

TOGETHER, BUT NOT MIXED UP

When, like every evening, my mother comes back from work, she will throw the bag on the sof a, open the fridge, eat a piece of fruit and change her clothes. Just then, my paternal grandfather will return from the day care centre and she will greet him with a smile. She'll kiss him on the cheek while asking him how he has been doing, not showing any interest in his answer and will sit him down on the sofa. She will go back and forth like an automaton: making the beds, shopping at the neighbourhood supermarket, putting the washing machine on, cooking dinner..., in short, she'll be very busy and, although she won't say anything, she'll also be very angry with my father because, after work, he will have stayed with friends at the pub.

At dinner time, the four of us will be together at the table, not saying a word and watching TV. I will be thinking about what to say to my Facebook buddies. My parents will only produce monosyllables and Grandpa will be somewhere, I don't know where, but I'm sure somewhere else.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"

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