

MY RIGHT FOOT IS IMMATURE

My right foot doesn't want to listen to me. In this situation, it is difficult to start teaching sign language to my teacher training students. I must be opposite them so that they can appreciate the movements and my foot makes strange turns to the left, to the right, it stands on ti-toe, heels... little by little the pupils get up from their desks and leave. I ask the last one why he is leaving. He gives me a sideways glance and quickens his pace as I approach him.

Then, without waiting a moment, without showing the slightest empathy for my high stress, it gets angry at my left foot because it is wearing a blue sock, it likes that colour instead of the red it is wearing. I severely shouted at him when it kicked its twin hard. I then had no choice but to punish it by not going out for a week.

But that will be later. Now we have to go to the doctor because my lower back has been hurting for a few days. When we get to the doctor's office, my wayward foot - who else but it - starts flirting with the opposite one of an elderly lady who is sitting reading a magazine. It insistently touches the toe of her boot, runs up her calf and rubs it with fruition. I notice that the lady is tensing up, bending her arm and clenching her fist. We'd better go. However, it feels fine and doesn't want to leave. So I pull back abruptly and suddenly to avoid the blow that was coming. As a result, my head hits the ground hard, but I'm glad that I managed to get out of such an awkward situation. The sentence will probably have to be increased to a month.

I can also teach it, I think, the right behaviours and offer it rewards when it behaves well. I am in pain and confused. I don't know what I will do in the end. Maybe the easiest thing is for me to take the pill after breakfast.

“Stories without Mufflers” (2006 -)