

Rachel Holden  
Flash Story

### Saturday Night

A man and a woman stand in the night as flurries of snow whirl around them. The woman's eyes reflect love, desire, and the street lamp. The man's hands clutch her face as snowflakes brush against his eyelashes and melt in his wavy brown hair.

*Bzz-zzzzzz-zz.*

The woman reaches into the man's open coat and encircles him with her arms. He takes his hands from her face and encloses her entire body within the long woolen blackness. Snow glides onto the top of the woman's head and shines from her honey-colored hair. The man leans his head forward and eskimo-kisses her with the shiny tip of his nose.

*Bzz-zzzzzz-zz.*

The woman breathes in and closes her eyes. The man takes one hand from her side and puts a finger under her chin, lifting. She opens her eyes, gazes into the man's face, and smiles. She reaches up, standing on her tippy-toes, and skims her lips against his. His arms return to her waist as he pulls her roughly to his chest, deepening the kiss. The flurries embrace the couple as romantic music reaches a crescendo and the credits roll.

*Bzz-zzzzzz-zz.*

Olive's sleek, silver cell phone vibrates against the smooth surface of her coffee table. Glancing her tear-streaked face away from her small television in the corner, she looks at the picture on the tiny LCD screen. Several more tears escape the corners of her eyes, slide down her cheeks, and drip onto her red flannel nightgown.

“Fucking liar!”

Olive grabs her cell, with the hand not clutching the spoon, and hurls it against the opposite wall. The corners of her lips twitch up at the crunching sound. The phone bounces across the beige carpet and settles next to the leg of the television stand.

Olive punches the buttons on the black remote control until a young Sean Connery, lighting a cigarette, flashes onto the television screen. After turning up the volume, she sets the remote back onto the coffee table and grasps her pint of “Phish Food” ice cream. Settling into the couch cushions she wields her spoon and digs into the sticky, half full container. The creamy richness melts in her mouth, and she smiles as Sean Connery states: “Bond. James Bond.”