

FedEx envelope and/or twenty-two/22 and/or 22 and/with FedEx envelope

I was having lunch at one of my usual spots and I saw an open FedEx envelope on the floor next to me. I asked one of the waitresses if she knew who it belonged to. She said no and went away to take care of another customer, so I opened the envelope and had a peek inside. It was a bunch of 8 1/2 x 11" paper that had probably come out of a laser printer. I looked up to see if anyone was looking at me. Nobody seemed to be, so I took out the pages and went through them. At first glance, they looked like short stories or essays. I skimmed through them, taking some time with a paragraph here and there. They were in fact short stories, twenty-one in total, each titled after an object that appeared in it.

When I left the restaurant, I gave the waitress the envelope in case the author (or whoever it might belong to) came back for it. A couple days later, I stopped in to ask if anyone had come by to retrieve it. Nobody had. So I asked the manager if I could have it. She didn't seem to care one way or the other.

Here it is on the floor, the twenty-one short stories inside it. Also on the floor, the objects in the titles (one of titles includes two objects):

mailbox key
finger
documentary film
desiccant
knights [chess pieces in the story]
cotton
crucifix
carbon monoxide detector
dandruff
boat
childproofing
salad
oil drum
pole
pack of gum
nightstick
performance artist
frame
ping-pong table
mascara brush
camouflage
liquid nitrogen