

Börkur Sigurbjörnsson

# Happy ... Nothing!

flash fiction



Urban Volcano

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## HAPPY ... NOTHING!

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Dear journal!

Dear myself!

To whoever it may or may not concern.

Thought of Jo this morning. Facebook told me it was his birthday. Found it ideal to send him a line. We've lost contact after going our separate ways after our studies in Berlin. We who connected so well in those days. The relationship was somehow so effortless. Like it was cast in stone by an almighty being and all we had to do was to sit back, relax and watch it develop and flourish on its own.

He sends me birthday wishes every year. I never return the gesture when his birthday comes around. Just as I do—or don't—with other people I have gotten to know throughout life. Why is that?

Sometimes I want to hear from people but I never get my act together and write them. What would people think if they all of a sudden received a message from me? Why is this guy sending me something now? After all these silent years? Wouldn't I have to explain it somehow why I was writing now but not before? And if I wrote, wouldn't it create some sort of moral commitment on my behalf to keep up with regular writing? I'm not sure if I could withstand such a pressure.

In the end, I decided to send Jo birthday wishes this year. I really wanted to hear from him. Regardless of how it would look. Regardless of what he would think.

It wasn't easy. The economic situation in his part of the world is quite unstable these days, to say the least. Would he find it distasteful if I made a reference to it along with the birthday wishes? Would he find it a sign of ignorance and lack of empathy on my behalf if I didn't mention it at all?

What about news of me? Should I send some nuggets? He has hardly heard from me in what, three, four, five years. Time flies. Where did it go? Which news should I tell? The latest? The most exciting? Was there anything in my life that was newsworthy? Would he at all be interested in news from me? Wouldn't I just be wasting a few precious minutes of his day that he could make better use of celebrating his birthday?

In the end I just wrote him simple wishes. Nothing more.  
Just a happy birthday. Over and out.

Now it's almost midnight. Seven hours since I sent the  
message. He hasn't replied. Hasn't even opened the message.

Seems like I've messed it up. As I always seem to do.



## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Börkur is an avid storyteller with a keen eye for quirky characters, funny dialogs and vivid scenario descriptions. Much of his writing falls within the genre of realistic fiction and his stories are more often than not based on real events in the author's life. Although the tales contain grains of truth, they are melded with fiction, making the reader curious to know the line between reality and fantasy.

## Books

Among Other Things, flash fiction (2024)

Talk To Strangers, short stories (2019)

Flash 52, flash fiction (2017)

999 Abroad, short stories (2012)

## Links

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