



*Flashes in The Black  
Drabbles and other  
Pitch Black Flash Fiction*



*By Ardath Rekha*

# Flashes in the Black:

## Drabbles and other Pitch Black Flash Fiction

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**Synopsis:** “Flash Fiction” refers to super-short stories, generally of 500 words or less. “Drabbles” are works of flash fiction exactly 100 words in length. This is a collection of short-short stories inspired by micro-fiction challenges and fandom interactions. See the notes after each individual story for further details about each challenge and/or inspiration. Each of these stories is a stand-alone work, unrelated to the others.

**Category:** Fan Fiction

**Fandom:** *Pitch Black*

**Series:** None

**Challenges:** See individual story notes.

**Rating:** M (overall)

**Orientations:** Gen (“Lost in the Ocean of Night” and “Holy War”); Het (Plot) (“Captive Daydream” and “Payment in Full”)

**Pairings:** None (“Lost in the Ocean of Night” and “Holy War”); Mystery Pairings (“Captive Daydream” and “Payment in Full”)

**Warnings:** Adult Situations, Controversial Subject Matter (Predatory Grooming Practices, in “Holy War”), Sexual Situations, Death

**Number of Stories:** 4

**Net Word Count:** 541

**Total Word Count:** 1,147

**Anthology Length:** Flash Fiction

**First Posted:** August 25, 2002

**Last Updated:** June 27, 2003

**Status:** Complete

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## Payment in Full

Writhing, fighting. Pressed together in the shadows. Unbelievable, incredible feelings spiking through her. Not *him* but the feelings are almost like it is. Almost close enough.

He rocks into her viciously, sending torrents of pleasure through her system. She doesn't know if she can survive. They shudder together, their releases striking in unison.

Pulling back, he gazes at her with thoughtful eyes. A lump hardens her throat. It almost felt like *him*, but those eyes... are wrong.

"Thanks for the breather," he says, his voice awkward, as he draws back and moves away.

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**Notes:** Writing Challenge from Ally Ranger: Write a sex scene using 100 words or less... 20 words of dialogue maximum... no names may be used. So all I'm going to tell you is that these are two canon characters from *Pitch Black*. The rest is a mystery you must solve. Thanks to Chicky for clueing me in on this... this was COOL!

—August 25, 2002

## Captive Daydream

She imagined *him* capturing her.

She would step around, behind the ship and away from the others for a moment alone and there *he'd* be. His large hand would cover her mouth and his strong arm would wrap around her waist as he would lift her and carry her away from the ship.

He'd take her to a secluded place, an undiscovered cargo container maybe. And then he'd tie her down, stripping her clothes away from her body, his hands exploring...

"*Tell* me that was you just now." Those accusing words jolted her out of her momentary reverie.

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**Notes:** Fic Challenge from Ally Ranger: Write a sex scene using 100 words or less... 20 words of dialogue maximum... no names may be used. So all I'm going to tell you is that these are two canon characters from *Pitch Black*. The rest is a mystery you must solve... but this one is a gimme.

—August 27, 2002

# Holy War

I watch the two of them together, from my seat on the floor, and wish things would have gone differently.

Carolyn could have prevented this. Shazza would have. But both are dead and now the girl is unprotected. And *he* is reeling her in.

She admires him. I know this. It offends me that she can think so well of him after everything that happened. Of course, she did not hear Carolyn's whispered secret. She does not know that we were almost abandoned. And she does not know what he made Carolyn do on the wet ground beneath the skiff, to ransom back our lives.

He claimed, upon his return, that the monsters took our captain. But those are the monsters within his own heart. The demons within his black soul. And I had the *audacity* to think Allah had sped him back to us...

Still, Allah has turned the tools of Shaitan against themselves, and their master, before.

He will prey upon the girl. His smiles, his charm, they are weapons he will use upon her even as she willingly invites him within. Will he make her take Carolyn's place? Is he that twisted? I do not know for certain but I cannot risk it.

Islam is peace. I am a man of peace. But Mohammad himself carried the sword into battle, when the cause was righteous. And what cause could be more righteous than defending the honor and innocence of a child?

*Allahu akbar*, Richard Riddick must die.

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**Notes:** This is in response to LadyElaine's fiction challenge. The stipulations: No more than 250 words (this is exactly 250 words — LOL!) and no dialogue. Any Vin movie but TFATF. I hope a first-person narrative doesn't violate the "no thoughts" aspect, but this is what came to me. Woo hoo!

—September 26, 2002

# Lost in the Ocean of Night

A vast, starlit ocean surrounded him.

He wondered what it had been like, ages back, to gaze up at the sky and think one was seeing *all* the stars, not knowing that the heavens were so full, so jeweled, so...

...holy.

The other two were afraid. The girl was terrified, and the man, for all his protestations that he knew what God had planned for him, was as well. The food was gone. The water, gone. And the glittering ocean before them was unending still.

Imam Abu Al Walid, though, smiled, closed his eyes, and gave himself over to heaven.

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**Notes:** This is my response to Ally's 100-word Drabble Challenge. It also owes a huge debt to Cinnabari and her magnificent piece, "Luxuries." (If you haven't read it, you must. You **MUST!**)

—June 27, 2003