

# AFTER THE CATACLYSM

Antonio Šiber (2009)



She walks in front of him with a rucksack on her back.

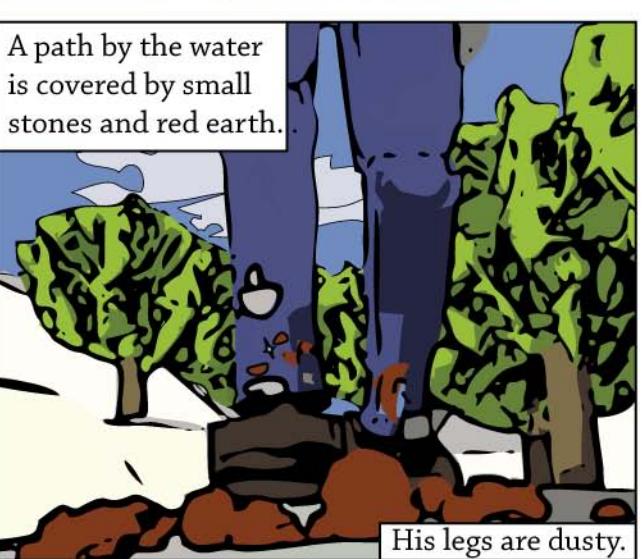
Her skin is dark



and it shines in golden hues as the midday light reflects from unpredictable

undulations of the sea surface.

A path by the water is covered by small stones and red earth.



His legs are dusty.

He feels strong. He feels as if he was young again.



There are no other people, one can hear only cicadas, somewhat stronger waves that reach the shore and steps.

TRRR TRRR TRRR

They walk in silence.

Going towards the place where they swam yesterday.



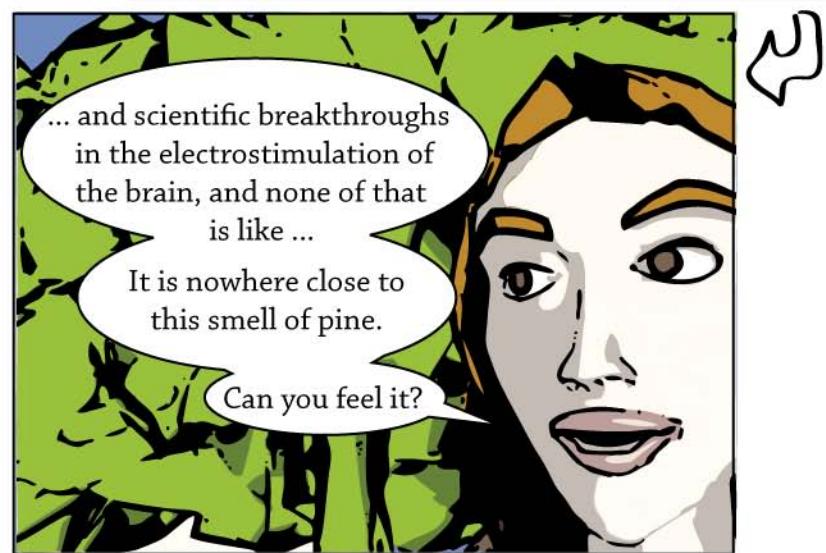
It is nice there.



A piece of flat stone surrounded by high and unreachable rocky shore. It is their place. She will finish reading that strange book today. He will just lay and watch the sea. Just listen.



She turns back. Laughing.



He smells the air. Really, one can feel a healthy and sharp smell of pine.



Where does it come from?

You're right.  
It is beautiful.  
I wonder where  
the source of  
that smell is.

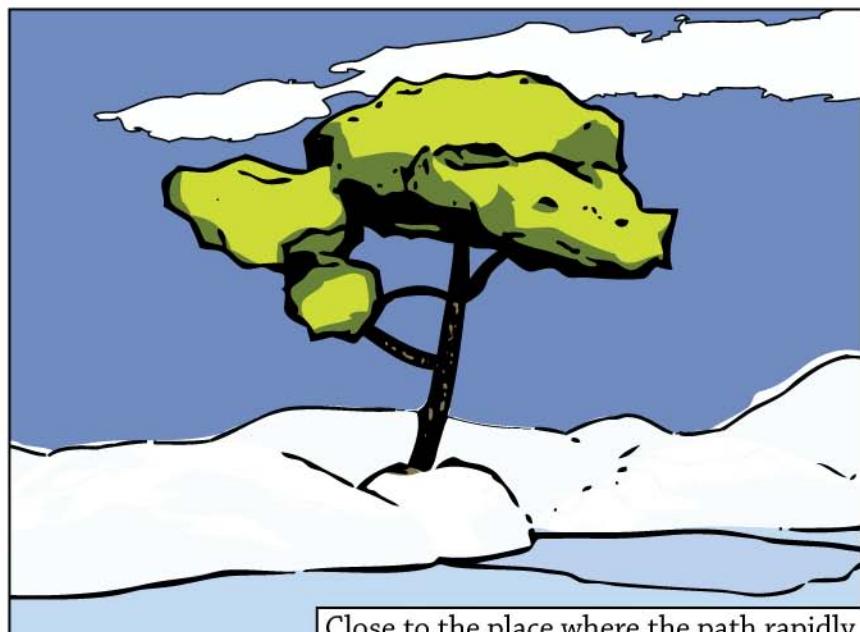
They walk farther. She stops every once in a while, bends her neck backwards



inhales deeply and says



He also inhales deeply. Every time he feels more and more content. The smell calms him.



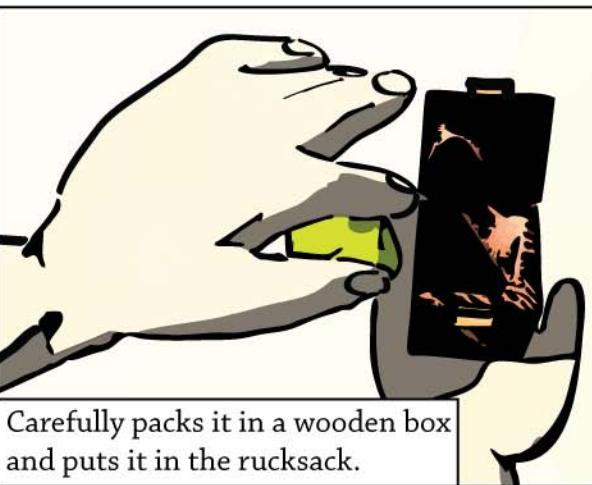
Close to the place where the path rapidly turns he notices a huge old pine.

He stops. Touches it.



Finds a soft and transparent lump at one place. Resin.

Tears it off and smells it. That is the source of smell.



Carefully packs it in a wooden box and puts it in the rucksack.

As they walk farther, he notices more of them. He picks up a few more.



She laughs. Likes the idea.  
A piece of heaven for the journey home.

