10.- 5

11.- 5

12.- 5

13.- 4

14.- \*\*If the last answer was yes, to whom would you give it as a present?\*\*

I would give this story to a former student or colleague who appreciates understated fiction that reveals its melancholy in layers. It’s ideal for readers who enjoy the works of Haruki Murakami, Kazuo Ishiguro, or Yasunari Kawabata—those attuned to emotional nuance, faded connections, and quiet existentialism. A friend facing midlife reflection, someone reuniting with their past, or anyone who’s ever questioned the meaning of lost friendships and the illusions of success, would find this story affecting, thought-provoking, and oddly comforting.

15.- \*\*Can you think of a specific publisher that you think would publish a text like this?\*\*

This story would be a strong fit for \*The New Yorker\*, \*Granta\*, or \*The Paris Review\*, all of which are known for publishing psychologically layered, introspective fiction that blends subtle social critique with personal reflection. For collection publication, \*Grove Press\*, \*Faber & Faber\*, \*Vintage International\*, or \*Knopf\* might support a book-length work containing this story. The global yet intimate tone, metaphoric framing device, and protagonist’s emotional distance are hallmarks of successful literary fiction with broad international appeal.