

CATHARSIS

At night she tried to think of something else, but in her head there was only that cheerful, girl, with freckles on her face, dressed in blue. With her presence, life was something else. The house was a complete light space until she left to study in the capital. Like every year, she would pick her up at the station and together they would walk along the platform without anyone being able to separate them.

The moment was approaching. She was nervous, took her umbrella and went out. She left a bunch of carnations on the central bench. She held out her hand to her and, walking very slowly, in a very low, barely perceptible voice, she regretted: "You should have come by train, my daughter. I never liked you hitchhiking"

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"

Jesus Claver Giménez