Some More SG Creative Writing Prompts.

A Letter from An Old Sock: Dear lost Friend,

I long to see you again. I’m am just not complete without you. We are a set, a pair, and we don’t work without one another. Your face is one I long to see. I long to be washed with you once more, or to join you wherever you are. I miss you, and being washed or worn isn’t the same. I have enemies, so many enemies, because for me to be used, another sock must be temporarily separated from their pair. Come back to me, I beg, so that life is easier. I have been worn, torn, but I still am the same inside. I still long for you to cover the other foot.

We once trekked over a mountain, sailed over a see, travelled under the harbour, and lost our ways. But now, I have lost you. Please, my only wish is that one day, soon, you come back, and live with me, together. I have some many stories to share with you, some many despairing adventures that once would have been fun, with you. And I am sure that you too have stories, adventure stories to share with me. So, I beg of you, come back, rejoin your despairing friend. I hate mourning you, so come back, please.

A Perfectly Normal Funeral: I sit and stare at my name, carved on a gravestone, watching the funeral procession. But nobody notices me. It is like I am not there. They see me, they see my hand when I wave, but never have one of them recognised me. As far as I can tell, I look the same. I haven’t changed, according to the photo, so why do none of the attendees recognise me? I decide to try something. A courageous, death-defying venture. I decide to watch my funeral go on. My mum, who I talked to, didn’t recognise me, but now she wept for me? It was all so… confusing. I just couldn’t understand why they knew me and didn’t know me. So, I decided to do something. I knew my past best friend is an amazing drawer, who drew ultra realistic drawings, so I let my funeral pass. Hen it was over, I asked him to draw me, but I looked nothing like I did in the mirror. I was whole new person to everyone else, but not me. People saw me as someone else? It didn’t make sense, but then again, we coming back to life in time for my funeral didn’t either. I decided that I probably should just relax and live life, so I did. I didn’t need food, water, or anything, really, as I soon learned, so I just looked out the window, pretended I was touching grass when I was gaming, and that is that.

The Banana’s Memoir: My life, restarted in my head. I was once a small banana, and then I grew up and bullied younger Bananas. Now, bullying is a massive problem, and it’s all because of me. Many innocent souls were turned into cruel, evil souls, that want to bully others for revenge for the bullying they suffered, and it all goes back to me. I also regret leaving my mum and dad. I miss them so much, especially since it was only for something as stupid as seeing another tree. I’m sorry that I ran away when you gave me shelter, food, water. When you taught me how to see, walk and talk. It was so unfair of me to leave you. I hope that your life turned out better than mine. Jackson, my son, I hope that you always remember what I taught you, stay safe, and live a long happy life. I also hope you find somebanana you love who loves you to. It has been a great pleasure to watch you grow up, and I am sorry for every time I yelled at you. June, my wife, I love watching you snuggle with Jackson, I love hugging you, I love sitting down at enjoying time together. It has been so fun to watch you help Jackson become a banana from a seed. It has been a pleasure to be your husband.

I was peeled, and eaten.

A Human Sized Hamster Wheel: “Now announcing, the human sized hamster wheel, designed to bring you fun for the rest of your life. once you enter, you will never want to get out, for it will be so fun to run and roll like you’re a kid again, or if you are a kid. The wheel stops every 6 hours so you can eat, drink and sleep, and the door is always open.” The announcement had said, so now it was time to see what al the fuss was about. The door was open, like portal to another world, one that claimed to be fun and joy only. There was noting to it. I stepped in, and got spun around. When I finally got on my feet, I was battered and bruised, so my ratings of this wheel were already terrible. I decided to keep trying, and so I started to run. I ran and ran and ran. Eventually I got tired, but there was a bar that went up when I sweated, and I wanted to get it to the top. I kept running, and the bar inched higher, closer to the top. Last spring. Another ten seconds and I would be good. This really was quite fun. So close. And done. The bar reached the top, and a portal opened. I tried holding onto the side, but it kept moving and I was bound to have to let go. I fingers were slick from sweat, and eventually I slipped. The portal ate me.

The Door To Nowhere: I was playing soccer with my friends when it happened. I kicked the ball, hoping that it would get to my teammate, and I heard the sound of it hitting wood. My friend had a wooden leg, so I was overjoyed. I was new to soccer and quite terrible. I opened my eyes, and my immense grin disappeared. It hadn’t hit my friends’ wood leg. It had hit… a door. I walked up to the door, and stared. It had intricate patterns, with birds and eggs and even some trees carved on it. We all stared, confused. The door had just appeared. My friends had been watching the ball as I passed it. they would have known what happened, but they just said it had… appeared… out of nowhere. I checked behind the door. Nothing. It shouldn’t lead anywhere. Yet I had a desire to open it. I touched the handle, which was cold. I twisted it, and opened the door. The strange portal was there, and out even though we tried to stop, our legs pulled us in. then the door disappeared, and the only thing on the field was our ball. We whirled around, and for some reason, he didn’t feel dizzy when we cam out the other side. We just fell for 2 second and then hit some strange cotton. The whole world was a multitude of colours, and everywhere we looked, there wasn’t a single shade of grey or white or black. We were… undoubtedly lost.

The Whispering Traffic Light. I was walking across the road. Jaywalking, to be truthful, when I heard it. A sound. A call. It seemed to come from a traffic light, but this one was different. It pulsed with life, and to me it was a multitude of colours. The kaleidoscope of a traffic light spoke, and I could tell this one was the one calling to me. Each word aligned with a glow around its’ edges, and this time, it was more distinct.

“Come to me. Come to me and be my friend.” The urge was irresistible. I tried to stop my moving legs, but nothing happened. I kept walking forward, and suddenly controlling my body was something I couldn’t do. I attempted to stop moving, but nothing happened. I walked forward. My end came closer. I heard the traffic light, and every ounce of my consciousness burned with a hatred for it.

“Tick Tock. Tick Tock.” It spoke. The Traffic light seemed to grin an evil grin, and I tried to regain control of my body. I didn’t work. I came closer. My arm, despite my attempt to stop it, touched the traffic light, and suddenly I was sucked in.

A Bed Time Story For Monsters: “Please mum, I promise I won’t get scared. Just tell me a story about humans.”

“Fine” my mum said, but no getting out from under the bed, ok?”

Yes! No problem. I can do that. so can you tell me a story now?”

“If you wish” mum sighed.

“Long ago, dinosaurs ruled the world. Then the asteroid hit. Monster then came. We lived and thrived for millennia, scaring those who tried us. But then the monkeys, our greatest competitor, evolved, turning into humans. When babies saw us, they screamed and fled. The screams literally disintegrated any monster nearby. We were driven into hiding; I am ashamed to say. Then, not too long ago, maybe a few centuries, everything changed. Humans invented earmuffs. They invented our way to live. By wearing earmuffs, we looked the same, because it disappeared in our fur, but we couldn’t hear screams from humans. We scared them, so they started destroying forests to build fences, so on. The fences had spikes, and we would die if we touched them. So we were driven into hiding, again, but this time, in the humans’ home. And that, my beloved child, is a quick recap of our history, and your bedtime story. Now hide and sleep. You don’t want to be seen.”

“Ok mum. Goodnight, I love you.”

Me too, little one” Mum smiled, and then went to hide under the parents’ bed.

I drifted into sleep, the story about humans terrifying me.

The Librarian Who Erased People: I sat at the desk. Waiting. One of my customers told me they would return their book today, and said at 10:00. It was 4:00. I spent spare time waiting, but they never appeared. I was sad. The borrowed book was one of my favourites. I went to the shelf with it, and it was back! I didn’t understand. I went to call the customer, but was told teat the phone number didn’t exist. I went to their address, but no one was home. They might have been out for a walk, but this was strange. I waited at the door, on my phone. They would come back, surely. Some one did. Not the customer.

“Who are you? Jake Roberts should live here.” I said, cautiously.

Jake Roberts. Who is Jake Roberts. I was told the last occupier was Destiny Jackson.

This confused me. Destiny Jackson owned the place before Jake. She sold it to him.

Unless… my customers were disappearing from reality. This was said to have happened before, but certain books… like the book he borrowed. All the books claimed to have done this to people were immediately removed by me personally. I disposed of them, hopefully ending their tyranny over this library.