

ONE IN THREE

We all looked in the same direction when we heard the dry click of the cold room door. We thought it was a one-off event, perhaps motivated by the country's need to save energy. About ten minutes passed, enough time to contemplate the functioning of the system used to preserve the mummy of the first president of the Republic of our country. We banged on the door, shouted, pressed against each other to protect ourselves from the intense cold... It was all in vain. Our jailer would have been a man of principle and would have considered the government advisers to be a very expensive and numerous caste which had to be done away with. Or he would simply have forgotten us. Or, even worse, a new revolution would have started.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or perhaps"

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