

MATTERS OF SOME VALUE

We had barely started working when the count, anxious at not being able to open the safe despite having entered the secret code several times, cleared his throat and muttered dismissively that he was allergic to tobacco. I put out my pipe, but the bodyguard, upon receiving the aristocrat's furious glare, demanded the keys and abruptly ushered me to the door. Once outside, I quickly connected the Rolls Royce's ignition and sped off towards the airport. My jewelry clinked in my pocket. She was waiting for me with the banknotes in her hand and a jovial smile.

I've been told that the count is deranged and chain-smoking, while, on the other side of the world, his former lover enjoys money and freedom. My colleague and I only work on matters of some value.

Collection of micro-Stories: "Maybe or Perhaps" (2005 -)

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