

THE SEVERANCE PAY

Every day, during the first two hours of the working day, Felix, my husband, and Pascual would get into arguments related to their team's performance in the previous game. That the penalty should have been called by someone else, that the referee had a lot of nerve, that yes, no... And I, while sweeping and vacuuming the leaves, I kept telling them that they had better get to work', that they were going to be thrown out on the street, that it was time for them to realize that the consumer society was alienating them. They didn't pay attention to me. Better to say, they didn't even bother to look at me.

It didn't take me long to realize that my comments were out of place: the head of the company and president, in turn, of one of the two clubs in the city, fired me for excessive productivity and for not feeling the team colours. Now Felix is getting even more heated, just in case he also gets his severance pay, which would be a family drama.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe o Perhaps"