

A close-up, monochromatic blue-toned photograph of a woman's face. Her eyes are closed, and her hand is pressed against her forehead. Several bright, jagged lightning bolts are superimposed over the image, striking her hair and face. The overall mood is dramatic and intense.

A M JENNER

BOLTS  
FROM  
THE BLUE

# **BOLTS FROM THE BLUE**

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## ONE

**T**hick, bloody red ribbons spiraled around Lexie, hampering her vision. She tried to dodge out of their path. Some had bristling black spikes with deep blue darts. They were attacking as if they knew she could see and thwart them unless they got rid of her.

She ran a short distance toward the safety of her car. To stop her, they intensified their movements, calling hundreds of others to join with them. The number of ribbons increased until Lexie could only see where she was going by following the edge of the sidewalk.

In the last ten feet before she reached her car the ribbons actually struck her. It felt like being bombarded with small, sharp rocks.

Lexie cried out in pain as she opened the door and jumped inside. She slammed and locked the door, looking out the window at her attackers. Fortunately none had gotten into the car with her.

Instead of moving away now they could no longer reach her, the spiky ribbons beat furiously upon the car, denting the hood.

There were so many ribbons involved that the car began to rock back and forth like a boat in a heavy storm at sea.

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Lexie buckled the seatbelt to keep from being thrown around inside the erratically swaying car. The barbed, angry ribbons scabbled to get at her.

Unbelievably, the car tipped up onto its side and hung there for a long moment before it finally overbalanced and rolled onto its top, crushing the roof towards her head. Cracks spidered across the windshield but the safety glass remained intact. She ducked down, making herself as short as possible without unbuckling the seatbelt. The pounding continued against the doors of her car. The unsatisfied ribbons were still trying to reach her.

Lexie screamed.

All action stopped. The ribbons fell to the ground where they disintegrated into greyish puffs, as though her shriek had killed them.

She sat up. She was in her bed. She took a deep breath and put her hands to her cheeks. Her face was drenched in sweat. Her heart was beating a rapid dance of its own within her rib cage.

She was home. She was safe. It had only been a nightmare. Lexie took a deep breath and blew it out in a rush of sound.

Without turning on the lights, she got out of bed and went to her windows. She moved the curtains slightly to see out. All seemed quiet. A few email ribbons careened across the sky in a normal nighttime pattern.

Not for the first time Lexie wished she couldn't see emails flying through the air, but wishing made no difference. She could see them; and after the intensity of her nightmare she felt they could see her. She shivered.

Lexie decided to play computer games for an hour or so

before trying to go back to bed. She was too keyed up to sleep. She walked down the hall to her office and turned on her computer. A cup of cocoa would be soothing.

On her way to the kitchen, she gently massaged her arms. The spots hit by the nightmare's angry ribbons were tender. She turned on the light and saw red welts.

How could things in a nightmare inflict real pain and leave marks on her skin? It didn't make sense, but neither did the fact she could see ribbons of information flying through the air towards people's computers in the first place.

She turned on the burner beneath the kettle then readied the ingredients for the cocoa, adding an extra spoonful of sugar to the mix tonight. She thought about the nightmare as she stirred the rich beverage and trembled again. Picking up her cup she left the kitchen.

Back in her office, she saw several emails heading for her computer. Three thin, pastel colored ribbons floated over, entering in the usual manner she'd come to know. There was also a black ribbon trying to beat its way in, much like those from her nightmare. She froze, hoping it wouldn't notice she was in the room and attack her. She didn't move until it finished climbing inside.

As far as Lexie knew, she was the only person who could see emails. The decorated ribbons attracted her gaze. Some patterns were stunning, like a master artist's painting. She'd watch the colorful arrays as they dipped and swayed in a soundless dance moving through the air.

She didn't know what the different colors meant. The backgrounds came in just a few basic colors, but each email had a different design to it. She thought the patterns were as

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unique as fingerprints because she'd never yet seen two ribbons exactly the same.

She sat down at her desk and opened her favorite game. Another black email, this time with red markings, came into the room and circled her head once before diving down to enter her computer. Two pastel blue ones followed the black ribbon but floated over to the computer without dancing or circling at all.

What made the black ones different? Once the ribbons entered her computer, she could no longer see them or tell what message had been which color. Another shudder slid down her spine, raising goose bumps on her arms. The nightmare had been too real.



## **ABOUT THE AUTHOR**

A M Jenner is a mother and grandmother who lives in Gilbert, Arizona with her family and around 5,000 books. A self-professed hermit, she loves interacting with her fans online, and was last seen entering the library.

## **BOOKS BY A M JENNER**

Bolts from the Blue

Web of Lies

Deadly Gamble

Inherit My Heart

A Heart Full of Diamonds

Clues to Food (a cook book)

Bits and Bites (an anthology)

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LEXANNE EDWARDS CAN SEE EMAILS.

They're colored ribbons of light, flying through the air and disappearing into computers and phones. Lately, they've been attacking each other. In her nightmares, they can attack physical objects.

Then her nightmares come true.

Lexie's new husband Bryan does something secret for the government. Can he help her stop the attacks before any more people are killed?



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