SG Creative Writing Prompts

The Jazz Musicians’ Curse: The saxophone player looked at his new music piece sheet. A B A A A C A D A A BC A E E A A A A A E C D B E E A A A A A A A A A. He started to play, and winds whirled around him, moving at great speeds, the air became cold, and a purple dot appeared. The saxophone player, so engrossed in his new tune, didn’t even notice, and kept playing. The longer he played, the faster the winds whirled, the colder the air became, and the bigger the dot grew. Finally, after a few minutes of this, the saxophone player noticed.

Used to playing music when he was scared, he kept playing, but then the breath was snatched from his mouth, and he couldn’t play music, and the portal started to pull things in. First a bench, then a bin, then some pictures someone had dropped. The saxophone played gripped onto the ground for life, but kept getting pulled closer and closer and closer and closer. He couldn’t fight it.

As his saxophone fell into the portal, tears found their way onto his eyes as the portal sucked the saxophone up, and the musician prayed for his life. The musicians’ hands left the ground, and he desperately tried to grab onto something, but everything was smooth. The saxophone player let out a scream, that stopped halfway as he was sucked into the inter-dimensional portal, which then immediately closed.

The Dog Who Knew Too Much: Jackie the golden retriever was simply walking around when he heard someone speaking. He put his ear to the wall the sound was coming from, and listened. He heard the words ‘nuclear bomb’, ‘China’ and ‘2 days’ His owner would be in China in 2 days! He barked, giving away that he knew what he knew. CIA agents came running, armed with guns. They shot at him, but he dodged and started running. He had to tell his owner what was going to happen. He ran, for the one he loved most depended on it. He moved, and just as the CIA agents disappeared, a car drove up, armed with one machine gun and two agents with assault rifles. Jackie ran like he had never run before, and the car disappeared, then a loud engine noise was heard. The car caught up, and the agents smiled.

One of them said, “target acquired.” Jackie ran onto the street, and amazed onlookers stared. Jackie had to lose the Agents. He had an idea. All he had to do was get into an alley. Jackie looked around. There. 300 meters up ahead. Jackie ran, because if he didn’t get to the alley in time, neither him nor his owner would make it. Jackie ran into the alley in the nick of time, and when the agents had passed, eh trotted of, victoriously. The CIA wouldn’t be able to tell who he was. He went to warn his owner, who didn’t go to China. 2 days later, the bomb fell, and Jackie smiled as he knew his owner was safe.