

## **BLUE, NO**

I woke up too late, grabbed an apple from the fridge and rushed off to the University.

As soon as I enter the classroom I notice that one of my lower limbs barely obeys me, as if it wanted to become independent of my body. It has happened to me more than once at home. I know what is coming next and I don't like it. In these circumstances it is going to be difficult to start teaching sign language to my teacher training students. I must be in front of them so that they can see the movements well.

Totally unaware to my concern, my left leg starts to make strange turns: to one side, to the other, above the waist, on tiptoe, heels... My right leg is confused, doesn't know what to do, is dying of embarrassment and, as it is so shy, wants to hide under the closest table, but I obviously don't allow it to do so. Nevertheless, the other one is going on and on and on, although, it must be said, it's quite good at tap dancing.

Gradually the students stand up and leave the classroom. I ask the last one why he is leaving. He gives me a sidelong glance and, as I try to approach him, he runs out into the corridor like the devil takes the hindmost.

As I pull up my trousers, I discover the reason for this debauched behaviour. It turns out that my left foot is wearing a blue sock and it does not like that colour, so I put on the red one worn by its partner. Now everything is back to normal.

**Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"**