

BOUCHERCON 2018 ANTHOLOGY

# FLORIDA

*Happens*

Tales of Mystery, Mayhem, and Suspense  
from The Sunshine State



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## A POSTCARD FOR THE DEAD

BY SUSANNA CALKINS

*West Palm Beach, Florida*

*July 1921*

LILY BAKER PEERED INSIDE HER mailbox before reaching in to retrieve her mail. Back when her half brother had been West Palm Beach's postmaster, he had delighted in leaving snakes in mailboxes as pranks. Of course, the last laugh had been on him, when he had died of a snake bite last Christmas.

There was only one piece of mail today, though—a postcard featuring a swanky hotel in Orlando, a city she'd never been. She turned it over to read the message but was surprised to find it blank. Only her name and address had been printed on the postcard, in careful block letters.

Curiously, she studied the card. The stamp had been cancelled in Orlando two days before. July 27, 1921. Flipping the card back over, she looked at the picture more closely. The hotel was the San Juan, which the postcard informed her had been built in 1885 by C.E. Pierce. Built for the filthy rich, from the looks of it.

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LILY WAS STILL BY HER mailbox when she saw Officer Danny Jamison coming down the street on his bicycle. She had known Officer Jamison since they were kids—he'd been just one year ahead of her in school. After high school they'd gone in different directions, although on occasion their paths crossed. She was about to wave as he passed by, when instead he stopped in front of her and dismounted his bike in one easy move.

"Hey Lily," he said, leaning his bike against her palm tree. "Your sister around?"

Lily shifted from one foot to the other. Why was Danny asking after Junie? Though she and her older half sister had lived together since their parents had passed away a few years before, Junie tended to be tight-lipped about her goings on. But Lily would catch whispers about illicit gin, late night séances, Ouija parties, and other secret doings connected with West Palm Beach's furtive Bohemian scene. A far cry from her day job heading the town's post office, which Junie had taken over from their brother some eight months before. "She must have left for work early," Lily said. "I didn't see her this morning."

"I see. But you saw her last night?"

Lily hesitated again. The truth was, she hadn't seen Junie since last Friday, three days before. Her sister had left the house in a hurry, carrying a small valise. *If anyone calls for me*, she had said, *tell them I'm very ill and may not be home for a few days.*

*Where are you going Junie?* Lily had called out, startled. Despite her increasingly wild ways, Junie had never missed a day of work.

But Junie had just shrugged. *Never you mind.*

Not wanting to rat Junie out, Lily just offered a non-committal nod before countering with a question of her own. "Why are you asking about Junie?"

Officer Jamison shuffled his feet, and Lily suddenly remembered him as a fourteen-year-old with tousled hair, embarrassed to tell the teacher that he had failed to complete his homework. "What is it?" she asked more sharply. "Danny, tell me straight."

The policeman squared his shoulders. "It's Mr. Montafort. The former assistant post master. He's just been found murdered in Orlando. At a hotel called the San Juan."

Lily gasped, her fingers tightening around the postcard in her skirt pocket. She remembered Mr. Montafort. In his mid-forties, handsome in his own fashion. Junie, flirting with him. "I know he quit the post office a few days ago," she said. "He was planning to open a store in Orlando, wasn't that it?"

"That's true."

"What do you need from Junie?"

"The Orlando police would like to speak to her. They believe that Junie may know something about Mr. Montafort's death."

"Why would they think that?" she asked, trying to suffocate a memory of Junie blowing Mr. Montafort a kiss after church.

"The hotel room in which he was murdered was registered to Miss Junie Baker."

Lily's thoughts flew back to the postcard. Had Junie sent it? But why no message? Sweat began to spread under her armpits. And if Mr. Montafort had been murdered, then what about Junie? "Danny," she said, looking right into her old friend's eyes, "Is my sister alright?"

"I don't know," he said, studying her face. "If you saw her last night, then—"

"I didn't!" she exclaimed, starting to tremble. "I haven't seen her since Friday!"

Officer Jamison grabbed her arm and helped her sit down on the wooden porch steps.

"Lily, I think you'd better tell me what you know."

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DOWN AT THE WEST PALM Beach police station, Lily clutched a cup of black coffee that Officer Jamison had brought her. In the meantime, her former sister-in-law Martha Baker had arrived. Since her half brother Orville's death eight months before, she

had barely seen Martha. After a thin brittle embrace, Martha sat in an adjacent chair in the station waiting room, her slender legs entwined around the rungs of the chair. As usual, she looked habitually drab in a navy checked gingham day dress. “So what’s that dreadful sister of yours done now?”

“Please Martha, I’m worried about her.”

“Pfft. That one. She always lands on her feet.” The woman stood up and began to pace about the small waiting area. “So what was she doing in Orlando? Not taking her postmistress position very seriously, that’s for certain.”

Lily sighed. “I don’t really know.”

Martha scowled down at Lily. “You do know. It’s obvious that she was having an affair with Mr. Montafort.” She tsk-tsked. “Poor dear Mr. Montafort. *Orville’s* right-hand man, you remember that, don’t you?” She shook her head. “Now I see why he didn’t mind that your sister was given my dead husband’s position. Postmistress, pfft.”

Annoyed, Lily turned away from her former sister-in-law, but it was harder to cast away the disturbing images elicited by Martha’s words.

How *had* her sister become postmistress so quickly? Everything had happened so rapidly last winter after Orville had succumbed to the snake venom. A gift, he had said, but he never told them who had given him the snake.

Just a week after Orville had been buried in Woodvale cemetery, Junie had sent around a petition to all their neighbors, essentially demanding that their brother’s position be passed on to her. Back then, in January, Junie had still appeared to be an upstanding member of the community, playing for the church and directing the choir. This was of course before she’d started spending her nights in the local speakeasy. At the time, the community had rallied around her petition and named her postmistress of the West Palm Beach post office.

Officer Jamison opened the door then, causing both women to start. “I just got off the telephone with the Orlando police.” He looked concerned. “They located your sister.”

A chill flooded over her. "Is she all right?" she whispered.

The officer looked startled. "Oh, yes. My apologies. Yes. She's well. They found her at a boarding house in Orlando."

"Oh thank God," Lily said, putting her face in her hands. But then she looked up. "What happened? Do you know who murdered Mr. Montafort?"

Officer Jamison took the other chair and drew it close to Lily. Martha looked askance at the movement but the other two ignored her. "Did you know that nearly \$27,000 had been stolen from the post office last week? Did your sister tell you that?"

"Why, no, she hadn't." Lily paused. "What do you mean? How did that happen?"

Martha sniffed. "Embezzlement. It's obvious. Most people don't realize how much money the post office takes in every day."

"It seems that the theft was recently discovered," Jamison said, licking his lips. "A few days ago, the Federal Reserve Bank in Atlanta received two packages from the National Bank in West Palm Beach that were supposed to contain cash. Nineteen thousand dollars and \$8,000 respectively. But when the bank clerks opened the packages, they discovered that someone had wrapped a few dollar bills around stacks of pages cut from a magazine, and that the rest of the money had been stolen."

Lily gave a low whistle. "That's a lot of dough!"

Martha looked annoyed. "That theft could have taken place at any point. Did they search the clerk in Atlanta?"

Officer Jamison nodded. "Yes, the police there questioned her. The Feds too. Those bags were kept under constant scrutiny after they were picked up from the post office."

"Well, maybe the theft occurred before the money arrived at the Post Office," Martha persisted. "Maybe an employee from the West Palm Beach bank stole the money. Plenty of opportunity."

The officer shook his head. "The bank clerk claimed that she signed the money over to Mr. Montafort, who then signed for both packages. This was corroborated by another bank employee.

In fact, that was one of the last packages Mr. Montafort signed for on his last day of work.”

“Then it would most certainly appear that Mr. Montafort stole the money,” Martha declared, heaving a great sigh. “We all knew he planned to open that store in Orlando.” She looked down at the officer. “Oh, he must have been desperate to steal the cash. If only I had known! Orville would have wanted me to lend his friend the funds, I’m sure of it. He was my husband’s right-hand man.”

“Maybe he was murdered for the money?” Lily asked. “Perhaps someone knew about it.” Was that why Junie was in Orlando? To track down the money, and Mr. Montafort? Surely, she’d be doing whatever she could to get the money back.

Officer Jamison scratched his ear. “The fact of the matter is that a great deal of the money was found on Mr. Montafort’s person, at the hotel room.”

“That doesn’t make any sense,” Lily replied. “Why wouldn’t the murderer just take the money?”

Officer Jamison made a gesture like he was going to touch her hands, but then didn’t. “I’m afraid that you must prepare yourself for a different explanation all together.”

“Which is?” Martha and Lily asked together, in surprising unison.

“That your sister embezzled those funds herself. And then tried to frame Mr. Montafort for the theft, after she killed him.”

“No!”

“I’m sorry to tell you that Junie has been arrested by the Orlando police, on charges of embezzlement, fraud, and murder.”

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THE NEXT AFTERNOON, LILY WALKED into the Orlando jail with some trepidation. Officer Jamison had driven her and Martha the 170 miles in his own Ford Model T. She didn’t know if he was doing this out of professional obligation, curiosity, or a long-ago friendship, but right now, she didn’t really care. She was glad that she didn’t have to make the trip with just Martha.

After they were met by a white-haired deputy, Officer Jamison disappeared to speak with the Orlando station chief. The deputy led them down a corridor to a row of cells, stopping when he reached the last one on the right. Lily could see figures huddled on the benches.

“Junie Baker!” he called, running his baton along the iron bars. “Visitors!”

Her sister popped up from the bench to their right, and hurried over, looking a little more unkempt and frazzled than usual, an observation she heard Martha note under her breath. “Darling!” Junie called, reaching her hands through the bars.

Instinctively, Lily reached out and caught them in her own.

“You brought *her*,” Junie said, flicking her eyes towards Martha. Lily shrugged. “She insisted.”

Martha sniffed. “I suppose I shouldn’t have expected you’d be grateful.”

Behind Junie, the woman on the other bench stirred. “Who’s the sour puss, Junie?” the woman called out, her voice sounding a bit slurred as if she were drinking.

“Mind your own apples,” Junie said, before tightening her grip on Lily’s hand. “How did you get here?”

“Officer Jamison drove us from West Palm Beach. My old friend Danny,” she added, hurriedly, trying to put off the questions she could see rising to Junie’s lips. She glanced at the deputy who was standing by the door about thirty feet away, and lowered her voice. “We don’t have time to talk about this right now. What we do need to discuss is—Junie, what *happened*?! Do you know who murdered Mr. Montafort?”

Junie closed her eyes. “Oh, dear Phillip.” Then she opened them again, gazing into Lily’s eyes. “I saw it all, you know that?”

“What?!” Martha exclaimed. “Whatever do you mean?!”

“Shhh! You saw the murder?” Lily whispered, feeling uneasy. Junie’s face had taken on an odd dreamy look. “You were there?”

“In a way,” her sister replied. “I saw it in my crystal ball. When I was still at home.”



“Oh, brother,” Martha replied, not even bothering to hide her snort. “The murder’s made her mad.”

Lily shushed her sister-in-law again. She spoke to Junie slowly, as one might speak to a child. “Junie, I need you to explain from the beginning.”

Junie took a deep breath. “Last Thursday, Philip sent me a telegram asking me to join him in Orlando, at the *San Juan*. He told me a key would be in my name at the front desk.

Martha tsk-tsked. “That’s a ‘New Woman’ for you. Throwing herself at a man. Disgraceful.”

“I was very surprised to receive Phillip’s telegram, to be honest,” Junie said, speaking only to Lily. “Before he had left West Palm Beach, he had told me that that I shouldn’t expect to see him again. His plan was to move to Orlando, start a new life.”

“He changed his mind, it seems,” Lily said, still watching Junie’s face.

“He said in his telegram that he wanted to discuss our future. I was so happy.” Here her sister frowned. “But then, later that same day, the West Palm Beach police came by the Post Office and informed me about the theft.” Her lips trembled slightly. “I just knew in my heart that Philip must have taken the money. For us.”

She took a deep breath. “When I peered into my crystal ball though, it was dark. I couldn’t see anything at all. That told me something bad would happen. So I decided to join him at the *San Juan*, and read our future there.”

“Is that what the postcard meant?” Lily asked, side-stepping her sister’s wild talk.

“What postcard?” Junie asked.

“Never mind that,” Martha said, irritably. “Tell us what you ‘saw.’” Again, the contempt in her tone was palpable.

Lily scowled at Martha, trying to regain the narrative that Junie had begun. “You came to Orlando,” she prompted, “and registered at the *San Juan*. Did you call on Mr. Montafort then and—”

“No,” Junie interrupted. “I didn’t register at the San Juan. Philip had left a key for me at the front desk.”

“Was there a message?” Lily asked.

“No. Just the key. So I took the lift to the third floor and walked up to room 323 and knocked on the door.”

“And?” Lily asked.

“He didn’t answer so I thought I would go in and wait.” Junie’s face paled. Stepping as close as she could to the bars, she gripped Lily’s hands. “It was awful. Phillip was on the floor. I could see a knife in his chest.” She gulped. “I remember falling to my knees, and crawling over to him, thinking I could pull the knife out.”

“Oh!” Lily whispered, trying to imagine the scene.

“I don’t know if I screamed or cried. Lily, my mind went numb.” She looked at the ceiling. “Then I heard someone else screaming. A maid. She must have come in. I ran off, right past her. I ran down the stairs and out of the hotel. I didn’t know where to go. I walked for miles, and then I finally came to my senses and just checked into the first boarding house I saw.”

“Why didn’t you stay and try to explain yourself?” Martha asked, her eyes narrowing.

“I panicked. I knew I couldn’t stay in the room.”

“You ran out of the hotel. With blood all over your coat,” Martha said, her tone mocking. “No wonder they locked you up. Sounds pretty suspicious to me.”

Junie’s eyes filled with tears. “I didn’t murder him! I loved him!”

“Why not just have a séance for him?” Martha asked, rudely. “Can’t you just ask his *departed spirit* who killed him?”

“I will!” Junie replied. “As soon as they let me go.”

Martha sniffed again. “Why don’t you check your crystal ball for the likelihood of *that* happening?!”

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BACK IN THE WAITING ROOM, they found Officer Jamison waiting for them, accompanied by another officer who introduced

himself as Chief McKinley, the head of the Orlando police. He ushered the three of them into his office.

"My sister did not murder Phillip Montafort," Lily stated.

The chief nodded like he expected her to say that. Opening a package on his desk, he pulled out a telegram and laid the yellow sheet in front of her. "Perhaps you can explain *this*. We found it the deceased's coat pocket."

Lily leaned forward to read the telegram, and to her annoyance, the other two did as well. Martha couldn't refrain from reading it out loud. "*Dearest Phillip. We have much to discuss. I look forward to your explanation. Remember there are many futures. Bus arrives in Orlando tomorrow at two. —J.*"

"Well, it makes sense," Lily replied, trying not to feel faint. "She sent this in reply to Mr. Montafort's telegram. I imagine she wanted an explanation about the missing money."

"Uh-huh," Chief McKinley said. "And how would you explain this?" He pulled out a postcard similar to the one Lily had received, depicting an image of the hotel. In block letters, several words had been written. *Rm 323. Noon. Bring champagne. —Junie.*

"The hussy!" Martha murmured, venom in her voice. "So brazen."

"The timing is different," Lily said, tapping first on the telegram, and then the postcard. "Did her bus arrive earlier than expected?"

The chief shrugged. "She might have taken an earlier bus."

That was certainly possible. Lily remembered how her sister had run around that Friday morning, clearly flustered.

Still, something seemed strange. From her handbag, she pulled out the postcard she had received in the mail and laid it beside the other. The images of the hotel were the same.

"I received this in yesterday's post," Lily said, turning both postcards over to examine the hand-printed words on the back.

"Same hand," Officer Jamison noted.

"Junie said she didn't send me a postcard. Besides, I can tell you, neither of these are in Junie's handwriting. Junie writes with more sweeping curls and looping letters."

“Hmm . . . ” Neither officer seemed convinced. “Just because she printed these two cards instead of using cursive doesn’t prove anything.”

“Sir,” Lily said, turning back to the chief, “Junie told me that Mr. Montafort had left her a key to room 323 at the front desk. She said she never registered for her own room at the hotel.”

“The room was most definitely registered to her though,” he replied, just as the telephone on his desk rang. He picked up the receiver. “Orlando Police, McKinley speaking.” Then he covered the mouthpiece with his hand, and nodded towards the door. “The secretary will show you out.”

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AS THEY MOVED OUT OF the police station, Lily stopped, shielding her eyes from the bright Florida sunshine. “We need to speak to that clerk at the San Juan.”

“For heaven’s sake, why?” Martha cried, pulling the brim of her hat low over her face.

“Something just isn’t right,” Lily replied, looking up at Officer Jamison. “Please. Danny. You’ve brought all this way. Surely you feel that too.”

He gazed down at her, before nodding. “The San Juan is over on Orange and Central, just a few blocks away. We can make our inquiries there.” He glanced at his watch. “Then we can grab a bite to eat. I’m starving.”

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THE INSIDE OF THE SAN Juan was as impressive as its exterior. Lily blinked a bit at the opulence of the lobby, but she did not let the grandeur deter her in her mission. She strode up to the lobby desk, where two clerks in bright red suits with gold buttons were waiting. Martha murmured that she needed to find the lavatory, and Lily just nodded, suddenly wondering too late how to go about getting answers.

Fortunately, Officer Jamison knew what to do. “Pardon me,” he said to the clerk, flashing his West Palm Beach police badge. “I wanted to make some follow-up inquiries related to the *incident* that occurred this past Saturday morning.”

Although the clerk was probably pushing forty, his face still lit up. Clearly the murder had been a highlight. “Yes sir, anything you want to know sir.” He stood up straight, with military building. Probably a retired soldier, Lily thought.

“Were you working when Junie Baker checked in last Friday morning?” Officer Jamison asked.

“Yes, sir. I mean no sir. I’m sorry I—”

“It’s a simple enough question—” he peered at the shiny metal pin on the man’s uniform, “Samuels.”

Mr. Samuels stood up straight. “Yes sir. What I meant is that Junie Baker checked into her room on Thursday evening, not Friday morning.”

“What? No, that’s not right,” Lily said, confused.

Officer Jamison nudged her with his foot. “Why do you remember her specifically?”

The man grinned, showing dull yellow teeth. “I remember that she had this fantastic hat, and I thought ‘that’s rather to-do for someone named ‘Junie Baker.’ And, of course, the name stuck in my head after the police asked me the name of the guest in Room 323.” He lowered his voice. “Heard it was a real bloody affair. Couple people saw her run right through the lobby, too, after the murder. Covered with blood, too, but no one had thought to stop her. Wish I had been there. I’d have stopped her. But I wasn’t there until later.”

Lily pressed down a wave of nausea that had arisen with the man’s words, and she moved a few steps away.

Officer Jamison leaned in towards her. “Are you alright?” he asked, looking concerned. “Do you need to sit down?”

“What he just said doesn’t make sense,” she said in a low voice. “I know Junie was home on Friday morning. I saw her before she left. I mean, I know now that she came to Orlando, but still it’s

strange that he says that she checked in on Thursday evening. And what hat was she wearing? Junie hates hats.”

“Yes, something is definitely odd here,” he replied, stepping back to the counter and addressing the clerk again. “We’ve spoken with Miss Baker. She said that you two conversed on Friday morning.”

“Wasn’t me. Like I said, I came in later. Missed all the excitement,” Samuels said, and then gestured to the other clerk at the end of the counter. “Marty Oliver’s your man. Hey Marty!”

The other clerk looked up. “Yeah?”

“Cop here wants to know about Junie Baker.”

“What about her?”

“She told us she talked to you on Friday afternoon,” Officer Jamison said, watching the man closely.

“Nah, she didn’t check in. She asked if there was a message for her. ‘*Junie Baker*,’ she said.” He wiped the sweat on his lip. “I gave it to her. It was a key.”

“Was that unusual?” Lily asked.

“No, it happens sometimes,” Samuels jumped in, after giving a curious look at his colleague. “Sometimes people leave a key for a relative . . . or a lover.”

There was something sly about his tone. “Did you know Phillip Montafort? The man who was murdered?” Lily asked. “Was he the one who left Miss Baker the key?”

Mr. Oliver crossed himself. “Yeah, I knew Mr. Montafort. He’s stayed with us before. It wasn’t him. In fact, it was a woman who left her the key.”

“A woman?” Lily replied. She and Officer Jamison exchanged glances.

“Yes, she’d come by that morning. She told me that she wanted to leave a room key for someone who’d be arriving shortly. She also said she had hurt her hand and asked me to address the outside of the envelope for her.”

“Did you tell the police this?” Officer Jamison asked.

The clerk shrugged. “No. I just told them how I’d seen a woman walk out of the lift, with blood all over her coat and an odd look in her eye. Told them it was Junie Baker they were looking for, and that was the last I’d heard of it.”

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“THEY WERE ALL QUICK TO pin this on Junie,” Officer Jamison commented to Lily.

“That’s for sure,” she replied.

They had moved over to two overstuffed chairs, waiting for Martha. They could see she was now pouring herself a glass of cucumber water from a great pitcher on a wooden sideboard.

“What should we do now?” Lily asked. Tears welled in her eyes, thinking about Junie in jail.

Officer Jamison touched her hand. “Lily,” he started to say, before being interrupted by the desk clerk clearing his throat.

“Yes, Samuels, what is it?” Officer Jamison asked, scowling.

To their surprise, the clerk leaned over, close enough that they could smell tuna on his breath. “The woman, she’s here.”

“What woman?” They asked in unison.

“Junie Baker. The one I checked in last Thursday evening. Oliver said she was the same one who had him write the name on the envelope. She’s right over there.”

They followed his finger and Lily gasped. He was pointing straight at Martha, as she walked towards them, cucumber water in hand.

\* \* \*

“WHAT IN THE WORLD?” LILY cried, even as her mind began to reel. “That can’t be the woman. That’s Martha Baker, my sister-in-law.”

But Martha’s eyes had widened as she took in Lily staring at her, with the clerk still standing behind them. She looked toward the great glass doors of the San Juan at the gleaming sunlit street beyond.

Sensing what she was about to do, Officer Jamison jumped up from and grabbed Martha's arm. He turned to the desk clerk, who was watching everything with astonishment. "Samuels! Ring the police at once! Ask for Chief McKinley."

"Yes sir," the clerk said, before hurrying away.

"Martha, is this t-true?" Lily asked. "These men said you posed as Junie. Why ever would you have done that? Unless, does that mean—" She couldn't finish the thought.

Officer Jamison finished it for her. "—that she killed Mr. Montafort. Yes, it seems quite likely. The question is *why*? Not for the money, it would seem since she left it there. No, it's clear that she wanted to frame your sister for murder."

"What? Why?"

Martha's face grew dark. "Your sister! She killed my husband! Took my Orville away from me!"

"No!" Lily exclaimed. "He died of a snake bite!"

"Mr. Montafort was the one who bought the vile creature. He's the one who put it in the box, for my Orville to unwrap. Junie put him up to it, I'm sure of it. I found the card they left for him, a few weeks ago. I waited for them to come forward, to confess their actions, but they never did."

Lily stared at her sister-in-law. The woman was mad. But a faint memory stirred in her.

Junie, in Mr. Montafort's arms, weeping at her brother's funeral. Whispering together. A sense of shame? Remorse? Is that why Junie was so determined to carry on her brother's work? She shook her head. "It was an accident. A prank gone bad, I'm sure of it."

She frowned. "But you planned all this? How?"

Now Martha looked smug. "I was there, Phillip's last day of work. I knew that those bank shipments were likely to come in. When I was in his office, I saw his hotel information. He must have made the reservation at the *San Juan* earlier that day."

"You took the money and travelled to Orlando a few days later. You wanted to be there by the time Mr. Montafort would have



arrived at the San Juan,” Officer Jamison said, clearly trying to puzzle out the details. “Then you sent the telegram to Junie, pretending to be Mr. Montafort, inviting her to come.”

“You didn’t realize that she would send you a telegram in return,” Lily added, picking up where Officer Jamison had left off. She tried to imagine what had happened next. “Then you booked a room in Junie’s name, and the next morning you left a key at the front desk for Junie.”

“After asking the desk clerk to address it for you,” Officer Jamison added.

“Then you sent a note to Mr. Montafort, inviting him to come to 323. Is that when you killed him?”

Martha sniffed. “He didn’t even put up a fight. Dropped like a lamb.”

“He was already dead when Junie arrived a few hours later,” Lily said, tears beginning to slip down her cheeks. “Oh poor Junie. She loved him, you know.”

“She should have known he’d be dead,” Martha said. “Didn’t she *forsee* this in her glass ball?! Your sister’s a real dumb Dora, you know that?” Her face grew dark again. “I didn’t expect Junie to send that stupid telegram back to Montafort. Messed up everything.”

One thing still wasn’t clear to Lily. “But why send *me* the postcard?”

Martha gave a harsh laugh. “Call it a whim, I guess. Thought it might help you believe the lie.”

“Quite the opposite actually,” Lily said, pulling herself together. “I never thought Junie would send me a blank postcard.” She picked up a handful of the hotel postcards from the counter. “Since *you* like them though, I’ll mail these . . . you can use them to decorate your jail cell.”