

FROM THE UNDERWORLD

And much, very much evil must one be to tell someone, point-blank, that he has cancer and that, at most, he has two months left. I could not react on time. Then I dedicated more than three weeks to look for both her postal address and e-mail, I wanted to break her cards of pythonese on her own face. An oncologist could not remain impassive at such a shameless intrusion.

I was already agonizing when my wife managed to find her. Among whispers, on her mobile, she was thanking her.

Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or perhaps” (2005 -)

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