

Second Place
Fiction Writing, Division I
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The Man Who Was A Flame
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A Little Flicker

One day a child was born. That child was born from a fire. A little flame that had started growing. All that any pleasant man could see in the boy's eyes were flames. Little flickering flames that danced around in his eyes, his mind, his soul, and his body. Little flickering flames that would swell until he covered everything. Men, women, and children alike.

A Tiny Flame

The flame had failed to enter into universities that he wished. Something started to grow inside the flame. The flame had grown larger. Putting your hand inside the fire would only burn it and turn it to ashes. The flame wouldn't let you have anything you didn't want.

A Growing Flame

The flames' eyes flickered and danced as he peered upon pictures of the trees. Something for the flame to reduce to ashes. The flame found others to let him join. Men with smaller flames. At the time it didn't make much of a difference. The flame learned their tactics and gained a log, growing the flame larger.

A Small Fire

His time with others had taught him something the flame found enticing. The flame danced with glee. He had realized what he had been missing all along. A growing fire emerged from him. He grinned flicker to flame. He looked upon all of the poor flames. The peaceful flames. Their lives were so misdirected and sad.

A Growing Small Fire

The fire was offered an opportunity into the forest one day. As any fire as big as him would know, this was not something you pass up. The fire had taken his first steps into the forest. It was almost his time to burn.

A Fire

The fire was in. He had learned of others who were still flames that still wished to go back to the forest after dying down. He started gathering others to form a large group of flames and fires.

A Growing Fire

The fire flared up high. So high that he could pass a skyscraper. He peered down upon those who were wood, moss, grass, and stone. All of those were not suitable. They were different. He earnestly thought that he was better than them all. His thoughts were only fire now. All he knew was to burn and scorch the land of any imperfections. The world would be his oyster to fix.

Housefire

The fire and the wood. The age old story. Fire always conquers wood. Wood would be easy to scorch the fire knew. The fire grew as he gained more flames. The fire could be big enough to catch fire to an entire forest.

Forest Fire

The day had come the fire had done it. He had gone into the forest and owned it. He scorched the land and only the flames could survive. The fire turned to the other forests, past the now burnt trees. *There is so much more land to scorch*, thought the fire. He marched right past the stumps and into another forest until all near forests had caught aflame.

World Burn

The fire entered a war. A war of fires and wood. The fire would win this war and conquer the world for no one was more powerful than him. He had scorched the other forests. Why couldn't he scorch these as well? He was captured and he was slaved. He burned and he fought. He scorched and teared. He ripped the innocent from their homes. Why wouldn't he be able to beat the world? For he was the world. A scorching burning ball.

A Flame

The fire had lost. The fire had lost? How could he lose? He had the world. He had the world? Did he really have the world? What did he have? It didn't matter because he had almost nothing anymore. Almost nothing at all. So he snuffed himself. And he burned. He burned just like all those before him. All of those who burned as a cause from him. He burned. He burned down until he was reduced to ashes.

A Little Flicker

Long after the man was dead till present day. Where we humans walk among the streets, fire still is here. But we can only learn and improve from learning from the fire. From improving from its mistakes. That then we can extinguish the fire.

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