

PROGRAMMED

He is walking down the Street, listening to his usual band. Songs that get under his skin and give him an adrenaline rush, songs that make his hair stand on end and that, especially when he is with the others, he sings at the top of his lungs. After stumbling unexpectedly on the pavement and falling to the ground, he laughs and gets up very fast so that nobody realises what has happened.

Later, he cries helplessly because he doesn't have the strength to confront his father who, as soon as he gets home, slaps his mother with any excuse, kicks hard at the door of his room which has been shut tight since he heard him coming, and eventually bangs his fists on the walls until he collapses like a bundle in the gloom of the corridor and crawls groaning to the marital cot. He will pass the time making ill-considered and unbalanced comments on some social network and later contemplate the images of the previous weekend uploaded by the organization to an application of international renown.

Tomorrow he will go to the football pitch with his colleagues, they will roar themselves hoarse, wave the flag angrily, sow hatred all over the city and continue drinking to exhaustion

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"