

IT WASN'T LIKE THIS

His shoes were muddy. As he used to do when he was a child, he started to add up the digits of the number plates on the cars. If he could get three perfect odd numbers along the way, maybe he'd get lucky and everything would be all right.

As soon as he entered, he noticed that the receptionist's countenance was serious and distant. Her gaze showed a certain disdain.

- Where have you been, dad? You can't do this to me! I'll have to take you to an old people home. I can't always be looking after you.

Maybe he would have had to count the numbers in pairs and put together three perfect even numbers. He couldn't remember it very well. It had been so long...!

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"