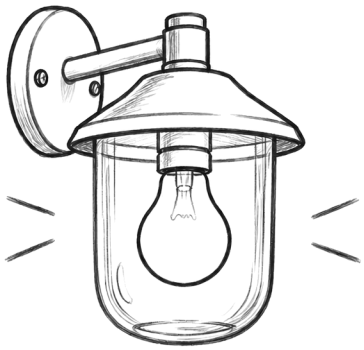
SUNNY DAYS LARGE PRINT STORIES · BOOK ONE

Dot’s Front Porch Mysteries

A printable sample from The Porch Light. Set at 18 point on purpose.

Story Two: Two Blinks



The first time I noticed Harold’s porch light blink, I was looking for my reading glasses and found a mystery instead. It was nine o’clock on a Tuesday evening, and I was out on my own porch with a cup of decaf, which is what a person drinks when she wants the comfort of coffee without the argument it starts at bedtime. Across the street, Harold’s light went dark, came back, went dark, and came back again. Two blinks, quick as a wink from an old friend. Then it burned steady the rest of the night.

I told myself it was a loose bulb. That lasted until Wednesday, when it happened again at nine o'clock straight up. A loose bulb does not own a watch. Thursday I made sure I was on the porch with my glasses on. Nine o'clock. Blink, blink. Steady. Friday I sat out there in a light rain under the awning, feeling like a woman on a stakeout in one of Mrs. Alvarez's paperbacks, and at nine o'clock exactly the light went dark, came back, went dark, and came back. I put down my cup and said, out loud, to nobody, "Well, now."

I want to be fair to Harold, because he is the kind of neighbor every street deserves. If your gate squeaks on Monday, it is silent by Thursday, and if you thank him for it, he will look at you like you had accused him of a crime. He fixed my mailbox flag two winters ago and told me the wind must have done it. The wind, as far as I know, does not carry a screwdriver. When the Hendersons' boy put a baseball through the church basement window, it was Harold who drove him to the glass place, paid the difference the paper route couldn't cover, and instructed the boy, at length, on the correct way to say nothing about it. So whatever the light was, I

knew two things. It was deliberate, and it was none of my business.

Curiosity is my one vice. I gave up sugar in my coffee in 1987 and I never miss it, but I have never once managed to give up wondering.

The story continues in the book, and it ends kindly — every one of the twenty-five does.

From Dot's Front Porch Mysteries by Dot Merriweather, Book One of the Sunny Days Large Print Stories. © 2026 88Away LLC. This sample page may be printed and shared; the rest of the story lives in the book. Prints cleanly in black and white.