearby bus.

Colton turned around to see the big cab driver. "Where to?"

Colton's Conscience started gleefully whispering "to the library" in his head, so Colton took the initiative that this was the right way to go.

The cabbie then asked, "You got the money?" Colton then reached into his empty pockets to find nothing but lint which apparently was not currency to this cab driver. Colton then just left the cab to walk back to his park bench.

Colton, lying down alone on the park bench started to speak to himself again, "So why the Library Conscience?"

Conscience in a cheery mood replied, "Well so you can focus on that project of yours, silly!"

Colton sat down speaking to the voice inside his head for hours about where they were. Apparently they were in the middle of Atlanta. For some odd reason though time moved in nonsensical ways. Within a few normal hours an entire day passed, and then time was back to normal.

Colton then noticed the girl from yesterday was speaking to a young man in the middle of the park. The young man snatched the woman's note book and had a shocked look on his face. Suddenly all-time seemed to freeze. Everything except the young woman and her notebook was frozen. The woman approached Colton as everything in the world started to phase.

"Huh for some odd reason I can erase everything in this world except you. Funny how that works out." Suddenly at those words she started to phase away into a white blinding void which of course made Colton pass out once more.

Colton then woke up in the middle of a book store of all places. Conscience started to cheer inside Colton's head. "Well I guess you got your wish. Here's the books, but I still don't feel inspired

enough to write squat!" Conscience let out a disappointed sigh.

That sigh was met by a lonely man at a table. Conscience took notice of the poor man. "You should really go help that man, might set a creative spark in here. It's getting awful chilly in your head."

Colton walked up to the poor man and started to pat his back. "So what's wrong? You are crying in the middle of a bookstore. That normally doesn't scream I am happy."

The man lifted up his head. Colton could see the desperation on his face when he started to tell his story, "My name is Jeremy and I am deeply in love with my sweet Crystal, but alas she's engaged to that jerk Erik! We desperately love each other and she thinks she's making a mistake! I wish the two of us could just run away together."

Colton hardly moved by the touching story, "Well there's an idea! If you guys truly think you belong together perhaps you've just gotta do something crazy to win her heart once and for all."

The words inspired Jeremy. "That is a smart idea. I would do *anything* to be with her, so maybe it's time to think outside of the box!" Jeremy then left the book store eagerly plotting his next move.

Conscience putting her two cents in, "I don't think that was very good advice. He might do something he'll regret."

Colton still not moved, "Quite frankly I don't care! I just wanted the poor guy to stop crying so I could focus."

Conscience, disappointed in Colton, "Maybe it's not the lack of creativity in here giving me the shivers, but perhaps your cold heart."

Colton ignoring the voice in his head went off to the bathroom. As he opened the restroom door

he was interrupted by another light.

Colton woke up once more in what seemed to be a city of some kind, but blown to bits. There seemed to be no one in sight and it was getting dark.

Wandering by himself, Colton stumbled into an alley way that was filled with these strange looking people. These were not people, but what seemed to be walking corpses out of one's worst nightmares. Colton panicked and ran through the streets as fast as he could.

He eventually reached a department store labeled Uber Mart . He tried to enter but the door was blocked. Colton started to tear down barricades before the army of the undead could reach him. He tore down the barricades and jumped into the store.

To his surprise there were people inside panicking as well. It seemed that Colton has lead the monsters to these poor people. Everyone runs in a frenzy to try and escape the store to get away from the incoming horde.

Colton saw a small girl writing in her diary while her worried mother tells her it's all going to be okay. The little girl then leaves the diary in the toy section as she is rushed out the door.

Colton wanting to get away from these beasts runs with the lot of them to the back door. As the back doors open everyone runs out into the white void outside the door including Colton. And then they all disappear.

Conscience then tells Colton to wake up once more, but in fierce commanding tones. After Colton gets up Conscience decided to give Colton an earful, "Look at what you've done! You completely misguide someone and then the next time you find people you end up nearly killing them all!"

Colton now feeling a bit disappointed, "Sorry, it's just that back then I was feeling really low and I

still am. It's just that I'm really trying to finish this project, but I run into all these crazy distractions!"

Colton still apologizing, "I'm sorry, I swear this time I'll do better... where are we?"

Conscience then jumps out of Colton's head again, taking a little bit of joy in giving Colton a head ache. "Well, nowhere on Earth that's for sure. It kinda seems like the world is painted?" Colton and his horse companion look at the watercolor painted scenery!

The beautiful landscape doesn't last long. The world starts to gray and colors start bleeding into one another making a giant mess of paint all over the place.

Colton and Conscience then noticed a group of kids running from stone monsters. The two children look alike, almost like twins, both of them running in perfect synch with one another like they both had the same mind towards a boat in the ocean.

One of the children dropped a tattered red sleeve. Colton picks it up as a small Robin flies towards Colton. It starts to tweet madly and gestures toward the sleeve. Colton decides to do one act of kindness today and give the red sleeve to the Robin. The Robin salutes Colton and Conscience and flies off on a mission to return the sleeve. As the Robin drops the sleeve into the boat it continues flying onward into the night sky until it becomes a small glimmer in the sky... a glimmer that explodes into a great white mass that overcomes Colton once again.

Before Colton passes out Conscience decides to speak to Colton one last time. "These worlds you have been too, they are the stories you need to write. That mustachioed hero you saw saves a princess. That young author girl finds out that her character became self-aware and has to erase everything. That poor man you gave that misguided advice to ends up kidnapping the girl of his dreams. That little girl's diary is a story that needs to be told. And the Watercolor dreamworld helps a young girl find her identity. These are the stories you need to write."



Colton then wakes back up in his room. He sees his laptop still on and he sees his desktop beckoning, "DO YOUR HOMEWORK NOW". Colton listens to his purple mare friend and starts writing his stories. He writes them all.

At the end after all the stories were written he still felt unsatisfied. He then decides that his friend Conscience has a story that needs to be told! He then writes his adventures through the mystical lands with his partner Conscience in what is probably the least serious, strangest, and most self-satirical way possible!

The Last Short Story is written. Conscience then disappears as Colton's desktop background because the work is finished. The story gives Colton the closure he needs to truly call this one The Last Short Story!

*I'm not even joking that this little reminder was the wallpaper I used to remind myself to finish this.*



*(And yes that is from My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic)*