

The Chair in the Square

One Monday, a yellow chair appeared in the middle of the square.

It had no owner. It didn’t even have a table.

Mrs. Mercè sat there to tie her shoe.

Pau used it to reach a ball stuck in a tree.

Samira left a box with three kittens while she looked for homes for them.

When it rained, the chair got soaked. The next day, the carpenter on the street dried it and fixed one of its legs.

“Whose is it?” everyone asked.

No one knew.

On Friday, a new girl sat in the chair. She watched the others play, but she didn’t dare approach.

Pau brought another chair. Samira, a box. Mrs. Mercè, a stool.

After a while, they had formed a circle.

“What’s your name?” they asked her.

“Núria.”

That night, the carpenter painted a phrase on the yellow backrest:

“Chair for whoever needs it.”

And the chair remained without an owner.

But it was never alone again.