

“Pencil”

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[30 Days of Writing](#) – One Word Prompts
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Day 10: “Pencil”

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Tap. Tap. Tap.

Carla looked up from her comic book, eyes narrowing. The pencil struck the corner of the table again. She breathed in deeply and tried to ignore it.

Tap.

Tap.

She exhaled sharply, gripped the corner of her page. She stared at the colored ink until the images and text blurred together.

Tap-tap-tap-tap-tap-tap.

“Oh, for fuck's sake!” She flung the comic onto the table, leaned across it, and snatched the pencil from Dylan's grip. She snapped it in half and flung the pieces at him. “Can you just... stop? For five fucking minutes?”

He blinked slowly and turned his face up toward her. Instead of being surprised by her outburst, he looked amused. “Well, you 'aven't given me much of a choice now, 'ave ya?” He paused, then grinned. “That was *your* pencil, love.”

Carla rolled her eyes and grabbed her comic. “I hate you so much,” she told him, “you know that? I really hate you.”

“Oh, I know. You tell me at least five time a day.”

“And I mean it more and more each day.”