

Mr. John

It's early morning. It's seven o'clock and it's a beautiful sunny day.

“Beep, beep, beep....”

The alarm goes off. John opens his eyes, yawns and turns over.

“Beep, beep, beep,,,,”

The alarm rings again. John gets up slowly and goes to the bathroom. He showers and shaves. He makes coffee and gets dressed: beige trousers, white shirt with blue stripes, brown moccasins. He takes his coffee into his study. His briefcase is on a chair.

John has been retired for two years. His life is very different now.

He has plenty of free time; he does a lot of walking around the city, he goes to the market every day with his wife, He has long chats with his neighbours. He can finally read all that he wants.

He sits down on the sofa and opens the newspaper.

“Up and dressed already?” His wife asks

“Good morning, dear! I know we're retired now but I like to get up at the same time. It's a habit. “Shall we go to the cinema this evening?”

“John, dear! It's only eight o'clock in the morning! I don't know.... We'll see...” his wife replies, going into the kitchen.

John is alone, and he has absolutely nothing to do.