

# Down the Creek

by Susan McCreery

My friend Jam once told me it can't be sunny every day.

It was just something she said while we were down the creek, waiting for the bell. Clarks discarded on the bank, we laid top to tail on a rock midstream, our legs dangling off the edges.

'Hey Poppy?

I turned my head, absorbing the rock's warmth into my cheek. She faced the sky with closed eyes. I stared into her ear canal, wondering if it really was possible to dig your finger in close enough to touch your brain.

'What do you want to be when you grow up?' She asked.

'Don't know.'

'What about when you were little?'

I didn't want to say. The creek dribbled below, parting at our small island, rejoining at the other side. 'I used to want to be an astronaut.' I confessed.

'That's hard. Maybe a weatherwoman?'

'That's not the same.'

She smiled, eyes still shut. I closed mine too and saw the backs of my eyelids glow pink as the sunlight beamed over. 'Maybe I'll just lie on rocks under the sun for a living.' I said.

'Just like this?'

I nodded.

'It can't be sunny every day.'



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