

SWEEK FLASH FICTION BOOK

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ROUND 1
#MICROCOFFEE

ROUND 2
#MICROBOOK

ROUND 3
#MICRODREAM

ROUND 4
#MICROLIGHT

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Foreword

We're unbelievably proud of the authors in this book. In fewer than 200 words, they managed to tell a compelling story. The words 'coffee', 'book', 'dream' and 'light' unite us, but the diversity and creativity of stories is what keeps us reading.

Every four weeks we launch a new round, and writers from all over the world enter the competition, incorporating a different word into their story.

We received over 1200 stories in the first four rounds of the competition. Following are the 46 favourites of the jury.

Enjoy!

Sabine van der Plas, co-founder Sweek

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#MICROCOFFEE

About Shilpa Kulkarni

Sweaker

@Shilpa_Kulkarni

Bio

An MBA graduate, I am a sales professional turned freelance writer. I enjoy writing about careers and travel, having quiet a rollercoaster of an experience with both! I enjoy reading both online and offline, when not writing for living you will find me dreaming about my unwritten novel!

Favourite words

Insane

Awesome

Love

Best book

'Asura' by Anand Neelakantan

Enjoys stories of

@AkankshaVerma

Jury winner #Microcoffee

Wake up and smell the coffee! // Shilpa Kulkarni

She remembered the shattering noise of the cup as it broke into a million pieces. The coffee spilled across the white rug, ruining its beauty forever. She distinctly remembered that distraught feeling in her chest, as though it was not the cup but her heart breaking into a million pieces.

It was the first of many to come. He had at first slung only the cup, calling her coffee *weak*, just like her! Next, it was the plate he threw at her, calling the meal *tasteless*, just like her! Then he got closer the next time, he struck across her beautiful face, calling her a *bitch*, this time for no apparent reason. Every day, every week, he got closer, till her body was covered with bruises and no soul left in those wide eyes.

She remembered it all the same today, as she cradled her coffee, the strong aroma wafting across the room. She had promised she wouldn't drink coffee ever again, but she had also promised she would never trust a man again. Here she was, a decade later waking up to another man who helped her piece her heart together again.

"Honey, that smells delicious!" he affirmed.

About
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