

The Suitcase

"Alright Sam, what is so fired important I rush over?"

Judith stopped when she saw the suitcase open on the sofa, obviously women's clothing.

"Looks like you have company. Is she still here?"

Sam noticed the sly smile.

"What? No. I found it."

"You found the suitcase? Where?"

"On my walk this morning, I saw the sun glare off something in the field. I went to investigate and there it stood. Half in, half out of the snow."

"What do you plan on doing with the suitcase?"

"Don't know yet. I really hadn't planned on doing anything, except for what I found inside."

"I see. Well certainly woman's clothing, especially her undergarments."

Judith stopped, looked hard at him. "You mean those?"

"Yeah, I fondled the panties, gave me a thrill."

Judith's face tightened, turned from concern to anger, before she smiled.

"You had me there for a moment. You didn't, did you?"

"No." Sam looked back at her. "But, I did rummage through to see if I could figure out who this suitcase belonged too. Found documents on the bottom. I may have touched a few items along the way though."

"Of course you did. Why do you need me here?"

"I might need your help."

Sam sat on the sofa next to the open suitcase.

Judith sat on the chair across from him looking once again.

"You mean the undies?"

He handed her the letter size manila envelope. She looked inside.

"Papers, so?"

"Divorce papers."

"And?" She held the envelope in the air.

"Well, I'm concerned there may be more than a suitcase out there."

"What do you mean? An accident of some kind?"

"Maybe. Maybe just a body. Maybe she, you know, got divorced couldn't face life anymore." He shrugged his shoulders.

"Really, she gets divorced, her life is over. Did you really just say that?"

"Well, maybe she had an accident. You know, upset. Winter storm."

"Alright, let's say I buy into your thought. So, are you saying we? No, not we. But somebody should be looking for a wreck and perhaps a body?"

"I think it's possible." He sighed. "You know, I take the walk pretty much every morning and suddenly one morning I see a suitcase sticking up in the snow. Wasn't there the day before. Or the day before."

Maybe, it simply appeared because the snow started to melt. Maybe, it had been there a while just covered in snow until now." Judith said.

"Maybe." Sam paused with a deep sigh. "Maybe, there was a vehicle or at the very least, a body still out there."

Judith looked at him, gathered her thoughts.

"How about we call the authorities and let them look?"

"Thought maybe we should look first." Sam said. "We don't find nothing we call it a lost suitcase. But we find something or think we do, then we call."

"You're saying we look first?" She frowned. "In case we don't find anything we don't look foolish for calling in nothing more than a lost suitcase."

Sam tapped his nose with his index finger.

After a short drive out, they spent the better part of the day in their search of the area, but it became obvious fairly quickly nothing to be found. Although, he did point out, the woman could have dumped the suitcase and just kept walking. Judith shook her head and put the notion to rest.

Back at his place they gathered in the living room warming up while he fixed drinks. She went through the papers from the envelope, found one with a phone number and dialed.

A woman answered.

"Yes, I'm looking for a Rebecca Harrod."

The voice on the other end remained silent for a moment.

"What is this in regard?"

Judith hesitated for a moment, cleared her throat and spoke very softly.

"Well this might sound strange, but we found a suitcase."

"Really, you found the suitcase?" The woman on the other end screamed. "Oh God I'm so relieved. I mean where was it? Where did you find it?"

"My friend found it sticking up in the snow this morning on his walk. Are you Rebecca?"

"No, Rebecca is my sister. She went through a nasty divorce last December and when we were driving back. My truck swerved in the snow and somehow the suitcase must have flown out. We didn't realize it until we were back at my house. But, by then we had no idea where it might have been lost. She was so worried. She really needs those papers to get on with her life. Why don't you give me your address and we can drive over in the morning."

"Hold on, let me check with my friend, he's the one found it."

After giving the woman the address they sat across from each other while they enjoyed their drinks.

"You said, she's coming over tomorrow?" Sam swirled the ice in his glass.

"Yes. Why?" Judith looked at him. "We found the owner and we'll get the suitcase back to her. Isn't that what you wanted?"

Sam looked at her, took a slow sip of his drink.

"Well, this may sound morbid, but I really hoped for a body or at the very least a wreck out there. I mean the illusion suggested as much. Hard to believe this was really nothing more than a lost suitcase in the snow."

"With woman's undergarments." Judith said, her voice raised.

"Yeah, had a moment there, but you know what I mean."

“How do we know it was really her sister who answered?” Judith looked across at him and slowly finished her drink. “Maybe, the woman is involved and needs the suitcase back to hide evidence. Maybe, we just fell right into her trap?”

“Well now.” Sam smiled and held his glass in the air. “You sure know how to cheer a guy up. What time did you say she would be here tomorrow?”