

THERE WAS NOT A TUPPERWARE BOWL ON THURSDAY

As she did every morning, Elisa opened the door of the first floor B of the union houses with her own key. When she saw her, the old woman smiled broadly. "Today", she thought, "is Thursday, I'm sure I'll have mashed pumpkin and hake". In the bag, on the top of the Tupperware, was a ticket with several numbers printed on it. Surprised, she looked at the newcomer. This one hugged her and shouted, enthusiastically: "We won, Soledad, this time we won". Her friend's grandmother, who, after the tragic event of her granddaughter's death in a traffic accident, had entered a loop of sadness and discouragement, was waiting without much enthusiasm for a free place in one of the local old people's homes.

That day Soledad, visibly moved, repeated: "Elisa, it's impossible, I never play the lottery"

Two days later, she moved into the self-managed community for the elderly where her benefactress worked.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"