

HOW FUNNY!

It was a hot, calm day, drowsiness had taken over the summer. As soon as I closed the book that was causing me so much hilarity, I noticed that the priest was lying pale on the threshold with another copy at his side. The innkeeper, who had just entered the room in an obvious state of distress, whispered in my ear that the religious man had suffered an attack that, although it started out as a laugh, had ended with several bloody spits. Suddenly, I felt light-headed and collapsed like a bundle. The clergyman addressed the font with a loud laugh, but not before throwing both texts into the fire.

Collection of short stories: “Maybe or perhaps”

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