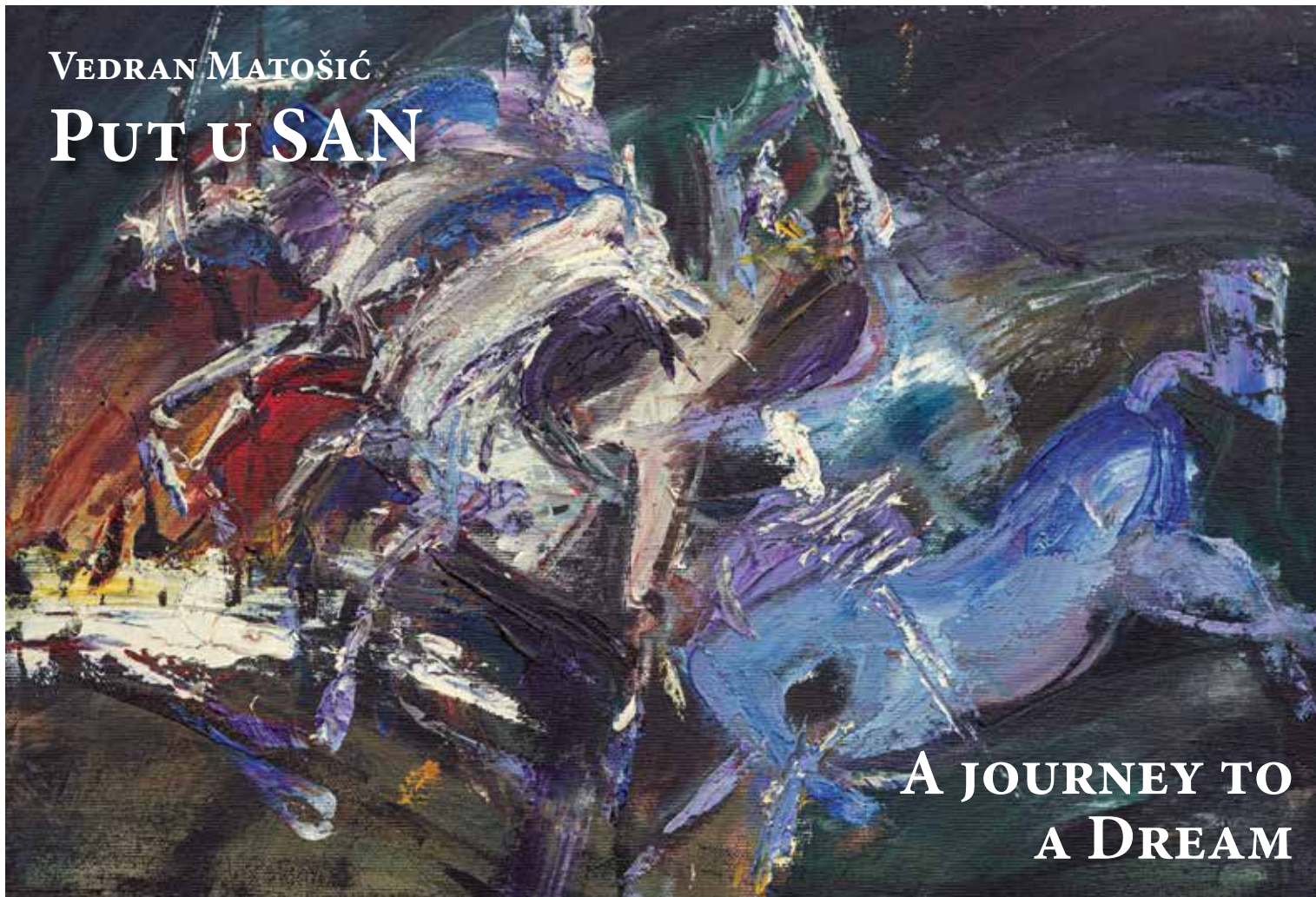


VEDRAN MATOŠIĆ
PUT U SAN

A JOURNEY TO
A DREAM



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FOUR RIDERS OF THE APOCALYPSE

The cords of the song are sending peace message that is a lie,
The lyrics are telling the stories of the people who die,
In the song that sounds like simple pray
While return home is far, far away.

In dreams the borders between countries are disappearing,
In reality bigger and higher walls are appearing,
And while politicians of democracy are preaching,
Of one religion and one nationality in many countries schools and churches are teaching.

Some books are still burning on the open fires,
With death we are sorting our desires,
And in the circle of the sunshine eclipse,
They are still riding – the four riders of the Apocalypse.




ČETIRI JAHAČA APOKALIPSE


Stihovi pjesme šalju poruke o miru,
Govore o ljudima što bespotrebno umiru,
Kako to u pjesmi jednostavno zvuči,
A mnogima je daleko povratak kući.

U snovima se granice zemalja brišu,
U stvarnosti se zidovi oko nas dižu,
I dok se zaklinjemo u demokraciju,
Zatvaramo se duboko u jednu naciju.

Na lomači gore neke knjige,
Smrću se rješavaju i najveće brige,
U sunčevu sustavu vatrene elipse,
Jašu opet četiri jahača Apokalipse.




In my dream last night, I was again in the Dream Hotel.
The fire was roaming through the hotel floors, and the hooting of souls that this hotel
has swallowed was louder than the calling out of locals,
who were celebrating the victory over evil, which, for them, was represented by this hotel.
I managed to run away from that fiery blaze and climb the hill above the town.
I was watching that wild crowd who will never understand, that in that very house they have burnt,
the last judgement was taking place and the role of the executioner,
that was handed to this very hotel, was not one of evil but one of arriving justice,
which without forgiveness or condemnation recognised its only tool – execution.



Noćas sam u snu opet bio u San hotelu. Vatra je gutala katove hotela, a huktanje duša koje je ovaj hotel progutao nadglasavalo je povike mještana, slavili su pobjedu nad zlom koje je za njihovo mjesto ovaj hotel predstavljao.

Uspio sam pobjeći iz te vatrene stihije i uspeti se na brdo iznad mjesta.

Gledao sam to razuzdano mnoštvo koje nikad neće shvatiti da se u kući koju su spalili događao posljednji sud i da uloga krvnika dana upravo ovom hotelu nije zlo nego pravda koja stiže, i bez praštanja i osude prepoznaje jedino svoje sredstvo - egzekuciju.



Driving back after many years of work in England I drove without a break in order to arrive home as soon as possible. I asked myself what is home, after all my parents have long passed, and my bachelor's life consisted mostly of work. I had a nice bit of savings set aside and I was thinking of investing in a real-estate that would be of interest to me for the remainder of my life. At some point during my long drive, I was so tired I needed to find a place to rest. Fog was coming down making visibility a challenge. I pulled aside from the main road and after only a couple of minutes I found myself in front of a small inn. I got out of the car and knocked on the door. A young man appeared with long hair and bright blue eyes wearing some kind of robe, I must have just woken him. He asked me if I needed anything. I answered that I could use some rest. He moved aside from the door and let me in. He accommodated me in a small room, right by the entrance. I fell asleep right away. The morning cleared the fog, and the sun unveiled an incredible beauty of the surrounding landscape. I walked to the town, it looked like it came out of a fairy tale. Small shops decorated with taste and hospitable merchants captured my heart in an instant. This was a place I could live in; I was tired of big cities and crowded stations. I returned to my inn and the young man asked me if I wanted coffee or tea.

-Tea, off course, I answered.

- My name is Spirit, he said.

- I never heard of such a name, I replied.

- Neither have I, said Spirit, and laughed.

He had a funny kind of lough, even contagious.

I had to lough too. I enjoyed his company.

- My name is Slave, I said, offering him my hand.

Slave, he repeated and added, I presumed as much.

He firmly squeezed my hand and with a glace penetrated my soul.

Vraćajući se kolima poslije dugih godina rada u Engleskoj vozio sam bez prestanka da bih što prije stigao kući. Pitao sam se što je to kući, jer roditelji su mi davno umrli, a moj se usamljениčki život sastojao uglavnom od rada. Ostalo je dosta uštedevine i razmišljao sam o ulaganju u neku nekretninu kao zanimaciju u preostalom dijelu života. U dugoj vožnji umor me svladao, zatrebalo mi je malo odmora. Magla se spuštala i vidljivost je bila sve slabija i slabija. Skrenuo sam s ceste i nakon svega nekoliko minuta našao se ispred nekog prenoćišta. Izišao sam iz auta i pokucao na vrata. Pojavio se mladić duge kose i izrazito plavih očiju ogrnut u neku plahtu, očito sam ga probudio. Zapitao me što trebam. Odgovorio sam da bi mi dobro došlo malo odmora. Pomaknuo se s vrata i pustio me da uđem. Smjestio me u jednu malu sobu, neposredno do ulaza. Brzo sam zaspao.

Jutro je odnijelo svu maglu, a sunce otkrilo nevjerojatnu ljepotu krajolika. Otišao sam do mjesta, izgledalo je kao iz bajke. Male prodavaonice uređene s puno ukusa i gostoljubivi trgovci u trenutku su me osvojili. Pomislio sam da bih ovdje mogao živjeti, umoran sam od velikih gradova i gužvi na peronima. Vratio sam se u prenoćište, a mladić me je upitao želim li kavu ili čaj.

- Kavu, naravno, odgovorio sam.
- Moje je ime Duh, rekao mi je.
- Ja nikad nisam čuo za takvo ime, odgovorio sam.
- Ni ja, odgovori Duh, i nasmije se.

Imao je neki čudan, zarazan osmijeh. Morao sam se i ja nasmijati. Bio je vrlo ugodno društvo.

- Ja sam Rob, rekao sam, pruživši mu ruku.

Rob, ponovio je i nadodao, to sam pretpostavljao. Stisnuo mi je snažno ruku i pogledom kao da je prodrio u moju dušu.

-I see you like this place.

-Yes, I answered, people seem very hospitable, and the town looks like a place out of a fairy tale.

-Would you like to live here?

-Well, I must admit the thought had crossed my mind.

-It's just that I need someone who would run this inn. And if you're interested... in time you could even buy it, if it suits you. I am at that age when I want to see the world and travel to distant countries. My parents have left me this inn, but I don't feel I can settle down in one place.

-This really took me by surprise, I answered, I don't know what to say.

-Stay here as long as you like, you don't have to decide right away, he concluded.

Why not, I thought, no one was waiting for me anywhere.

I unpacked my things and felt happy of making this decision to stay.

Spirit packed the next day and took his things to the car. I asked him how much I needed to pay him for renting the inn or rather how are we going to regulate our partnership. He just waved his hand and said:

-Run the inn like it's yours, I don't need any kind of compensation, but always listen to what this house asks of you and respect its demands. Decorate it in a way that it becomes a home for you and purgatory for those who visit.

-What do you mean purgatory, I asked?

-It's too early for me to explain, you need to understand that you are a servant to this house and you need to maintain it and listen to it. Your name is not Slave for no reason.

-That will not be a problem, I answered, it will be my pleasure. I don't think it's a burden to be a slave to this house.

I watched as Spirit's car disappeared in the distance. There is work to be done. This inn needs a new look.

From the money that I have saved from this inn I will make a hotel this town will be proud of, and I will call it the Dream Hotel.

- Vidim da vam se sviđa ovo mjesto.

- Da, rekao sam, ljudi izgledaju vrlo srdačni, a i mjesto je kao iz bajke.

- Biste li voljeli živjeti ovdje?

- Pa, mogu vam reći da mi je to palo na pamet.

- Evo, meni baš treba netko tko bi vodio prenoćište. Pa, ako ste zainteresirani... s vremenom ga možete i kupiti, bude li vam odgovaralo. Ja sam u godinama kad želim vidjeti svijet i putovati u daleke zemlje. Roditelji su mi ostavili ovo prenoćište, ali ja se ne mogu skrasiti na jednom mjestu.

- Ovo me je stvarno zateklo, odgovorio sam, ne znam što da vam kažem.

- Ostanite ovdje koliko želite, ne morate odmah odlučiti, zaključio je.

Zašto ne, promislio sam, nitko me ionako nigdje ne čeka. Raspakirao sam stvari i kao da sam bio sretan što sam donio odluku da ostajem.

Duh se sutradan spakirao i ukrcao stvari u auto. Pitao sam ga koliko mu trebam plaćati za najam prenoćišta odnosno kako ćemo regulirati naše odnose. On je samo odmahnuo rukom i rekao:

- Vodite prenoćište kao da je vaše, nije mi potrebna nikakva naknada, ali uvijek slušajte što od vas traži ova kuća i poštujte njene prohtjeve. Uredite je tako da postane dom za vas, a čistilište za one koji u nju svrate.

- Kako mislite čistilište, upitao sam.

- Rano je da vam objašnjavam, morate shvatiti da ste vi sluga ovoj kući i da je morate održavati i slušati. Vaše ime nije bez razloga Rob.

-To neće biti problem odgovorio sam, bit će mi zadovoljstvo. Ne mislim da je teret biti rob ove kuće .

Gledao sam kako Duhova kola nestaju u daljini. Treba prionuti poslu. Ovo prenoćište mora dobiti novo ruho.

Od novca koji sam uštedio napraviti ću hotel kojim će se ponositi cijelo mjesto, i nazvat ću ga San hotel.



I

THE PEACE ROOM

I was sitting on the porch of the hotel after a hard day's work. I managed to fix many things, and even place the Dream Hotel billboard on top of the building. For the last couple of days, I mainly spent my time getting to know the town and its citizens. I arranged the purchase of all the things the hotel needed, and also for the work that needed to be done in order for the hotel to function as I imagined. The name of the town is Destiny, that is strange, I thought, as it is destiny that brought me here. I went through all the rooms, there were nine, and I decorated each one differently, just as though I was imagining the guest who will stay in that very room. Spirit had placed large mirrors in each room which I left, as they gave the rooms a nice depth. I sat at the computer with the intent to advertise the hotel through internet and all the familiar sites, but the screen instantly showed the sign, the Dream Hotel. I clicked on the icon and a new icon appeared Dreamnews with a sign on the bottom saying more info...

I clicked on the Dreamnews icon and a text appeared:

Wars in the world are not stopping. The sale of weapons is indeed the greatest sin of today's capitalists. Opening new battlefields opens new stories of victims, and from one such battlefield John from Destiny returns this Friday. He will be staying in the Dream Hotel as his final resting place.

Reading the short text, I realised that I have my first guest tonight. I wondered if this meant that all my guests will be arriving solely through the Dreamnews announcements, and how this kind of business will cover my expenses.

I

SOBA MIRA

Sjedio sam na trijemu prenoćišta poslije napornog dana. Uspio sam popraviti mnoge stvari, a i reklamu San hotela postaviti na sam vrh zgrade. Prethodnih dana uglavnom sam upoznavao mjesto i mještane. Dogovario sam kupnju potrepština za hotel, i radove koji su bili nužni da hotel funkcionira baš onako kako sam zamislio. Ime mjesta je Sudbina, to je čudno, pomislio sam, jer me sudbina upravo i dovela ovamo. Obišao sam sobe, bilo ih je devet, i svaku sam na poseban način uredio, kao da sam zamišljao gosta koji će baš u toj sobi prenoćiti. Od Duha su još ostala velika zrcala u svakoj sobi.

Bilo je to malo neobično, ali davalo je neku dubinu sobama, pa sam odlučio da tako i ostane.

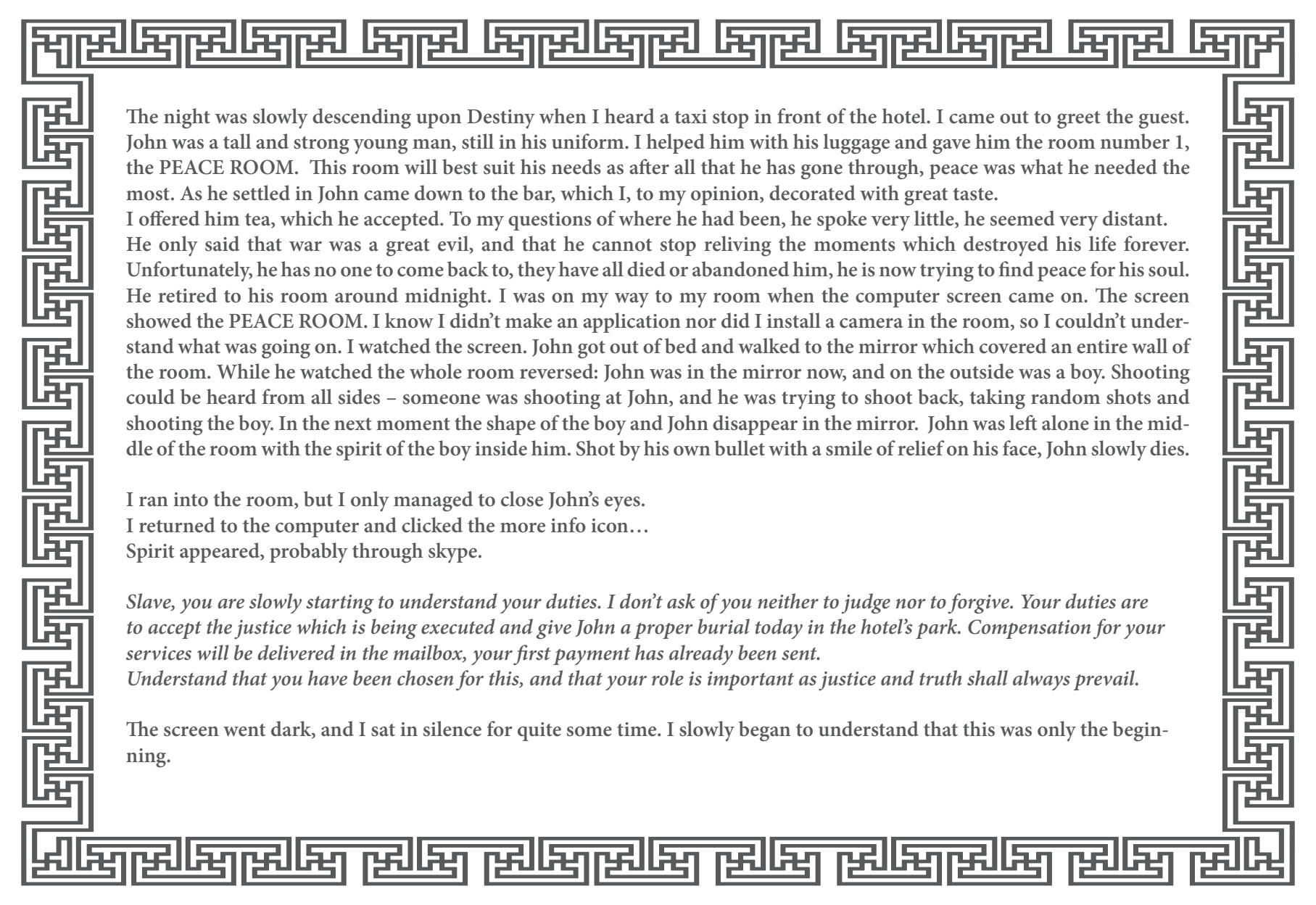
Sjeo sam za računalo i pokušao oglašiti prodaju hotela preko interneta i poznatih mi portala, ali odmah se na ekranu pojavio natpis San hotel. Kliknuo sam na ikonu i pojavila se nova ikona Sannews a na dnu naznaka more info...

Pritisnuo sam na ikonu Sannews i pojavio se tekst:

Ratovi u svijetu ne prestaju. Prodaja oružja svakako je najveći grijeh kapitalista današnjice. Otvaranje novih ratišta otvara nove priče o žrtvama, a s jednog od tih ratišta ovog petka vraća se Ivan iz Sudbine.

On večeras ostaje u San hotelu kao u svom zadnjem prenoćištu.

Čitajući kratki tekst shvatio sam da večeras imam prvog gosta. Pitao sam se znači li to da će gosti dolaziti isključivo prema najavama Sannewsa i kako će mi takvo poslovanje pokriti troškove.



The night was slowly descending upon Destiny when I heard a taxi stop in front of the hotel. I came out to greet the guest. John was a tall and strong young man, still in his uniform. I helped him with his luggage and gave him the room number 1, the PEACE ROOM. This room will best suit his needs as after all that he has gone through, peace was what he needed the most. As he settled in John came down to the bar, which I, to my opinion, decorated with great taste. I offered him tea, which he accepted. To my questions of where he had been, he spoke very little, he seemed very distant. He only said that war was a great evil, and that he cannot stop reliving the moments which destroyed his life forever. Unfortunately, he has no one to come back to, they have all died or abandoned him, he is now trying to find peace for his soul. He retired to his room around midnight. I was on my way to my room when the computer screen came on. The screen showed the PEACE ROOM. I know I didn't make an application nor did I install a camera in the room, so I couldn't understand what was going on. I watched the screen. John got out of bed and walked to the mirror which covered an entire wall of the room. While he watched the whole room reversed: John was in the mirror now, and on the outside was a boy. Shooting could be heard from all sides – someone was shooting at John, and he was trying to shoot back, taking random shots and shooting the boy. In the next moment the shape of the boy and John disappear in the mirror. John was left alone in the middle of the room with the spirit of the boy inside him. Shot by his own bullet with a smile of relief on his face, John slowly dies.

I ran into the room, but I only managed to close John's eyes.
I returned to the computer and clicked the more info icon...
Spirit appeared, probably through skype.

*Slave, you are slowly starting to understand your duties. I don't ask of you neither to judge nor to forgive. Your duties are to accept the justice which is being executed and give John a proper burial today in the hotel's park. Compensation for your services will be delivered in the mailbox, your first payment has already been sent.
Understand that you have been chosen for this, and that your role is important as justice and truth shall always prevail.*

The screen went dark, and I sat in silence for quite some time. I slowly began to understand that this was only the beginning.

Noć se polako spuštala nad Sudbinom kad sam začuo da se taxi zaustavlja ispred hotela. Izašao sam dočekati gosta. Ivan je bio visok i snažan mladić, još uvijek u uniformi. Pomogao sam mu oko prtljage i smjestio ga u sobu broj 1, nazvao sam je SOBA MIRA. Takva će mu soba najbolje odgovarati jer poslije svega što je prošao najpotrebniji mu je mir.

Kad se smjestio Ivan je došao u bar, koji sam, po mom mišljenju, vrlo ukusno uredio.

Ponudio sam mu čaj, što je i prihvatio. Na pitanja o tome gdje je bio vrlo je malo govorio, djelovao je potpuno odsutno. Rekao je samo da je rat jedno veliko zlo, i da stalno proživljava trenutke koji su mu zauvijek uništili život. Nažalost, nema se više kome vratiti, svi su ili umrli ili su ga napustili, sad pokušava naći smiraj svojoj duši.

Oko ponoći povukao se u sobu. Ja sam krenuo prema svojoj sobi kad se upalio kompjutor.

Na ekranu se pojavila SOBA MIRA. Znam da nisam niti izradio aplikaciju niti postavljao kameru u sobu, pa mi nije bilo jasno što se događa. Gledao sam u ekran. Ivan je ustao iz kreveta i krenuo prema ogledalu koje je zahvaćalo cijeli zid u sobi. Dok je gledao u ogledalo cijela soba kao da se izokrenula : u ogledalu se našao Ivan, a izvan ogledala jedan dječak. Pucnjava se čula sa svih strana – netko je pucao u Ivana, a on pokušavajući odgovoriti na pucnjavu nasumce puca i pogađa dječaka. Potom lik dječaka i lik Ivana u zrcalu nestaju. Ostaje samo Ivan na sredini sobe u čije je tijelo ušao duh dječaka. Ustrijeljen vlastitim metkom s osmjehom olakšanja na licu Ivan polako umire.

Utrčao sam u sobu, ali sam uspio tek sklopiti Ivanu oči.

Vratio sam se do kompjutera i kliknuo sam na ekranu more info...

Pojavio se Duh, vjerojatno preko skypea.

Robe, polako počinješ shvaćati koje su ti dužnosti. Ne tražim od tebe niti da osuđuješ niti da praštaš. Tvoje dužnosti su da pravdu koja se izvršava prihvatiš i danas Ivana u parku hotela dolično sahraniš. Naknadu za svoje usluge dobivat ćeš u poštanskom pretincu, prva isplata je već poslana. Shvati da si za ovo izabran, i da je tvoja uloga značajna jer pravda i istina uvijek pobjeđuju.

Ekran se ugasio, a ja sam još dugo sjedio u tišini. Polako sam počeo shvaćati da je ovo tek početak.

II THE SPEED ROOM

I opened the mailbox, the envelope holding the money was already there. There was more money than I expected, with no message. I got up early the next morning and started to dig a grave for John. The remorse he felt for the death of a boy he killed, I thought, consumed him to the point that he became the boy in the end and lived through the fear the boy had felt as the soldiers barged into the house of his parents and killed everyone.

John found his peace he couldn't cope with the notion that he killed a boy nor could he live with it any longer.

I buried John and prayed for his soul. I carved John's name on a gravestone and placed it on the grave.

A week had passed, bringing the new weekend. On Friday morning I cleaned the hotel. Later on I took some flowers to John's grave. As I returned, I found that the computer screen was on. New guest announcement, I thought.

I clicked on Dreamnews and a text appeared:

On the road to the town Destiny a traffic accident took place. A girl was hit by a car. The search continues for the car driver as it was a hit and run accident. The girl, unfortunately died on the way to the hospital. She was only fourteen years old. If the driver had stopped, it is assumed that the girl could have been saved.

A sports car had stopped in front of the hotel. The right side was completely dented. A young woman came out of the car. Fear was evident on her face, she looked as though she couldn't control her movements.

II

SOBA BRZINE

Otvorio sam poštanski pretinac, omotnica s novcem već je bila tamo. Novca je bilo mnogo više od očekivanog. Nikakve poruke. Rano ujutro sam ustao i krenuo kopati raku za Ivana. Ta griznja savjesti da je u ratu ubio dječaka toliko ga je opsjedala, pomislio sam, da je na kraju postao dječak i proživljavao strahove koje je dječak doživio kada su vojnici upali u kuću njegovih roditelja i sve poubijali.

Ivan je našao smiraj, nije mogao prijeći preko spoznaje da je ubio dječaka i s time nije mogao više živjeti. Pokopao sam Ivana i pomolio se za njegovu dušu. Na grob sam stavio pločicu s Ivanovim imenom. Prošao je tjedan, došao novi vikend. U petak ujutro pospremio sam hotel. Poslije sam odnio cvijeće na Ivanov grob. Kad sam se vratio ekran kompjutera bio je upaljen. Nova najava gosta, pomislio sam. Kliknuo sam na Sannews i pojavio se tekst:

Na cesti prema mjestu Sudbina dogodila se prometna nesreća. Poginula je djevojčica. Za vozačem automobila još se traga jer je pobjegao s mjesta nesreće. Djevojčica je, nažalost, na putu do bolnice preminula. Imala je samo četrnaest godina. Da se vozač zaustavio pretpostavlja se da bi djevojčica možda bila spašena.

Sportski automobil zaustavio se ispred hotela. Desna strana bila je potpuno ulupljena. Mlada žena izašla je iz automobila. Na licu joj se vidio strah, izgledala je kao da ne može kontrolirati svoje pokrete. Poslije duge šetnje vratila se u hotel i u sobu. Noć se spustila nad mjestom. Natočio sam si Jack Daniels i colu kad se ekran upalio. Na ekranu se pojavila SOBA BRZINE. Polako sam odgonetavao igru u koju sam uvučen i jednostavno sam se prepustio.

I helped her enter the hotel. She could barely utter her need for accommodation. I gave her room 2, the SPEED ROOM. She told me her name was Mia.

I offered her a drink, she asked for a glass of water. She said she wasn't in the mood for conversation and that she had a rough day, she only wanted to walk along the park and rest as much as possible. After a long walk she returned to the hotel and went to her room. The night came over the town. I poured myself a Jack Daniels and coke when the screen came on. The screen showed the SPEED ROOM. Slowly I started to decipher the game I had been drawn into and just gave in.

Mia got up from the bed and looked into the mirror. The picture reversed, I understood what was going on: the girl's spirit entered Mia and she was living through the same fear the girl felt as the car hit her. Her body fell and she hits her head on the table. That blow was so strong that it proved to be fatal for Mia, justice and truth were met.

I clicked on more info; the Spirit appeared on the screen. This time there was no explanation necessary. Yet he said:

Many participants of traffic accidents who have committed a crime flee the scene of the accident.

Each one of us can judge this easily, but people need to ask themselves would they flee or would they stop and aid the injured. Still, in one case or the other, justice and truth will catch up with them.

Some, unfortunately regard that they can outrun justice and the truth. But they cannot escape the Dream Hotel.

I dug the grave for Mia the next morning. I know she was guilty for the death of the girl, but her fearful face and all that she went through I could understand. She should have stayed at the scene of the accident, as at the end her guilty conscience made the ruling. I placed a gravestone on the grave with her name on it.

Pomogao sam joj da uđe u hotel. Jedva je izustila da treba smještaj. Smjestio sam je u sobu broj 2, SOBU BRZINE. Rekla mi je da se zove Mia. Ponudio sam joj piće, zamolila je čašu vode. Nije joj, rekla je, do razgovora, imala je naporan dan, želi samo malo prošetati parkom i što više se odmarati.

Mia je ustala iz kreveta i pogledala u zrcalo. Slika se u trenu izokrenula, shvatio sam što se događa: duh djevojčice ušao je u Miju, ona proživljava isti strah kao i djevojčica pri udaru automobila. Njeno tijelo pada i glava joj udara o stol. Snažan udar bio je smrtonosan za Miju, pravda i istina bili su zadovoljeni. Kliknuo sam na more info, Duh se pojavio na ekranu. Ovaj put nije ništa trebalo objašnjavati. On je ipak rekao:

Mnogi sudionici prometnih nesreća koji su počinili zločin pobjegli su s mjesta nesreće. Svatko od nas može to lako osuditi, ali ljudi se moraju upitati bi li i oni pobjegli ili bi se zaustavili i pomogli unesrećenom. Ipak, i u jednom i u drugom slučaju pravda i istina će ih sustići.

Neki, nažalost smatraju da pravdi i istini mogu pobjeći. Ali ne mogu pobjeći San hotelu.

Ujutro sam iskopao grob za Miju. Znam da je kriva za smrt djevojčice, ali njezino lice puno straha i sve što je proživljavala mogao sam razumjeti. Trebala je ostati na mjestu nesreće, na kraju joj je presudila grižnja savjesti. Na grob sam stavio pločicu s njenim imenom.

III

THE ABUSEMENT ROOM

Money in the mailbox is always a pleasant surprise, although I had no doubt in its arrival. Days at the hotel passed slowly. I often went to town to buy supplies for the hotel. It was as though I was waiting for Friday and a new guest. And Friday arrived, I was reading the newspapers with my usual morning coffee when the screen came on. I clicked on Dreamnews and a text appeared:

An animal killer appeared in Destiny. It is assumed that more than twenty cats and dogs were poisoned. The police are searching for the perpetrator. It is suspected that it was someone from the town who doesn't like animals.

The police are receiving reports and questioning accordingly, many have reported their neighbours. People are wondering who is so bothered by animals?

Still some are even relieved, as cats had large number of kittens, and some dogs have become dangerous for the children.

How to stop the perpetrator? The citizens are warned not to take their pets for walks in parks and to watch for poisoned food.

The poison used is very dangerous, it causes a complete bleeding out in animals, white foam comes out of their mouth and they die in terrible agony. The poison gives food a pleasant fragrance which additionally attracts the unlucky animals.

While I watched the pictures of poisoned animals a bell sounded at the reception. A man of roughly sixty years of age, very untidily dressed, stood before me, I could feel his negative energy spreading around him. He asked for a room for one night.

III

SOBA ZLOSTAVLJANJA

Novac u poštanskom sandučiću uvijek je ugodno iznenađenje, iako nisam ni sumnjao da će stići. Dani u hotelu prolazili su sporo. Često sam odlazio u mjesto da bih kupio potrepštine za hotel. Kao da sam čekao petak i novoga gosta. I stigao je petak, prelistavao sam novine uz uobičajenu jutarnju kavu kad se otvorio ekran. Kliknuo sam na Sannews i pojavio se tekst:


U Sudbini se pojavio ubojica životinja. Pretpostavlja se da je otrovano više od dvadeset mačaka i pasa. Policija traga za počiniteljem. Sumnja se da je to učinio netko iz mjesta, tko ne voli životinje.

Policija ispituje prema prijavama, mnogi optužuju svoje susjede. Ljudi se pitaju kome smetaju životinje?

Ipak, nekima je i drago, jer su mačke okotile velik broj mačića, a neki psi postali opasni za djecu.

Kako zaustaviti počinitelja? Upozoravaju se građani da ne vode kućne ljubimce po parkovima i da paze na otrovanu hranu, Riječ je o opasnom otrovu koji kod životinja izaziva potpuno iskrvarenje, na usta im izlazi bijela pjena i umiru u strašnim mukama. Otrovi hrani daje ugodan miris što dodatno privlači nesretne životinje.

Dok sam gledao slike otrovanih životinja oglasilo se zvono na recepciji. Čovjek šezdesetih godina vrlo neuredno odjeven stajao je ispred mene, osjećao sam kako oko sebe širi negativnu energiju. Tražio je sobu za jednu noć.



He left the town to get away from all the gossip about the animal poisonings, and of course, from the police questionings. Alen, that was his name, wasn't very talkative, he had a brandy and retired to the ABUSEMENT ROOM. The door closed, and the night was slowly settling in. It was some time before the light from the screen brought me back from my thoughts; the screen showed the ABUSEMENT ROOM.

Alen gets up from the bed and looks at the mirror. The image reverses and the cat's spirit enters Alen. He was gorging on the poisoned food which he took out of his bag and placed on the nightstand. He puts large amounts of food into his mouth and swallows continuously. After some time, the poison starts to take effect. Alen throws himself around on the floor, it takes quite some time before the poison destroys his body, the bleeding appears and consequently causes a horrifying death. Foam is coming out of his mouth and he dies in terrifying agony. Morning brought return to serenity. I opened the mailbox, the money had promptly arrived. I dug a grave for Alen. Opening the computer, I pressed more info and Spirit appeared on the screen:

Many people would have gladly done the some Alen did, he paid the price for all of them.

On the other hand, to release your anger on animals is definitely abuse. Animals are never to blame, it's always the owners, yet they are rarely punished.

This time the punishment came for Alen.

Otišao je iz mjesta jer želi izbjeći sva ta govorkanja o trovanju životinja, i naravno, policijska ispitivanja. Alen, tako se zvao, nije baš bio razgovorljiv, popio je jednu rakiju i otišao u SOBU ZLOSTAVLJANJA. Vrata su se zatvorila, polako se spuštala noć. Prošlo je dosta vremena dok me svjetlost s ekrana nije trgnulo iz razmišljanja; na ekranu se pojavila SOBA ZLOSTAVLJANJA.

Alen ustaje iz kreveta i gleda u ogledalo. Slika se izokreće i duh mačke ulazi u Alena. On halapljivo uzima hranu s otrovom koju je izvadio iz torbe i stavio na noćni ormarić. Stavlja velike količine hrane u usta i neprekidno guta.

Nakon nekog vremena otrov počinje djelovati. Alen se baca po podu, to traje dugo, otrov mu uništava tijelo, nastaje krvarenje koje na kraju izaziva stravičnu smrt. Na usta mu izlazi pjena i on umire u teškim mukama.

Jutro je donijelo smiraj. Otvorio sam poštanski sandučić, novac je uredno stigao. Iskopao sam raku za Alena. Otvorio sam kompjutor, kliknuo na more info i Duh se pojavio na ekranu:

Mnogi ljudi bi vrlo rado učinili isto što i Alen, on je platio za sve njih.

S druge strane iskaliti svoj bijes na životinjama svakako je zlostavljanje. Životinje nikad nisu krive, uvijek su krivi vlasnici, a oni rijetko budu kažnjeni.

Ovog puta kazna je stigla Alena.

IV THE HATRED ROOM

On Thursday Destiny is hosting the neighbouring country's football club, which is the most important event of the season. For the eternal rivals this game will decide of their participation in the European championship. The entire town lives for this event. All the shops are in the home town club colours. The fans are preparing their support for the club. The police are conducting great preparations in order for the event to pass without incidents. They are aware that it's a high risk game so they are getting some reinforcements from the inner country stations.

Destiny's football club colour is red, so everything and anything was coloured red. Along the streets, drums can be heard, along with trumpets and firecrackers.

On Wednesday night the opposing team's players arrived along with a large number of their supporters. All was calm. On Thursday the local police were overseeing the long lines at the entrance, while the special forces from the inner county stations were controlling the stadium and the stands. At the entrance all supporters were checked to eliminate even the slightest possibility of anyone entering with any kind of explosives or weapons. The game started, I turned on the TV and watched the game. I'm not an immense football fan, but this game was not to be missed.

The game was taking the usual competitive course of action, the fans supported their teams with all their might. After about twenty minutes the opposing team "Freedom" scored an amazing goal hitting the very corner of the net, taking the lead with 1:0. The cheering was getting louder and at the very end of the first half the host's team scored equalling the result. The whole stadium cheered in ecstasy. The second half brought everyone on edge. In the seventieth minute the home team led by 2:1, but just a couple of minutes later in the counterattack the guests equalled the score. The ninetieth minute had passed, the referee prolonged the game by two minutes. In the last minute the home team's player brings the opposing team's player down in front of the goalposts and the referee calls a penalty in favour of the opposing team.

IV SOBA MRŽNJE

U četvrtak u Sudbini gostuje nogometni klub iz susjedne zemlje, što je najvažniji događaj sezone. Vječnim rivalima ova će utakmica odlučiti o sudjelovanju na europskom natjecanju. Čitavo mjesto živi za ovaj dan. Sve su prodavaonice u mjestu u bojama kluba domaćina. Navijači se pripremaju za podršku klubu. Policija provodi velike pripreme kako bi događaj prošao bez incidenta. Znaju da je utakmica velikoga rizika pa im u pomoć stiže i pojačanje iz unutrašnjosti zemlje.

Boja „Sudbine“, nogometnog kluba domaćina, je crvena i sve se crveni. Po ulicama se čuju bubnjevi, trube, a pucaju i petarde.

U srijedu predvečer stigli su igrači protivničkog tima i velik broj njihovih navijača.

Sve je proteklo mirno. U četvrtak je duge redove za ulazak na utakmicu nadzirala lokalna policija, a na stadionu i na tribinama bila je specijalna policija iz unutrašnjosti. Na ulazima su detaljno pregledani svi navijači kako bi se otklonila i najmanja mogućnost unošenja eksplozivnih naprava ili oružja. Utakmica je počela, upalio sam televizor i gledao prijenos. Nisam baš ljubitelj nogometa, ali bio je to događaj koji se ne propušta.

Utakmica je protjecala u uobičajenom natjecateljskom duhu, navijači su zdušno navijali za svoje timove. Nakon dvadesetak minuta protivnički tim „Slobode“ poveo je prekrasnim golom u same rašlje sa 1:0. Navijanje se pojačalo i pred sam kraj prvog poluvremena domaći tim je izjednačio. Na stadionu je nastao urnebes. Drugo poluvrijeme donijelo je dosta nervoze. U sedamdesetoj minuti domaći su povelili sa 2 : 1 , ali tek nekoliko minuta kasnije u protunapadu gosti izjednačavaju rezultat. Devedeseta minuta je prošla, sudac je produžio utakmicu za dvije minute. U posljednjoj minuti igrač domaće momčadi obara protivničkog igrača ispred samih vratnica i sudac dosuđuje penal za protivničku momčad.

The captain of the opposing team is taking the penalty shot and scores in to the corner of the goalposts claiming victory for “Freedom”. The home team’s fans go wild, calling out: The game is stolen! Kill the referee! The special forces brought the “Freedom” players out of the stadium and with the help of the local police managed to control the riots on the field. It seemed that all will go well in the end with no major incidents.

But Friday brought new problems. The home team’s fans searched for the “Freedom” fans who have already departed. In their anger the “Destiny” fans looked for someone to release their dissatisfaction and hate on. They smashed rear view windows of parked cars on the road. A young man tried to reason with them by asking why they were doing this. An entire group of fans turned on him, with a thirty-year-old Bob being the worst who started to hit him with his fists. The rest of them were watching and cheering. The attacked young man fell to the ground covered in blood, with blood even coming out his mouth. Everyone stopped for a moment, but it was too late for the young man. Bob ran away. Soon the police arrived and so did the ambulance, but they could only confirm the young man’s death.

Bob arrived to the hotel in the evening hours, and took the HATRED ROOM. He didn’t say a word, and left directly for the room. Soon the computer turned on and the HATRED ROOM appeared on the screen. Bob gets up from the bed and the image reverses. The spirit of the young man enters Bob, in the mirror evil and hatred break the entire room apart. Bob hits the furniture only to break the glass with his head at the end and fall to the floor suffocating in his own blood.

All of this needed to be cleaned the next morning, and Bob buried in the park with the others. I placed the gravestone with his name on his grave. On the computer I opened for more info and Spirit said:

It is difficult to defend oneself from hatred. Killing for no reason is a terrible crime.

Sport should unite people, and not serve for their lowest urges and hatred, this is reprehensible.

And the punishment arrived.

Kapetan protivničke momčadi izvodi jedanaesterac i pogađa u rašlje ostvarivši pobjedu za „Slobodu“.

Navijači domaće momčadi su podivljali, uzvikuju: Ukradena utakmica! Ubij suca!

Specijalci su sa igrališta izvukli igrače „Slobode“ i uz pomoć lokalne policije nereda na igralištu uspjeli staviti pod kontrolu. Izgledalo je kao da će sve proći bez većih izgreda.

Ali, petak je donio nove probleme. Navijači domaćeg kluba tražili su navijače „Slobode“ koji su već bili otputovali. U svom bijesu navijači „Sudbine“ tražili su nekoga da iskale svoje nezadovoljstvo i mržnju. Porazbijali su retrovizore na automobilima parkiranima na cesti. Jedan momak im se obratio i upitao zašto to rade. Čitava se grupa navijača okomila na njega, a najgori je među njima bio tridesetogodišnji Bob koji je napao mladića i počeo ga udarati šakama. Ostali su gledali i navijali. Napadnuti mladić pao je na zemlju sav u krvi, krv mu je izlazila i iz usta. Svi su u trenutku stali, ali njemu više nije bilo pomoći. Bob je pobjegao. Uskoro su stigli policajci i kola hitne pomoći, ali mogli su samo potvrditi mladićevu smrt. Bob je stigao u hotel u večernjim satima, uzeo je SOBU MRŽNJE. Ništa nije govorio, otišao je odmah u sobu.

Ubrzo, kompjutor se upalio i SOBA MRŽNJE pojavila se na ekranu. Bob ustaje iz kreveta i slika se izokreće. Duh mladića ulazi u Boba, u zrcalu zlo i mržnja razbijaju sve po sobi. Bob udara u namještaj da bi na kraju glavom razbio staklo i pao na pod gušeći se u vlastitoj krvi. Sve je to iduće jutro trebalo počistiti, a Boba sahraniti u parku s ostalima. Pločicu s njegovim imenom stavio sam mu na grob. Otvorio sam more info na kompjutoru i Duh je rekao:

Mržnja je nešto od čega se teško obraniti. Ubijati bez razloga strašan je zločin. Sport bi trebao povezivati ljude, a ne služiti za najniže porive i mržnju, što je za svaku osudu.

I kazna je stigla.

V

THE DIVERSITY ROOM

Days in Destiny have taken on a steady paste. All the events have become part of an everyday routine making me just a random participant upon whom nothing depends. The fifth room is coming up, therefore the fifth man, and the question is which crime is awaiting. There's a saying "Thank God it's Friday". Many people go away for the weekend on Fridays, and for me Friday is when my work begins. Standard morning ritual starts with the opening of Dreamnews with news from Destiny.

For the first time in our town GAY PRIDE will be held. Some people in our town are not so thrilled with the idea that this population gets to publicly declare its sexual orientation. Many are opposed, and there are those who feel that the same-sex love is a disease and should be banned.

With this event the LGBT community wants the acknowledgment of free choice, so that everyone gets the right to choose. This must be number five, man's number, every man has the right to freedom of choice, no matter of their diversity. Police are again on high alert; the special forces are coming. The gathering will take place at 5 p.m. at the park and they will take walk in a circle around town. The fifth circle, I thought. At 5p.m. I turned on the TV, they were streaming live. Groups of gay pride opponents tried to breach the police cordon, but unsuccessfully. They called out in hatred, threw vegetables and even a stone or two. Police successfully managed to keep the situation under control almost to the end. At that point on the roof of a house a young man appeared without a shirt with a shaved head and tattoos covering his arms and torso.


V

SOBA RAZLIČITOSTI

Dani u Sudbini prolaze jednolično. Sva ta događanja kao da su postala dio svakodnevne rutine u kojoj sam samo slučajni sudionik o kojem ništa ne ovisi. Stigla je na red i peta soba, dakle peti čovjek, i pitanje koji nas to zločin sad očekuje. Postoji izreka „Hvala Bogu opet je petak“. *Mnogi ljudi petkom odlaze na vikende, a meni petkom počinju obaveze. Standardni jutarnji ritual i otvaranje Sannews s novostima u Sudbini.*

Po prvi put u našem mjestu održava se GAY PRIDE. Neki ljudi u mjestu baš i nisu oduševljeni idejom da se ta populacija javno izjašnjava o svojoj seksualnoj orijentaciji. Mnogi se protive održavanju, a postoje i oni koji istospolnu ljubav doživljavaju kao bolest i misle da je treba zabraniti.

LGBT zajednica ovom manifestacijom želi samo da im se prizna sloboda odabira, da svatko sam odlučuje o svom opredjeljenju. To je valjda taj broj 5, broj čovjeka, svaki čovjek ima pravo na slobodu izbora, bez obzira na različitosti. Policija je ponovno u stanju pripravnosti, specijalci dolaze. Povorka se okuplja u 17 sati kod parka i pravi krug oko mjesta. Peti krug, pomislio sam. U pet sam upalio televizor, izravno su prenosili događanje. Skupine protivnika gay parade pokušavale su probiti kordon policije, ali bezuspješno. Povici su bili puni mržnje, nabacivali su se povrćem, ali i pokojim kamenom. Policija je uspijevala držati stvari pod kontrolom gotovo do samoga kraja. Tada se na krovu jedne kuće pojavio mladić gol do pojasa obrijane glave s tetovažama po rukama i tijelu.



He took a large stone and threw it on the parade. The stone hit a boy who fell down to the ground. The police reacted instantly, but the blow was so strong that the boy died on the spot.

The young man from the roof disappeared in an instant. Policemen searched the area and inquired of the young man, but no one seemed to know anything. He wasn't a local, as someone would have recognized him during the stream.

A boy that was killed was black and some wondered if that was the reason behind his death.

Night came down over Destiny. I waited at the reception, knowing that the young man will come in to spend the night at the hotel, away from the town.

At 11 p.m. a young man appeared at the door. He was dressed in long sleeves, no tattoos were visible, and he wore a hat. Still, there was no doubt, it was him. He said his name was Ted. He took the room keys and went in. I waited for the screen to turn on. At the stroke of midnight, the young man got out of bed. The room reversed in an instant. Beneath the mirror there was a marble statue representing the black God of Fertility, he grabbed it with both hands and hit himself on the head. Death was instant.

I dug his grave in the morning, buried him, wrote his name on the gravestone and took the money from the mailbox. Finishing this, already routine work, I went to the town to get supplies and cleansing agents which there will be never enough of.

I returned, sat at the computer and Spirit appeared:

All people in this world are equal, no one has the right to judge another. Those who are without sin may throw a stone, but such do not exist.

Uzeo je veliki kamen i bacio na povorku. Kamen je pogodio dječaka koji je pao na zemlju. Policija je priskočila, ali udarac je bio tako snažan da je dječak ostao na mjestu mrtav. Mladić sa zgrade nestao je u trenu. Policajci su pretraživali područje i raspitivali se o mladiću, ali nitko nije ništa znao. Sigurno nije iz mjesta, jer bi ga valjda netko na snimci prepoznao.

Dječak koji je ubijen bio je crne boje kože i neki su pitali dali je iz toj razloga ubijen. Noć se spustila nad Sudbinom. Čekao sam na recepciji, znajući da će mladić svratiti kako bi proveo noć u hotelu koji je dalje od mjesta.

Na vratima se oko 23 sata pojavio mladić. Bio je odjeven u duge rukave , nisu se vidjele tetovaže i nosio je kapu na glavi. Ipak, nije bilo sumnje, to je on. Rekao je da se zove Ted. Uzeo je ključ i otišao u sobu. Čekao sam da se ekran upali. Ponoć je otkucala, mladić je ustao s kreveta. Soba se u trenutku izokrenula. Ispod zrcala je bio mramorni kip crnog boga plodnosti, on ga uhvati objema rukama i snažno njime udari sebe u glavu. Smrt je nastupila trenutno.

Ujutro sam iskopao grob, sahranio ga, napisao mu ime na pločicu, uzeo novac iz poštanskog sandučića. I odradivši taj, sada već rutinski posao, otišao do mjesta nabaviti potrepštine i sredstva za čišćenje kojih, čini se, nikad neće biti dovoljno.

Vratio sam se, sjeo za kompjutor i Duh se pojavio:

Svi ljudi na ovom svijetu su jednaki, nitko nema pravo drugoga osuđivati. Oni koji su bez grijeha mogu baciti kamen, ali takvi ne postoje.



VI

THE VIOLECE ROOM

A book was left on the closet near the reception. If I think about it, Dante's Divine Comedy is probably here on purpose. A story about Hell which takes its reader through the nine circles. The hotel has that same number of rooms. I don't believe there is a connection, but why would this very book be here today? The sixth circle of hell condemns violence. There were many bullies staying at this hotel already. What is so different in the number six compared to its predecessors. Friday morning brings a new guest. The computer is turning on, and Deamnews brings a new text:

Violence over women is still on the rise. This time a crime has been committed. Beaten wife succumbed to the stab wounds on the way to the hospital. A maen disappeared and drove in an unknown direction.

Night was falling over the Dream Hotel. I heard a car stop. A middle-aged man entered the hotel. He was looking for accommodation for one night. His name is Sven. I could see that he was deeply shaken, the crime he committed was almost written all over his face. Love and jealousy grew into violence which brought him to an unwanted outcome. He retired to the VIOLENCE ROOM. He didn't even look at the inscription on the door. He closed the door behind him and laid down on the bed with his eyes wide open.

The VIOLENCE ROOM appeared on the screen. Midnight struck, and the condemning whirl began, Sven turned into his wife. He is entering the room from the mirror and rages over his wife. The helpless body of the wife hits the furniture, Sven grabs the bloody knife of the table, which he brought with him, and stabbing himself falls to the floor.

VI SOBA NASILJA


Na ormariću blizu recepcije ostavljena je jedna knjiga. Kad malo bolje razmislim, vjerojatno je tu namjerno Danteova Božanstvena komedija. Priča o Paklu koja čitatelja vodi kroz devet krugova. Upravo toliko soba ima hotel. Ne vjerujem da postoji veza, ali zašto je ta knjiga baš danas ovdje? Šesti krug pakla osuđuje nasilnike. Do sada je već priličan broj nasilnika koji su boravili u ovom hotelu. Što je to drukčije u broju 6 u odnosu na prethodnike?

Petak jutro dovodi novoga gosta. Kompjutor se pali, na Sannews postavljen je novi tekst:

Nasilje nad ženama ne jenjava. Ovaj put je preraslo u zločin. Pretučena supruga podlegla je ubodnim ranama noža na putu do bolnice. Muškarac je nestao i kolima se odvezao u nepoznatom pravcu.

Noć se spustila na San hotel. Čuo sam zaustavljanje automobila. U hotel je ušao čovjek srednjih godina. Tražio je smještaj za jednu noć. Ime mu je Sven. Vidio sam da je duboko potresen, a počinjeni zločin kao da mu je bio ispisan na licu. Ljubav i ljubomora prerasli su u nasilje koje je dovelo do neželjenog raspleta. Povukao se u SOBU NASILJA. Nije ni pogledao natpis koji je stajao na sobi. Zatvorio je za sobom vrata i legao na krevet širom otvorenih očiju.

Na ekranu se pojavila SOBA NASILJA. Otkucala je ponoć, krenuo je osuđujući vir, Sven se pretvorio u svoju ženu. Iz ogedala ulazi u sobu i bjesni nad ženom. Bepomoćno tijelo žene udara o namještaj, Sven u trenu uzima krvavi nož sa stola, koji je donio sa sobom i probadajući se pada na tlo.



Morning brought the usual procedure. I buried Sven, placed the gravestone on his grave and cleaned the room.
I sat at the computer and clicked on more info.
Spirit appeared. I listened to his words:

You wondered why this violence is different from its predecessors? Why did I compare this violence to Dante's sixth circle? Simple, violence over those who are weaker, violence over women is the worst kind of violence. Bullying those that are weaker and cannot defend themselves is for greatest condemnation.

Women are in many countries second-class citizens, and bullies need to feel on their own skin the pain and helplessness the women feel in order to understand the injustice they are imposing on them.

I hope you understand that your tasks and your work is to serve justice.

Jutro je donijelo uobičajeni postupak. Pokopao sam Svena, postavio pločicu na grob, očistio sobu.
Sjeo sam za kompjutor i kliknuo na more info.
Pojavio se Duh. Slušao sam njegove riječi:

Pitao si se zašto je ovo nasilje drukčije od drugih? Zašto sam baš ovo nasilje usporedio s Danteovim šestim krugom?

Jednostavno, nasilje nad slabijima, nasilje nad ženama je nasilje najgore vrste.

Iživljavanje nad osobom koja je slabija i koja se ne može braniti za najveću je osudu.

Žene su u mnogim zemljama građani drugog reda, a nasilnici moraju na svojoj koži osjetiti bol i nemoć koju osjećaju žene kako bi shvatili nepravdu koju im nanose.

Nadam se da razumiješ kako su tvoji zadaci i tvoj rad u službi pravednosti.



VII THE MERCY ROOM

With the dawn came a beautiful day. The grave park needed some work, so I spent most of the morning there. It was about time as it looked quite neglected. I went to town to get some flowers to plant them along the graves. In my opinion it is more beautiful than bringing cut flowers that fade quite rapidly. Spirit will be pleased, I thought. On the other side of the park there was an open grill, I used it quite often to make myself some lunch. Grilled meat or fish has always been my favourite food. Friday's was usually when I bought fish in the town's fish market, it was the same today. After lunch I took a break in the hotel lobby until of course Dreamnews sounded on the computer.

Migrants have become unforeseeable problem of our country. Police is patrolling the sea enforcing the Boarder Preservation Law, but the unpleasant situations are on the rise. During the night there was an incident as a boat with migrants got closer to the shore. The bad weather made things even more difficult, an agreement with the police could not be reached. The chief of police who commanded the patrol boat did not allow disembarkation, and in the quarrel, a child fell from the mother's hands into the sea and drowned. In the end, migrants did manage to get to the shore after long negotiations and were placed in a fenced area. The sea washed the child's body to the shore, the grieving mother took him into her hands and carried him in tears. He was taken to rest in a wooden casket that the citizens brought and buried in the town's cemetery.

VII

SOBA MILOSRĐA

Osvanuo je prekrasan dan. Park s grobovima trebalo je urediti, pa sam u tom poslu proveo gotovo cijelo jutro. Bilo je i vrijeme, sve je izgledalo nekako zapušteno. Otišao sam do mjesta kupiti cvijeće i posaditi ga uz grobove. Mislim da je to ljepše nego stalno donositi rezano cvijeće koje vrlo brzo uvene. Duh će biti zadovoljan, pomislio sam. S druge strane parka nalazi se kamin, često sam ga koristio da bi sebi pripravio ručak. Meso ili riba na roštilju uvijek su mi bili najdraža hrana. Petkom sam obično kupovao ribu na ribarnici u mjestu, tako je bilo i danas. Poslije ručka odmarao sam se u atriju hotela sve dok se, naravno, na kompjutoru nije oglasio Sannews.

Migranti su postali nesagledivi problem naše domovine. Policija patrolira morem provodeći zakon o očuvanju granica, ali sve je više neugodnih situacija. Noćas je došlo do incidenta kada se čamac s migrantima približavao obali. Nevrijeme je prouzročilo dodatne poteškoće, dogovor s policijom nije postignut. Načelnik policije koji je zapovijedao patrolnim čamcem nije dopustio iskrcavanje, u toj prepirci jedno dijete je iz majčinih ruku palo u more i utopilo se. Migranti su ipak poslije dugih pregovora iskrcani na obalu i smješteni u za njih ograđeni prostor. More je izbacilo tijelo djeteta na obalu, nesretna majka ga je primila u ruke i plaćući odnijela da bi ga potom stavili u drveni lijes koji su mještani donijeli i zakopali na mjesnom groblju.

Hours passed. I was just finishing dinner when a tall and strong man appeared at the door. It was, as I knew already, the chief of police.

I naturally recognised him by his uniform. Almost as a rule I kept reading the fears on faces of the people who came to the hotel. Tim, was the chief's name, took a room, as did all before him, for one night. I gave him the key of the MERCY ROOM, and after a strong drink he retired to it.

The MERCY ROOM appeared on the screen. I saw Tim as he turned the water on in the bath in order to relax after a trying day. As the bath filled, he poured some foam in it, which filled the tub.

He took of his clothes and was about to step in. At that very moment he looked towards the mirror and the room reversed. He is turning into the boy, slipping, hitting his head on the tub's edge, falling into the tub and drowning.

It was not simple to drag Tim's body out of the tub. He was quite heavy, and needed to be dressed.

With the morning I dug Tim's grave and placed the gravestone with his name on it. Carving the names into gravestones wasn't a hard job but I thought graves needed to be marked.

As per some kind of protocol I turned on the computer and clicked on more info. Spirit appeared:

The entire world is neglecting the migrant issues, while migrations have been an eternal quest of men in search of a better life. It is impossible for countries to close down ignoring this problem, which shouldn't even be a problem. And when a child dies many turn their heads, because it isn't happening to them, it isn't affecting their life, as though all those deaths are happening to someone else. People forget that their ancestors were migrants, and that their children or grandchildren might become migrants. Under the excuse of defending their borders and their families they become accomplices to crimes continually taking place before their eyes.

Prolazili su sati. Upravo sam dovršavao večeru kad se na vratima pojavio izrazito visok i snažan čovjek. Bio je to, znao sam, načelnik policije.

Prepoznao sam ga, naravno, po uniformi. Kao po nekom pravilu čitao sam na licima ljudi koji su dolazili u hotel njihove strahove. Tim, tako se načelnik zvao, uzeo je sobu, kao i svi prije njega, za jednu noć.

Dao sam mu ključ SOBE MILOSRĐA, i on se nakon jednog žestokog pića uputio prema sobi.

Na ekranu se pojavila SOBA MILOSRĐA . Vidio sam Tima kako puni kadu vodom ne bi li se opustio nakon napornog dana. Kad se kada napunila ubacio je u vodu pjenu koja je ispunila kadu.

Skinuo se i htio ući u kadu. Ali, u tom trenutku pogledao je prema ogledalu i soba se u trenutku izokrenula.

On se pretvara u dječaka, posklizne se, udara glavom u rub kade, upada u kadu i utapa se.

Nije bilo jednostavno izvući Timovo tijelo iz kade. Bio je izuzetno težak, a trebalo ga je i odjenuti.

Jutrom sam iskopao grob za Tima, postavio pločicu s imenom. Urezivanje imena u pločice nije bio težak rad, a smatrao sam da grobove svakako treba označiti.

Po nekom protokolu otvorio sam kompjutor i kliknuo na more info. Pojavio se Duh:

Čitav svijet zanemaruje pitanje migranata, a migracije su zapravo vječna potraga čovjeka za boljim životom. Nemoguće je da se države zatvaraju ignorirajući ovaj problem, koji ne bi ni trebao biti problem. I kad dijete strada mnogi okreću glavu jer se to ne događa njima , jer to je nešto što ne utječe na njihov život, kao da se sve te smrti događaju nekom drugom.

Ljudi zaboravljaju da su njihovi preci bili migranti, a da će u budućnosti to možda biti i njihova djeca ili unuci.

Pod izlikom da štite svoje granice i svoje obitelji postaju sudionici zločina koji se neprekidno odvijaju pred njihovim očima.



VIII

THE INNOCENCE ROOM

There are two rooms left. What horrific crimes will take place in them? According to the current order of things, the crimes which follow should be the crimes of the eighth and ninth circle, if Dante is concerned. What does eighth circle open? View of the hotel's little cemetery doesn't give me the answer. The flowers by the graves gave some colours to the park. I feel somewhat proud of my work. I think Spirit is pleased. It's as though I'm getting impatient of what is coming next. Today is Friday, I wonder who is coming for a visit? I could barely wait for the evening. The computer turns on; a text appears on the screen.

Paedophilia is taking a turn for the worst in the Church circles. The Pope condemns it and calls upon the priests to reveal those who have sinned the church laws and used the sanctuary of the Church for personal pleasures. An unfortunate incident, making the first page news of all the media, resulted in this proclamation of the Pope. In the Cathedral of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary in the morning hours a body of a hanged young man was found, he wasn't yet fourteen years old. A note was left in which the young man states the reasons for this horrifying act, he was sexually abused by a priest who justified his crime as the will of God. He just couldn't live with the burden which destroyed his body and soul. The young man didn't name the priest, and the Church will conduct an investigation with the help of the local police, of course.

VIII

SOBA NEVINOSTI

Preostale su još dvije sobe. Koji su to strašni zločini koji će se dogoditi u njima? Prema dosadašnjem redu stvari, zločini koji slijede trebali bi biti zločini osmog i devetog kruga, ako bi bilo prema Danteu. Što to otvara osmi krug? Pogled na hotelsko malo privatno groblje ne daje mi odgovor. Cvijeće pored grobova dalo je kolorit parku. Nekako sam ponosan na svoj rad. Mislim da je Duh zadovoljan. Kao da postajem nestrpljiv što će se sljedeće dogoditi. Danas je petak, pitam se tko nam dolazi u posjet? Jedva sam dočekao večer. Kompjutor se pali, na ekranu se pojavljuje tekst.

Pedofilija je u crkvenim krugovima uzela maha. Papa to osuđuje i poziva svećenike da prokažu one koji su se ogriješili o crkvene zakone i iskoristili okrilje Crkve za osobne užitke.

Nemili događaj koji je jučer bio glavna vijest u svim medijima rezultirao je Papinim proglasom.

U Katedrali Uznesenja Blažene Djevice Marije u jutarnjim satima pronađeno je obješeno tijelo mladića od nepunih četrnaest godina. Ostavljena je i poruka u kojoj mladić navodi razloge ovog strašnog čina, seksualno ga je iskorištavao svećenik koji je svoja nedjela opravdavao Božjom voljom. Jednostavno više nije mogao živjeti s teretom koji mu je uništavao dušu i tijelo. Mladić nije naveo ime svećenika, a Crkva će provesti istragu, svakako uz pomoć lokalne policije.



I wondered if the truth will remain among the church walls, as usual no discovery will be made, those in charge will protect their priests. But, the eighth room is there for a reason!

It was almost evening when a pilgrim entered the hotel, dressed in a robe with a rope around his waist. Don Joseph, is how he introduced himself, he asked for a room to get some rest. He needs to get his thoughts in order, for tomorrow he is leaving for Rome as he wants to seek a solution to his problems with the Pope. So this is the eighth circle. The one who is pulling the strings knew how to line the dots in this story of ours. The door to the INNOCENCE ROOM closed behind Joseph. Before entering the room, he saw the inscription on the door and winced visibly, but still he entered. I waited, now already aware of what will occur. Around midnight the room reverses, the young man's spirit enters the priest. He takes a rope, which he used to tie around his waist, and makes a loop. Not long after that Joseph hanged himself. Burying Joseph I noticed that in the park, where the graves were, there was no more room. And the hotel had nine rooms. It took me by surprise that Spirit didn't foresee nine rooms, but he probably knows what he is doing. I turned on the computer and clicked on more info. Spirit appeared and said:

We came to the end of our road together. One of the worst crimes is using the faith in God himself for satisfying the lowest urges. Judgement of such people is often not reached and that is why such crimes are placed in the eighth room – the INNOCENCE ROOM. There is one room left. Prepare yourself for it Slave, it is your hardest task, maybe even an impossible one.

The screen turned off. I would have gladly asked him for explanation in regard to the ninth grave, but the communication with Spirit was one sided. When all of this is over, I hope we meet again.

Promislio sam kako će sve to ostati između crkvenih zidova, kao i obično ništa se neće pronaći, poglavari će zaštititi svoje svećenike. Ali, zbog nečega postoji osma soba!

Večer se približavala kad je jedan hodočasnik ušao u hotel, odjeven u mantiju s konopom oko pojasa. Don Josip, tako se predstavio, zatražio je sobu da se odmori. Mora srediti misli, sutra kreće na put u Rim jer kod Pape želi potražiti rješenje svojih problema.

Dakle, to je osmi krug. Netko tko povlači konce znao je posložiti kockice u ovoj našoj priči.

Iza Josipa zatvorila su se vrata SOBE NEVINOSTI. Josip je prije ulaska vidio natpis na vratima i vidno se trgnuo, ali ipak je ušao u sobu. Čekao sam, sada već znajući što će se dogoditi. Oko ponoći soba se izokreće, duh mladića ulazi u svećenika.

On uzima konop kojim je oko pojasa vezivao mantiju i pravi omču. Nedugo zatim Josip se objesio.

Sahranjujući Josipa primijetio sam da u parku, tamo gdje su bili grobovi, nije ostalo ni jedno mjesto. A hotel je imao devet soba. Čudilo me da Duh nije predvidio devet grobova, ali vjerojatno Duh zna što radi.

Upalio sam kompjutor i otvorio more info. Duh se pojavio i izgovorio tekst:

Došli smo gotovo do kraja našega puta. Jedan od najgorih zločina je korištenje vjere i samog Boga za ostvarenje najnižih pobuda. Osuda takvih ljudi nažalost često izostaje i zato su ti zločini stavljeni u osmu sobu – SOBU NEVINOSTI. Ostala je još jedna soba. Pripremi se Robe za nju, ona je tvoj najteži zadatak, možda i neostvariv.

Ekran se ugasio. Rado bih ga pitao za obrazloženje o devetom grobu, ali komunikacija s Duhom je jednostrana. Kada se sve ovo završi, nadam se da ćemo se ponovno sresti.



IX THE WAR ROOM

There was one room left, the WAR ROOM. And there I was thinking that we finished with the war in the first room, the PEACE ROOM. But Spirit must know better. I went to the fish market. It felt like it will be a farewell evening, so I decided to treat myself. I bought a lobster, it weighed just over two pounds, just right for yours truly.

Well, I must have deserved it with this kind of work the last couple of Fridays. I lit the fire and the lobster was soon on the grill. A bottle of nice grey pinot went really well with the lobster. I rested for the afternoon, as a trying night awaits. What did Spirit mean by saying that this will be my hardest task?

The computer turned on, I waited impatiently for the news that will precede the end of the story.

We're bringing you the latest news from our country. Military junta is taking over. In the last night's attack on the royal residence there was an armed conflict between junta and the royal soldiers. By overpowering the soldiers and burning the building they deprived the king and queen of the possibility to leave the castle and they both died in the fire which swallowed the impressive structure. The military junta issued a proclamation declaring its rule over the country.

It wasn't night yet when the junta soldiers arrived in front of the hotel. General Demon entered the hotel and asked for a room to have a shower in. I gave him the key. He took it, but he first went for a walk along the hotel's park with his followers. Arriving to the park he noticed the graves, and in an instant realized whose graves they were. He yelled to his people to get into their cars and drive to town.

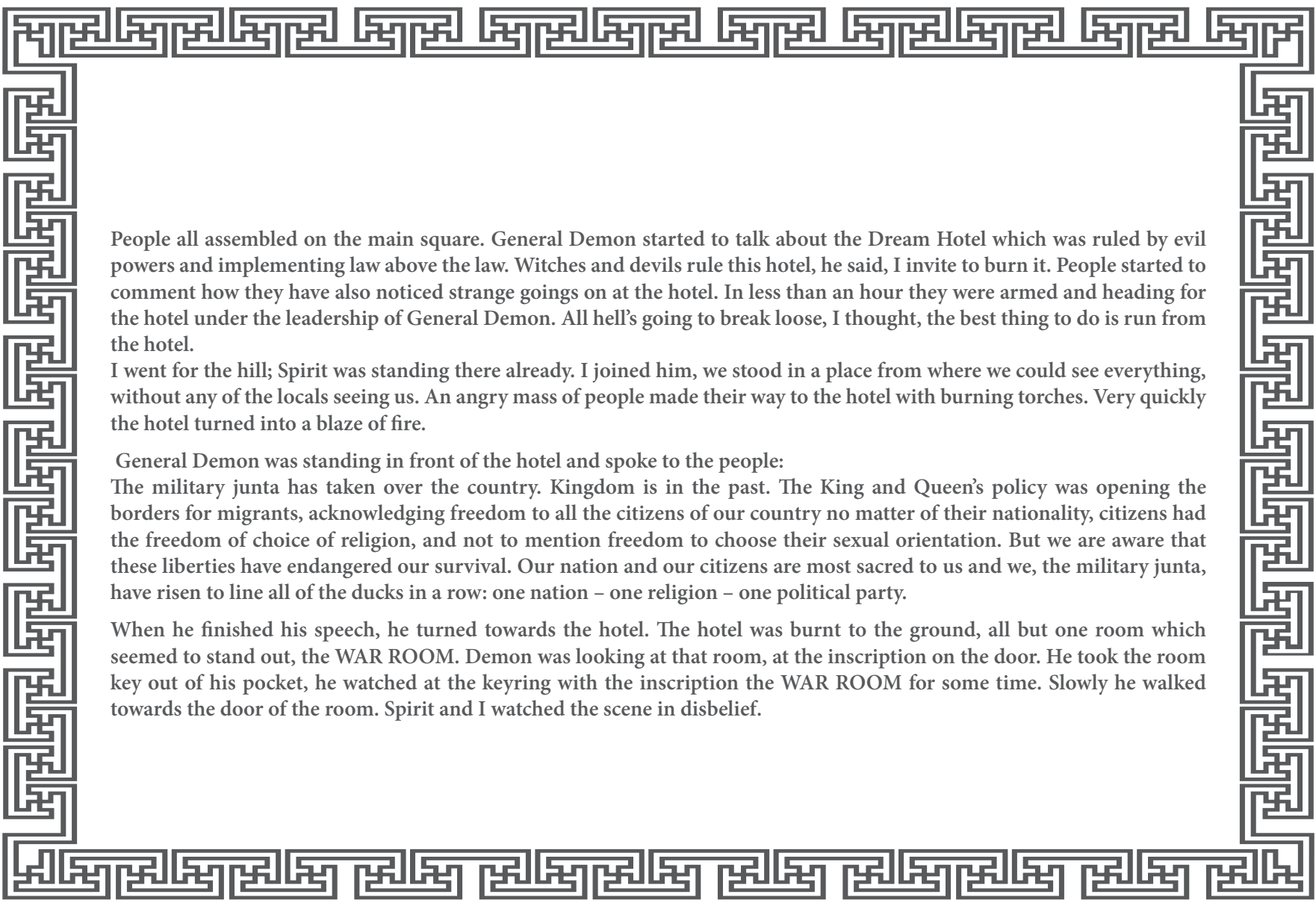
This new situation was unfamiliar to me. The known line of events was disturbed. I went to the computer, on the screen there was a live stream of news from the town. The General called the town's people to alert, bells were ringing in Destiny.

IX SOBA RATA

Ostala je još posljednja soba, SOBA RATA. A ja sam mislio da smo rat završili u prvoj sobi, SOBI MIRA. Ali valjda Duh zna bolje od mene. Otišao sam do ribarnice. Činilo mi se da će to biti oproštajna večer, pa sam odlučio počastiti se. Kupio sam jastoga, oko kilogram teškoga, taman za moju malenkost. Pa, valjda sam zaslužio uz ovakav rad proteklih petaka. Zapalio sam vatru i ubrzo se jastog našao na grilu. Boca dobrog sivog pinota sasvim se dobro sljubila s jastogom. Popodne sam se odmarao, čekala me naporna večer. Što je Duh mislio rekavši da je ovo najteži zadatak? Kompjutor se upalio, nestrpljivo sam čekao vijesti koje će prethoditi završetku priče.

Donosimo vam najnovije vijesti iz naše domovine. Vojna hunta preuzela je vlast. U sinočnjem napadu hunte na kraljevsku rezidenciju došlo je do sukoba s kraljevskim vojnicima. Nadvladavši vojnike i zapalivši zgradu, vojnici hunte oduzeli su mogućnost kralju i kraljici da napuste dvorac, pa su oboje stradali u požaru koji je progutao ovo velebno zdanje. Vojna hunta izdala je proglas o preuzimanju vlasti u zemlji.

Još se nije ni spustila noć kad su vojnici hunte stigli pred hotel. General Demon ušao je u hotel i zatražio sobu da bi se istuširao. Dao sam mu ključ. Uzeo ga je, ali je prije poželio prošetati parkom hotela sa svojim sljedbenicima. Došavši u park ugledao je grobove, i u trenu shvatio čiji su to grobovi. Povikao je svojim ljudima da se ukrcaju u automobile i krenu u mjesto. Ova novonastala situacija bila mi je nepoznata. Poznati slijed događaja bio je poremećen. Otišao sam do kompjutora, na ekranu su se izravno prenosile vijesti iz mjesta. General je pozvao ljude na uzbunu, zvonila su zvonila u Sudbini.



People all assembled on the main square. General Demon started to talk about the Dream Hotel which was ruled by evil powers and implementing law above the law. Witches and devils rule this hotel, he said, I invite to burn it. People started to comment how they have also noticed strange goings on at the hotel. In less than an hour they were armed and heading for the hotel under the leadership of General Demon. All hell's going to break loose, I thought, the best thing to do is run from the hotel.

I went for the hill; Spirit was standing there already. I joined him, we stood in a place from where we could see everything, without any of the locals seeing us. An angry mass of people made their way to the hotel with burning torches. Very quickly the hotel turned into a blaze of fire.

General Demon was standing in front of the hotel and spoke to the people:
The military junta has taken over the country. Kingdom is in the past. The King and Queen's policy was opening the borders for migrants, acknowledging freedom to all the citizens of our country no matter of their nationality, citizens had the freedom of choice of religion, and not to mention freedom to choose their sexual orientation. But we are aware that these liberties have endangered our survival. Our nation and our citizens are most sacred to us and we, the military junta, have risen to line all of the ducks in a row: one nation – one religion – one political party.

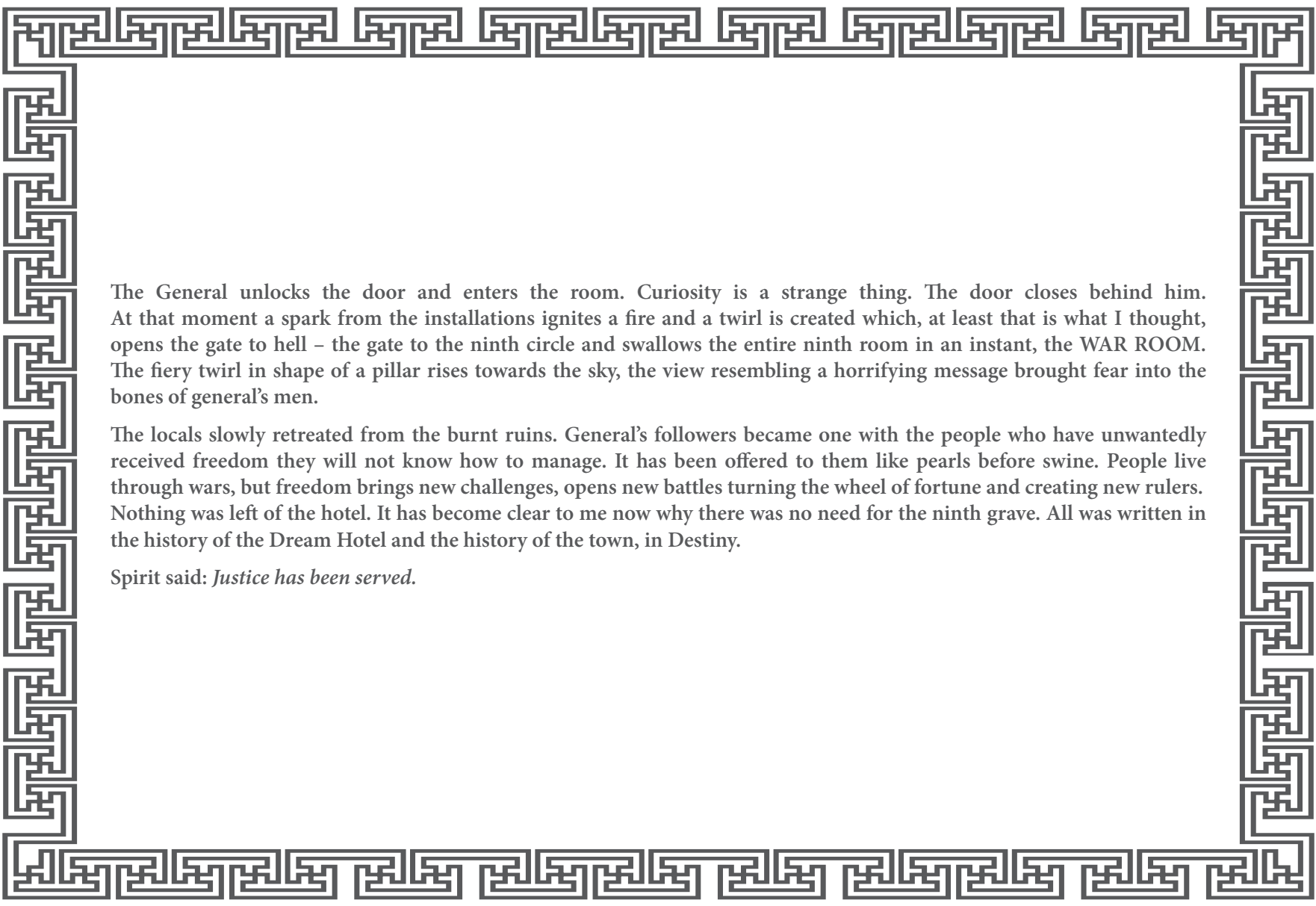
When he finished his speech, he turned towards the hotel. The hotel was burnt to the ground, all but one room which seemed to stand out, the WAR ROOM. Demon was looking at that room, at the inscription on the door. He took the room key out of his pocket, he watched at the keyring with the inscription the WAR ROOM for some time. Slowly he walked towards the door of the room. Spirit and I watched the scene in disbelief.

Ljudi su se svi sjatili na glavni trg. General Demon počeo je govoriti o hotelu San u kojem vladaju sile zla i gdje vlada zakon mimo zakona. Vještice i vragovi vladaju ovim hotelom, rekao je, pozivam vas da ga spalimo. Ljudi su počeli komentirati kako su i oni sami primijetili da se nešto čudno događa u hotelu. Za nepuni sat vremena su se naoružali i predvođeni generalom Demonom krenuli prema hotelu. Vrag je odnio šalu, promislio sam, najbolje je što prije pobjeći iz hotela. Krenuo sam prema brdu, a na brdu je stajao Duh. Pridružio sam mu se, stali smo na mjestu s kojega smo sve mogli vidjeti a da nas nitko od mještana ne opazi. Razularena masa kretala se prema hotelu s upaljenim bakljama. Vrlo brzo hotel se pretvorio u buktinju.

Ispred hotela stajao je general Demon i obratio se narodu:

-Vojna hunta preuzela je vlast u zemlji. Kraljevina je prošlost. Politika kralja i kraljice bila je otvaranje granica migrantima, priznavanje slobode svim građanima zemlje bez obzira koje nacionalnosti bili, građani su imali slobodu odabira religije, a da ne govorimo o slobodi seksualne opredijeljenosti koju su zastupali. Ali mi znamo da su sve ove slobode ugrožavale našu opstojnost, naša nacija i naš narod najveća je svetinja i mi, vojna hunta, došli smo da stvari postavimo na pravo mjesto: jedan narod – jedna religija – jedna politika.

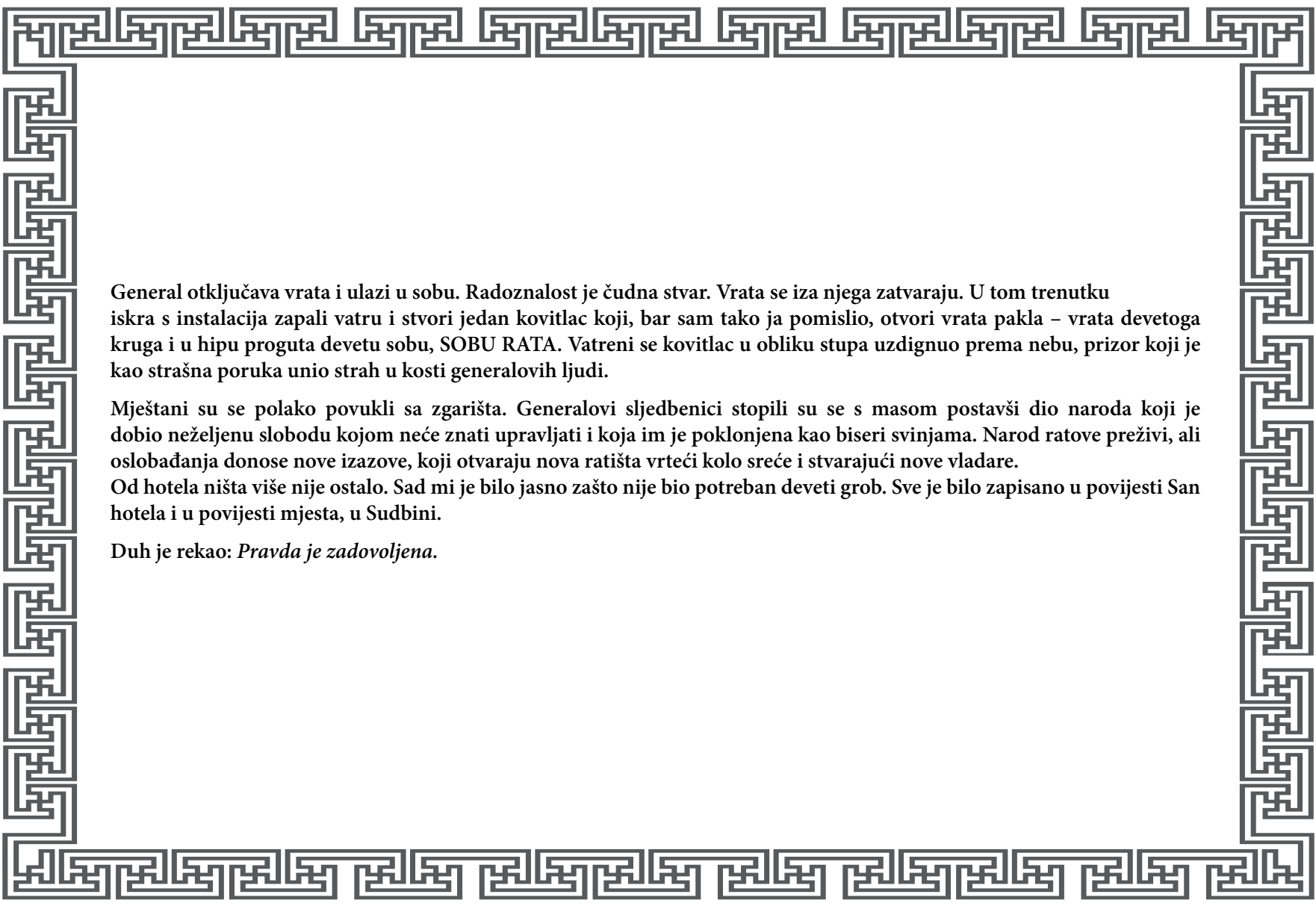
Kad je završio govor okrenuo se prema hotelu. Hotel je u potpunosti izgorio, osim jedne sobe koja kao da je izlazila iz gabarita hotela, SOBE RATA. Jan je gledao u tu sobu, u natpis na vratima. Iz džepa je izvadio ključ sobe, dugo je gledao privjesak na kojem je stajao natpis SOBA RATA. Polako se uputio prema vratima sobe. Duh i ja gledali smo scenu u nevjerici.



The General unlocks the door and enters the room. Curiosity is a strange thing. The door closes behind him. At that moment a spark from the installations ignites a fire and a twirl is created which, at least that is what I thought, opens the gate to hell – the gate to the ninth circle and swallows the entire ninth room in an instant, the WAR ROOM. The fiery twirl in shape of a pillar rises towards the sky, the view resembling a horrifying message brought fear into the bones of general's men.

The locals slowly retreated from the burnt ruins. General's followers became one with the people who have unwantedly received freedom they will not know how to manage. It has been offered to them like pearls before swine. People live through wars, but freedom brings new challenges, opens new battles turning the wheel of fortune and creating new rulers. Nothing was left of the hotel. It has become clear to me now why there was no need for the ninth grave. All was written in the history of the Dream Hotel and the history of the town, in Destiny.

Spirit said: *Justice has been served.*



General otključava vrata i ulazi u sobu. Radoznalost je čudna stvar. Vrata se iza njega zatvaraju. U tom trenutku iskra s instalacija zapali vatru i stvori jedan kovitlac koji, bar sam tako ja pomislio, otvori vrata pakla – vrata devetoga kruga i u hipu proguta devetu sobu, SOBU RATA. Vatre se kovitlac u obliku stupa uzdignuo prema nebu, prizor koji je kao strašna poruka unio strah u kosti generalovih ljudi.

Mještani su se polako povukli sa zgarišta. Generalovi sljedbenici stopili su se s masom postavši dio naroda koji je dobio neželjenu slobodu kojom neće znati upravljati i koja im je poklonjena kao biseri svinjama. Narod ratove preživi, ali oslobađanja donose nove izazove, koji otvaraju nova ratišta vrteći kolo sreće i stvarajući nove vladare. Od hotela ništa više nije ostalo. Sad mi je bilo jasno zašto nije bio potreban deveti grob. Sve je bilo zapisano u povijesti San hotela i u povijesti mjesta, u Sudbini.

Duh je rekao: *Pravda je zadovoljena.*

I asked him why Demon was placed in the last room, the major crime room.

Spirit answered:

He committed a crime because he could, because no one will prosecute him for it, on the contrary, they will celebrate him.

In politics end always justifies the means, in this case a crime. This is judgement to all the people who reserve the right to play God, and that's exactly why this crime has been placed in the last room.

Look towards the sky.

I lifted my gaze towards the sky and, through a haze, could make out eight out of nine persons who have spent their last night in the hotel.

This is purgatory and they can still repent.

What about the Demon, I asked.

He is in Hell. If you believe in Paradise, then you believe in Hell.

Many people believe in God, but there are also people who believe in the Devil.

It makes you wonder: Did the Devil invent politics or did politics invent the Devil?

Hence, some think that Hell is not punishment but a choice.

Spirit slowly disappeared with the horizon, and I turned and joined the line of people moving towards Destiny.

None of them approached me, although they knew that I was a part of the burnt hotel, it seemed just like life was continuing where it stopped, and all past events were just a dream.

Ja sam ga upitao zašto je Demon stavljen u posljednju sobu, sobu najtežega zločina.

Duh je odgovorio:

On je počinio zločin zato što on to može, zato što ga nitko za to neće osuđivati, već naprotiv slaviti.

Politika uvijek smatra da cilj opravdava sredstvo, u ovom slučaju zločin.

Ovo je osuda svih ljudi koji uzimaju sebi za pravo igrati se Boga, zato je ovaj zločin smješten u posljednjoj sobi.

Pogledaj prema nebu.

Pogledao sam prema nebu i u nekoj sumaglici ugledao osam od devet osoba koji su svoju posljednju noć proveli u hotelu.

To je čistilište, oni još imaju mogućnost pokajanja.

A Demon, upitao sam.

On je u paklu. Ako vjeruješ u Raj, onda vjeruješ i u Pakao.

Mnogi ljudi vjeruju u Boga, ali postoje i ljudi koji vjeruju u Vraga.

I pitaš se : Dali je Vrag izmislio politiku ili je politika izmislila Vraga?

Pa tako neki misle da Pakao nije kazna nego opredjeljenje.

Duh je polako nestajao na horizontu, a ja sam se okrenuo i pridružio povorci mještana koja se kretala prema Sudbini.

Nitko od njih nije mi prišao, iako su znali da sam bio dio sada izgorjelog hotela, kao da se život nastavlja ondje gdje je stao i kao da su sva ta događanja bila samo jedan san.



Today, I tend to wonder off in my thoughts to the Dream Hotel, wondering to what extent that hotel taught me about life, and did it at all teach me to distinct right from wrong, for life is not black and white.

I have never seen Spirit again; to this day, I wonder, who Spirit was: *God or Devil or just a Judge sent here to serve justice. If he was the Judge, who was he to judge God's sins suffered by the mortals divided into religions, nations, skin colour, poisoned by ideas of patriotism, igniting hatred, not realizing that differences were a rule and that being a man means respecting those differences which are an inseparable part of our lives.*

We should always ask ourselves what would happen if we were born belonging to a different religion, nation, skin colour...

Wars are still fought in the name of religion or money, and I always connect the word religion with power and money with politics. Still, countries today do not learn from their mistakes, they implement policies of those in power, the politicians, and, now I come to think of it, they are the ones Spirit put in the last room, the ninth one.

Danas u mojim mislima odem do San hotela, pitajući se koliko me taj hotel učio životu, i dali me, jer u životu ništa nije ni crno ni bijelo, učio razlikovati dobro od zla. Duha više nikad nisam vidio, a i danas se pitam tko je bio Duh:

Bog ili Vrag ili samo Sudac koji je poslan da provede „pravdu“.

Ako je bio sudac, tko je on bio da sudi o grijehu Bogova koji ispaštaju smrtnici dijeleći se religijama, nacijama, boji kože, zatrovani idejama o patriotizmu koje podriva mržnju ne shvaćajući da su različitosti pravilo i da treba znati kako ostati čovjekom upravo poštujući te različitosti koje su nedjeljivi dio naših života.

Treba sebi postaviti pitanje šta bi bilo da smo rođeni u drugoj religiji, naciji, boji kože...

Ratovi se i danas vode zbog vjere ili novca, a riječ vjera uvijek povezujem sa riječi moć, a novac sa politikom.

Ipak, države danas ne uče na greškama, u njima se provodi politika ljudi koji su na vlasti, političara, a kad malo bolje promislim, oni su ti koje je Duh stavio u posljednju devetu sobu.



VEDRAN MATOŠIĆ

spent his entire work career in tourism and used his knowledge and experience to place his city on the map of the European and World tourist cities.

All his literary works seem to live along the city streets and squares celebrating the ones who indebted this city throughout centuries. Characters from his stories, dramas, monodramas, musicales and scenarios will continue to live bringing the history of Dalmatia and the city of Split to life in the best possible way.

If you wanted to describe Vedran Matošić with just one word, it would definitely be: *Storyteller.*

This before you is *A journey to a Dream*, a story that represents, in his own storytelling way, a replica of his view of the world as it is today and which together with books *A journey to Fictory* and *A journey to Dalmatia* makes up a very unusual trilogy of travels.




VEDRAN MATOŠIĆ

proveo je čitav svoj radni vijek u turizmu i svoje je znanje i iskustvo iskoristio kako bi svoj grad postavio na mapu turističkih gradova Europe i svijeta. Sva njegova književna djela kao da žive ulicama i trgovima grada slaveći one koji su zadužili ovaj grad kroz stoljeća.

Likovi iz njegovih priča, drama, monodrama, mjuzikla i scenarija živjet će godinama oživljavajući povijest Dalmacije i grada Splita na najbolji mogući način. Ako bi jednom riječju htjeli opisati Vedrana Matošića, to bi svakako bila riječ: *Storyteller*.

Pred vama je *Put u San* priča koja predstavlja preslik njegovog viđenja današnjeg svijeta na njemu svojstven bajkovit način, a koja sa knjigama *Put u Povišta* i *Put u Dalmaciju* zatvara ovu vrlo neobičnu trilogiju putovanja.



An abstract painting with a dark, moody palette of blues, purples, and greys. The composition is dense and textured, with a central figure that appears to be a person or a creature, possibly a rider, rendered in a somewhat ethereal and distorted manner. The overall atmosphere is somber and contemplative.

ČETIRI JAHAČA APOKALIPSE

Stihovi pjesme šalju poruke o miru,
Govore o ljudima što bespotrebno umiru,
Kako to u pjesmi jednostavno zvuči,
A mnogima je daleko povratak kući.

U snovima se granice zemalja brišu,
U stvarnosti se zidovi oko nas dižu,
I dok se zaklinjemo u demokraciju,
Zatvaramo se duboko u jednu naciju.

Na lomači gore neke knjige,
Smrću se rješavaju i najveće brige,
U sunčevu sustavu vatrene elipse,
Jašu opet četiri jahača Apokalipse.