

TOO MUCH INFORMATION

She had just received a WhatsApp. She was lying on the sofa. She thought of picking up the mobile, but left it for later.

“Barcelona have won their third consecutive league game. The president of a bankrupt bank has a life pension of 100,000 euros a year. Two NGO aid workers have been kidnapped in Kenya. Although it’s October, summer continues all along the Costa Dorada.”

She took a photograph of the succulent dish she had just been served: two eggs with chorizo. Since that scare, she had always eaten very sparingly.

“The vaccine for the virus is well advanced, but it will take a few months before it is available to the population. Rain and autumn temperatures are expected next week.”

She felt a sharp pain in her chest.

Football again. What a drag! She changed the channel. The mobile phone rang again.

A heartbroken cry cut through the gentle outline of the evening. What hurt her most was that the exchange of the triple icon of three hearts had fallen forever into oblivion.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"