The Voice Between Stations

At ten, Nora switched on her father's radio. A pencil mark on the dial had almost worn away. She had always thought it marked the jazz station, but when she turned the dial to that spot, all she heard was static.

She moved it a little farther to the right. A voice came through, reading the weather, and then a trumpet. As she leaned in to adjust the volume, she noticed another mark, thinner than the first, just below it.

Then she remembered Sundays. Her father would tune in one station for himself and another for his wife. Sometimes he would stop right between them and call from the kitchen, “Which one do you want today?”

Nora left the radio on the frequency she had found. When the first song ended, she turned the dial again. Someone on the other station was reading messages from listeners. She stayed until they got to the names.