

It sat on the table. Not much to look at, but about six inches square, wrapped in smooth brown paper, secured with tape, and surprisingly, tied with white string tied in a double bow to prevent it from coming undone. The package had been there for a couple of hours after someone had collected it from the postman at the door that morning and deposited it onto the table and gone. There was a label on it, identifying who it was for, but they hadn't come to fetch it yet. Perhaps they did not know it was there or didn't care.

It hadn't moved or been moved. There was nothing inside it that could cause it to move itself. No-one had come to collect it, so it just waited. The room was quiet. There was no noise in the house, just the sound of an occasional vehicle passing outside, but no-one came in the room. No draughts either to move it from or across the table. The windows weren't open, but the sun streamed in through the west facing window, illuminating the package brightly and casting a sharp shadow onto the table. Its corners were well wrapped and crisp, clearly a professional or experienced person doing the wrapping. It waited.

The sun was going down and still it stayed where it has been put down. The sharp night shadows lengthened and the tip of the shadow of the corner of the package reached the end of the table and then drooped over the edge. This shadow could not be seen as it faded into the growing dimness. It became dark and the package merged with the night, so it would be impossible to spot it on the dark pine table without the room's light being turned on. But nobody came to claim it. It was still there in the morning when the sun came up.

Waiting for its owner was easy. The package was inanimate, so it did not need to move, fidget or stretch to ease the stillness. It didn't need to scratch; blink, have a drink of water or eat or perform any bodily functions. It just was put there and there it stayed. After a while the sunshine made the brown paper began to fade a little and the tape a bit less sticky, but the string showed its mettle and stayed strong keeping the double bow in place.

Time was going slowly but the package didn't care or move. It had been delivered and was where it was supposed to be according to the address on the label. There were no regrets: it couldn't feel regretful. It had fulfilled its purpose and been delivered so it had to wait until eager hands ripped the string, brown paper and tape away and revealed the contents. So, that is what it did and very successfully. Just waited.

The sun rose and set. The moonlight filled the room with faint shadows that moved around the package as the moon passed across the sky. Occasionally a shooting star lit up the sky and brought a brief bright light into the room, making the package in its brown paper wrapping appear ominous, but then it faded as quickly as it had begun, and the package remained in its normal resting state. Not moving.

A movement occurred at the corner of the table. A leg appeared over the edge and a house spider crested the ridge and rested on the table. It looked at the package, found it interesting and moved slowly towards it. The package remained still. It had no fear of spiders, in fact it had no fear of anything. It was a package, an inanimate object: no feelings, no fear, no joy, in fact no emotions whatever. The spider came closer intending to investigate, thinking that perhaps the package was food of some sort or a place where safety could be found. The spider ran quickly at the package thinking to frighten it into submission, but the package stood firm and remained steady.

The spider was curious and crawled up the side edge reaching the top of Mount Package with little difficulty. However, the string did confuse it. Tied in a bow with big loops and long strings dangling down the spider worried that it would get caught up in it and suffer. Personal safety was the issue here and it made the decision to move away, but not too far as there was a reasonable brown paper wrapped corner, away from the bows and long bits of string, on which to anchor a web. After all the package was sturdy, solid, didn't move and would be a useful steady point to begin to weave. So, the spider stayed, and the package became adorned with gossamer threads designed as a trap. The package didn't mind. Although it didn't know what it was doing, the package just helped the spider get a meal, which it did as small flies became entangled in the web, making the web shake a little as they tried to free themselves. The package played its part and remained stoical and unyielding for which the spider was grateful, but the package didn't know that. After a while the spider decided to try pastures new and said farewell to the package, leaving it where it had always been, but with the remains of a carefully constructed web and a few indigestible fly body parts.

It remained and waited, never moving, in the same place, still, loosing a little of its attractive wrapping to being in direct sunlight during the day and in an unheated room at night.

Still there waiting....