



# 10 po 100

zbirka drabble-ova

Split : Udruga F&ST – FantaSTikon, 2016.

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## Predgovor

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Drabble je forma kratke priče od stotinu riječi. Radionica kreativnog pisanja „10 po 100“ ove je godine sudionike dočekala s teškim zadatkom: ne samo da moraju poštivati uvjet od stotinu riječi, nego moraju uzeti neki značajan događaj iz vlastitog života i potpuno ga preobraziti u priču s elementima znanstvene fantastike ili fantasyja.

Možda su posjetitelji za temu načuli prije radionice, odlučili kako im je preteška i radije odabrali otići na hladno piće. Troje odvažnih uzelo je olovke u ruke i uhvatilo se u koštač s prevođenjem sebe, svojih emocija i doživljaja u riječi na papiru. Što nije nimalo jednostavno, dapače.

Romana Jadrijević

## Tea Kahrić

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### *1. *mjesto**

I remember the nights his cries woke me up. Eyes firmly shut, I'd stubbornly try to tune out my brother's unintelligible words of bright lights, while my mother desperately tried to calm him down. They made him take three little orange pills a day that sometimes managed to make his sleep sound, but made his eyes unfocused and thoughts not entirely his. If I had only tried harder somehow and found the solution, if I had been better than his doctors, he would still be with me. But I failed. Now every night the lights come for me as well.

## Kristina Ćurić Simidžija

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Samo moje stolice u galaksiji liječile su sve bolesti. Koštale su jedno dobro djelo. Jednog dana tata se razbolio. Odjurila sam u radnju. Stolice i materijali su nestali. Uznemirila se galaksija. Krenuli su tražiti lopova. Novi materijal nisam mogla nabaviti. Način njegove izrade znala je samo pokojna prabaka. U njenoj radionici pokušala sam naći neki trag. Zapela sam i pala. Ruka mi je upala u nevidljivu rupu. Izvukla sam nepoznati papir. Na njemu je prabakinim rukopisom pisalo: „Dok radim šapćem: Ja liječim.” Prabakina metoda je djelovala.

Tražitelji lopova su stigli i rekli: „Imamo ga.”

„Poklonite mu stolice”, rekla sam im.

## Ivan Sučić

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Another wave washed over her, sending her under the putrid liquid. She fought back to surface, barely catching her breath between coughing fits. She could feel her nail come off, but her fingers too numb to feel pain. Her eyes desperately scanning for signs of help. Another wave and another desperate burst for air. Her police uniform got tighter with every breath, squeezing her overworked lungs as she fought for every breath. Her eyes burned almost as much as her thighs. She closed them tight as tears started to flow. She thought back on Earth. Another wave washed over her.