

THE FIRE SPRITE

The little fire sprite sprung in to life - giving warmth and joy to everyone who saw it. Everything was a wonder in its eyes - the sky, the trees, the people, the smells, the fresh billowing smoke as it danced and touched everything it could. It closed its eyes to fully experience this new thing - "Water"



BLOW, BLOW YE VAST MACHINES.

The great wind turbines of Regolith 9 engaged. The vast planes suddenly alive with the rush of air blowing hundreds of km per hour across the vast expanse.

The sail ship pirates whooshed off to suck the marrow from the rich pleasure yachts of the ruling class in a dying world smaller than a grain of rice.



Older than time. As vast as the infinity of space. Golgotha restlessly turned in its sleep and universes ended.

EDITORIAL



Hello.

This is issue zero of **A4** - a playful little newsletter, filled, I hope, with things you might enjoy. A micro fiction magazine packed with big ideas.

If you've enjoyed it, spotted a typo or fancy telling me I should do another, you can email me at **pjholden@gmail.com** or visit the website at: **www.pauljholden.com/a4**

Best

-pj

20 / 20 VISION

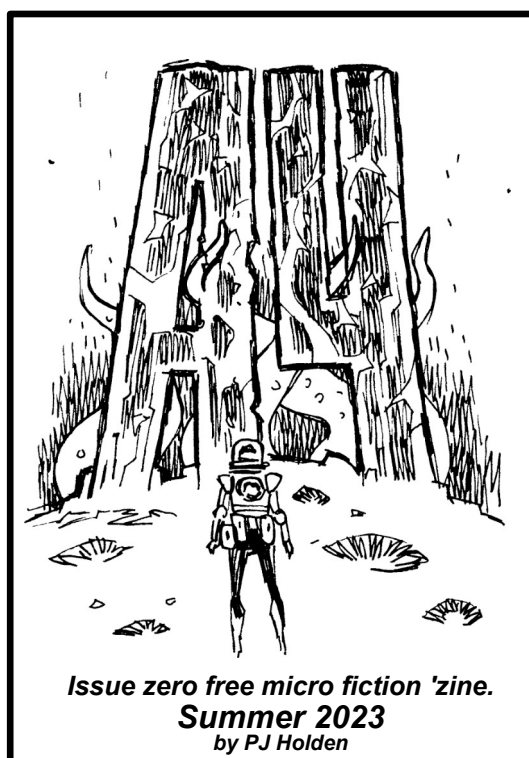
"Is it better with this lens or this?"

The machine whirred, the optical lens distorted and refocussed and, for the first time, Patricia could see - she could see the life she and David could have had, that summer in '86 if a mistake had been forgiven, tempers had stayed and young love given another chance. A life of true love and laughter but a childless life, her sons, Jeremy (5) and Simon (11) gone.

"No - it was better with the previous lens. Thanks."



They watched and waited. Hoping for a sign from the planet, but it had been eons since life had last graced that world. But still - power from the sun and judicious use of the nuclear core at their hearts meant they could continue to wait patiently to receive a signal, to return home, to earth.



WHAT AWAITS US ALL

They had come to him generation after generation from primitive nearly-apes to these now almost graceful creatures. Each pleading their innocence in their own way. Lately, though, the pleading had become boasting "Look what we did in your name, oh great one!" and they would call him by whatever name they thought they knew him by. But they were all wrong, he wasn't The Adversary, the Anti-Christ or the great Satan. He was the only god there was, joyful oblivion met those who deserved it. The rest? The rest met him.

MIND THE GAP

Every gap tells a story. Every empty space has a meaning. Nothing is truly void.

Except this space.

This space is intentionally left blank.