“Nothing,” Jimmy threw the opened envelopes on the kitchen table, “Is that all he said, ‘I’m sending it in the mail?’”

Zoe looked over her shoulder at her husband, “that’s all he could say. They listen to the phone calls.”

“Suppose your damn fool brother talks?” Jimmy looked at the boiling pot, “Is that one of those chickens he sends every year?”

“One’s a chicken,” Zoe said, “the other’s a capon. Do you want the giblets?”

“You know I can’t stand chicken guts.”

“It’s from the capon,” Zoe placed the liver, gizzard and heart in a saucer.

“Same damn animal,” Jimmy looked again through the opened mail.

“It’s different,” Zoe said, “the capon’s a rooster.”

“Why the hell does he send us chickens on Thanksgiving?”

“He’s just trying to be nice,” Zoe sliced carrots into the simmering pot, “he has the farm and everything.”

“Chicken farmer, what a profession,” Jimmy put down the mail and turned back to Zoe, “but suppose he talks?”

“Larry won’t say anything.”

“How can you be so sure? Sitting there in jail, they can make him crack.”

“Maybe you should have kept the diamond, then.” Zoe turned to face Jimmy, a heavy ladle in one hand, and a knife in the other.

“I took all the risk,” Jimmy spoke a little more calmly as he eyed the knife, “I switched the boxes at the jeweler’s. I just passed it to Larry to hold.”

“But they arrested him.”

“How could I know they’re putting those damn trackers in the boxes?”

Zoe turned back to the pot, “you sure you don’t want the giblets?”

“Feed them to the dog,” Jimmy stared at the envelopes, “tell me again his exact words.”

“He said ‘I’m sending it in the mail,’” Zoe placed the giblets on the floor as she spoke, “the capon’s ready if you want some.”

“I don’t feel like one of your brother’s hens.”

“It’s not a hen, it’s a capon.”

“What’s the damn difference?”

“A hen is a female,” Zoe explained, “a capon is a rooster that’s been castrated. It’s a male.”

Jimmy wasn’t listening, “’I’m sending it in the mail,’” he repeated as he looked at the table.

Brownie, their miniature dachshund trotted into the kitchen and sniffed at the saucer of giblets.

“When did he send it?” Jimmy asked.

“He didn’t say,” Zoe brought the plates and cutlery to the table, “it had to be at least two days ago. That’s how long he’s been in jail. Maybe it will still come.”

“It should be here now with regular mail,” Jimmy looked at Brownie, whose meal was interrupted by a coughing fit.

“If he put it in a box, it could take longer,” Zoe said.

Jimmy’s eyes brightened at Zoe’s comment, “you’re right. It would be a parcel then,” he looked at the coughing dog, “Did he get a bone?”

“Giblets don’t have bones.”

Brownie swallowed hard and the diamond went down his throat. Larry had sent it in the male chicken.