

## **THURSDAY**

We fell out, big time. You left in a strop and told me we were through. My apartment changed from noise to silence.

## **FRIDAY**

You left your coat behind on the floor, by my door. I left it there. The next morning it had moved, finding its way to the back of the dining room chair. Without a key to get in - which you had thrown at me - who moved it? I know it wasn't me. How did you do that? And why leave it?

## **SATURDAY**

By the following morning it was neatly hanging on the hooks behind the apartment door. I passed it that afternoon and it was now on my bed, as if waiting for me. Later, it arrived in my wardrobe. Still later it was facing me across my lounge, in my armchair.

I had a feeling something wasn't right about the situation. I searched the pockets and found nothing but a slip of paper with a phone number.

## **SUNDAY**

I got the courage to ring the next night. A strange female voice answered, deep and rich.

- *Yes, the coat's mine. I'll be round for it shortly.*

Immediate knocking. I answered and saw a much older woman, still in cosmetics and designer clothes, but perhaps seventy. Her eyes were intense. She smiled and took the coat, wearing it.

- *Don't resist change. Become it. Seek new chances. Enjoy solitude. Be yourself, always.*

She smiled and we embraced in our shared understanding.