

## The Unique Collection

Doris Ruth

Jessica was in her basement, adding her latest acquisition to her collection. She was very proud; it was unique. She took special care when she selected each new set. This pair was beautifully trimmed with gold and diamonds. It gave her great pleasure looking at each pair and remembering the day she got them. She handled them with loving care and talked to them. She really believed they listened to every word.

It used to bother her that she had no friends. She tried to join in the activities at school, but never felt like she belonged. No one ever listened to her. They treated her like she wasn't worthy to be with them. For a while this made her very angry, and she swore she would make them sorry. Then she started her collection. She wished she could share this collection with someone, but knew that was impossible. One day her parents found her box, hidden in the back corner of the chest freezer, under the frozen vegetables. They didn't understand. They wouldn't listen.

They didn't bother her any more. Jessica smiled and picked up two special pairs in her collection. They've learned to listen to her. Soon she would complete her collection and all those nasty kids at school would listen too.

She carefully put the box away, selected a ready meal from the freezer and went back up stairs to heat it in the microwave. She then took the dinner and a can of pop to the family room and turned on the TV.

The local news was on and the reporter was interviewing a police detective. "Is it true?" the reporter asked. "Have they found another body?"

The detective nodded. "Yes, behind the swimming pool. That makes seven victims so far."

"Do you know who's committing these murders?"

"Not yet. The only connection between the victims is that they all went to Sanderson High School."

"That's not exactly true. Is it?" the reporter said as she looked into the camera. "Isn't it true that all the victims have had their ears removed?"

Jessica laughed so hard she spilled her pop and said, "Can you hear me now?"