

## **INTRIGUE**

Arteaga, as soon as he came out of the bathroom, gulped down his beer and hurried out because he did not want to miss the last two chapters of “Friends”, leaving the street full of poems written in his own handwriting that poured out of the bottom of his rucksack. He continued running up the stairs of his flat and, in an instant, rolled like a barrel back to the esplanade, where he lay inert with his eyes wide open. The autopsy revealed the presence of a highly toxic substance that, according to the forensic, could have caused instant brain death.

Once the fatal outcome was known, the Jacobins argued from the outset that his poems made the dictator uncomfortable, he was a martyr of the revolution; The Romantics were quick to claim that his muse had abandoned him. As for me, I have to say that he was not only my friend, but also my greatest rival in sales.

**Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or perhaps” (2005 - )**