

WANDERING IN THE KREGAR'S GALLERY – A short short story about an unnamed painting

It's modern-day Venice, and a woman is sitting on the side of a narrow street leading to the bridge across a forgotten canal. She had chosen this particular forgotten narrow pathway in hopes of getting away; from the endless masses of tourists. It wasn't her first time sitting in the shadows of quiet, forgotten road. She had been looking for an hour of silence, an hour of solitude, an hour of reading her favourite novel, an hour to collect her thoughts about the world before she returned to the crowded, loud, and busy life she was living.

But in those final moments of her heaven, a seemingly lost tourist had turned around a corner, luckily heading in a different direction. But at that crucial moment, an oddly decorated antique clock chimed noon. He once more looked down the road, over to the solitary bridge, just a few meters away from the girl sitting on the side of the narrow street, and screamed to someone coming down a different road. Moments after, a group of people came rushing around the corner, and at that moment, she looked up, her face in terror, knowing her quiet, forgotten road was compromised. (Klara Lešnik)

THE KREGAR GALLERY – After lunch

The woman at the table

We are having a harvest. It's a lot of work but luckily our neighbours and our relatives came to help us. This year the harvest is quite good compared to last year, when we struggled with survival. I left the field about an hour ago because I needed to prepare lunch for everyone. This is the least we can do to thank all of them. As usually I prepared a loaf of bread I had baked early in the morning. I also cooked some potatoes just so it's not only bread. In the house we have a small table and my husband and his brother are as usually sitting at it, all of other people are eating outside with plates on their knees. I am standing at the table and thinking about how much I love my husband. He is such a lovely person and I am so lucky to have met him. Although we don't have much, we are grateful for everything we have and for all of the people that lead our ordinary life with us. (Diana Dominko)