One day when Zorro was broke and bored to the point of melancholy he decided on the spur of the moment to transform himself into a writer, which he did immediately because he despised the type of person who always says they're going to do one thing or another but never does.

His first book was very well received, a best seller. The whole world applauded it and it was very quickly translated (sometimes not very well) into some of the most diverse languages.

His second book was even better than the first and various professors from the United States with distinguished academic reputations began to comment with enthusiasm, writing books about the books about Zorro's books.

From that moment on Zorro was so self-satisfied he passed his later days without publishing another thing.

But the others began to complain in whispers: What's up with Zorro?

And when they met at cocktail parties they would circle around to ask him why he wasn't publishing anymore.

But I've already published two books, he answered them with growing impatience.

And very well indeed, they replied. And for that very reason you ought to publish more.

Zorro didn't say anything, but he was thinking to himself: "In reality, these guys want me to put out a bad book. But since I am Zorro I'm not going to do that."

And he didn't.

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Translated from the Spanish by Bill Tremblay