

Sent Via Second-Class Stamps

I posted the hand on a Friday, using second-class stamps. Call me ‘stingy’ all you like, but I’ve never understood the urgency of a first-class stamp. Let the postal service take its time, that’s what I think, and I knew my correspondent was not in any particular rush to receive this parcel, so didn’t feel bad about it taking that little extra time.

I’d wrapped it in bubble-wrap, after finding tissue-paper ineffective - the blood, which was still leaking despite my best efforts, seeped through - and used masking tape to secure it shut. I didn’t bother trying to conceal what was inside because I know the law. If someone - a nosey neighbour, perhaps, or a particularly invasive postman - were to open the package, see the severed hand, and proceed to call the police, I could counter any accusations by noting the fact that opening another person’s post is a crime in and of itself. Double jeopardy, or whatever.

Also, I was not ashamed of what I’d done and didn’t feel the need to ‘hide’ my supposed ‘crime’. Though I won’t speak for him, I can’t imagine my correspondent felt much guilt either; you don’t order a severed hand on a whim, it’s the kind of thing you think through.

Either way, it’s not my problem anymore. I didn’t bother tracking the package. Whatever happens to it now, it’s out of my hands. Obviously, I wouldn’t want my professional reputation to suffer because of an order not arriving, but, even if it did, I’d recover. Many people request my services, and what is one bad review going to do? I’ll keep working, sending out the things my customers request, always using my trusted second-class stamps. I’ll sleep easy knowing that, though it may take a little longer, my customers will (probably) receive their packages.