IRON

One day, an old lady bought a cheap but working iron
from a junk-dealer at the flea market. She needed it
to iron her old favorite dresses and tablecloths.
Her pension barely covered her living expenses, and she
couldn't afford anything else.

The old lady noticed something strange when she began
to iron. She heard the sound of waves coming from the
monotonous murmur of an invisible sea.
And the iron felt warm, like sand on sunny shore.
She just stood there, listening, as if she couldn't believe
her ears. She turned it off and on again. And the sound
of the waves returned.

— "They fooled me again", sighing sadly, the old woman said.
Her children had long since died, her husband had left,
and no one could solve her troubles...
Only one old cat remained.
She took him in her arms and wept bitterly.

That evening, her sorrow was unbearable.
She turned on the iron and sat in her old armchair.
The cat curled in her lap, listening to the waves of
a sea she had never known.
Her thoughts, like seagulls, circled over her memories —
trembling with sorrow and old age, like distant ships
on the horizon.

Later that night, the grandmother's apartment burned
down. The investigation revealed the cause of the
fire was the iron.
The remains of the old woman and her cat were
never found.

THE END

17.06.25
VIADISLAV

———

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.