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Warnings We Do Not Heed

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623 Words

Five 81-Word Stories

I'm a Cowboy, Mommy

"I AM a cowboy!"

"Sure you are sweetie."

"Mom look! I got the hat, the cowboy boots, the spurs and the *pistol* right here!"

"Sweetie, where did you get that! Were you just in your father's closet?!"

"Tell me I'm NOT a cowboy, now, Mommie!"

"Sweetie, that's not a toy. Please stop pointing the gun and hand it over."

"I'm a cowboy and you're the injun!"

"YOUNG MAN, STOP THIS RIGHT NOW!"

"Cowboys don't LIKE injuns!"

"MOMMIES don't like...!"

BANG.

If Fidelity were an Action

I didn't want to let go nor say goodbye even though he was pulling to leave. My heart ached for how wonderful he had once been. Sweet. Romantic. How his hand always found mine during the early days of our courtship. Not anymore. It was over. Cause of her.

"It's not you, it's me," he lied.

"Well, it's you and her now," I said releasing his hand and letting his body, along with hers, sink down into the murky depths below.

Not a Girl

"I'm mean."

"You are?"

"Yes. I don't think you wrote this. Maybe you stole it from the internet."

"No, I wrote it."

"It's from a girls' perspective. You're a boy. Girls, like, you know, have certain emotions that boys don't. More heart. So I don't think you wrote this."

"But, I did. I'm a writer."

"Sorry, this may be mean, but you're a boy."

"I am."

“So, you can’t write as a girl.”

“Why not?”

“Cause you’re not a girl, stupid.”

Modern Man

“You should write about me.”

“Write what?”

“How much of a stud I am.”

“Really?”

“Come on, man. Don’t do me like that.”

“I don’t know, Justin. Maybe you should put down the fashion magazine before you ask me to write how much of a man you are. It kinda projects the wrong message.”

“Okay, and I suppose these Dior B23 high tops aren’t super fly!”

“No, I’m sure they are. Who you looking to impress, *Mr. Banitosa?*”

“Your mama perhaps?”

Modern Woman

“You’re a great writer. Do a feature about me for your magazine.”

“That’s so *adorbs*, Justine. I’m sure you would slay with that Dior halter. But, my boss is a real fashion beast. She won’t let me feature just anyone. And you’re, well, just not.”

“Oh, I wasn’t being serious. Funny you thought I was.”

"Of course, dear. *BTW*, can I borrow the Dior for the party?"

"Sure. It might be too snug around your middle, but the fabric stretches."

Smile.