

## **THE SQUARE AND THE DRUM**

All the children in the circle played the drums. The clown rolled on the ground. He was laughing and rolling like a multicolour Ferris wheel. There were chocolates, sweets, churros, biscuits and lemon water.

But suddenly the children became sad. A bad tempered, shouting man pricked the balloons of the little girl at the corner. The man shrieked and shrieked and shrieked again.

The flowers, the benches, the sun and the playful baby cried of grief and pain. Night came and for months there was no dawn.

Frightened, Cristina, Manolo, Julia and Serafin returned home. It was pitch dark in the square without a clown or a drum.

Finally, Don Ernesto, smiling, asked for forgiveness. The square shone, little one, with laughter, clown and drum.

**Collection de micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"**