



# HOLY GUACAMOLE ROCK!

Updated: Jan 15, 2021

## J.J. Cunis's "HOLY GUACAMOLE ROCK!" Wins Flash Fiction Challenge (again)



*(The Indie United Flash Fiction Challenge requires doing a story with a picture as a prompt. The story can be no longer than 250 words. Photo copyright K. S. Brooks.)*

“Rocky, watch me pull a rabbit out of my hat ...”

“Again ...?”

“Nothing up my sleeve ... WHOA! HOLY GUACAMOLE, ROCK!”

Our hero was suddenly thunderstruck by a cow eyed over the shoulder ‘come hither, big boy’ glance. Little did he know a fiendish plot was afoot with this vision of loveliness.

“Where are ya going Bullwinkle? Jeepers creepers, we got a show to do. What about our fans?”

“Start without me little buddy, I got some oats to sew. Ya wouldn’t happen to have cheerios and a threaded needle, would ya?” replied a bewitched Bullwinkle as he pranced away absently pausing to pick daisies for his new amore.

“Hooky smoke, Bullwinkle, you look sick.”

“Psst, moose is coming. Lead him to trap. Make sure he fall in pit. I’ll take care of squirrel when he tries rescue.” hissed the notorious Boris Badenov, hiding in a succotash bush, near the ear of Mata Hari Moose, who little known to our heroes was none other than Natasha Fatale in disguise!

“But Dahlink, I not use to walk on hands and feets and I’m sweating like a ... a ... moose!”

“Shhhhh! Sharrup you mouth and wiggle those hips. We can’t disappoint Fearless Leader. ”

Will Rocky be able to snap his love sick pal out of it? Or will Bullwinkle be trapped in a sinking relationship?

Don’t miss our next exciting episode:

“Moose Lips Sink Dips” or

“The Moose O’ My Dreams was a Russian Floozy”

