

The Meeting

It was a grey day, cloudy and cold, sometimes raining. The woman was sitting in her office, from while to while looking outside with lonely eyes, thinking about her life, the past and the future. She watched at the clock, another five minutes to wait. Time goes slowly that day. Then she took a deep breath, stood up and adjusted her mini-skirt. Outside on the corridor the noise from her high heels echoed from the walls with every step she made. The rest of the staff went home one, two or more hours ago, she was the last of the department. It was already evening, but nevertheless she had to meet a supplier, a guy she didn't really like, but who was important for the company and so he was important for her too. She was not yet 30 and her career went straight forward since she entered the company five years ago. She aimed for far more, so sometimes, more often than she liked, these sacrifices were to be made.

Before entering the conference-room, she arranged her blazer and her hair, brought her breasts in position, closed for a short moment her eyes, took a deep breath, and then pressed down the door handle. The man was already there, sitting on a chair close to the door. As the door opened, he stood up and turned around. He was not tall; rather small and corpulent and she tried not to imagine him in swimming trunks. His suit seemed much too tight and his double chin vibrated as he said 'Hello'. He glanced at her out of his cold eyes, which were too close together, while they were shaking hands. She smelled his sweat, not for the first time, nearly like every time, she met him. So she sat down at the opposite side of the table, two meters away from him. He seemed not quite happy about this, but accepted it.

The room they were sitting in was not very big, without a window and the only neon-lamp was flickering from time to time. The woman tried not to look into his eyes as they were talking about the latest business they had done together. But far more important was the upcoming major deal they were planning and which was quite important for her career. So she ignored his question, if she comes from eastern Europe because of her big sized breasts, smiled as every time as he asked her the same question, and looked down to her papers. He laughed, but it wasn't a funny kind of laughter. She took off her glasses, thought about the first topic to be discussed, while he kept watching her in silence. The neon-lamp flickered again, now more intense than before, as they started talking about the technical background of the new project. She tried not to look at him, while she summarized the facts which were important for her company, answered his questions in a polite manner, thought by the way what to eat at home, because her refrigerator was quite empty and the stores were just closing.

The neon-lamp flickered again, only two, three times and then suddenly it turned off completely. The room sank in silence, no one of them spoke a word, she was waiting for the neon-lamp to recover, as it did several times before. But nothing happened. The darkness was absolute, no shadow, not anywhere, no contour of anything, not seeing, only feeling. She holds her pen tight, still waiting. Then, there was a noise, it was some kind of clank and after that, she smelled the sweat coming closer.