

KIDNAPPED

I was a pigeon. I don't know if it was white, grey or coloured because, as you all know I could not recognise myself in the mirror. The hippies, those who wore long hipsters, flared trousers, pendants, wristbands and long dresses when they watched the sunsets, made me fashionable, but that was just a *trompe l'oeil*, an illusion, a chimera. In fact, I hadn't had any good news to cling to for a long time. Furthermore, thinking about it, I think I was never really loved.

Despite feeling rejected and forsaken, hope always weighed more heavily on my conscience than disappointment. Therefore, determined as I was not to give up, I stopped flying towards the mortuary and, taking a sharp 180-degree turn, I decided to give myself another chance.

Now I live in a high-security glass cabinet with my wings open and an olive branch in my beak so that others can dream.

Collection of micro-Stories: "Maybe or perhaps"