

THE BLUE GARDEN

No one has told me anything yet, but one of these days I will be taken to the railway station by car. For some days now, they've been saying nice things to me. I used to spend my days playing with my stones in the corner of the warehouse. I stayed there until my father whistled loudly for me to come back home. Dad is very good at whistling. Nobody would look at me. Sometimes someone would spit at me or slap me when they passed me. People in my neighbourhood think that children like me are a divine punishment.

I will be put on the waistcoat under my clothes. All I have to do is pull the ring when I'm in the middle of the crowd. Mum will stop smiling at night just before I fall asleep, but no matter, soon I'll be with her in her wonderful blue garden

Collection of Short-Stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"

Jesús Claver Giménez