

Craving Popcorn

a very short story
by Janet Ference



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Whenever sudden rain pelts her tin roof, Priscilla craves popcorn.

Her Daddy used to make it in a cast aluminum dutch oven. He would heat bacon fat to a hiss, throw in a man's handful of popcorn, and clamp the lid on the pot. The popcorn would beat ferocious rhythms for a few minutes.

Priscilla can smell it now, as she sees his ghost opening the pot. In the next second, she tastes it.

Her Daddy would dump that kiss-your-fingers-hot popcorn into a big ceramic bowl, and he'd toss it around in half a handful of salt.

Priscilla knows it was purely a sin to eat that popcorn, but people didn't have the government and TV telling them all that back then.