

# Priscilla

by Sarah Johnstone

The headlights cut two shining tunnels through the torrential rain.

Outside, it was cold, just above freezing. Inside the car, Priscilla, refusing to relinquish the last vestiges of her holiday, had the heat cranked up high and her jacket strewn across her suitcase in the back seat, leaving her in a light cotton floral sundress, still with a frangipani in her hair. Spotify played a tropical island playlist and she sang along at the top of her lungs, even though she mostly didn't know the words. Time enough to get back to wintry reality when she got home.

But there it was, the old farmhouse, looking austere and unwelcoming in the moonless night. Strange, there should have been lights on. She'd left them on a timer. The last thing she wanted to do was come home to a dark, empty house.

She pressed the button on the garage door remote. The door should have opened and the garage light should have come on.

Nothing happened.

She drove a bit closer and tried again. Maybe the rain was interfering with the signal.

Again, nothing.

She pulled up in front of the garage, left the engine running, unbuckled her seatbelt and stepped out into the chill. She was wet through within seconds as she ran to the fuse box around the side of the house. Just a simple matter of resetting the blown fuses and the lights would come on.

The fuses were not blown. They were gone.

Priscilla stared in disbelief, then whirled around as she heard a noise behind her. Her car door closed with a thud and the wheels skidded on wet gravel as the car spun around and sped up the driveway.



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Priscilla could do nothing but watch and shiver as the taillights receded into the distance and the rain pounded down yet more heavily.



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