

Play of Greed

The package was lying by the front door a cube shaped carton sealed with tape, their name and address printed by hand: "Mr. and Mrs. Stephan loather, 217-E thirty seventh street New Jersey,".

Julia picked it up unlocked the door and went into the apartment. It was just getting Dark.

After she put the lamb Meat pieces in the broiler she set down to open the package.

Inside the carton was a push button unit fastened to a small wooden box. A glass dome covered the button.

Julia tried to lift it off, but it was locked in place, she turned the unit over and saw a folded piece of paper scotch-taped to the bottom of the box.

She pulled it off "Mr. Mario will call on you at 8:15Pm. Julia put the button unit beside her on the couch, she reread the typed note, smiling.

They went into the living room and Mr. Mario sat in Julia's Chair. He reached into an inside coat pocket and withdrew a small sealed envelope." Inside here is a key to the bell-unit dome." He said, he set the envelope on the chair side table, 'The bell is connected to our office'".

"What's it for?" asked Stephan.

"If you push the button" Mr. Mario told him, "somewhere in the world someone you don't know will die. In return for which you will receive a payment of 75000\$".

Julia stared at the small man. He was smiling.

"What are you talking about?" Stephan asked him.

Mr. Mario looked surprised. "But I've just explained," he said.

"Is this a practical Joke?" asked Stephan.

"Not at all, the offer is completely genuine".

the button unit from the wastebasket. There were no nails or screws visible. She couldn't see how it was put together.

Abruptly she began pounding it harder and harder until the wood split she pulled the sides apart cutting her fingers without noticing. There were no transistors in the box, no any wires or tubes.

The box was empty

She whirled with a gasp as the cell phone rang. Stumbling into the living room, she picked up the cell phone.

"Mrs. loather?" Mr. Mario asked.

It wasn't her voice shrieking so; it couldn't be "you said I wouldn't know the one that died."

"My dear lady," Mr. Mario said, "Do you really think you knew her husband,"