

FREE LIKE A KITE

She was against that war. It didn't have any sense. How many deaths were necessary to calm down the greed of the weapons companies?

- It's your last chance. What do you say? – the commander asked dryly.
- I'm looking for love, not hatred – she answered amidst the mocking and laughter of the troops.

She had refused to collaborate with those maddened men who thought the rifle and machete were their only tools for survival.

When she went out of the cannon, she felt the wrapping embrace of the wind and the burning lips of the sun. She closed her eyes and let herself go. Her greatest dream was to see the sea.

Collection of micro-stories: "Maybe or perhaps".