Even More SG Writing Prompts (I can’t stop ☹)

The Man Who Couldn’t Stop Narrating (David Attenborough): “Yawn, and I woke up. I didn’t know why I couldn’t stop speaking. I decided I would try an experiment. I jumped. Then I rolled. I couldn’t stop narrating! It really was very annoying. I walked out of my bedroom, sighed and decided that I would just have to live with this weird narrating. I went downstairs, where I grabbed a bowl of cereal, poured some milk in, and attempted to eat. Because of the narrating, it was tricky, but I managed to do it I sat down to watch TV, as TV often helped clear my mind. My eyes saw green and red and a kaleidoscope of colours, and within 1 minute I had shut the TV off and was trying to sleep. But I rolled over, and over, and then I covered my ears, trying to stop narrating, but it didn’t work. With a sigh, I went to do work. But when I had a meeting, I struggled, because I narrated everything that is saw and heard. It really was quite tedious to have to live with. I decided to try something. I would tape my mouth and only open it when I was eating or drinking. I thought I was the only solution, so that what I did. I took some tape and put it on my mou-”

The Silent Rivalry: Mime Number 1 stared Mime Number 2 in the face. There rivalry stretched back decades, and Mime Number 1 despised of Mime Number 2 because Mime Number 2 had come onto the same street as him a beginner. Now, their silent hatred burned in their eyes, and they circled each other, each believing that every step they took was a step to the other leaving them alone, but for decades they had thought this, and nothing had happened.

Evil eyes burned with fury and long-lost voices longed to express their hatred. They circled each other, while keeping up the acts they had practised and knew by heart. Every day, one tried to out mime the other, setting traps, but they never worked. Giving up hope, they had stopped, but today both had set up a trap, both ready to watch as they out mimed the other. Mime Number 1 and Mime Number 2 both activated each other’s traps at the same time, and they both ripped and fell. Instinctively, they put their hands out, and they hit the ground. After decades of not having a voice, they found it. Isults were thrown at Mime Number 1 and Mime Number 2. For once, their voices enjoyed the liberty of speaking, and onlookers stepped away. The acts were good, but nobody wanted to see an argument. And finally, the battle was ended, and neither won. Both lost.