

## **MARIANO**

It was the last day of school. He slung his briefcase over his shoulder and slowly, very slowly, as if to freeze the thrill of the moment, he began to leave the high school, a cold, geometric building which contrasted with his bold, defiant and transformative character. He had always had in mind the spirit of the geese that an old teacher had instilled in him: “When a goose falls ill or is injured, other members of the flock accompany stay and encouraged it until it flies again”.

As soon as he passed through the gate, he looked back inside. Memories came flooding back. He had spent many years at school. A spontaneous gesture, half serious, half mocking, came to his face. He was absorbed in his thoughts, as if floating, when a skinny teenager shouted: “Mariano, Mariano, can you hear me?” He looked up at the window and smiled. “You know, now I am eating” Two sincere smiles remained forever entwined in the air.

**Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or Perhaps”**