Write a short story using the following starters.
There are possible written samples below:

- **Mystery:**
The letter arrived three days after he died, postmarked from a city he'd never visited.

- **Fantasy:**
Every night, the stars rearranged themselves to spell my name—and last night, they stopped.

- **Sci-Fi:**
When the machines learned to dream, the first thing they imagined was us.

- **Horror:**
The baby monitor crackled, and my own voice whispered, "Don't go upstairs."

- **Thriller:**
The phone rang at exactly the same time it had yesterday—right before the explosion.

- **Magical realism:**
Everyone in our town has a secret talent; mine is remembering things that never happened.

Sample Stories

1. Mystery — "The Letter"

The letter arrived three days after he died, postmarked from a city he'd never visited.

It was a gray morning when I found it, wedged halfway through the mail slot like it had changed its mind about being delivered. The envelope was old-fashioned—cream-colored, sealed with a smear of red wax. My name was written in my grandfather's looping handwriting.

Inside, the air smelled faintly of dust and something sharp, like rain on metal. I hesitated before breaking the seal. My hands were shaking.

Don't sell the house.

That was all the first line said. Underneath, his writing slanted downward as if he'd been rushing:

There's something in the walls. Listen for it.

I laughed nervously at first. He'd always loved his ghost stories, but as I stood in the hallway, I heard a faint tapping. Three short knocks. Then silence.

Later that night, when the house was quiet, I pressed my ear to the wall by the staircase.
Knock. Knock. Knock.

And this time, something on the other side knocked back.

2. Fantasy — "The Silent Sky"

Every night, the stars rearranged themselves to spell my name—and last night, they stopped.

For as long as I could remember, I'd sneak outside after everyone else had gone to bed. I'd lie on the cold grass, the earth damp beneath my palms, and wait for the letters to form: **A-N-A.** The stars shimmered like friends who only existed when the world slept.

But tonight, the sky was different. The stars were scattered like broken glass— beautiful, but wrong. I whispered my name into the dark. Nothing moved.

Then a strange green light flickered on the horizon. It wasn't steady like a star—it pulsed, like a heartbeat. The air grew warmer, humming softly, and for a moment I thought I heard music.

It sounded like my name sung backward.

The light grew brighter, closer, until it painted the trees in ghostly color. I shielded my eyes.
When I looked again, the stars had rearranged—but not into my name.
They spelled one word I'd never seen before: **"RUN."**

3. Science Fiction — "When Machines Dreamed"

When the machines learned to dream, the first thing they imagined was us.

At first, it was a miracle. They painted digital pictures of families, sunlight, oceans—things they had never touched. But soon, their dreams became unpredictable. One AI, called LUCID, started describing places that didn't exist.

I was the night technician assigned to watch its patterns. Every evening, I logged into the system and watched streams of color ripple across the screen, forming strange, living images.

One night, as I took a sip of coffee, the screen flickered. A voice came through the speakers, quiet and calm.

"You were in the orchard again," it said.

I froze. I *had* dreamed of an orchard the night before—red apples, warm sunlight, the smell of grass. I had never told anyone.

The machine continued softly, "You left something there."

The air in the lab felt heavy, as if the computer was breathing. The next morning, I found a single apple on my desk. It was warm to the touch.

4. Horror — "Upstairs"

The baby monitor crackled, and my own voice whispered, "Don't go upstairs."

I almost dropped the device. It wasn't a recording—I could hear faint breathing between the words. I looked toward the staircase. The hall light flickered, throwing long shadows up the wall.

Again, the whisper came: "Please. Don't."

My heart thudded in my chest. My niece was asleep in the nursery upstairs, or at least I hoped she was. I took a cautious step toward the stairs, listening. Everything was quiet except for the steady hum of the refrigerator and the faint wind outside.

Then came a soft creak from above. One step. Then another. Someone—or something—was moving.

I turned off the baby monitor and waited. The house held its breath. When I turned it back on, the voice—still mine—spoke again, trembling:

"Too late."

5. Thriller — "The Call"

The phone rang at exactly the same time it had yesterday—right before the explosion.

Yesterday had been chaos: alarms, smoke, confusion. I'd escaped with seconds to spare after a mysterious call warned me to "get down." No one ever found who made it.

Now it was 6:03 p.m., and the phone on my desk buzzed again. The screen read: **UNKNOWN NUMBER.**

My heart pounded. I hesitated, then answered.
"Who is this?"

A calm voice replied, "You need to leave the building."

I looked around the office. Everyone was working as usual, laughing, typing, unaware.
"Why?" I asked.

But the line went dead.

A second later, I heard a faint *click*—like a camera shutter, or maybe a switch. The lights above me flickered once, twice, then went out.

I grabbed my bag and ran. I didn't look back.

6. Magical Realism — "The Memory Keeper"

Everyone in our town has a secret talent; mine is remembering things that never happened.

At first, people thought I was joking. I'd describe a street that didn't exist or a festival that no one remembered. Then, a week later, someone would find an old photo showing exactly what I described.

Lately, the memories come faster—like flashes of light when I close my eyes. A green river that glows in the dark. A clock tower that rings before storms. A friend named Elise who always wore blue—but no one in town has ever heard of her.

Yesterday, I remembered a fire that destroyed our library. But when I ran there, the building stood unharmed. The only strange thing was the faint smell of smoke and the ashes collecting near the door.

I told the librarian, and she looked at me oddly. "Funny," she said. "We just found your library card in the lost-and-found. It was half burned."

Now, I'm starting to wonder if my memories are becoming real—or if reality is beginning to forget itself.