

Farewell: José Nodar

As Jerry sat down at the park bench, unpacking his lunch, he felt a sense of calm. The sun was shining, and his sandwich looked majestic. Thick slices of turkey, perfectly arranged lettuce, and a dollop of mayo that whispered, "you deserve this." But as Jerry prepared to take his first bite, he heard a familiar buzz.

A fly.

Not just any fly. A persistent, uninvited guest who had apparently decided that Jerry's sandwich was the culinary event of the day. The fly zoomed past his face, made a beeline for the sandwich, and hovered there like a food critic deciding how many stars to award his meal.

"Really?" Jerry muttered. "Of all the places to be, you pick here. During lunch?"

The fly ignored him, continuing its dizzying loops around the sandwich. Jerry waved his hand, trying to shoo it away, but the fly took this as a challenge. It swooped and swerved, dodging Jerry's attempts like a tiny, winged ninja.

"Come on, buddy, I don't have time for this!" Jerry pleaded. "I'm on a break! I've got exactly 25 minutes to enjoy this sandwich, and you are seriously cramping my vibe!"

The fly, of course, didn't care. It circled Jerry's head, now toying with him like it had some personal vendetta. Jerry flailed his arms, looking like he was performing an interpretive dance for the park pigeons, who watched, clearly unimpressed.

"Alright, fine. I see how it is," Jerry said, dropping his sandwich back into its wrapper. "You win. Let's just talk this out, okay?"

The fly landed on the bench, giving Jerry what he imagined was a smug look. Jerry sighed.

"Listen, I get it. You're living your best life. Maybe you have fly family responsibilities I don't understand. Little fly kids, a mortgage on a decaying banana peel. But can't a man eat lunch in peace?"

He paused, feeling absurd for reasoning with a fly. And then, as if to mock him one last time, the fly took off, buzzing lazily away. Just like that. Gone.

Jerry blinked. "Wait... that's it? You're leaving? After all that?"

He watched the fly disappear into the distance and shook his head in disbelief. "Well, thanks for nothing. Farewell," he muttered to himself.

He looked down at his sandwich. Still perfect. He picked it up, finally ready to take that first bite, and then he heard the familiar buzz.

"Not farewell?!"

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