Hopefully The Last Document With SG Creative Writing Prompts

A Haunted Vending Machine: I pulled out my 2-dollar coin to pay for the snack. I never got to get stuff from a vending machine, so I was really excited. This one had a snack that I dreamed of every day, and I couldn’t wait. We were in a super modern building, and these vending machines were high-tech. I pulled out the coin to get a snack for my sister. She had asked for a Smiths, and I got some Cheerio’s. I put in my coin, and typed in my order. Pop! I felt the Cheerio’s, and put the other coin in for the Smiths. My feet crumpled under the weight of a gramophone.

Confused, I went to my mum to ask for another coin, and when she asked why, I said, “Because when I tried to get a Smiths, a gramophone dropped on my feet.”

“Likely story. But this time, I’m coming with you, and doing it myself.” Said my mum. I didn’t argue, and when she tried to get a Smiths, she got an a+9ntique. The person she was talking too came as well, so he tried to take the cover off, and when he did, he found out everything was a screen, and stuff behind it was what was coming out. There was also a huge cavity, which confused him, because his plans mentioned no cavity there. Before we could go and talk to someone about this, winds started to whistle, and before we knew it, the vending machine ate us.

The Man Who Replied to Spam Emails: Tom Jenkins, a 23-year-old man, had been living his life, doing work, messaging, when he noticed a particular email in his inbox. ‘Get a chance to win ten million dollars.’ Intrigued, Tom clicked on the email, which was much more sinister than he thought. Through that attempt to answer his question on how to win, he gained many more, and before he knew it, he was fighting a cyber war of spam, trying to make his way through the echo battlefield. Every shot he took exposed more of his personal details, and each shot he dealt exposed more of the spammers. Every gunshot took down another teammate, and it was up to him to expose the spammers once and for all. He used his cunning, and wormed information out of the spammer. When he had taken his last shot, he disappeared from the cyber battlefield, ready to tell authorities about these spammers. His love for technology proved handy as he changed variable details, and soon he was a whole different person to the digital eye. So when there was a knock at his door, he jumped. He looked at the security cameras. Not someone he knew. He called 000. There was another knock.

“Please help me”, he begged, fear infused with every word he dared to speak. The authorities came, and the man at Tom’s door was arrested. From that day on, Tom was forever careful on what he clicked on. That night, he saw an email. Get a chance to have a holiday in Dubai.

“Ooh”, Tom said.

T-Rex Therapy: “Gulp” I said. My next client was going to be a… T-Rex? And not your soft toy or play toy T-Rex. Like, a live T-rex from the cretaceous period. There was no way I was going to make it out alive, right. I asked my boss why I no one else agreed… for the millionth time.

“No one else agreed because they asked what the job was, my goodness. Can’t you get that into your mind-fixing mind?!” he yelled. Gulp. I stepped into the time machine. I spent the last hour of my life saying a goodbye to everyone I knew. I took in everything in my work for the last time.

“Bye, boss.” I spoke.

“Good riddance”, he replied. He pulled the lever, and a jolt of electricity ran through my veins. With a boom, I was in the cretaceous period. I stepped out, and say my client. He Growled, an obvious hatred burned in his eyes.

“I-I am you therapist.” I said, and the Rex’s eyes immediately lost their hatred.

“Hello sir, good to meet you. I have waited for a while and thought you were another scientist invading my jungle.” The tyrannosaurus said.

“No problem?” I replied. “What seems to be your issue?”

“well, I really self-conscious about my small arms.” He replied.

I chuckled. “Not a problem either. You scared the living daylights out of me when you growled. The T-Rex is incredibly feared. Nobody on the face of earth will be looking at your small arms when you snap your teeth.”

“Really?”

“Yes. I wasn’t looking at your arms.”

“Thank you, that makes me feel much better. I no longer feel self-conscious as much now. Thank you.’”
Your welcome. Now, if you don’t mind, I have to go home. Call me if you need another session. Bye.”

I stepped into the time machine and went home. I couldn’t believe I survived!

The Sneezing Cult: In a secluded area of the world, there is a cult that believes the universe talk through sneezes, called the Sneezians. Existing since the start of time, all throughout their lives, they have believed that the universe is spoken of through sneezes. They are led by a great sneezer, called Zyreel. He is the one they believe is chosen and connected to the universe because he sneezes 10 times exactly in a row. They believe that his sneezes are the events of time long passed, from the beginning of the cosmos as the first sneeze, then the creation of earth as the second, so on. Their existence is known only to them and ones who found tribe items. Long ago, they were driven into hiding because of societal pressure, and now they are ready to rise to the top once again. They will fight for what they believe, and with sharp weapons, drive into hiding those who didn’t believe. In the next days, a war was waged, and the deserving Sneezians won, and ruled the world the way the universe meant.

The Cat Detective Chronicles: “Meow” I said, as I stared the sad shoe in the face. It had lost it’s shoelace, but I needed to know if he was faking it. I put my paw in him. Nothing. I think he had genuinely lost his friend. I went away, looking for clues. I saw a crate, a jacket, and a ball of yarn. I drooled. ‘Get back on task’, I thought, so I looked around some more. I saw some string, same colour as the described shoelace. A clue. I was a great detective. I walked up to it, when I spotted another, and another. I followed the trail. At the trails end I saw her… the shoelaceless shoes’ pair. I studied her. She was asleep. I put my paw in her. Nothing. Then I saw another piece and a shoelace trying to escape something. It was always going to be a high-speed chase. The chase lasted a long time. I ran, turned the corner, and boom, he was gone. So long, right? I was in a storage room. Is snuck around, a grin on my face. I was so close to closing this elusive case. I had the thief trapped. I saw movement. Then, somebody walked out from behind a crate, with the shoelace yelling and trying to be freed. I ran, and saved the troubled shoelace. I truly was a hardboiled detective. Probably more hardboiled than Sherlock Holmes.

A Letter To The People Of The Future: I cower in my bunker with my wife, children and some friends as I write to you this letter. Prepare to leave earth forever. An asteroid is getting ready to hit again, with twice the devastating force that wiped out the seemingly indestructible dinosaurs. Brace yourselves for the worst disaster this planet has and ever will probably face. With the force it has we will probably all be wiped out. Me, my loved ones and some friends cower in our bunkers, readying ourselves for a shaking of this earth. But it isn’t the asteroid I am worried about. People in the future, please build a pillar of metal that is hollow and doesn’t have a roof, so that sunlight comes in and we can grow crops. That way we will not starve. I call upon the gods to keep us safe, and wish for the cosmos to keep us safe. I beg of you; help protect this world from total destruction. I wish for your help and pray that we live on. We have come too far not too. My loved ones call to me, a call asking me to cuddle them in their possible last moments, my kids, and wife. I must go and be with them, but if anyone finds this letter, please avenge me, my loved ones, and my friends.

Signed,

Ryan Deo