

The annual Build-A-Bot contest was fast approaching and Zed was more than ready. He had already studied last years designs and knew exactly what he would do to make his better. He was confident he would win this year and nothing could change his mind. He arrived home from school and rushed upstairs to order his materials online. But to his dismay, his mom was already on the computer.

“You said you would be off when I got home!” he said, soon realizing this tone might cancel his chances of getting on it completely. His mom shot him a stern look and he walked to his room to wait patiently. He sat on his bed thinking of how amazing his robot would be, he just hoped the parts didn’t take long to ship...

After what seemed like hours the computer was finally free. Zed rushed in, sat down with his gift card in hand, ready to place his order. He went straight to the website but, was greeted with a disappointing message: *Due to factory shortages we will not be mailing any parts this week.*

“Come on man...” said Zed sadly. But as he looked closer he noticed some fine print: *“UNLESS you cannot wait and would like to order our most premium pieces please click HERE”* Zed clicked on the link without hesitation. “How am I supposed to know what they look like without pictures? What if it’s something I can’t use?!” he said as he saw the pictureless but priced items. Zed decided he would just have to risk it as he figured he had no time to wait for the website to get normal pieces. His mom had told him to work on his patience, but he was not thinking about her advice right now. He quickly placed his order and it read that delivery would be in 5 separate boxes over 5 days. He decided he would open them all on the fifth day and was already counting the hours...

DAY 1

The next day Zed turned on the TV to watch his favorite show but, a news story caught his attention. “Today, a local man reported a rather strange occurrence. While working in the lumber yard, he says, as if the saw had a mind of its own, cut his right leg completely off. Fortunately his fellow employees were very close by and were able to turn it off. He is expected to make a full recovery” said the reporter.

“Wow that’s crazy!” he thought. *Ding-dong.* Zed got up to answer the door, his first box had arrived.

DAY 2

Getting into the car to head to the movies, Zed switched on the radio to his favorite station but the news was on. “In other news, another accident has occurred at the local steel mill. While picking up some poles, a man’s left arm grazed a machine and was sawed completely off. He survived and is expected to make a full recovery.”

“Will it be at the Construction site next?!” thought Zed, pulling out of the garage, he noticed his second box had arrived.

DAY 3

Sitting down to read his magazine, Zed noticed a newspaper article beside it. As he had predicted, another accident had occurred at the construction site, this time a man losing his left leg. Zed read the article and got up to take his magazine with him. As he walked past the door, his third box arrived and he brought it in, as he had with the others, placing it with them in his room. He hesitated, tempted to open them...but he resisted and walked away. The thought

of opening the boxes crossed his mind as he laid awake in bed that night, as if they were calling to him... He tried to ignore it and fell asleep.

DAY 4

Waking up the next day, Zed glanced at the boxes. He could have sworn they had moved but quickly dismissed the idea. He decided to check the tracking info on his next two parts and they both said they had reached their destination. He knew this was impossible because it was only 8 and the mail came around 11. He was worried and decided to call the customer service number. Before he could even ask his question, an eerie voice answered:

“All in good time sir, patience is a virtue...” *Click*.

“I honestly would have preferred a robotic voice over that. At least that makes sense!” he thought to himself. The doorbell suddenly rang. “No way...” he thought heading to answer it. It was his neighbor’s daughter and she was crying, her face red and covered with tears. She grabbed Zed’s hand and took him to her dad who was laying in the yard screaming in agonizing pain. He had sawed his right arm off while trimming the hedges. “This is getting weird now...” he thought calling 911. Hours later his packaged arrived and yet Zed was not as happy. But, he was relieved his order had not been messed up.

DAY 5

Zed sprang out of bed excited as ever.

“Today’s the day!” he thought completing his morning routine even faster than usual. He soon realized he had at least 3 hours until the last piece would arrive and tried to keep his mind off of it. Suddenly the phone rang and the eerie voice began again...

“We hope you enjoy our premium pieces, Mr. Zed... the last one was very hard to acquire...we hope you are satisfied..” *Click*.

It was almost 11 and Zed was waiting outside to receive his last piece personally. Checking the news on his phone he read about a fatal accident at the pork slaughterhouse where a man was decapitated. “Maybe....no,no,no that’s not possible. It’s all a big coincidence!” The mail truck arrived and Zed retrieved his package, running into the house after he got it. Reaching his room, box cutter in hand he opened the box from the first day and dropped it jumping back as he did. It was a human leg...a RIGHT leg. Zed opened the others and they were all the human body parts that were lost in the fatal accidents that week. Including his neighbor’s arm and the head of the victim he had read about only hours ago. The phone rang, scaring Zed even more than he already was. It was the eerie voice again...

“We hope you are enjoying our premium pieces. Good things come to those who wait, while those who rush wish they hadn’t done such.” *Click*.