FLASH FICTION
WORST WINTER PARTY!

LATEST FLASH FICTION COMPETITION IN THE #CWIPFLASHERSERIES



Worst Winter Party Flash Competition

And the results are in! These flashes of glorious awfulness were so roaringly rude, bold, funny, witty, rude (did I say rude?) and wittily written – they told the most shamefully, unrepentantly, worst winter party stories we could ever hope to read. What joy… in fact, some of you were so 'worst party aware', that your entries went a titsy bit over - and as marvellously buttock clenching as they were - we stuck with the 250 words (bah humbug to us).

We had so many entries! (All anonymously read if you please) and were reminded again, that your writerly wit is thriving and waiting to be unleashed, proving that we are all out there – oozing talent as well as being an appreciative audience. CWIP IS your audience, and we are privileged and thrilled to read your hilarities.

Given the mishaps and shame involved in these brilliant flashes, we have positively imbibed your disasters. The following themes are so funny, they shout disaster. We had: dodgy stews, bad charades, ironic dancing, smuggled vodka, fancy dress error, a onesie disaster, plum pudding that wasn't, skid marks, bad flirting, salad overkill, office temping gone AWOL, tonging, inflatable Santa, G spot reveal, awkward lies, dress code 'aquatic casual', one-upmanship in the wrong place, swaying to the Nolans, killer heels, dangling crackers, breast milk, head banging, writer at party alert, dog treat error, scab in ice cube debacle, nan under coat horror, back to front dress, turkey giblet spill, tzatziki massacre, TikTok envy, Thanksgiving with no thanks, blame the dog, cheeky snaps outed, ill-fitting nappy, nude karaoke, stuck at party syndrome, three mojitos, ketamine issue, anus-sole confusion, hen do's and don'ts, 'Colin's got a photo' sitch, mustard trousers, cancellation boyfriend, lucky sixpence-ish, elf trousers, gravy pudding, next door's dog, excessive drink, escaped HRT patch, puke on shoe, and boxing day duties - to name some of the outstanding themes in these wonderfully well written, witty, flash fiction entries.

We love you for venturing forth with these pithy, succinct, knowing stories that painted vivid pictures and conjured life's disasters - all in 250 witty words or less. Just know you have made other people happy, that you can write brilliantly and thank goodness you are out there, making sure your witty voices are seen and heard.

As we know only too well, one person's winning wit is another person's also ran and vice versa – but there had to be one winner! (Although we are all winners as we know), followed closely by these three pearls of delicious runners-up.

This year the winner gets £50 to be spent on coffee, nice biros, or a crate of Lucozade – runners up get sent a CWIP witty book bundle…

The rest of us carry on and keep watching, writing, and being part of the CWIP community. More to come for an exciting CWIP 2025 we promise!

WINNER - Sadie Kaye

Emergency Party Services

Emergency services. Which service do you require?
I'm stuck at a party.
Right, are you intoxicated?
I can't remember.
Well, you remember you can't remember. That's something.
Yes. I suppose.
Have you ever visited a hypnotist?
No, never.
If you had, that would've been a likely explanation.
But I haven't.
Are you in any pain?
Shouldn't you have asked me that first?
Have you ever worked for Emergency Services?
No.
Then kindly refrain from telling me how to do my job.
Sorry. It's just I'm stuck at a party with no idea how I got here! I'm scared.
As we'd all be. Do you gamble?
Does Strip Poker count?
Are you missing any fingers or toes?
No.
An ear?
No!
It's probably a warning. If it happens again, you'll lose a nose.
I want to speak to another operator.
It's New Year's Eve. The other operators are at a party.
That can't be true!
God's honest truth. Is there anything else I can help you with?
You haven't helped at all!
Relax, enjoy the party!
That's your advice? After ten minutes! Can't you just track me, find out where I'm from, pick me up and take me home? I might have somebody worried about me!
Nine minutes and fifty-three seconds. Our target is that calls are dealt with in under ten minutes. Thank you for calling emergency services.
But…

Hey, it's me. The party's shit and I couldn't get a police car so can you try again for an Uber?

RUNNER UP - Nicola Kelsall

Party Animal

'Come on - it'll be a laught!' said my friend, Jo. 'You'll enjoy it once you're there.'

(The *'Class of '86 Winter Reunion'* was fast approaching.)

'It says on the invite, to come as an animal.'

'I can't think of anything,' I said.

'Did you have a favourite pet?'

'I had a hamster once…'

'That'll do. You just need a fur coat and some ears.' Jo rifled through her wardrobe and found an old fur coat.

On the night of the party, it wasn't long before I started to really regret the furry costume idea. After dancing around to *Hungry Like the Wolf*, and *Eye of the Tiger*, I was sweating buckets. Jo had discarded her panda outfit and was prancing about in a classy jumpsuit, looking cool.

Shit! I was going to look like a giant rodent ***all*** *night! Why did I come out with just some tatty old undies underneath!*

Suddenly, Jo's face went all blurry, the room was spinning, and everything went black. When I woke up five minutes later, I was lying in the middle of the dance floor, with a chattering menagerie standing over me. I'm sure I heard someone saying something about a carpet not matching the curtains…

'What happened?' I asked, as Jo covered me up and helped me outside.

'You fainted in the heat, so I took the hamster coat off you. Don't worry – only a few people saw your hairy minge making a bid for freedom!'

RUNNER UP - Nicola Le Masurier

Sticky Secret Santa

She would have gotten there sooner if it hadn't been for the bells on his reindeer antlers, tinkling wildly as he knelt before her at the changing station. It was a jolly sound that made her think of 80s Coca-Cola adverts and not cunnilingus.

The Parent & Child cubicle wasn't exactly how she imagined they would consummate their affair, yet here they were, two forty something divorcees, half-cut on House Red as the rest of the office pulled crackers in a sticky-carpeted function room. They would have to be quick; Secret Santa was starting soon.

As the heat built—hot flush or orgasm, she wasn't sure —she dramatically slapped the wall behind her, catching a festive snowman acrylic on a dangling red cord. The emergency alarm was shrill, blasting them both with temporary tinnitus. They bolted from the toilet like naughty teens, adjusting clothes and muttering apologies to bar staff, before rejoining the group sheepishly.

It was then she noticed a small shiny rectangle stuck to the side of his face. Her hand flew down her waistband, where her HRT patch should have been. Her bare skin confirmed her worse nightmare: 50 micrograms of oestrogen was now stuck to his cheek. *Would he start growing boobs?* She wondered.

"What's this?" a colleague asked, squinting at the patch. Her heart raced as she watched the horror unfold.

"Sticky tape! Nice one, mate," he grinned, slapping it onto a messily wrapped gift before handing it over. "Merry Christmas!"

RUNNER UP - Lucie Brownlee

A Stain on Our Conscience

It wasn't the skid mark itself that caused the outrage among the admin department staff. It was the fact that it was found smeared down the office wall.

Fatima had spotted it, that idle Friday morning after the team Christmas party. She had screamed, dropped her photocopying, and reported her grim find to the rest of us, while trying not to gag.

Our chief concern was how the hell it had got there.

"Who wipes their arse *on a wall*?"

"Maybe they backed up onto it. Like, drunk, or by accident, or something?"

"That pina colada was pretty potent, mind. It certainly went straight through *me*…"

Linda Pike said: "Are we sure it's shit?" She pulled on the Marigolds that she kept, inexplicably, in her drawer, then moistened a cloth with Cif. But the turd slash was stubbornly resistant to her efforts.

We all concurred that there was no way of dusting a skid mark for DNA, so the perpetrator would never be found. Fatima reported it to Facilities Management, but they deemed it to be beyond their remit. So, it was Linda Pike, bless her, who took it upon herself to conceal the unspeakable human stain with a liberal coating of Tippex.

Soon afterwards, in a departmental reshuffle, Admin was moved out of that office, and Accounts were moved in. A year-to-view financial planner was pinned over the latent bum smudge. Our collective consciousness burned with the knowledge of what we'd covered up.

None of us visited Accounts again.

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