

Truth about Kristina: Branka Kringas

Kristina is a very beautiful girl. My dearest friend Benny is smitten by her. I love him as though he is my younger brother so I love her very much too.

Every Sunday for lunch I have a group of friends come to my place. We decided that every Sunday somebody else cooks. This particular Sunday, a very good friend Filipo was cooking his roast chicken with capsicum. While he was cooking, seven of us were waiting and chatting. Chatting is something we really can do. The room is full of different conversations.

Suddenly a bell rang, it was Benny and Kristina. As usual, she was very beautiful. She walked in very elegantly. All the conversations stopped, everybody was looking at her. Men with admiration and women wished they had such beautiful legs. She sat in the armchair and put her shoulder bag next to it. The living room rang with different conversations once again. It was a happy moment for me to see them enjoying themselves.

Suddenly Filipo's head appeared at the door 'the dinner is served!' he said. One by one they all went to the dining room. Kristina was the last. She got up and took a step very elegantly, then she tried the second but the heel of her boot got tangled in the strap of her bag and she crashed on the floor and buried her face in the flokati rug.

In a flash Benny was lifting her up in a loving embrace. Her left boot was just touching the ground, the right one was flat on the floor with newspaper pages skilfully scrunched in balls, scattered all over the rug while her right leg was dangling two inches above the floor. He sat her on a chair and was frantically picking up the newspaper and stuffing it back into the boot. He passed her the boot, she put it on, got up and elegantly walked to the dining room.