

thrice great hermes

#33

by stanley lieber

raymond was concerned for the boy, and decided to keep an eye on him.

what form this observation could ultimately take, with his responsibilities, and with their limited interaction, he didn't yet know. but somebody had to look out for him. it wasn't right he had to fend for himself.

raymond heard the sirens, and managed to pull over his delivery truck before the rush of police cars, speeding recklessly, ran him off the road. wherever they were going it must have been important. raymond was glad he wasn't a cop because he hated to get in people's way. ironic, he guessed, that he'd ended up driving this big, slow truck for a living. whatever, he preferred to drive slow.

the boy was usually at the water tower, unless he was at home or at school. today he was nowhere. raymond had not been able to locate him, and he was not responding to delivery notifications.

an update appeared, directing him to a new delivery location. the instructions were imprecise, but it seemed vidya's package was bound for a spot somewhere in the middle of the woods. raymond sent up the drone. leaned back in his seat to start on his lunch. figured he would kill two stones with one bird.

fix or six minutes later the drone found him.