

The grandmother was celebrating her birthday with her daughter, her granddaughter, her two best friends and three streetcars that she had grown accustomed to. They had all arrived and were waiting in the living room; the grandmother arrived last, a little ashamed at the attention she was receiving. As she appeared, her daughter remarked "Mother, how beautiful you are!", even though she had hardly looked at her, but well aware that she had taken extra care with her make-up. Seating herself at the head of the table, she said a few words of gratitude to those who had come to share this day with her, which, at her age, was somewhat strange to want to celebrate..

When the others had left, mother and daughter remained alone, with the cats purring under the table, brushing against their legs, begging for attention and caresses. **The two women were seated opposite each other, hand in hand.**

"Whence you are here, I have the sensation that you are still just a child."

"Mother, that's your problem," she said, in a rather serious tone of voice, "you make me feel like a child as well – I am unable to come to any decision about anything without your influence. I should have got married with Alexander, it would have been much better... but when father died, I didn't want to leave you alone. Time passed, he left..."

Not wanting to hear her daughter's words, she started humming along to the song that was on the radio. She was observing her mother's face, the deep lines of her wrinkles and the lipstick that was pressed into them. She observed her absent look and her hands which were always shaking a little, and she realised yet again that time had truly gone by, and that it was no longer of any significance. "Mother, you really do love this song..."