



THE BLUE CONVERTIBLE

The Storyteller's Collection ~ Volume 2

By Terri Blackstock

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The prisoner looking through the bars was right good-looking, even with dark, stringy hair that hadn't been washed since he'd lost his skirmish with the law. The stubble on his jaw was a couple days thick, giving him the look of one of the regulars that woke up on the sidewalk in front of Jared Sellers' bar. From his basement cell, the young man peered up through the bars of his window, toward Winona Barlow's pink beauty shop across the street, as if one of the patrons would get the idea to bail him out and prance right over with her hand in her pocket book.

But Laura Ruth had seen the car the man drove---a powder-blue '67 convertible that was now parked out in front of City Hall. She could see it from her grandma's beauty shop window, and all the ladies who had come in had taken a peek out and wondered what would bring a man like that to the Picayune Jail. . .

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