

The crown has fallen ill, greed has consumed the man and has brought him to his most critical point, a few glasses of wine and a sudden despair were enough to tip the scales to his doom. "The king is dead", years of glory lost in a few moments of ecstasy that ended up leaving the man on the streets.

The numbers collapsed and icy nights opened the curtain, a homeless homeless man, without family, possessed by his loneliness and without any motivation to live, was wandering the streets of Las Vegas cursing his fate. One day a truck driver found his whereabouts, took him home and asked him to tell his story.

I was a rich man, who left home a long time ago, I was a young man with dreams when that happened, from my father I only remember abuse after abuse, from my mother magic pills and I am also left with the burden of a dead baby. I managed to have a good life at the end of all that, I had a good job and I felt calm, I did not achieve my dream of being a doctor, but I was satisfied, I do not know why I got to the casinos, I do not remember, at the beginning everything was going great to the point where I was nicknamed "king" and in the blink of an eye everything was plucked, I ended up on the streets waiting for my death.

In a few months the man got sick and after a year I found out that he had died of cancer, thanks to a coincidence I managed to talk to the nurse who was with him during that time, he told me that he had tried to fight, that he wanted to see the light of life again, that despite his past ills and his resignation after betting everything and it was taken from his hands, he wanted to try to find a new meaning to life. I will not forget that man and maybe his passing through this world will help me to fix mine.