

# BETWEEN BLINKS

ARTFULLY SHORT STORIES



JANET FERENCÉ

Between Blinks  
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It was an ordinary dawn. Sunlight glancing off Tom's butter knife flashed prisms on his toaster. He didn't see until his son called it cool.



He's a stroke of mixed-hue blues. She's a brush of bright pinks. Where they join, one with the other, they're a streak of mercurial violet.



Vivian had an old oak cut down. The doves protested. She put up a feeder. It brought rats. She put out poison. That's what killed the cat.



One eye green, the other brown, hair a silver braid, Callie is an arresting beauty. She carries a derringer in her boot, with one shot left.



Lara often dreams she's swimming through air like a dolphin gliding in water. She's playful, sleek and well-loved. Waking nearly drowns her.



Her glasses were clean, so it wasn't clear why she couldn't see the plum blossoms. God had to break a bough, so she'd trip into pink spring.



Trudy is a blind old Scottish terrier. She's confused, because a pigeon is bathing in her water dish. A Chihuahua charges by and stops that.



Jonquil song slowed Ann's step. The tiny trumpets heralded God's grace in a mighty jazz unlikely for their size. Ann forgot she was afraid.



Roxy is not an Arabian, Clydesdale, Lipizzaner, or Mustang. She's a rent-a-ride horse. Ben, 11, is blind. They fall in love at first sniff.



A grand jury was empaneled to indict God for wrongdoing. The State brought unending grievances. God offered billions of babies bearing hope.



His mother's brown shag carpet had faded into light tan splotches while her fair skin aged into darker spots. This hadn't happened in a day.



The child's hat has never been crushed. Its taffeta bow shines crisply white. She reaches up an unmet hand as she leaves her only ever home.



Leila doesn't trust his daffodils. She hasn't known him long. Why should he bring foreign spring? It's been winter so very long for her.



The man said her trilby looked silly on a woman. Guys usually stared at her wheelchair, not her hat. She smiled. He grinned. It was a start.



Plums bloomed, rouging the trees, before Lent. Cherry trees blushed before Easter. It was wrong, like everything else in San Francisco.



Chestnut petals drifted like snow. Parisian parakeets sat outside in brass cages. Because the two were together, they know that this was so.