

SS Reed's STORY FICTION



March 2024

Volume 5

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STORY FICTION

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To whoever felt drawn to open this book.

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WHAT IS STORY FICTION?

A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

Time

Space

Reality

Physics

Logic

Human behavior

In the world of Story Fiction,
what you know may not always apply.

Story Fiction, as a genre,
can't be given a formal or official meaning.
Though its voice is meant for everyone to hear
(no matter what age, gender or background),
its words that day may be gifted to you alone.

So then, how would you describe it to others?

Well...

Get cozy in your favorite chair.

Pour yourself a glass of your favorite drink.

Snuggle up in that comfy blanket.

Spend a moment of your time with us.

Explore the world we have to offer.

And ask yourself,

as you walk through this story,

connect with these characters...

...what is the voice speaking to you?

SNEAK PEEK

A CAT NAMED G

w/ CIEL AUGUSTE

...There she is!

It's been a week now since I took on this case.

My sister brought me a lost pet flyer she found.

A Chartreux cat, female.

Says she responds to the name G.

(A bit odd, but not my cat to name.)

You think the life of a great detective
would mean solving murders at luxury estates
or uncovering grand conspiracies.

And, yeah, I am called to such cases.

(Just recently, I stopped a phantom thief
from stealing the legendary Crystal Pearl.)

But, more often than not, it gets pretty slow.

In times like these, I like to take cases from around town.

A murder here, a kidnapping there,
maybe even a fraud case on the side.

The week had pretty much slowed to a crawl
when Marie showed up with the flyer.

I took it on the spot.

Cats—pets in general, really—are not the easiest to find.
Assuming they haven't, well, passed on,
they're not likely to stay in one place,
unless they were maybe injured.

Or if a human intervened.

If an animal seems like a stray,
it's not uncommon for them to be taken to a shelter
or taken by a human who wants a new pet.

But G seems to have a collar,
so it would be obvious she has an owner.

Not to mention it has a bell,
so there's more likely of a chance for witnesses...

This was my line of thinking for the next several days.

Eventually, I went over the evidence,
the mentioned and recorded sightings of her,
and connected the dots in my head.

They all pointed to the local fairgrounds.

I grab some catnip and fresh tuna and head to the fair.
By the time I arrive, the sun's starting to set.

Thankfully, I find her almost immediately.

She's weaving through the crowds
as if she were an ordinary person.
Clicking my tongue won't work in this loud a setting.
For now, all I can do is follow behind her.

I pace myself.
Not too fast to startle her,
but not too slow to lose track.

She takes a turn into a secluded area off the beaten path.
Not necessarily a staff area,
but no patron would think twice about this place.

G sits in the center.

Grooming herself,

not really paying attention to her surroundings.

Checkmate.

This area has nowhere to run or hide, even for a cat.

She's trapped as long as I stand by the entrance.

I kneel down to her level,

clicking my tongue and holding the tuna in my hands.

She notices and slowly strolls over.

Cautious, but not too so.

G reaches the tuna and gives it a sniff,

and as she opens her mouth...

...Eh, I'm more of a salmon kinda cat.

—!?

...That...I just imagined that, right?

G—this *cat*...those were **words** she just spoke, right??

Of course they were. Cats are rather smart, you know?

And I've done my fair share of reading.

...Okay, I didn't realize that G would be this...well-versed.

Either way, a job's a job, and I need to get you to your owner.

Don't bother, I put those posters up myself.

Figured someone would see them

and come looking for me eventually.

And now, here we are.

...Is this a joke? I feel like I've been baited here.

You could say that.

G waltzes back to the center of the room.

I wanted to attract someone

with the wisdom and determination to find me.

I figured a private or consulting detective would come along,

but a famed genius like yourself? What a surprise!

I'd be lying if I didn't say I felt flattered,

but there's so much here I don't understand.

Who exactly is G?

Was she always a talking cat?

And why does she need someone like me?

I can at least answer that last one.

G sits down. There's a serious glint in her eyes.

I need you to solve a mystery for me.

You'll be compensated, of course, but I can't promise it'll be easy.

You'll understand everything in just a moment.

I dunno, I—wait, in just a moment?

What do you—?!

The bell rings on G's collar.

I feel myself getting dizzy.

My body falls limp,

and everything goes black...

ENJOY THE SNEAK PEEK?

Check out the full version of this volume on [Amazon](#), [Barnes & Noble](#), or [wherever you might buy books](#). Read 5 short stories of the Story Fiction genre, Nonfiction Avenue where we discuss story theory, Spotlight Corner where we look at my personal storytelling inspirations, and a Story Challenge to hone your storytelling prowess and worldview.

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