

thrice great hermes

#28

by stanley lieber

whatever, he thought he could hear the ups truck.

out here?

raymond got out of his truck and wandered into the woods, not really sure what he was looking for. delivery instructions were vague on this point. the message had simply said to find him in the trees. well, here he was, in the trees.

and here was a house. not on any road, not anywhere near a road. place looked abandoned. raymond was about to set down the package when he noticed a man with long scraggly hair and sports glasses standing outside the house. this could not be the package's recipient because vidya was a teenage boy, who he knew quite well.

the detective noticed him, noticing him.

raymond averted his eyes and pretended to be looking at his clipboard. who was this guy and where was vidya?

inside the abandoned structure, vidya was sure he had heard the ups truck. he crawled out of the panty and, on his belly, over to the boarded-up window. he could definitely hear two voices, two men talking.

"special delivery," raymond said.

after some further discussion raymond turned over the package and the detective signed for it. raymond shrugged, not sure if there was anything else he should say or do, and walked back to his truck. he'd tally this in the measuring system and then get on with his other deliveries. but something wasn't right. the address had been ambiguous, and that man definitely wasn't vidya. had he delivered the package to the wrong person? raymond didn't like this at all. he locked the truck and turned around, headed back into the woods. to the house, to make sure vidya was all right. it would mean another manual tally in the measuring system, but his manager was just going to have to understand: a boy was in trouble.