

Lilly Gore - 100 Word flash fiction

Being somewhere else

'Can you build me a door?' My 4 year old son asks, looking pointedly at the pile of wood.

'A door to where?'

'To another dimension.'

I pause. He does not take disappointment well. This request may be a bit beyond my capabilities. I think fast.

'OK. How big?' He clearly details his specifications. I place the finished door next to a bush and watch as he disappears through it, navigating the dense undergrowth before returning, wearing some shrubbery and a big smile.

'Is that OK?'

'Yes. It's Great! Can you make me a wand that does real magic?'

99 words