

Esther



If ever there were a candidate for the loony bin, it would be Esther. Her blasé demeanor camouflaged troubling behavior issues. She had been married ten times, and widowed ten times. The causes of death were always a bit mysterious, but even after Hubby No. 10 checked out a mere 36 hours after he'd pledged "I do," suspicion somehow never fell upon Esther. However it was how she acted *after* her husbands' deaths that made some folks uneasy. Claiming she just wanted a little *something* from each of her exes by which to remember them, Esther had neatly cut off their heads and hung them on her living room wall, displayed like so many hunting trophies. A visitor to her house once saw her talk animatedly to one, pick lice out of its hair, and (shudder) more. Then she met Lester, a newel postimpressionist. Using her womanly wiles, Esther soon had him courting her. ("Esther and Lester' makes sense," he once said to no one in particular.) When Lester left one afternoon to fetch a justice of the peace to preside over the blissful ceremony, Esther rearranged the heads on the wall to accommodate one more – "just in case," she later likewise told no one in particular.