

Three Guess Who's Talking Challenge Responses

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Rated: PG

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Summary: These three vignettes are in response to the "Guess Who's Talking" challenge.

Story Size: 485 words (3Kb as text)

These three vignettes are in response to the "Guess Who's Talking" challenge (http://www.lcficmbs.com/ubb/ultimatebb.php?ubb=get_topic;f=3;t=000755#000000). This challenge involves a puzzle in which an inanimate object relates its story and the reader has to guess what it is. Feel free to e-mail me for the answers. :-)

I don't know why I am hooked on him. He's a coward. He hides behind me all the time. I know perfectly well that he is just using me. He doesn't need me -- not really. He often takes off without me. But he always comes back, and when he faces me, I cling to him every time.

And yet, he knows me so well. He sees right through me. Oh, I try to hide things from him, but all he has to do is look over me and he sees everything.

Still, there's nothing I enjoy more than sitting on him and hugging his head. Pretty pathetic, huh?

Who (what) am I?

He's a pervert! He keeps me imprisoned in this place for days on end. He only takes me out to look at me longingly and to hold me. But even as he caresses me, he talks about how much he loves her. And when he is finished fondling me, he puts me back into my dark cell.

Once, he took me out and showed me to her. I liked her immediately and wanted to hang around her, but she rejected me. He was obviously as disappointed as I was, because shortly thereafter, he just tossed me out. Barely had I time to savour my freedom before he captured me again and forced me back into solitary confinement.

Sometimes I really feel as though -- Oh, wait! What's happening? He's taking me out once more and -- Oh look! There's that pretty lady again. And this time, she is accepting me. I really do like her! She nearly has me wrapped around her little finger already.

So...Guess who (what) is talking.

The rest of the world misunderstands me, but not him. He knows precisely what I stand for, and I am grateful for his discernment.

We are inseparable -- anywhere he goes, I go, too. He keeps me near to his heart, and he stands behind me all the way. In fact, whenever people think of one of us, they think of the other, too. We're that close a couple.

I am proud to proclaim to the world that I am his and his

alone. I love him!
Who (what) am I?

p.s., A hint for the second vignette: The apparent typo is intentional.

THE END