

YOUNG PLINIO

“The tongue of fire, which had been slowly devouring the city since dawn, was there, implacable. The peoples ran in terror under a grey sky covered with ashes. The gods’ wrath mercilessly punished the arrogance of men” – he said with his eyes fixed on the horizon and without blinking- “I was lucky, someone put me on a horse and was able to escape”.

While the helpers and firemen rushed the old people out of the old people’s home, Young Plinio rode along the seashore, feeling the breeze ruffling his hair.

Collection of short stories: "Maybe or Perhaps".

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