

## **THE RETURN**

That idea had been in my head for a few months and finally settled as something inevitable and urgent. I had to carry it out, otherwise my emotional stability would suffer. He was still sleeping when I left. I was looking forward to several days of camping and a few trails through the wild landscapes of the north just as I used to do in my youth. When I returned I found the door open. Unusual for him. I looked out of the window. From a megaphone they began to shout slogans: “No one is allowed to move from here. Remember that. Don’t worry, we have taken all protective measures. Now go on with your beers and your dances.” A new epidemic, I thought. It didn't take me long to discover the mystery: a herd of hungry wild boars had invaded the city. I decided to return to the mountains, the asphalt did not appeal to me, especially not in that situation.

**Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or Perhaps”**

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