

THE WALK

He was wiping away his tears when he suddenly felt joyful in the presence of that figure. He gazed tenderly at the newcomer. She came closer, looked at him with that sparkle in her eyes that he knew so well and, holding holding each other by the waist, they went out into the street like two teenagers in love. It was cold, he missed his coat. He didn't care. That precise and uncompromising prognosis that the doctor had once issued stopped floating in the sea of his conscience. During the walk he immersed himself in the most pleasant memories. He returned home alone, but the mirror brought a smile back to his lips.

Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or Perhaps “

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