

SHIFTING SANDS

The guest's talk was proceeding with total normality. She was talking, consulting her papers, smiling. The audience, which filled the whole room, as they were in front of a writer who used to participate in the morning radio and television magazines, was absorbed in this event that they had been lucky enough to witness, thanks to the disinterested involvement of the Councillor for Culture of the local Town Council.

- In addition, it hurts us – suddenly burst out a loud voice amidst the general silence.
- What is it that hurts us? – the writer asked

All eyes converged, from different perspectives, on the figure of my friend. Although he was rather embarrassed, he took his time, he needed to feel self-confident.

- It's one of many serial books of yours that the publisher promotes because your name is profitable.

The coordinator of the gathering, with much nervousness and flushing, hastened to say that his opinion was not the most representative of the group, not realising that so far, after an hour of an unfinished lecturing, no one had given their opinion.

My friend, whose name would not be appropriate for me to divulge here, stood up and said goodbye to everyone with a friendly smile. From then on, she found it even more difficult to get published. The matter was never discussed again. The coordinator eventually became a councillor.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"