

## THE CIERZO<sup>1</sup> BLOWS

His dented smile, deep wrinkles on his forehead and a worn blazer would be the first features to catch the eye of anyone entering the bar at that moment. He is just finishing to read the newspaper, but he is dragging out the time as long as he can. Outside, the *cierzo* is blowing wildly. The waiter has told him for the second time: "Jose, we must close"

"What am I going to have for dinner today?" he thinks as he walks along the lonely pavements of the capital, leaning on his cane, in the late evening.

"Found dead at home. He had been dead for several days. He was found lying on the floor next to a small electric stove. There was a tin of sardines half opened on the table", one of the city's newspapers reported, briefly, at the end of the "Society" section.

**Collection of short stories: "Maybe or perhaps"**

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<sup>1</sup> The *cierzo* is a strong, dry and usually cold wind that blows from the North or Northwest through the regions of Aragon, La Rioja and Navarra in the Ebro valley in Spain.