

Drabble & Flash

A Bit of Chaos

By: Sara Ali



Sara Ali

I'm Sara Ali, an academic by profession but a writer by passion; who lives in her own world of words.

It all began with toast.

Not burnt toast, not underdone toast—just perfectly golden toast that defied gravity and logic by launching itself, butter-side down, onto the freshly mopped kitchen floor. Zara stared at it, half amused, half exasperated. “Brilliant,” she muttered. “A toast to disaster.” It was meant to be an ordinary day. Her planner was pristine and hopeful:

8 AM: Gym.

10 AM: Work meeting.

12 PM: Lunch with Jamie.

3 PM: Project deadline.

6 PM: Bliss.

But reality had its own chaotic script.

First came the gym shoe mystery—only one was in her bag, the other somehow hiding in the refrigerator (don't ask). Then came a flat tire, a taxi driver with questionable road ethics, and her cat, who chose this very morning to artistically scratch

across her keyboard—twice.

By 10:07 AM, she breezed into her virtual meeting with precisely 4% battery, two mismatched socks, and hair that whispered tales of a tussle with an aggressive wind tunnel.

“Rough morning?” her boss asked, arching a brow.

“Oh, just a bit of chaos,” Zara replied with a dazzling grin, as though the universe hadn't just tried to eat her whole.

At noon, she ran late for lunch in the café, where she was told that they had run out of her favorite sun-dried tomato salad, and the only seat available was directly beneath the world's angriest air-conditioner. The waiter, with a face full of apologies, spilled a glass of icy water onto her lap and whispered, “Mercury's totally in retrograde.”

She chuckled, hugging her soggy knees. “No problem. Life's just spicing things up.”

By 3 PM, the deadline loomed like a villain in a fairytale. Her laptop crashed. Her presentation disappeared into the digital void. A mysterious error code popped

up, which—when searched—led
to a meme of a dog on fire
captioned “Everything’s fine.”
And then—like a sunbeam
cutting through storm clouds—
her phone buzzed.

It was her niece, Mia.

“I made you a drawing!” the
little voice chirped. “It’s a
unicorn flying a rocket ship
through a glitter rainbow.
Because you said your days are
boring.”

Zara laughed, really laughed, for
the first time all day. “Darling,
my days are anything but
boring.”

She looked around—the chaos
still very much present. Crumbs
on the floor, coffee stains on her
sleeve, a to-do list that had
turned into a never-done list.

But somehow, the mayhem felt
softer now. Lovable, even.

Because sometimes, life isn’t
about ticking boxes. It’s about
taking a deep breath in the
middle of the madness and
realizing you’re still standing, still
smiling.

After all, a bit of chaos makes for
the best stories.

And smiles and hopes — they’re
what keep us sailing through.

