

A PECULIAR CUSTOMER

Customers arrive en masse at Mercadona. A lot of ladies leaving the cart in the middle of the corridors accompanied by their children, who are fond of ordering all kinds of sweets.

For Marta this was the worst time of day, people never stop interrupting her to ask for directions: Excuse me, could you tell me where the salt is? Girl, could you tell me if this package of margarine is with salt? Added to the torture of the questions was that of the manager who had the ability to catch her every time she is realxing or asking a handsome boy for his instagram.

As people began to fill the supermarket, she began to rearrange the vegetables, putting those that had ended up out of place. She was rescuing a tomato from the lemon box when she saw something strange: a tall, pallid boy, of a similar age to Marta, dressed completely in black, was looking directly at her, without even blinking. Marta thought he was a pretty handsome boy.

"He's a vampire," Marta thought. The young woman was fond of reading cheesy teen novels in which vampires were the perfect toxic boyfriend. She approached to ask the vampire for his instagram with the tomato still in his hand. At that moment the vampire turned and ran towards the organic products section avoiding going through the meat aisle. "He'll be vegan," Marta thought as she followed him ready to start the relationship that would mark her for life in a crowded supermarket.

At one point the vampire vacillated between going straight or turning right, where there were many people fighting for a product on sale. At that moment of doubt, Marta decided to throw him the tomato that she still carried in her hand. The tomato hit the vampire on the head but didn't do him much harm and he was thrown into the tumult. Marta went around the meat aisle, passing the manager who began to shout words that cannot be translated into English.

The girl spent an hour and a half chasing the vampire, passing hundreds of times through the same corridors. The vampire, exhausted from running, stopped abruptly and Marta, at the end of the corridor, sprinted towards him. She was about to catch the vampire when the girl stepped on the tomato she had thrown at the beginning of the race, slipping and falling to the ground.

The funeral car arrived just as a boy dressed in black was coming out to buy garlic for the "allioli".

Daddy Tomato