

Iron

One day, an old woman bought a cheap but working iron from a junk dealer at a flea market. She needed it to press her favourite old dresses and tablecloths. Her pension barely covered her living expenses — she couldn't afford more.

When she began to iron, she noticed something strange. From the iron came the soft murmur of waves — the distant hush of an invisible sea. The heat felt not like metal, but like warm sand beneath the sun.

She paused, listening. Could it be real? She turned it off, then on again. The sound returned.

“They tricked me again,” she sighed. Her children were long gone. Her husband had left. No one remained to solve her troubles. Only one old cat stayed with her.

She took him into her arms and wept bitterly.

That evening, her sorrow became unbearable. She turned on the iron again and sat in her worn armchair. The cat curled in her lap, both listening to a sea she had never known.

Her thoughts circled like seagulls above her memories — fragile and distant, like old ships on the horizon.

That night, the apartment burned down. Investigators found the cause: a faulty iron.

The remains of the old woman and her cat were never found.

THE END

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Vladislav

P.S.

I didn't just write this story. I expressed my desire to disappear — not to die, but to leave for another dimension, another field, another reality, where no one will ever find me.