

The Letter

By Sasha Gabriel

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Kelly heard the mail drop through her door slot. She loved these relaxing Saturdays.

She sighed... bills and a small letter tucked between the large statements. It was a plain envelope with no return address. Only her name and address, hand written in a strange swirled font that, for some reason, made her shiver.

She opened it:

In 8 days I will come for you. You will only see me then. 8 days.

There was no signature.

She crumpled it, the envelope and her confusion and threw them all in the trash.

Monday breezed through at work. Finally home, she picked up the mail and froze as she held another envelope with the hand written swirled font. She walked to the kitchen to throw it away, but stopped.

Just to make sure it was the same as the other one, she opened it.

In 6 days I will come for you. You will only see me then. 6 days.

Shaking slightly, she stuffed the letter back in the envelope, found the first one she threw away, put them in a top drawer and slammed it shut.

The next day at work was insane as she battled problem after problem.

Finally home, she poured some Chablis and threw off her shoes. Only then did she pick up the pile of mail she stepped over and was strangely relieved to see no oddly fonted letter in the bunch. Weary, she threw the lot on the kitchen counter and crawled into bed.

The next morning, Kelly was almost out the door when she looked down and saw the letter.

What the hell!? and irritated, threw it on yesterday's pile.

Late that day, her boss told her she was going to London next Monday to negotiate a deal. Everyone congratulated her good fortune.

She went out to dinner, and once home, relaxed, then she remembered the mail. Nothing more than the usual junk mail and those ever present bills.

And two more letters.

The first one read:

In 5 days I will come for you. You will only see me then. 5 days.

The next one read:

In 4 days I will come for you. You will only see me then. 4 days.

That's it! Tomorrow, I'm going to the police!

On Thursday, Kelly showed them to the Sergeant who asked sarcastically, "And exactly what do you want me to do about these?"

"Do!? They're... they're threatening!"

"Threatening? They could be a joke.

“Now look,” he said sternly as Kelly started to argue, “You don’t like the letters... throw them away!” and turned his back to her.

Kelly left, indignation in each foot step.

Still fuming, she saw the letter as soon as she opened her door.

In 3 days I will come for you. You will only see me then. 3 days.

Wanting to shove this letter under his arrogant nose, she decided the Sergeant was right. She took all the letters and threw them in the trash. Her destiny was London and nothing was going to stop her.

Sunday was a perfect day. Kelly boarded Flight 254, loving her life.

Jonathan Isles was excited about his art show. This would be huge for him. Before starting his work, he turned on the TV.

“Behind me is the wreckage of Flight 254 to London. Miraculously, everyone but one person, survived. Their name will be released once their family is notified.”

Jonathan heard the mail drop in the studio. He picked the mail up and saw a letter with strange hand written swirled font addressed to him.

He opened it and read.

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