

My Fictional Memoir (An Oxymoronic *Drabble)

A **small crowd** of locals witnessed the **crash landing** of our aptly-named **Lead Balloon**. Their **melancholy merriment** subdued as it was **even odds** that the **conspicuous absence** of our pilot meant another breathalyzer to determine if “Shooter” was **legally drunk**.

It was a **minor miracle** no one was injured; at least physically. Psychologically we would all remember the “**upward fall**” near-death we experienced .

“A refund is a **definite maybe**,” was the **properly ridiculous** quip from our **cheerfully pessimistic guest host**. **Militant pacifist** that I am, my **only choice** was a **silent scream** and **genuine imitation** of a **sad smile**.

Zwicky

*Drabble – A fictional story that is exactly 100 words long..