

THE SCREAM

- Come near the bed – the old man said in a tone so submissive that it sounded like his dying wish.

He was surprised by such humility. He was used to fulfil with all his requests, but he didn't budge this time. He had worked hard for years on the fields and was tired of putting up with his constant put-downs and bad temper. So he stayed by the door, leaning against the wall.

Days later he would be furious to learn that the concubine and the bastard had been allotted the manor and the fertile lands of the swamp.

- Get the fuck over to the side of the bed! – he insisted again.

This time he obeyed. The toothless, putrid mouth of the dying man let out a cosmic laughter and he, terrified, woke up screaming in the capital's mental hospital.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"

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