

Writing Prompt Drabbles

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Writing Prompt Drabbles

by [Taz](#)

Summary

There are things that can't be burned with fire.

Notes

This set of drabbles is done to kick-start the writing process. Friends provide an Object (which subsequently became the title) and a Subject for me to write about. I like the discipline drabbles require.

Iphicles (Hercules: the Legendary Journeys)

Chapter Notes

Object: Ares' Earring

The storm raging over the battlefield was his fury. His sword fell with the crack of thunder. Afterwards, he came to my tent and undressed, put aside the greaves, the scabbard and the bronze sword. The fire warmed his naked flesh, as well as mine.

And now he's sleeping, snoring softly. It would be easy to believe he's a man. But if, with one finger, I tuck that dark curl back behind his ear I'll see his only ornament. It's a dagger, a warrior's jewel, black handled, hanging from a silver loop.

He is the living blade. I'm his sheath.

Iphicles (Hercules: the Legendary Journies)

Chapter Notes

Object: Alexander

It's a good gig when you're on the move. Smoke, ashes, belladonna in the eyes -- promise the sooth, the whole sooth, and nothing but the sooth -- amulets, charms, love philters on the side. A performance for the local boss -- could be dinner and a good tip. I remember, particularly, one occasion in Pella when the whole ruling family, King, Queens, and kiddies had their fortunes told. The prince was twelve. And beautiful. Don't know why I said it, but I promised him immortality. The mother looked pleased; they usually are. The father...not so much. I skipped dinner.

Duncan (Highlander)

Chapter Notes

Object: Methos's Journal

It's sitting on the table. The corners are worn soft. There's a coffee blister spoiling the black and white marbled cover. I've watched him jot things down—dates, places, and faces. Written in what language? And it's easy to imagine that it's a History or even a Romance; that blue doodle in the corner might be someone's initials. What alphabet? What ink? I could give in to temptation and open the cover. But I'm going to leave it where he left it. As I turned the pages, I might discover that it's written in blood. Let it be a Mystery.

Lust (Highlander)

Chapter Notes

Object: Methos

"Why?" the Sphinx said.
Because, I'm bored; he's a mystery.

"Why?" the Sphinx said.
Because, I'm stolid; he leads me astray.

Why?" the Sphinx said.
Because, I'm a fool; he teaches.

"Why?" the Sphinx said.
Because, I'm alone; he's a friend.

"Why?" the Sphinx said.
Because, time is an ocean; he's a compass.

"Why?" the Sphinx said.
Because, I starve; his scent is bread.

"Why?" the Sphinx said.
Because, I freeze; his body is fire.

"Why?" the Sphinx said.
Because, I burn; his mind is water

"Why?" the Sphinx said.
Because, he's dangerous; I need to live.

The Sphinx smiled.

Cafe Carolina (Highlander)

The waitress probably thought *one cup, second refill, cheap tip* and hadn't bothered swiping at the spill. Just not in the mood to flirt, he dipped his finger in the puddle and traced the letter M over and over on the pink Formica, like a schoolboy with his hornbook. The marks vanished instantly in the bars of sunlight slanting through the blinds. The finger stilled. He looked up and caught the waitress's eye. "Blueberry pie." The doorbell *ting-a-linged*. The drone of engines and a whiff of diesel swelled along with the Presence. "Two slices. And another cup of coffee."

Fragment 4Q491 (Highlander)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"What do you think of this?"

Methos glanced over MacLeod's shoulder at the fragment in the display case. The language was ancient, the ink faded and the parchment dark with age. Archival lighting didn't help, but someone nearby was reading out loud from the catalog: "...it says 'A manual of military strategy discovered among the Dead Sea Scrolls. The *Rule of War* describes an apocalyptic battle between the Sons of Light and an Army of Darkness. In the end, Darkness will be destroyed and Light will reign for eternity.'"

"Oh, hey!" Methos said. "I wondered where that had gotten to."

Chapter End Notes

Jaciem's prompt was "Methos/journal scattered" and as it happened... ;)

Fling (Highlander)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Leave the old grump; I’ll take you.” Ritchie proffered his elbow. “Where to m’lady?”

“The past.” Amanda kissed his cheek. “Take me to Bonwit's, Wannamaker’s and Gimbal’s. I want pale blue kid gloves and a bonnet with spring flowers. I want cotton pantalets and ruffled camisoles. I want flimsy silk step-ins, nylon stockings and peek-a-boo garters. I want to barge up the Nile in my Maidenform bra.” She inclined further and her *Chanel No. 5* went to his head, as she whispered in his reddening ear, “And then you'll buy me a sundae.”

“Anywhere,” Richie vowed. “I’ll take you anywhere.”

Chapter End Notes

Written for Twistedchick who requested Highlander - the prompt was Richie takes Amanda shopping.

The Saffron Gatherers (Highlander)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I remember a young girl in a jacket and flounced skirt just returned from plucking crocus flowers. Pollen – auspicious, red-gold, precious and good – stained her fingers. The ground shivered as I kissed her and we looked around in confusion at the boats suddenly riding waves higher than the pier. The sky looked bruised, like the blush on a plum, and the air smelled of sulfur and saffron. We weren't fools who ignored hints from the gods. I took her. And it's here that I've brought you, Alexa – auspicious, red-gold, precious and good – to show you the heart of my life.

Chapter End Notes

For Dragonfly who requested Highlander. The prompt was - Methos took Alexa to Santorini

The Catalyst (Highlander)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

I might tell Joe I recalled a previous engagement, had gone to a movie, or was simply not at home, and answer your questions over the phone... No, I'll wait for your fist to fall on the door. The cunning process that sets us free of time, sets us free to seek...what? The universal solvent? Water has always existed. The Philosopher's Stone? Reactors transmute base metal and, in our case, the Elixir of Life would be redundant. Forbye, friends and lovers turn to dust, but silence is not consumed; the only thing for an alchemist to seek is redemption.

Chapter End Notes

Done for L'ferion to the prompt - Methos: Silver, Silence, and Achecmy.

Mixed Emotions (House)

Chapter Notes

Object: House's Cane

Don't wave that thing at me, whining that you're a cripple. I know your true identity, the one you hide under the white coat you're not wearing. That cane may look like forty inches of polished walnut, but when you tap it on the ground you become a god — the Lord of the Trenchant Remark, whose tongue is surgical steel honed sharper than a scalpel blade. Flick! Flick! You strike with such precision that the sacrifice doesn't even know he's been cut, until he smells the blood.

That's why I sawed it in half and dumped you on your ass.

Don Quixote (The Man From Uncle/Highlander)

"...to fight the unbeatable foe..." Methos winced; the singer was off-key. Then the streetlight exploded and an angel dropped into his arms. He laid the angel on the ground. There was blood, and footsteps clattering down the fire escape. Under such circumstances one doesn't question the wisdom of bringing a knife to a gun fight; it's quick and quiet. When he returned, the angel (prince or poet?) was tucking a pen into his breast pocket. Methos sheathed his sword. The angel smiled. "Go, quickly my Knight of the Woeful Countenance, there will be questions, and I think I prefer the dream."

Eternity is Forever (Moonlight)

Through the window I see where my bride lies sweetly sleeping in a sea broth of foaming lace. They may seek to part us, but my cunning is more than a match for their clumsy efforts. I thirst. My fangs ache to pierce her tender flesh. I must feed. I begin to pry the casement window open, and...

“Mick?” My bride peers down at me from the second story window. “Are you all right?”

“My foot slipped. God that hurts! Josef, do we *have* to play Vlad and Lucy?”

“I suppose not,” my ‘bride’ pouts. “Maybe you could be Lucy?”

What Sherlock Said When Mycroft Started to Gain (Sherlock BBC)

Don't act surprised. You, of all people, could never convince me that you don't notice the way the ministers and members react to you. They can't help it. It's unconscious. Use it. Because, truth is, it suits you. It suits your position. It gives you the right gravitas. It says Churchill and bumbershoots and old whiskey in good crystal and...I like it. I like slipping my arms around you and not embracing a bag of bones. It's comfy, an extra eiderdown at night. I feel I have something to lean against. Believe me; I was not suggesting a diet.

Morgue at Barts (Sherlock BBC)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“He was found in a sub-basement with no identification, and no apparent cause of death,” Molly said. “You may as well have at.”

“I intend to.”

“Tea?”

No. Sherlock's attention was only for the body bag. *Thwack! Thwack!* And the sound of the riding crop striking vinyl wasn't as sickening as the greed on his face.

It was fortunate Molly ran when she did. She missed what happened when he unzipped the bag to see the damage he'd wrought...only to have his wrist seized, and the toothsome young man inside say, “What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

Chapter End Notes

For cordelia_v who asked for Sherlock and anything with vampires.

Snow Globe (Star Trek Reboot)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"Got it at the state fair when I was seven."

Spock considered the contents of the glass dome with puzzlement. Inside was a barn, a smiling cow and four stalks of corn--a miniature landscape out of all proportion. On the base was written *A Souvenir of Iowa*.

"What does it do?"

"It's a snow globe. Watch--" Kirk shook it. The world vanished in a white maelstrom. "Just like winter back home."

As the 'snow' slowly settled, the tranquil scene re-emerged as if it had never been threatened.

"Like home..." Spock whispered, trying to imagine *A Souvenir of Vulcan*.

Chapter End Notes

Prompt from was from ratcreature: Star Trek 2009 - Spock and a kitschy snow globe.

Speaking Volumes (Star Trek Reboot)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

"So, it's war?"

"You would say that." Uhura slapped *Moby Dick* on the counter, credit stick on top, cursing *Damn the man!* under her breath. Lingered in front of those Vulcan sand globes. So much for a four hour shore leave -- no drinks... or anything else. Not with Captain Marvelous hanging around. If Spock had a shred of intuition, Kirk would be head down a Jeffries Tube...

"I'll take this one." Kirk put his selection down.

The clerk raised an eyebrow.

"What are you buying?" Courtesy compelled asking.

"*The Joy Of Threesomes*. If you can't beat 'em..."

"Never!" Uhura vowed.

Chapter End Notes

Prompt from Ratcreature: Star Trek 2009 - Uhura in a bookstore

Thursday at the Seven-11 (Supernatural)

“What do you want for dinner?”

“The new issue of Busty Asian Beauties.”

“Food! We’ve only got twenty dollars and we need gas. I’m getting the Polish with kraut and a soda. You want the two hot dogs with chili and cheese and a Big Gulp deal?”

“I want a T-bone steak and a salad.”

“You’re having tube steak and a Twinkie.”

“Tube steak?”

“What Dad used to call hot dogs.”

“That sounds obscene.”

“I know. C’mere.”

“What are you doing?”

“Looking for change.”

“Get your hand out of my pocket! It looks like you’re feeling me up.”

“That, too.”

If I had known... (Supernatural)

I've fallen.

I said, *What is this...?*

I confess I was hurt when you laughed. Then you put your finger to my lips and said, *Oh, shut up*, and drew me down and showed me how to fit the key into the lock. The gate opened and I came into a place of pleasure, a garden...

If I had known...

Blame it on this stubborn flesh. It isn't mine but it remembers love and wills me not to be alone.

Oh, my brothers of the dawn, Paradise is worth damnation; if I had known, I would have done it sooner.

8/07/2011

As In Heaven? (Supernatural)

How could he...? Castiel wonders to himself as he rolls the two of them over. He doesn't want to pull out, but Dean just came—again; he's flat out useless. The new position requires lifting and shifting until Cas has Dean's knees over his shoulders and almost bent double. Cas can follow every shade of pleasure crossing his face as he thrusts. And Cas thrusts. He takes Dean's hardness in his hand and pumps. He listens to the soft cries.... *Please, Cas....* Castiel leans over. He tastes Dean's tears. *How could a truly loving father leave this out of heaven?*

Like A Virgin? (Supernatural)

My fault! He had that just-hatched baby chick look on his face. How could I let him run around with all that angel food in his pants going to waste?

Cas! What do you think you are—the Energizer bunny? Gimme a break already! I'm going to be dribbling spunk for a month. Does it scare demons? You think Crowley won't be able to tell! You think he'll keep his mouth shut?

Sam! Get your ass back here before he fucks me to death. I swear I won't make another joke about you dying with a smile on your face.

The Seventh Sin (Supernatural/Moonlight)

“Jealous?”

“You’re not? We’re sitting in fucking L.A. traffic, eating Drake’s Cakes, while those guys,” Dean jabbed the window, “are at a sidewalk table, drinking hundred dollar wine. That guy in the designer shades thinks he’s way too cool.”

‘That guy’— more than six feet from where the Impala sat amid a cacophony of blaring horns — raised his dark glasses and gave the car a serious once-over. Catching Dean’s eye, he mouthed *Nice*, just as the traffic opened up.

“He heard you!”

“Impossible.” Dean floored the gas pedal.

Mick turned to Josef. “I wanted one of those so bad.”

Proof of Life (Supernatural)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

We'd stopped at a roadside picnic table in Ohio. After lunch, I let them run off to explore a culvert; maybe catch some frogs. I was wiping up spilled lemonade, Sam was shouting at Dean to *Come look at this!* when a butterfly fluttered close. I held out my hand; it landed on my finger, touching down lightly, and spread its stained-glass purple wings to show off their lacy edges. Its small claws gripped as if it would never let go. The boys were fighting pretend demons with cattail spears for swords. I thought of you all of that day.

Chapter End Notes

For a prompt from dorothy1901 : John/butterfly

The Sword of an Angel King (Supernatural)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

You knock it off with the crying, sighing and groaning. Hear me? Yeah, I know you're there... celestial snoop. Want your cards read? I've got a special deck here. See. Pretty. Got wings. Bet it frosts yours that something made of dust can do it, when you celestial choirboys ain't got a clue. Here's the thing; it's not a trick, or magic. It's a God-given talent that He didn't give you. We know when someone's in love. We know when a heart's gonna break. That's what I see for... don't you bother manifesting, Feathers, I like my eyes, thank you.

Chapter End Notes

For a prompt from dorothy1901: Missouri/angels

The Sash (Supernatural)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Those are my wings, from when I flew up... Oh, funny, Winchester. This one's for Campfire Skills... I'll knock you on your sit-upon. Bet you can't toast a marshmallow without setting it on fire. That one's Self-Defense. That one's Wilderness Survival. That one's for hunting... Yeah, *that* kind of hunting. We had a very progressive troop leader; my mother. What do you think Girl Scouting's about today, anyway? Tying knots? No, *that* would be the *Boy* Scouts. That one? For selling a hundred boxes of... All right! That's it! I'm going to shove a Thin Mint were the sun don't shine.

Chapter End Notes

For a prompt from dorothy1901: Jo/Girl Scouts

Survivor (Avengers)

“Colonel?”

“Give me a minute.”

Skyscrapers cast their length in evening shadows on heaps of rubble. Fury, perched on a fallen cornice, ignored the softness, urgently butting his hand and pondered New York, a city experienced in cleaning up in the aftermath. This war fought high, had left had fewer broken gas mains and fewer fires but he could smell putrefaction under the rubble and the husks of Chitauri gave off an odor like dead fireflies in a jar.

“Colonel... hovercraft's waiting.”

“Yeah,” Fury stood. “Let's go,” He picked up the tiny tiger kitten and tucked it inside his coat.

Know Me? (Hannibal)

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

For the first time since being incarcerated, Will was hard. The novelty, and the thought of Chilton drooling, kept him from relieving himself. He lay still, throbbing, analyzing his recovered memories: relief as the tube came out; Lecter's touch, tender as a first kiss, selfish as a baby rooting at the breast. *How am I alive?* With the thought, something stirred in the reptilian depths of Will's brain. *To know me? No. Me.* It presented him with the abrupt sensation of Lecter's mouth nuzzling him... *He wants me to feed him...* and was unprepared for the force of his orgasm.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal's drabble? Had to be done.

The Itch (Hawaii Five-0)

“Danno!” He dove into the froth at the bottom of the falls and erupted in front of me a couple of minutes later—water everywhere—pulled himself out and floped down.

“Shoulder.”

“What?”

“Got an itch.”

He can’t help giving orders; I’m a pal; I oblige.

“Harder!” I go harder. But all that undulating geography—golden hills, pale gullies with slow meandering rivulets—is lying beside me, glistening in the sun.

“Lower...”

I go lower.

“Lower.”

“C’mon lazy, my fingers are tired!”

“Lower!”

“Here?”

“Ye...oof!”

“How ‘bout here?”

“*Mmm....*”

At least I’m not too lazy to scratch my own itch.

Daniel and the Goddess (Lucifer TV)

Chapter Summary

Dan and Charlotte go at it.

“How did you—?”

Dan was flat on the bed, naked, with Charlotte straddling his thighs.

“Shut up.”

“This isn’t turning out how I thought it would.”

She bore down, impaling herself.

“No foreplay tonight?”

“Do I have to cut your tongue out?”

He caught a whiff of iodine and sea salt, along with a hint of Joy, as her fire engulfed him, the pulse of her inner muscles began rippling up and down his prick. His mind exploded like a Catherine wheel, throwing off flares of carmine, crimson and purple light, and out beyond Antares new stars began appearing.

Reliquary (Lucifer TV)

Amenadiel tossed a match into the dumpster. The flames leapt high.

Divinity stunk of naphtha, melting plastic and feathers.

A trash bag at the bottom swelled and burst and the up-draft sent a cloud of sparks and ash boiling into the air. The embers fell around them, and one snowy bit of down, landed on the crown of Linda's head.

Horried, Amenadiel reached, but the bit of fluff glowed briefly, as if it were mocking him, and melted into a curl.

Linda had clapped a hand over her nose. "Honestly, they should go poof!"

"I agree," Amenadiel said, with feeling.

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