

THE DAY WAS GREY

Barbara hesitated as to what would be most appropriate. After attending to her last patient, her footsteps had led her, without knowing how, to the mortuary. She offered her condolences to his parents and his brother, a little younger than him but with the same self-sufficient expression in his eyes and the same black curls, falling over his forehead, that drove her so crazy.

Before leaving for climbing practice, he had promised her eternal love. She had responded with a loud laugh.

On the way out, she noticed that the day was grey. She missed those passionate kisses. She felt lonely, very lonely, as if she was short of breath, for the first time in her life.

Colection of micro-stories: "Maybe or Perhaps"

Jesús Claver Giménez