

A dark blue vertical bar on the left side of the page, with a blue arrow pointing to the right, overlapping it.

Lady in the Jar

By: R. J. Davies



Copyright © 2022 R. J. Davies

Visit my website at <http://www.rjdavies.ca>

All rights reserved.

No part of this fictional work may be used or reproduced by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping or by any information storage retrieval system without the written permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations embodied in critical articles and reviews. This is a work of fiction. All of the characters, names, incidents, organizations, and dialogue in this novel are either the products of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously.



R. J. Davies

Contact through <http://www.rjdavies.ca>

Online Edition

Lady in the Jar

By: R. J. Davies

Staring at the jar in disbelief, he wondered what he should do with it. Inside the glass mason jar was a little tiny lady with wings. She looked scared. He felt a little bad for scaring her, but he had never seen anything like this in his life.

So tiny, her curly red hair hung around her wings, she had bright blue eyes, they reminded him of the ocean.

“What are you?” he asked the little lady in the jar for the hundredth time.

He wanted to show someone but who? He lived way out of town, didn't have cell service or internet. No Jeff was old school, he moved this far out to get away from it all. The city life was too much, it was too busy. Out in the country, his closest neighbour was a thirty-minute drive away.

His family referred to him as the family hermit. His daughter and grandkids lived in town. That was fine for them. It wasn't the lifestyle he wanted. Being out in the country, it was quiet, and he could have his privacy. Not that he did anything that warranted privacy. He read his books, cooked, and gardened in his back yard. His garden was huge. If there was ever a zombie apocalypse his family could come live with him, and they would be very comfortable for a long time.

His granddaughter Nancy would love his latest find. The lady in the jar got caught in one of his butterfly traps. Searching his kitchen drawers, he remembered Nancy had left a disposal camera here last time they visited. It was here somewhere.

“Found it,” he held it up like it was a trophy.

Taking the jar out on the back patio he placed it on the table, the sun shone bright and the little lady in the jar seemed to be glowing. Jeff position himself so he could see the lady in the jar the clearest

with the sun on his back. He took a picture, and the polaroid slide out. It was blank, frowning he looked at the camera, maybe there was an expiry date on it?

Then he remembered he had to shake the picture and wait a few minutes. He did so, the picture was clear, the lady in the jar looked horrifying. She was pale with large black eyes, fangs and claws. Swallowing hard he looked back at the jar; she was trying to get out. Then back at the picture. They were two different ladies. He took another picture, and waited the results were the same.

The lady in the jar was not a sweet little creature, she was a monster in the photo. How could that be? He took a couple more and they were all the same.

Jeff decided to take the jar to the police station, let them deal with it. Something told him he didn't want to let her loose, nor did he want to take her back into his home. Leaving her on the table he went inside and grab his wallet and car keys. He came back out and picked up the jar. She was still inside and didn't look happy about it.

It was a twenty-minute drive to the closest highway police station. Getting in his car he set the lady in the jar on the passenger seat beside him. She started banging herself against the side of the jar, trying to free herself. Jeff was on the highway in minutes and kept an eye on the jar as he drove. Pulling into the parking lot, he got out and cradled the jar gently.

Entering the police station, the door chimed.

"I'll be right there!" a man called to him.

"No rush Bill."

Bill an older gentle came out to the front reception. "Oh, hey Jeff, how are things going with you?"

"Well, the darnest thing happened to me today. Here," he held up the jar for Bill.

"What the hell is that?" Bill squinted, reaching for the jar.

"Found it in a butterfly trap in my garden."

"It looks like a little lady with wings," he was about to open the jar. Jeff stopped him.

"I wouldn't do that."

"Why not?"

Jeff had put the pictures he had taken out of his pocket and passed them over to Bill. "This is why."

"Oh my god," he leaned away from Jeff. "What is that?"

"The lady in the jar."

"Really?"

Jeff nodded. "Yeah, it's weird. She looks like this to the eye but when you take her picture she looks like this creature."

"I'll give Bonnie over at animal control a call. Maybe she's seen this before."

"Alright I'm going to leave this with you."

"You don't want her back?"

"No, she's all yours!" Jeff laughed and left.

He decided to take a trip to town, he would check in on his daughter and grandkids. Maybe do a little shopping. Truth was he didn't want to go back home right away. The lady in the jar was Bill's problem now.