

Loneliness hands

"It is wonderful. Drop in; it's impossible you turn back with empty hand. It has all sorts of. What you want. Aren't you satisfied? Those of you who have bought from there?"

"Yes, it's excellent, genuinely for every kind of taste."

As far as the eye could see, there were cloths. Odd and ends. The clanging sound of the door behind her and the customers entering mixed with the music which was broadcasted from the loudspeakers of the shop. A girl in the uniform came forward: "can I help you?"

- "Thank you."

She turned with the clothes hangers. It was noon when she reached the front of the glass showcase near the exit door: "excuse me, can you give me that dress behind you?"

- "Which one ma'am?"

- "That unbleached calico."

The man softly took the sides of the unbleached calico dress with his clean hands and spread it on the glass showcase. The woman looked all over the dress. She touched the cloth with her fingertips then crumpled a piece of it in her hand. When she opened her hand, the wrinkles on the crumpled cloth were gone. The young man said: "it's European ma'am, The latest model, its material is excellent too. I would say congratulation on your taste. It is also free size and monochrome.

- What's wrong? Don't you like it?"

- "Isn't there another size?"

- "It is free size. We've got other things of this kind too. What size do you want?"

- "The size of my loneliness."

- "What size!"

The clanging sound of the door behind the woman mixed with the music. The woman ran on the side-walk toward a place bounded within four walls which was called home. As she was hanging her dress, her eye fell on a wall mirror. Her hands looked like loneliness.