

NO TIME

“At last the arrows of the clock are silent. I have endured them for more than three lustrums, as if they were mute sentinels of my prison.

The evil tongues will have fallen silent when they have seen his obituary in the square and the nearby streets. No more gossip and gossip at my expense. “Poor Paco – they used to say-, he has to look outside for the warmth he lacks at home” Many nights I waited for him to return wearing fine lingerie like a cat in heat, but he was not in the mood. He had downloaded the ink from his pen in another piece of paper.

I feel as if a great weight had been lifted off my shoulders. However, when I go to bed, my blood boils. I’ve taken the batteries out of the alarm clock, its dim light adding to my sleeplessness”.

Just a few months after his death, Doña Maria moved to Madrid. They said in the village that she led a somewhat licentious life. She died childless when she had just turned one hundred and three. The town had paid her a splendid tribute on her hundredth birthday. The juicy inheritance, after several court rulings, passed to her grandnephew, the mayor, who had long since taken over his relative’s state.

Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or Perhaps”