

Börkur Sigurbjörnsson

# Second Sight

flash fiction



Urban Volcano

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Börkur Sigurbjörnsson

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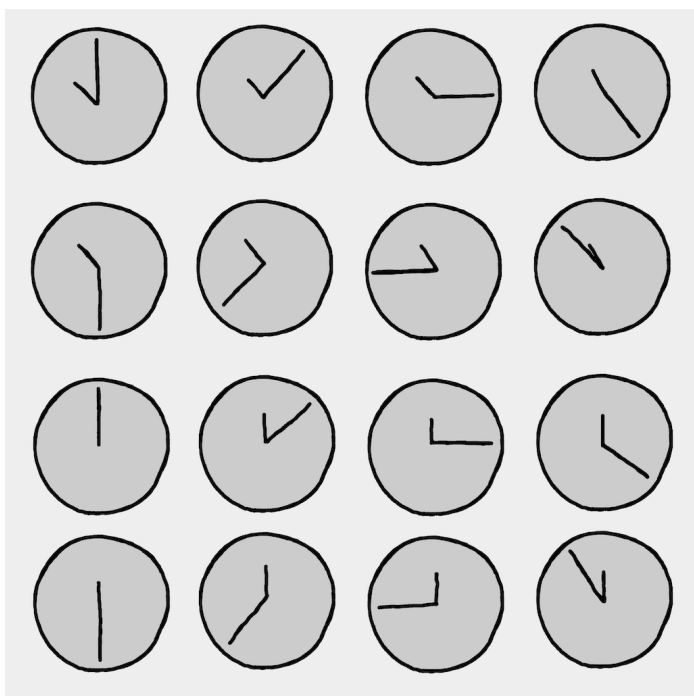
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## SECOND SIGHT

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I looked at my watch. It was still two hours until I had an appointment with the representative of the publisher that was potentially interested in publishing my novel.

There were two weeks since I had had a short chat with her after the poetry reading of the writing group *Small Matters*. I had been quite proud when she came up to me after my reading and asked about my writing—if I wrote something besides poetry. I told her about the manuscript in my drawer and we decided to meet over a cup of coffee in a downtown café.

My mind wandered back to the poetry reading and I tried to remember what she had looked like—the representative of the publisher. I couldn't visualize her face. I had been quite elevated when we met. Both because of my debut poetry reading and because of the attention she had given me. The details were covered in fog.

What if I would not recognize her again? What if I entered the café, walked past her without recognizing her and sat down at a different table?

She would surely be offended. Wouldn't she just strike my name off the list of promising writers? My writing career would be over—before it took off. My career would crash at take-off—run out of gas before reaching the end of the runway.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I sat down with my cup of coffee and looked at my watch. It was still thirty minutes until our appointment. I was early. It was the best thing for me to do. This way I would not need to worry about not recognizing her. Now it was her responsibility to recognize me.

I looked again around me at the café. To be sure, I looked from one table to the next and focused on excluding the possibility that any of the guests could be the representative of the publisher. A man. Too old. A group of boys. Too young. Could this be her? No, she wouldn't have brought her child with her.

I was safe.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

I watched the woman with the child as she left the café. The clock showed five minutes past. Had it been her? Could it be that she had had a problem with finding a babysitter and taken her child with her? It had been intended as an informal meeting anyway. Had my fear become reality? Had she left the café in anger because I had failed to recognize her? Had my inability to remember people's faces let me down once again?

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As the woman with the child left the café, another woman entered—the representative of the publisher. I recognized her at once. How could I have doubted?



## 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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