

# Strange Young Us

By bunz

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A typical conversation between me and a friend.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/micro-fiction/strange-young-us.aspx>

"You got what for my mother?" Nick nodded. He turned to his window. I pulled softly at a clump of his brown hair. "Why?" He turned back and sighed with a small grin. "It's completely unexpected, so I thought, 'Hey, why not?'" "You are strange," I said with the utmost seriousness. He made a weird face and turned back to the window. I poked his back. When he did not flinch, I poked him harder. "D'you want to know what I got for you?" he grinned, not turning from the window. I sighed. "Honestly, I really don't want to know."