

Small and big crimes



Elisabeth Nilsson

Boksidan

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146 33 Tullinge

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My time

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My first lover was a real jerk. He was the big brother of my best friend in high school, Nettan. I had met him several times at her place. I was really impressed by him, because he had such a nice car and swanky clothing. Moreover, he always knew everything. He was one of those guys who are so good at everything.

He was a computer programmer. Each time we met, we used to talk for a while and he showed me the computer program he was working on. I'm not so interested in computers, but who cares? I was very much in love with him, so he could have shown anything just as I got to be close.

The hard part was that if I stayed too long with him, or showed too much interest, Nettan began to tease me. She thought he was a geek. I for one thought he was absolutely wonderful. And I think he liked me too.

I tried to find a way to be alone with him without Nettan and preferably without parents. I was going to write and ask a teenage monthly, but they just discuss letters from girls who wonder if they are pregnant or have a sexually transmitted diseases.

Eventually I came upon a great idea. I would ask if he wanted to help me with the math. Then he was forced to come to me. One annoying thing was that my, silly, geeky parents surely would come in and ask if we wanted tea or something when we were there doing what I Wanted to do. Then they would surely ask a lot of geeky questions to Thomas.

They just can't be at home. The weekend after the coming one we're going to our vacation home. I will say that I do not want to go, since I have to study or something. The whole day I thought of him, how it would be and what I should wear, what to cook on and so on.

One problem was to find out some mathematic problems which he could help me with. It could not be too easy because then he might think I am stupid. At the same time, it certainly should not be too difficult, I did not want us to get involved with math throughout the evening.

Actually I was pretty good at math and I did not need any remedial courses. He'd probably think I have a way too easy math. But he ought to have seen Nettan's math book. We studied economics, but he certainly went to the natural science or technology program, when he was in high school. I decided to try to find out if Thomas ever helped Nettan with math.

But she mustn't find out that we were to meet, it would be so very embarrassing. I called him one night when I knew Nettan was not home. Luckily, he was the one who answered. We talked for quite a long time and he did not want stop at all, it seemed. I was really nervous, it was almost as if I stuttered. Luckily he talked all the time so I did not need to talk much.

Finally I asked, and he sounded very positive. The coming Saturday was great for him and he said he did not even want to be paid. I promised to make dinner as compensation. The Saturday came and he came. I thought he was handsome, he had a tie and suit on. I had a blouse and black pants on me.

We ate entrecote with béarnaise sauce and fries and drank cider. For dessert, I made a chocolate pudding, it was an instant pudding.

We spent a really long time with math. I sat very close to him and did everything so that we

could leave it. In the end I said I could not manage more and thought we'd watch TV. I sat close to him and took his hand. We looked each other in the eyes, and his mouth was shaped as if to kiss. We leaned against each other and slowly, slowly we kissed. Then we did not want to let go, we continued to kiss for hours. He squeezed my breasts, and I put my hand between his legs. I thought we'd go up to my room, he nodded and looked very serious. On the way to my room, I came to think of the Bruins in bed and that I had the pink sheets with small bears on. It is just not right, he must feel that he was going to bed with a twelve year old. So I thought we'd take my parents' room instead. He just nodded seriously. Then we made love, it was embarrassing, both for him and for me. I think he came before he did put it in me. When I grabbed his dick, it felt that quite soft and sticky. I pretended not to notice it and aimed it towards my vagina. There was a halt, the dick was so soft and I was so tense that it had been hard to even get a finger in it.

"Wait," I said, "Not so fast" and began stroking his sticky dick. It went hard in a moment and we could continue. He pressed on with penis against my vagina and it was painful. I just wanted to scream.

My premiere made me realized the advantage of being wet before the penetration. Now it was anything but pleasant. Finally Thomas managed to get it to the bottom. I started bleeding, it was embarrassing but it was not completely stupid for it was like a little wet then. He puffed and groaned and then he became very heavy. I was bleeding and it hurt down there. But I was not virgin anymore! I think it went for him, he groaned and collapsed. Then when I went to the bathroom came the blood, but the boy's milk too. I went back to bed there was a rather large blood stain.

I started getting worried like hell, I should have used a gum. I had even put the one that I got on a school visit to the youth clinic in ninth grade in my bed table. It was a red gum, it might have been fun to roll it on the penis. According to a book that I had it was a lot funnier with a condom. It would in any case probably have slipped better.

I looked at him long, his arms, legs, stomach, back and eyes. He said nothing. I told him I loved him, it just jumped out of me, it was nice to say.

I said it again "I love you".

I had never said this to anyone before. He looked at me, not in the eyes but his mouth, but he said nothing. "I love you," I said again.

"Honey," he said and caressed my arm.

"Do you want me?" I asked.

"Yes, I do, but I have to go now."

The whole Sunday I waited for him to call. Besides, I scoured my mom's mattress. I tried to pour salt, bleach, Ajax and acetone on it, but the stain was still there, smaller but still there. Soon Mom and Dad come and the mattress was still wet. I blew it with the hair dryer for over an hour.

In the evening, I could not take it anymore, I had had my hand on the phone at least a hundred times. Now I hit the number, it was Nettan respondents. Damn how could I talk to Thomas, without making her suspicious.

"Uh, hey Nettan how are you?"

"Hey Nuppan, what did you do yesterday?"

"Nothing."

"Well with my brother then! Ha ha! Did he take your virginity huh! Do you love him?"

I was so very sorry, I just wanted to die. The pig, my love has shamed me.

"No not really" I answered.

"Good, because he does not love you either."

I threw down the speaker, I hope it hurt her ear. Then cried and I cried. Mom came in and sat next to me in bed.

"What has happened to my ray of sunshine? Are there any boy that was stupid and did not want my sweet girl?"

"I'm not sweet, by the way, there is no boy, it's Nettan she does not want to be friends with me anymore."

"Why tell me!"

"No, I want to be alone, go away, leave me alone!"

At Monday I went up as usual, ate breakfast and got dressed. When mom and dad had gone to work, I dressed off again and went to bed. I was exhausted, I had hardly slept anything all night, moreover I had a headache.

When my parents came home, I made sure I was always near a phone. I had one in my room at the bed, it was good. But I hardly dared to move away from the bed, even to go the toilet. Damn, I longed for him to call. He didn't but rang a lot of other relatives and stuff did.

Then phoned Nettan. "Hey Nuppan, why were not you in school today?"

I just hung up and cried. I will never go to school again, I would just be at home and suffer. That fucking bitch was probably jealous of me and Thomas.

I was home all week, but Thomas did not call. And I dared not to call him, if Nettan would answer. Nor did I dare to stand outside the house. Moreover, it would be so amazingly crunching if it was true that he did not like me.

On Friday I would have had dementia, there was nothing. I was a little worried, but not too bad, a little irregular, it can surely be. Neither did I get it on Saturday or on Sunday.

Damn, I was pregnant after my first and only love. My youth was over. I had not even had any fun yet, I mean partying and stuff. I would be a mother, I who should study further and become so good. The child would have no father, everything is destroyed.

I tore off my clothes and looked in the mirror, so far it was barely visible. I examined my stomach, it felt tense. I cried, cried and thought about buying candy. What the hell should I say to mom and what would the kid be named.

The name was difficult, what it certainly would not be named was easier. I made a list of names that I hate. It felt that it was a girl, mostly because I always wanted to have a boy. The first name she absolutely would not get was Anette, since that is Nettan's real name, nor Nanette or Neptune. Then I couldn't come up with any more names that could reasonably be Nettan. Then I listed Elisabeth because that's my name. Afterwards I wrote my mother's, aunt's and some other relatives names.

On Monday, I went to school, shit we had a history test the first hour. I tend to be really good in history, but now I could not give a damn. It was almost as if I was crying, my best grades, my only top grade to hell. I put my hand on my stomach and felt my child, she would be named Susanne. I did not come up with anything at all to write, I just sat and touched my stomach.

I had anxiety before the break. I had been slow to school so that I would come just when it rang in order to avoid having to talk to someone. Five minutes left, many of my schoolmates were ready and had left the room. Nettan sat there, she wrote constantly, she will probably get my top grade.

Finally the bell rang. "Now you must stop," said Tordan, our history teacher.

I stood up quickly, Nettan continued to write. I tried to stick my paper under a few others but Tordan took it. I had just submitted a leaf and it was not much written on it. He looked very disappointed and I was ashamed. I walked out of the classroom, very sad.

Out on the school yard there were a whole bunch of classmates. They actually seemed happy to see me. Lisa, who never talk to me, asked how I was feeling. Several other hung on and commented that I had been away. I said I had a stomach ache. Wonder what they knew?

What had Nettan said? It did not seem like someone knew, since no one said no one said anything about it, no hints either.

Nettan said nothing to me during the whole day, I thought she would come up, say that she's sorry and ask how I was and all that. We used, after all, to be the best of friends, but now she only talked with Lena, so I felt quite alone.

In the evening, my mother said "Elisabeth, you have to care about what you eat you are beginning to get a little fat."

It felt as if I would panic, I rushed into my room and pulled up shirt. Damn, it begins to appear, can it really go so very fast. At this rate, I can't leave the house during the whole summer. I felt bad this morning didn't I? A bit at least. Abortion, I just need to do an abortion.

I went to the kiosk, not the nearest kiosk, but that is a little further away. I bought a bunch of candy. It was so very hard to say what I needed to have, so it bought a whole lot of candy before I got to what I really wanted. In the end, when I realized that my money was running out, I asked as normal as I could if they had a pregnancy test. The jerk just refused to understand what I wanted.

He just yelled "pregnancy test what is that?"

Typically, it is a few guys behind me who just need to start tanning. Luckily he found a test, but I didn't have enough money, so he had to remove a lot of candy. The guys behind was pissed.

"Use a condom next time!" They shouted after me. I dared not test until it was night and I was sure that my mother would not get into my room. Instead, I eat candy like crazy. The trash bin went completely full of candy wrappers.

So I tried to flush them down the toilet, but it was troublesome because they just refused to sink. In the end, when I had flushed, like ten times, my mother had knocked on the door and asked if I was sick, I took up the paper again and rolled them into toilet paper. Then I put them inside the shirt and walked out.

I wasn't easy the test, I just didn't manage to figure out how it worked. But in the morning I had my period, I was thrilled, even though there was blood on the bed. I met Nettan on the way to school. We talked about school and such, but she said nothing about what had happened.

She did not even say sorry. She, the bitch she is, has never said sorry for anything. She seemed to think that it was me who would say sorry because I loved her brother. It is pretty usually to talk love problems with your best friend, but in this case she was half the problem. She thought we should have tea at her house after school. Thomas should be at work so I said okay. We decided that we would go to the school party together on Saturday and that we would have dinner at my house before. My parents were going to the country house again and I just had to take advantage of that.

So it was Saturday and I made spaghetti with meat sauce, ice cream for dessert and crisps as an appetizer. To this we drank cider. Nettan thought it was tasty and we got into a decent mood. It felt like the cider had effect, which sounds pretty ridiculous in retrospect, since it

was non-alcoholic.

But we needed more! Something but we had nothing, not my parents either (they are abstainers). The only alcohol that we found in addition to spirits for cleaning purpose, was apple cider vinegar. It sounds good, but it tastes really not a bit like real cider. Honestly, it tastes crap. We experimented with various flavour killers and came up with a drink that looked professional, and actually was possible to drink.

"Nettan's and Nuppan's Sunrise" which consists of orange juice, strawberry lemonade, vinegar and ice. If you mix gently it will actually get striped. We had a couple of sunrises, but then at least I felt a little bit bad. Not that I was drunk or so, but it was just so damn disgusting.

Then I realized that we almost emptied the vinegar bottle, what will mother say? That vinegar bottle she has had for years. We browsed as hell in cookbooks to find recipes where it takes a lot of vinegar. We decided to say that we made the soufflé vinaigrette with salad, then ice cream with vinegar sauce and then dropped the bottle on the floor.

We went to the party, it was in the gymnastics hall. It was a band that played, but the dance had not started yet. It was quite crowded and many were drunk. We met some girls from our class. They seem a little surprised that we came. One girl asked me, not in an evil way, but mostly for fun (I think) about how it went with Nettan's brother. Stupid Nettan then she has told them after all.

"Good," I say and tried to look happy, then I just went home.

I tried not to cry until I got of there, wondering if anyone noticed something? I will never, never be friends with her again, I thought all the way home. It did not work so well. I didn't talk to her during the whole Sunday and tried to avoid her at school on Monday.

But by then she came up to me in a pretty angry way and wondered where I had gone on Saturday.

On Tuesday I thought that maybe it was not so bad, it was not so strange to tell the other girls. We became friends again and went to her house and drank tea after school. She said that she had a blast at the party. She said that Thomas could get a bottle of wine for us for the next weekend.

We decided that we would go to town on Saturday, and maybe go to a disco. The Saturday came, Thomas was away, otherwise I would not have come. But her parents were home. Nettan had made a pie with ham, it was pretty good, but the wine was red and disgusting. It was actually the first time I drank wine. I drank almost half the bottle, it was tough. But after a couple of glasses I began to feel drunk, it was fun! Nettan thought that since she fixed the wine, I would pay it, plus she had paid the food. I thought it was lousy because I had paid when we were at my house last Saturday.

We went to town and had pretty fun on the way. But in town, it was worse, I was cold and we did not get in to the disco we had in mind. Then we went to McDonalds where it was okay. There was quite a lot of people in our age, and there were several guys who looked at us. It was sad, though, that they seemed to look much more at Nettan than on me. It did not happen so much more that night.

On Thursday the weeks after it was May Day, when we tried again. Nettan had fixed a bottle of wine again, but this time it was white. It was much easier to drink. We sat in her room, drank it and ate crisps.

Then we went to the park, where it was super crowded. I felt good and the weather was fine. Some guys started talking to us and asked if we wanted to hang out with them.

We got overwhelmed, but we just said okay. One of the guys had his mind set on me, he gave us beer and cigarettes. I took some beer but said that I don't smoke. Then he asked if I had tried.

I said "yes," though it was not true. I said I did not think it was good. Then he said: "fuck you have to learn to like to smoke, you have to practice and practice until you like it." I took a cigarette and pressed it against my lips, he lit it. But it just did not catch fire, oh no I make a fool of myself, I thought.

"Damn you must suck when I lit" he said, his name is John by the way.

I sucked in and it went much better. I sucked and sucked, my mouth went completely full of smoke and I started coughing. The boys tanned me, Nettan too. Then John showed how it should be done. Nettan tried a cigarette and it went fucking great for her. I do not think they noticed that she was a beginner.

We came home to them. They had a beautiful apartment in the town centre. They gave us more beer and we danced and smoked more. Nettan was low because something was happening between me and John, but there was no one who seemed interested in her. She went home, but I stayed.

Then I made love with John, it was not great but it was far better than the first time.

The most embarrassing thing was that he didn't have any condoms and I just refused to fuck without protection. So he had to go out and ask his buddies and I heard how they laughed. I really felt like the sluttiest girl in town and I thought I just have to get pills.

I came home very late and my mom was pissed and wondered where I've been. I said I was on a school party and she seemed to believe it. She did not mention that I was drunk, I wonder if she noticed it?

I thought that John and I were together, but I don't think he thought so, because I never heard of him again. I had given him my number, but I never took his. Though it was probably just lucky, because I had of course been in constant pain every day about whether I would dare to call or not.

It was May now and student parties had begun. Neither I nor Nettan would have a party of our own. But I was invited to one. Nettan was invited to three. Stupid Nettan, I was told later, after one party that I had been invited as well.

He who had the party had asked me why I had not come because he had told Nettan to ask me to come along. But Nettan had just forgotten it.

The party that I went to was in any case quite fun. I had my graduate dress on.

I had the class most boring guy as fork lord but I needed at least not to feel shy.

After dinner, when people started smoking, I also took up a cigarette and lit. I had been training in secret and now it actually went pretty good. I noticed that there were several who were surprised and later there were several who commented. Nettan became almost the most surprised of all, I had not said anything about it to her. It was fun, it felt like I was a little cooler than her.

There were several guys who wanted to dance with me and I got a little drunk. I came home quite late but my mother was not angry. She sat up and waited, but she was not angry.

On the Friday after, school were out. Tordan had really lowered my top grade, though I raised in two other subjects. I went to Nettan's reception, there were just a bunch of boring relatives, but she served sandwich cake and sparkling wine. In the evening the entire class gathered in Lisas home. The idea was that we would only have a few drinks there, but we stayed all night since the weather was so boring, it only rained, so no one had any desire to go out.

Nettan's brother had bought a bottle of wine for us and I was drunk. The evening, however, got a little too sentimental, we promised each other that we would meet again and a lot of similar stuff. I really thought it was quite nice to continue with my life without them. I did not think it was a particularly funny class. The other classes seemed much better, much more cohesion and so. I wish I had gone in another class, then I probably would have had more friends too.

Natalie

The first day of my life after school, I went to my grandmother in Jönköping. I had brought some old issues of a weekly that she likes, that I would give to grandma and read myself on the train. I took out a journal, but I then realized, what do I do? Read a weekly for old ladies, as a celestial bitch. I could not even bare the idea to have them in the bag, so I threw the whole pile in the dust bin.

Mom had made some sandwiches but I'm not going to take them up. It feels wrong to start my adult life with a trip to grandma eating mom's sandwiches. I let the sandwiches stay in my bag and flipped in a magazine from the train company lying on the seat next to me. What many holes there that you have not heard of much and what many uninteresting magazines there are too. There are several hundred mil of fine railway spirit between Malmö and Kiruna, amazing huh? I thought they had taken down all the railway lines except the one to Gothenburg.

On the seat in front of me sits a girl watching me. I've looked a bit on her too, firmly on the sly. She looks tough. Black hair, though I think it is coloured. Then she has a worn denim jacket and similar jeans. Either she is a greasers or a hard rock chick. She smokes and watches me. She's cute, I think. I feel crappy dorky, she must have noticed how dorky I am.

Fuck that, I thought, and asked if she had a cigarette. Damn, my voice sounded really nervous, but she appears not to have taken notice. She asked for my name, her was Natalie. I would ash but found no ashtray.

She laughed and said "you are in a non-smoker coupé, you have to ash on the floor."

We laughed. Then came the conductor, he was not happy, he became angry. Personally, I would just say sorry, be very sorry and quit smoking immediately when he just opened his mouth, But not Natalie, when he started barking, she became pissed off and barked back.

"Fucking uniform jerk, old bastard, dick sucker!" She yelled.

"The dick sucker" went out and I just looked at her and gasped. I had of course extinguished my smoke, but she still smoked. But she probably was a little overexcited, because she smoked in a very stressed way. She looked at me a bit mischievous and then she started to laugh! I also hung on and laughed, mostly to seem a bit cooler.

"You have to be tough against the hard guys" she said.

After a while The dick sucker came back, but then they were two. They looked very angry, and we had to leave the train. I was really scared, Natalie was a little scared too. She just said "yes" and stuff, then we went off at the next station. When we had left the train, she turned around and pointed at finger at The dick sucker who followed us to see that we came off properly. I will not cry, I will not complain about that grandma will be worried. We'll probably just take the next train I thought.

"Sorry!" Said Natalie. 'You are not in a hurry huh? "

"I'm just on my way to grandma, but she can wait."

"Damn let's have a picnic" Natalie thought.

The sun was shining and it was a really nice weather. We went into a shop and bought roasted chicken and stuff. Natalie had no money, but she had two bottles of wine which of course was much more worth.

We sit down in a park down by the river. It is absolutely wonderful, the food is good and the wine begins to give effect. We change into shorts in the middle of the park, though there are people watching. We tan and have a blast.

Some guys come up and sit down with us. They look like hard rock guys. They look really sucked out, both for us and the food. They get the rest since we just can't eat more in this heat.

Then they start to get involved with a pipe. Janne, a blonde guy with curly hair smoke it in a weird way. I understand that it is hashish and refuses to taste when they invite me. Natalie smokes like crazy, then she starts to laugh. The boys laugh too.

It looks crazy, they just twists around in the grass. I'm also starting to laugh like hell, it almost feels like I'm high myself. They smoke more weed but I still refuse to taste. However, I drank almost a whole bottle of wine.

Jamie gets up and screams "Cops, run like hell."

Then he runs. The rest of us do not see any cops, and the only thing that coming in our direction is a lawn mower. But Janne just runs off and he runs straight into a car. He falls and we become scared shitless.

We runs towards Janne, he is completely dead. Me, Natalie and the guy named Eric tries to revive Janne with cardiac massage and stuff. It was troublesome; should they pump, pump, count to ten and then blow or should be blown first. Damn it, even though we have practiced so damn much, one still don't remember. The third guy Benke is involved in a noisy argumentation with the driver.

When Eric watches him he begins to laugh like hell. The rest of us gets pissed off on him. Damn, Janne is dying and he just laughs, by the way, he had stopped pumping. Eric just continued to laugh as he tries to say something.

Finally we heard him say "fuck the car was parked, Janne is just joking"

It was actually true, the car was parked. Benke kicks the car and seems even angrier, then he starts to laugh too. All we laughed like hell, Janne too.

The boys thought we would hang out with them at their rehearsal space. They had a band called Trash Fuck or something like that. I pulled Natalie a little bit away, you do not want to become a fucking groupie huh. But Natalie thought it seemed cool, so I hung on.

But when we got there I was almost a little disappointed. They were not at all interested in us, they really started to play. It sounded quite good to be a basement band. Unfortunately, it was so damn hot in the garage where we were, so I was about to die. The boys were so sweaty that it looked as if they had been showering with the clothes on.

There was only one thing to do and that was to open the car door, I mean the door into the garage for the cars. This was in a residential area, but it was quite a lot of people passing by and they stared as hell. Some stopped and stared as if it was a concert. There was a whole bunch, mostly younger people. Benke put forth a guitar case on the sidewalk and it was actually a few who threw in some money. They pulled some covers and people really liked it. The boys nagged about that Natalie and I would do chorus in front of them and dance and all that. At first it was very nerve-racking but I was drunk so I started to jump around. The audience just screamed, it felt awesome. I closed my eyes, it felt like I was on a real scene in a giant stadium full of people.

Suddenly the sound disappeared. The boys started to fix and check the amps and stuff, but everything was just died. Then came an old woman into the garage and started to yell at Benke. It was really embarrassing, poor Benke. Imagine, you are standing on the stage, the crowd just loves you, then comes mom, she unplugs and starts barking. She pulls it all up, you should do better in school, cut your hair and all that. It was so embarrassing, I just wanted to leave. But the audience remained and even started to laugh. The boys were the same age as

us, Benke, too, but he would be locked up in his room. The other guys got their part of the shit too, they would never be allowed to practice in his garage again.

We went from there back to the park. Janne lighted a pipe, now as a member of the band I just had to smoke too, I thought. I did as they said, sucked in a long time and said "nice smoke", but it did not give a shit. But the others were obviously high as trees.

We decided that we would absolve Benke and then go off on a tour. Both Eric and Janne seemed to think that we belonged to the band now.

We started to fix for the tour. Eric had a car, ugly and rusted but still a car. Janne had fifteen bottles of wine which he had made himself. Natalie and I had nothing. Okay I had three hundred crowns.

Even before Benke had joined, it was quite crowded in the car and then they hadn't packed the instruments. Electric guitars were just to forget, since just the speakers took up the whole car and then we had not loaded the drums.

Either Eric went around alone with drums and speakers, or the whole band went and we played on tambourines and regular guitars.

I would play the tambourine because I refused to sing and I can just play the tambourine. It was just that they did not have a tambourine. Natalie came up with a really good idea, we did maracas with sand and the small liquor bottles that you buy when you go to the Canary Islands.

It got dark and we went to Benkes house. We had brought a ladder with us, but it did not fit in the car, so Janne had to hang out the window and hold it.

It felt like we were the agents now so we could obviously not go through the gate. We just had to enter through the bushes. The fucking bushes had tags, so I tore myself so it went holes on the arm and started to bleed. Natalie also got injured, she thought it was a stupid idea.

Eric climbed up the ladder and Janne was holding it. The higher Eric came, the worse Janne was holding and in the end he wiggled it. I thought it was going to fall and Eric screamed. The light was lit in Benkes room and a man looked out, it was Benkes dad. He actually started laughing. I thought he would get mad and Benke would not be allowed to go out until he was thirty-eight, but he just laughed.

Benkes mother also came up, she was not angry either.

"My goodness, are you trying to free Bengt?"

We felt so caught in the act that we said "no" straight away. Much like we were going to visit Benkes parents half past twelve at night.

"Bengt is the sleeping but I can shout at him. You may come in the usual way if you want."

Benke came to the window and he started to laugh like hell.

"Wrong window fucking idiots" he yelled at us.

There was no chance that Benkes parents would let us go on tour that night. While we had no desire to quit now, when we just had got started. In the end we all slept in the garage, Benke also.

It was hard trying to fall asleep there. It was hot as hell, plus I had borrowed a really warm sleeping bag from Janne. I became warmer and warmer and the sleeping bag was all sweaty. It felt like lying in a plastic bag with water in the oven. But I dared not complain, because I had nagged to get the warmest bag. In the morning the sun also started to shine at that garage, and then it was hot as hell. I understand that they did not have the car in there since it would probably melt. There were more people who thought it was hot. Eric had torn off his sack and Janne lay moaning as well.

Benke also woke up and he thought "fuck this doesn't work, I open the damn door."

He did it and it just squirted cold air into the room, then it was okay. We woke up pretty late, at least I did, we had breakfast and went off.

The car was as sweaty as the garage and I had not had time to take a shower so I thought we would go swimming. The others thought it was a fantastic idea. We decided to stop at the first lake we saw, but it took like an hour before we saw one and then we still had to walk very far. But the weather was super and the water was not so cold, so we stayed there all day. We opened a few bottles of wine, sunbathed, drank and listened to music. The others smoked hashish too, but I didn't.

In the evening when we were going to buy some food to make a barbecue, we realized that the car was stuck. It had kind of just stuck in the ground. We pushed and pushed, but it was stuck. It had like been soaked down a bit so you could not see the bottom side of the wheels. The ground was all wet so we just slipped around when we tried to push. We fell a lot and in the end we were all very green, but the car was still stuck.

It was only to realize that we could not go anywhere. The car had maybe loosened from the ground by tomorrow. By the way all had drunk too much to drive. Perhaps we could ask a farmer if he could tighten the horse in front of the car and pull it up.

We were damn hungry. The boys would be trappers they said. This meant that they smeared their faces with soil, took the filter off their cigarettes and attacked defenceless little animals. It was a cute duck family that seemed to stay about where we were.

Janne and Benke crept up and started throwing stones, but I became like mad, so they stopped. Although the ducks were gone long ago.

Then they thought that they could attack a seagull nest a little further away, since no one can love seagulls. I said I love seagulls but they didn't care about me and went on with the attack. But they had to blame themselves, when they came near the nest dad bird lifted and pooped right on Janne's head. We laughed as hell but Janne, of course, was pissed. The birds, however, were left alone.

There were cows farther up, but it was only to forget to roast a cow. Benke and Janne walked around for a while to find a rabbit, forest chicken or something, but they got nothing. The tough hard trappers failed.

There was only one thing to do, to numb the hunger with wine. We took some more wine bottles from the car and the trappers actually managed to make a fire. It was damn nice to sit there by the fire. Benke and Janne took up their guitars and started playing.

Janne looked a lot on me, I think he was interested. I was clearly interested in him. It was about to start something between Eric and Natalie too, I think. Janne went and peed and when he came back, he sat very close to me.

We sang some old favourites. However we didn't remember much more than the chorus and they could not play them. It must have sounded crappy "smoke on the water, a fire in the sky" fifteen times, only that line, but it was smashing.

It is quite late, Janne is putting down the guitar, though Benke continues playing. Janne sits even closer to me. We talk a bit, the fire has reduced a lot, I'm freezing. He puts his arms around me and we just watch the fire.

It was so cosy, it felt like we've been together for ten years. We did not rush to kiss and stuff, just took it easy, we had all the time in the world. Though at the same time, I wanted very much that he would kiss me. Natalie and Eric had already started kissing.

Benke felt a little bit lonely. He stopped playing and went away. After a while he just came

rushing and screaming "fuck it's a bull in the car, we can't enter."

We laughed as hell but when we went and checked it, it was actually a big fucking bull looking at the car. It just stood there and watched, it did not seem to like the car at all. Maybe he thought it encroached on his territory or something. I'm not a bull-psychologist or so but it looked angry. I'm no good at cows either, I mean what do you learn by looking on milk boxes? Cows are blue or green, and it is written milk on the stomach. Benke tried to get closer to it, then it turned around to face us and began to moan. We just rushed off, luckily he didn't follow us. We gathered up a bunch of grass then Janne would go back and try to become a friends of him. It did not work at all, the closer Janne came, the more the bull groaned. We pondered for ages before we came up with the idea that I, Natalie and Eric would stand and entertain the animal while Benke and Janne sneaked into the car from the other side. It was pretty scary to stand there and stall him, but we thought it was suitable that we did it because he was not mad at us yet.

The plan worked perfectly! We jumped around, sang and tweaked, the bull must have thought we were completely pom-pom, but he looked all the time. He probably did not even notice that they were inside the car.

I skipped both the tooth brushing and dental flossing and went to bed immediately. We had no tents, so it was just a sleeping bag, on the ground. It was very uncomfortable and so much animals everywhere. The whole time mosquitos buzzed around the head.

It helped a little if I shook my head so they could not land, though it was pretty hard to try to fall asleep, and shake your head at the same time. But what you do not do to avoid mosquito bites all over your face like fucking giant pimples. As if I were Miss Acne-89 and got free acne milk for a whole year.

An owl or something starts howling, it sounds scary, the whole forest feels damn scary. What if the bull comes and thinks I'm an edible blue giant worm. It feels damn necessary to get into Janne's sleeping bag.

Despite the scary forest and all the mosquitoes it was so amazingly wonderful to be there in his bag. We did not exactly sleep, but it was cosy. We loved and it was so very hot when we were doing it, so we lay on top of the bag. But it was not so very successful, I noticed later. Mosquitoes must have loved us, two naked bodies that did not care a damn if they sucked and did not interfere in the dinner.

The rest of the night we lay together and scratched like crazy both Janne and I. It was not so easy when we were in the same sleeping bag. The others didn't sleep very good either so we decided to leave as early as possible.

When we got to the car, there were several bulls around it. It was shit scary because we must, pass them to get to the road that we came on. They looked at us as we ran past, but there was no one who ran after.

We tried to get hold of a farmer who could chase away the animals and pull up the car. It went smoothly since we found a farmer who kept on and drove around in a field without plants with his tractor. We waved and ran out to him, it was very dusty. He laughed as hell when we talked about the bulls, then he said that we were "fucking city dwellers."

He was not afraid, he just went up to the car, fastened a chain to it and pulled. The bulls ran away and the car came loose. We wanted to give him a bottle of homemade wine as a reward, but he didn't want it. It was so much funny, that about the cows so it was good enough. Then we realized our mistake and laughed like hell.

All of us were damn tired, but in any case I felt so amazingly disgusting so I just needed a toilet. Soiled, dusty, sweaty, with dirty teeth and full of mosquito bites everywhere, also old boy milk between my legs.

We found a motel, where we did as much as we could of, teeth cleaning and stuff, then we ate and went into the car again. But it wasn't possible to sleep, it scratched all over and was very hot and crowded.

Additionally Benke talked all the time, as usual. Just a lot of bullshit, he's getting damn annoying. I do not understand how they can stand him. He could talk for half an hour about his cousin's scooter, then he would happily tell the same boring story again two hours later. The guys wanted more smoke but it seemed impossible to get a hold of it where we were right now. But Benke went into the motel and asked the girl at the counter about where to find any "special smoke", I guess she did not even understand what he meant.

When he returned to the car and said that he had asked, we were just dying. Now it was just to disappear from there. We were pretty angry on him then. You do not want people to think that we are fucking junkies.

Now we decided to go the amusement park Skara Summerland, where we would run a show and play around. Benke and Janne took out the guitars, me and Natalie our maracas. We open a bottle of wine and tried to come up with something to play.

The boys wanted to play hard rock, but it doesn't work very well with acoustic guitars and maracas. There we played Yesterday, just the chorus, fifteen times. We tested a few songs from the school, but it was the same shit with them. We had forgotten almost everything. The longest tune that all of us knew was type half of "We walk over dewy mountain", but they just refused to play it.

We skipped the show and did some playback to the car's tape recorder. It was just a lot of hard rock and nothing that I recognized, but it was damn fun anyway. We played all the way to Skara. When we arrived, I was quite loaded.

Benke and Janne thought we would sneak into the amusement park. I did not have so much money and Natalie had none at all, but we desperately wanted to swim in the pools there so we thought it was okay. Though we never thought that it would work, but it actually did.

We went into the woods and thought about climbing over the fence. But we did not even have to do that, since a bit away from where we were, there was a large gap between the fence and the ground. So it was just to crawl under.

We had a blast there, went down water slopes, jumped in a trampoline, ran on a treadmill and more. But we were pretty loaded so it was not so good to run in the wheel.

It was like a pair of panties in a washing machine. The wheel just spun, I fell, then I fell again, and other persons fell on me all the time. I was completely broken inside when I crawled out of the wheel.

Successful day! Mosquito bites and bruises all over my body. Now I had at least taken a bath so I felt not as disgusting, but on the other hand, I was stinking from chloral.

We decided that we would run around and see if we saw the famous founder of the place, Bert Karlsson. We did not see any Bert, however, we saw two dogs fucking, while their owners tried to separate them. It looked damn funny, so we stayed and watched the show. Several others were also watching. The dogs were big so the ladies did not fix to separate them. There was a guy who was going to help but the rest of the crowd stopped him from doing it. The dogs were in love. We to a grass field just above the show, sat down in the grass and opened a bottle of wine.

I was about to puke from all that disgusting homemade wine. Now it was also hot and it was a lot of shit in the bottom of the bottle. Then I did not really want to drink, I just wanted to sleep. But I took a few sips, then I threw up. It just came pouring out of my mouth. A guard or something saw it, came forward, took the bottle and said that we must go.

Benke said we were actually twenty and could drink if we wanted to, but it made no difference. Natalie got pissed and the others hung on.

It actually helped, the guard said "okay, but don't do it again!"

Then he poured out the bottle and walked away. We went up and sat further away in a place where no one would see us, then we did it again. I did not get a taste of it though, since they thought it was a waste because I did not keep it inside me for long enough. But it did not matter because I was so tired that I fell asleep as soon as I lay down in the grass.

I woke up much later, when the others were also asleep. I froze. I wrapped the bath towel around me and waited for them to wake up. They just refused to wake by themselves, so I started to shake them. "I'm hungry," I said.

They were also hungry when they examined themselves. We moved toward the exit, the weird thing was that it was no people anywhere. Eric realized that the place had been closed for several hours. We were completely alone on the plant, it must just be used.

We walked around a bit, jumped in the trampoline and all that but it was no fun. The water was turned off in the slopes and we were so very hungry. Furthermore it was pretty scary too, so we left the park. At the entrance sat a few guards and they were fairly surprised. We just passed the exit wheel and waved to them. Then we went to a burger joint.

It was just me who still had money left, but they had given me wine and paid the gasoline and all that, so I put up all my pennies. Then it was just that what would we do then without any money? We did the same as the disgusting guys in the subway, were collected empty bottles. It was so embarrassing to be a bottle picker, it is really the most disgusting job available.

Frolicking in the dust bins, much like if we searched for food. But it was actually rewarding.

We went around in a big parking outside the park and found several dust bins that were full of cans. There were at least a few cans in each bin and Janne found a whole bunch of cans on the ground. It blew up when he was about to pick them up so they rolled away. It looked really fun when he was chasing them.

Benke asked a bunch of dudes who sat and drank beer if he could get their cans. But they just picked on him, then they started to scrunch all their empty cans, fucking pigs.

We had no bag or something to carry the cans in, so we had to take as many as we could in our arms and carry them to the big pile. There was Natalie and Eric and guarded so that the cans didn't blew away. We went through the parking lot and collected cans for over a hundred crowns. The problem them was just that where the hell would we recycle them, everything had closed.

We loaded the cans into the car, but it was not so easy, because it was crammed before. We solved it so that we filled the floor with cans then we had to sit with our legs in the air. It was so disgusting in the car. It was stinking old beer and Coca-Cola. I myself was disgusting with big sticky stains on the shirt and shorts. The other was fucking disgusting too.

Showering was just mandatory. So we went into the woods, where we were when we sneaked into the park. Then we crawled under the fence and jumped into the first best water without any clothes at all. It was fucking great, we bathed, changed and crept out again. Then when we went to the car, we saw that there was a fire in the woods.

I was quite mountainous maybe it was a house or something that burned for it seemed like

such an amazingly large fire. We went and checked but there was no house, it was just a fire. It was a pretty great bunch who sat there and drank beer and stuff.

We sat there as well and they seemed to think it was okay. Janne and Benke brought their guitars and it became pretty popular. We sang a lot of old songs. There were some of the guys who were great at lyrics and we hung out on the choruses and stuff and it was fucking awesome. I was given a lot of beer and spirits and got completely loaded.

Then a fucking moron puts on a big log on the fire. The bad thing is that half the log is outside the fire and the land around it also begins to burn. At first, no one thought of it then guys started yell like hell. I was so drunk that I did not understand why people began to rush around like mad.

I just made nothing but all of a sudden it was a bunch of guys, no girls, that pissed on the fire so it came a lot of smoke and it smelled like hell. They extinguished the fire by pissing on it, they actually put it out with piss. Damn, how it smelled.

Janne and Benke, who had become quite trendy, thought we'd sneak into the park and do some night swimming. At first, people thought that it was a bad idea, but Benke went on about how we slipped in, so they hung on. There were several guys who seemed to think I was cool coming from Stockholm and such. They were definitely trying to get me laid, but I was only laughing and having fun.

It went smooth as hell to get in, we were quite silent, and crept forward to the water. But once we got there, it was like an explosion. People necked, both girls and boys. We shouted and threw water on each other.

It was just given that the guards would come. First we heard some dogs barking. Then came two dogs with two dudes in green overalls running. The dogs looked nasty.

When we heard the dogs we all went silent, then when we saw them we just threw ourselves out of the water. I did not come up first but it was someone who helped me.

It was a guy and a girl who stayed there in the pool, they seemed not to notice that it was time to leave. We shouted at them but they just continued. We had to rush, we did not even get our clothes on. It was only to take them and run. The guards were almost there when I got my clothes.

But a guy must have been absolutely crazy, he just stood there completely nude, shouting to the guards that they é fucking pigs and stuff. They were so damn nasty to him. The dogs tried to attack, but the guards held them back, then they grabbed him and he was pressed down on the ground.

I don't understand why he did it, but it probably saved me. It felt damn lousy to run away and leave him there but what could I do? Those who were thoroughly enjoying themselves in the pool, however, only had themselves to blame.

When I, Janne and some others had come a good distance away, we turned and shouted at the guards that they were fucking pigs, then we ran to the fence. Then, when we went over to the other side of it, we screamed like hell.

I was completely exhausted and longed so much for to be alone with Janne. I think he wanted to be with me too but Benke, Eric and Natalie wanted to hang on to the others, so he wanted it too. They had their tents where the fire was in the past and now they thought it was time for a new fire and more drinking. We sat around the fire.

Janne and I held each other and caressed all the time. It was probably the best I had experienced so far, I was drunk and heavenly in love. I was horny as well, it was probably the first time I got horny just by cuddling with someone with my clothes on. He took my hand

and stood up.

"Come," he said.

We went to a tent and took off our clothes. We fucked and it was so amazingly wonderful, almost as if I had an orgasm. Someone came in and watched for a while but we didn't care. We thought it was damn good there in the tent so we slept in someone's sleeping bag. It were in fact no one who complained about that. No one woke us and said we would go away. I think so, anyway.

I woke up lying in the same way as when I fell asleep, naked and entwined. But it was no picnic because I felt completely destroyed inside, especially in the arm since it was under Janne. I could not remove it, it was like dead. I had to wake Janne and ask him to raise his body, then I lifted the arm with the other one.

There were a lot of people inside the tent but everyone was asleep, Janne thought we would leave before someone got mad at us. We went around looking for the others, but they were not to be found in any of the other tents.

They were in the car, awake and pissed. They had not slept a shit, not so strange, three people in a car full of disgusting empty cans. They were damn jealous when we said that it had been a wonderful night.

We were very hungry and went away to recycle the cans. We only got seventy crowns, since there were so many cans that had broken when they were sleeping on them. Janne thought we should get more money since they had broken their cans, but they didn't like the idea at all. We bought bread and Coca-Cola. Me and Natalie wanted cheese or something too, but the guys didn't like it because then there would not be enough for cigarettes. It was probably the most disgusting breakfast I have ever eaten.

The boys, mostly Benke, thought I complained too much. Especially about the Swedish countryside, everything outside of Stockholm that is. I whined about, he said, that it was not possible to get fresh bread, it was so much mosquitoes, the smell of horse shit and stuff like that.

So they started to tease me about Stockholm, about all the drugs and criminals there et cetera. I said I was not from Stockholm but from Sollentuna. "Same shit" they thought.

In Stockholm you can't go out at night without getting knocked down and there are no apartments available unless you have a million. First it was a bit of fun then it was just a pain. Natalie was on my side, it was damn good, since otherwise I would have felt fucking bullied. Natalie thought we would go to her buddies, the ones that she was going to from the beginning. It sounded great, then maybe we would not have to sleep in the car. The only problem was that we did not even have money for petrol to get there. But it fixed itself.

We went to a gas station filled up and drove away. Benke had pressed a piece of snuff on the number plate so that it looked like a G instead of a C. They write down the numbers, he said. We went away fast as hell but nobody came after us.

Natalie realized that we could sell back our train tickets to the train operator because the dick sucker had never stamped them. I did not really believe her, but it was actually possible. Now we suddenly had four hundred bucks and a full tank.

We arrived there where her pals lived, but it was just that Natalie was not very brilliant in finding the house, so we had to go around like crazy.

"This way, I think it is."

When we went there it was wrong. Then we came to the next road and when she thought it was that way. It would be a road named after a flower and it would be a red house. It was just

that all roads were named after flowers and all the houses were red and looked alike. There was not a phone anywhere either.

Natalie was not so popular until we got hold of a girl in our age, who knew where her friend lived. We found the right house, but then she was not at home, she was shopping downtown, but she would come back in a few hours.

We had to wait in the garden. Her mom gave us lemonade and ice cream, so it was okay to wait.

Though it took a very long time for her to come, we had time to play Chicago up to over two hundred points.

She was very happy to see us. She said that in the evening she would go on a boat trip with some friends and barbeque and she thought we could come along. They had two boats but they were only four so it should be no problem for us to join in.

Great! We bought barbecue food, some cola and a lot of cigarettes. Unfortunately, the liquor store was closed for the weekend, but anyway we were too young to buy anything there. And Eric still had some bottles left of his awful wine. We went to the boats, the others were already there, two girls and two guys.

The guys did not seem so thrilled that we were coming along. One guy named George, even said that.

He said "damn shame that I did not know that we would be this many, I have painted the floor of my boat, so we can't go with it."

The other guy Niklas just could not take us all in his boat, he said. So we stayed there for the party. They had two grills, charcoal and stuff so it was no problem.

It went smoothly, but we were so very hungry so we didn't stand to wait until the glow was okay. It looked like the charcoal wasn't glowing at all. Benke, in particular, was so hungry that he squirted lighter fluid on the grill while the steaks were there and the whole thing starts to burn. The meat became pretty black in half a minute. Then when we had eaten it all, the coal glowed beautifully.

The others had pretty much liquor and they offered quite a lot so all of us went pretty drunk. We sat in Niklas boat. I was a little crowded, but amazingly cosy. We sat outside, not inside the boat.

I got a little mad at Janne because he did not care about me. He almost only talked to Natalie's buddy. I think Natalie was mad at Eric also because he cared most about one of the other girls. I tried to make eye contact with Janne, but it just did not work.

Natalie thought we should go out and pee. She said she was mad at them. It seemed like they were not interested anymore. Eric and she had slept together in the car yesterday, it had been lousy, she thought. We sat on a bridge smoked a few cigarettes and talked. We came really close to each other. Damn, I liked her.

When we got back to the boat Janne, Eric and the two girls had disappeared. The others were pretty pissed off. The guys were sour that they stuck with their chicks and Benke was probably pissed that he hadn't made it himself.

They were totally confident that they were doing something, because they had started kissing already in the boat. They had gone off somewhere. The others had been looking but they had not been able to find them. I was so fucking sad, I was completely broken, I just cried. Natalie was mad.

All of us went out and searched. George found them. But he didn't get very happy about it. He just yelled at them. "Jump out of the boat you bastards and damn if you have made some

stains on the floor."

We ran to where his boat lay and there were stains of shoes on his nice white floor. They had clothes on but it was obvious that they had caressed. Natalie was pissed off, I was really sad and the guys were furious.

It was almost as if it would be some fighting. It was only for them to leave at once. We just refused to go. They jumped into the car, threw our bags out and went. I did not even say goodbye to them, except to Benke. Maybe he was all right anyway.

The atmosphere was still bad. I mean between Natalie and her friend and between guys and girls. The chicks went home, but we did not go with them.

We slept in Niklas boat. I borrowed a sleeping bag and actually slept pretty well despite everything that had happened. The day after, I wanted to go home, Natalie, too. The guys fixed breakfast, we exchange addresses, and off we went.

We had about fifty crowns each left from the ticket, so train was out of the question. We hitchhiked. I've never done it before, but it went great.

It took only five cars to get back to Stockholm. Moreover people gave us candy and stuff like that. I came home in the evening. Opened the door and yelled for mom and dad, they just rushed out into the hallway and were completely hysterical. They hugged me and were happy and angry in the same time. Where had I been? Why hadn't I called? Grandma had been so worried, so she had to go to the hospital.

Mom had called the police and my father had called around to everyone I know. It was so bloody awful. I did not want them to be sad and worried, I said sorry a hundred times. And poor grandma, she certainly had gone crazy.

At the same time, it was so incredibly embarrassing, now all of Sollentuna knew how embarrassing worried and geeky my parents are. Dad even had put up signs at the commuter train station, asked our neighbours and called everyone in my class.

They just continued to go on about how worried they had been and that I should think of my poor parents. It was getting damn annoying. Okay, I had been stupid, but I was here now. It was fucking my life and they can't force me to go to Grandma? I guess there's funnier stuff to do? Others do not have to spend their summer holidays with their grandmother.

I'm fuckin 'adult, I want to have a bit of life. The trip was the most exciting and funny thing that I've ever done and it was damn worth that they got mad. Now they started picking on that I swear too.

Then I just screamed "fuck, fuck, fucking piss, fucking intestinal parents, cock," then I ran up to my room, hid my head under the pillow and cried.

I had wanted to cry all the time, but managed to keep somewhat cool. They did not come in and said anything more that night. I just lay in bed, thinking nasty things about them.

The day after my mother was home from work and continued with the same whining and complaining. She had taken sick leave to care for her sick child. She ought to go to parental therapy.

The worst of all was that my aunt came over and I just don't tolerate her, not even under ordinary circumstances. she's the worst fucking bitch. She always looks so disdainfully at me and ask "how is it going in school little Elisabeth?"

But today, she was worse than the worst "you start to behave well otherwise the future will be dark for you, little Elisabeth?"

What where she talking about?

I just ran from there up to my room and called Natalie. She felt very sorry for me. She thought

I would come over and stay with her for a while until they had calmed down.

I snuck into Mom and Dad's room and took a suitcase in their wardrobe. I threw in a bunch of clothes. I did not care what, I just wanted to get out of there as fast as possible. I not even had time to unpack the bag I had with me to my grandmother. But those clothes were dirty, moreover, I had not fucking time. The only thing I took from it was my bikini.

Then I went away without saying goodbye. I just slammed the door hard, so that they would hear that I went. Natalie lived in the city. She got very glad to see me.

We drank coffee, smoked a few cigarettes and complained about stupid parents. Then we went out to a park where there was a shitload of people and started sunbathing in the middle of the crowd.

I lived with Natalie during over a month. We were relaxed pretty much in bed, were sunbathing or strolling around in town. She lived on the island Kungsholmen, where I had almost never been. It was damn nice to walk around there. And it was so cool to stay in town, I enjoyed it so damn much.

We had an amazing luck with the weather, but there were some days on which it rained like hell, then we watched MTV or a movie channel all day long. We played Chicago too, damn lot of Chicago. Sometimes Natalie worked, then I was mostly at home watching TV.

In the evening we usually met some of Natalie's friends, she had fucking great pals. They had parties sometimes and we often went to the pub. We had no money, but Natalie was marvellous on charming guys so that they offered a drink. I thought it was embarrassing, so I was mostly in the background when she asked someone if they could buy a beer or so.

I was with some guys also, once it was actually good. I was damn interested in him. I tried to call him. But obviously he had given me the wrong telephone number, since it went to an old woman. And he didn't call me either. Natalie thought I was a blue-eyed geek.

One of Natalie's friends had a very cool boat, we went around with that some times. Until one time when he was drunk and drove into a rock and died, but then we were not on the boat.

The first day's I didn't call my parents. Then when I did, they were totally furious. I said I was an adult now and had moved away from home, but I did not know where I'd moved. Then I called quite often to show that I was okay and that I did not do drugs or so.

One time I happened to say that I lived on Kungsholmen and then Dad had driven around there looking for me. It was of course doomed to failure, luckily. I just groaned when my mom told me, damn what an embarrassment!

A few days later when we comes home at night after an evening at the pub, my dad was standing in the stairs waiting for me. He grabbed my coat and tried to drag me away.

Typically, I was drunk also. Moreover, I was with Natalie.

She just yawned and thought my dad seemed quite crazy. I just refused to go with him. I held the rail and shouted "fucking as hole" while he pulled me.

I was rescued by a neighbour who opened the door and said we need to stop making noise, else he would call the police. Dad released me. I asked him how he could find me, he had hired a detective, right? No they had only been tracking my phone calls.

Dad realized that I would not follow, then he wanted to get into our apartment, but Natalie just refused. So he left, but before that he said that Mom would come.

Panic! She would fix so that I was disgraced over the whole town. Moreover, it would be hard for Natalie to have my mom running here, she would begin to rearrange and clean up within two seconds.

But Natalie arranged so that I could stay with one of her friend who I knew well. She would

go to Barbados for at least a month. She had a cosy apartment and it was okay that I lived there while she was away. But only if I did not say anything to the guy she rented from. I had no money to pay the rent, but it was okay. She had already paid the August rent, so if I only paid for September everything would be okay.

They first week we lived there together and it was a bit dicey, because she was so cute. She kept the fan on for hours, painted herself and tweaked. We went out a lot together and it was just to realize that it would take at least two hours for her to do her make-up and all that. Then when we went out I felt like a fucking elephant. All boys gazed only at her and just talked to her except maybe some geeky pals who tried on me.

Then I regretted that I did not spend an hour or so spraying and fixing my hair, but it would still only have been futile. By the way, I had no great desire to imitate that silly chicken. She was actually stupid. She sat the whole time doing her hair and trying to look cute. I will fucking drink up her spirits when she is away.

August

"I'm so fucking fat," I said.

"It does not help, you have to eat the meat at least" my mother said.

"It contains cholesterol, by the way, it's only tendons left, and I am not allowed to eat more."

"Not for whom?"

"Weekly Revues dieting school."

"Aren't you my thick cream cake," Dad said.

"Thank you."

"Be careful so you do not get that disease again," said Mom. "You look very pale under the eyes."

"It's make-up" I said while starting to get mad.

"It does not look like make-up."

"Then it is flour then," I said annoyed.

"It's not cocaine," said Dad.

He must just be kidding, I thought, so fucking stupid they just can't be.

But he continued, "do you have drugs in your face, we are very worried about you, mom says she thinks you've started smoking too."

"What, too," I said, "What do you know about that?"

"Your clothes smells cigarettes, moreover, it is bad to use swear words," she said.

"Mind your own business."

Now it is good night I thought, I was pissed. They will say that I have to pull myself together and come back home. And I will say something fucking stupid. We did so them and me.

I said they were totally fucking stupid and that I was going to become a whore and a junkie. I took the jacket and the shoes in my hand and ran away.

I cried and ran towards the bus stop. At the same time I thought loud, I'll fucking start using drugs, I will fucking start taking drugs! And then I eat a lot and become huge, fucking stupid parents.

"What do you say about your parents," said an old woman that I was just about to pass. "You should honour your father and mother," she shouted after me.

I said nothing, just ran even faster. Damn, damn, damn embarrassing, I'm going to do drugs, get fat and learn to think quietly.

I found that it was easiest to start with becoming fatter. I took the bus to the commuter train, commuter train to the subway, subway to Mc Donalds on Sveavägen. Now I would eat like hell, although I was quiet full as it was. I ordered lots; burgers, fries sundae and all that shit. But then when I would pay it was only a twenty crowns bill in my wallet, not much coins either, no chance that there would be eighty crowns there. I stared down into the wallet. To show that I was completely surprised that it was empty.

But the cashier just stood there and looked happy. Fucking idiot, I thought, the only thing you can say is: Can I help you, have a tasty meal and what can I do for you. She probably says tasty meal even when she gets licked. But she just said nothing.

Well then I said "bon appetite" and took the tray.

"Enjoy your meal," she said happily.

I would just put down the tray back and say I was just kidding, when someone grabbed me in my arm.

"Hey to take something without paying is stealing," said an old man who looked like a fucking cop. He held my arm so hard that it hurt and I almost dropped the tray.

"But, I was just kidding," I said. Soon I start crying it's stupid or good? I thought.

"Oh that, I believe, it is criminal acquisitive theft this," he said.

What is criminal acquisitive theft, I thought, what should I answer, then, what does it mean, or what? I did it, I asked "what does it mean?"

"Oh knock it off the bride eh! Let her go!" It came from a biker dude at the back of the queue as he grabs the man holding me.

Then a lady grabbed him and said, "do not interfere in this now!"

Then the man that held me, released me. What if he had not done so then maybe all the people at the Mac finally had stood in a long line and held each other and said, let go, no, let go, no.

"Who are you to say that," said the biker guy to the lady.

"Yes, I am," she said, "You shall not steal."

Fucking Ten Commandments today, Jehovah's Witnesses are after me, I thought.

One of those McDonalds guys in tie that believes he is a big shot just because he is head over some sixteen year olds came up and said "can I help?"

"This man," said the bitch, "is trying to prevent this man from being the good lord and preventing the girl at the front to take food away from you."

"Oh knock it off," said the biker guy "she was only joking after all".

"I'll have to ask you to go," said the boss guy to the biker guy.

"Oh knock it off now Dimitri!" A whole bunch of biker guys had gathered around us. And they shouted "Oh knock it off now Dimitri, for fuck sake!"

The boss, the cop man and the police Jehovah bitch was clearly scared (I was about to die).

"Okay I do not want to have any problems" said the boss.

"Let's go" said my saviour and almost dragged me away.

"But," I said as I tried to put down the tray.

"Nah fuck this, you must take your food now," he said, and took the tray "We have almost sacrificed our lives for it."

"Hey," yelled the police man when we were on our way out.

"Cool," said the other biker guys, "can we have a taste?"

"Sure," I said, shaky as hell. They grabbed everything that was on the tray.

"You want a donut?" My saviour said, who had taken an apple pie, I took it, it was disgusting. He thought I should go for a ride with him. He had a Harley Davidson, that even I could see. Awesome! Janne should have seen this, he loved HD.

"Sure," I said, took out a cigarette and tried to look cool.

The dude sat up in the saddle and told me to jump on. But there was nowhere to sit. However I quickly realized, that I should sit in front of him as when riding. I had almost one leg over the gas tank when he said "what the hell are you going to drive?"

I thought he was joking somehow so I sat down on the tank, said of course and reached for the handles.

"Haw you got a driver!" Shouted a guy.

My guy seemed clearly unsure. Damn I have probably made a fool of me again, I thought. I got off the bike and he looked damn relieved.

Now remained the problem where would I sit, if I still could have a ride. His friend seemed to think it was pretty fun since they laughed and screamed things like "were you scared that the chick was going to drive?"

Maybe it was not so embarrassing anyway. Another guy also had a ride, but she sat behind him. Aha! A minimal pillow was mounted behind the saddle. I sat on it and held my guy.

"Are you comfortable?"

"Yes, but what a small pillow."

Pillow, he thought it was damn fun, his buddies too.

I was freezing everywhere and the bike was shaking as hell. Moreover, it sounded very much. I just froze, shook and had earache. I was scared shitless that I would pee on me, it felt as if someone was trying to shake the pee out of my body.

We went around town and I thought less and less of the noise, but the colder it became. I stuck my hands inside his jacket, it was cosy. The whole gang went to the park, past Djurgårdsbrunn. We stopped at the water and all took a cigarette.

"How did it feel?" my man asked, whose name was Freddie.

"Really cool! But I'm freezing."

He held me and the warmth flowed from him to me. We stood like that, he held me and we smoked.

The other said "let's go now."

"We're staying," said Freddie, and looked really happy.

The others laughed and jumped on their bikes.

"Should not we be going?" I asked as I began to feel like having some more riding.

Freddie looked at me and tried to catch my eye. "We'll have a little cosy, you and me."

He bent down and pushed out his lips as he wanted to kiss me. But I did not want to kiss him.

He was fat and had dirty clothes that smelled bad. A frayed denim jacket that was very dirty with a dorky badge on the back and raw filthy jeans. Moreover, he had a beard. He pressed his mouth against mine, his beard tickled. He had shitty breath.

I leaned back and said "what are you doing" maybe a bit too high.

"Come on, babe," he said, and tried again.

I tried to pull me away but he held me quite hard. I got angry and shout that he should let go, but he just kept on going.

Suddenly, someone pulls him away from me. Then just all of a sudden he lies on the ground and there are two cops on him. A police officer has curled up his arms on the back. The second one sits on his legs.

She with the arms said "your bastard raping teenage girls, as hole."

Both officers were girls, blonde and pretty sweet.

Freddie yelled "fuck it hurts, release me, I did nothing."

"Shut up," she with the arms shouts.

It was really scary I think they hurt him.

She with the arm looks at me and says "did he manage to do something?"

"Nah," I felt really stupid.

"What the hell, let me go!" Freddie yelled.

The girl who sat on the legs took a radio and said something incomprehensible.

"They are coming soon and people will take care of you," she told me.

"But," I said.

"Do not worry" she said.

It felt a bit exaggerated in some way, and I felt sorry for Freddie, it felt like it was my fault that he was there.

Then a police car approached. A police officer came out and ran up to Freddie. They

handcuffed him and all three took him to the car. Then the two girls came up to me, the arm one put her arm around me and said "that pig eh, let's go somewhere and talk about this." I said nothing. We went into a police car and drove away.

They told me how lucky I was.

"He could have done something with you?"

"We've been chasing that swine a long time, what were you doing out here all alone?"

There were just nothing that I could answer.

"Aren't you afraid of the Djurgården man?"

I said nothing during the entire trip, they thought that I was shocked or something.

We went into a large garage, then we took a lift and walked and walked. It felt like we were in a prison, what if it is a prison. I wanted to run out of the place away from the cops, and escaping. It was probably difficult to do, because they walked on either side of me, as if I was a criminal or something. Here comes the Djurgården girl!

Eventually we came to a room with a girl who looked like our teacher in maths. She was a psychologist or something like that. She gave me hot chocolate and asked if I was shocked. Then she started asking a lot of other things and wanted me to tell her about myself. I had to tell her several times what had happened and she asked if I had felt threatened and stuff. I said I did not feel particularly scared, I foremost thought he was stupid. Several others entered the room, including the arm girl and they asked about the same stuff. Then I could go home, they asked if I wanted a ride home, but I just wanted to get away.

I went down to the subway as soon as I could, I sat on the train and felt crappy. Then the old man on the seat in front bends towards me and ask "what's up my child?"

"Huh?"

"God has not left you!"

He was a pain in the ass, he kept on with that kind of talk all the time. Then we came to the station where I should change train.

"Excuse me, but here I'll go of" I said and just jump up.

"Oh my child, I shall follow you," he said and followed.

"My father is at home," I said.

"We are all God's children."

He changed to the same train as me and sat beside me all the way. He followed me even after I got off at Skanstull.

I tried everything, go fast, go slow, but was behind me all the time. It was fucking creepy.

When we are all alone in the street, he grabs my shoulder and says, "here is the Christ!"

I turn toward him, then he has taken out his penis. I just ran away and shouted "fucking slime bag!"

I ran all the way to my house, at least several blocks.

There was a party! The music was heard even out on the street and a guy stood and peed in the doorway with one foot in the door.

I stopped to take a breather plus I did not have any great desire to go past when he stand there pissing. But he turns towards me and watch, unfortunately he turns the entire body, penis too so he pees in my direction so it splashed on me.

"What the hell are you doing" I said.

"I'm sorry but it's you, are you also going to the party?"

It was Donald a guy in my school, we went to the same French. He was pretty good looking but had not bothered to give a shit about me. He had never even spoken to me until now.

"Sorry, did it come much on you?"

"No, by the way, it doesn't matter because I will also pee."

"Good," he said.

"Are you going to the party?"

"Nah, I live here."

He was a bit impressed that I lived there, and he said that I had become much prettier since school.

"Come along, damn it, I'll give you a beer as a compensation for the piss."

I had no particular desire, but he nagged so I hung on. I could probably still not sleep after all that had happened, by the way, I did not want to be alone.

We went up and he opened the door, it was the same apartment I've got but one floor above me. Moreover, this one was bigger. There was a shitload of people there, they seemed pretty okay, normal dudes.

Donald went around and introduced me to his friends. He had his arm around me and seemed to think that I was his. Though I was not completely sure about that, especially as he introduced me as a bride he had pissed on.

I got a beer that I drank so fast that he just gaped. Then he swallowed the rest of his beer and picked up two more. People were very loaded, they had eaten crayfish, there where shells over the sink and on the floor. It smelled really disgusting. I went to the bathroom, when I opened the door, a girl already sat there.

"Oops," I said.

"The door can't be locked," she said.

I was about to turn when she asked me to come in and hold it.

"I could not pee, it just came nothing, because I was so worried that someone would come in." Now she peed and peed. I was going to get it in the pants, because I could not hold me anymore. She held the door for me, then we went out. She thought that Donald was amazingly stupid. I thought so too, so I tried to avoid him.

I walked around the apartment and got into a room that was probably the parents' bedroom.

On the bed there was a guy and two boys and two girls, who drew pictures on him.

One guy drew a large mouth with lipstick, the other guy drew a cock that slid into the mouth with a pencil. The girls drew flowers and horses with an ink pen and an eyeliner.

"Come on and help us!" One of them said to me.

The guy with the stomach just slept. I got the lipstick and smeared out some on his stomach. The others wondered what I was painting.

"Eczema" I said, "I draw eczema".

The others laughed and we started drawing cancer and burns all over him. We pulled off his pants and socks. We made a big bruise on the thigh with the eye shadow.

Then the girl put lipstick on her lips and kissed the inside of the thigh, closer and closer penis. She pulled off his underpants and started kissing penis. But it did not react, it just looked small and scared. The other guys were probably jealous.

One of them pulled off his clothes and said, "Now it's my turn."

The girls, I also, did put on lipstick and began to make kiss marks all over the place and even the penis. The guy did big bruises. It felt as if it would soon become an orgy, perhaps it would be awesome! One of the girls took off her clothes, then did the other girl and a guy.

But the door opens and people just pours in, they take pictures and tease like hell. A dude throws a glass of water in the face of the sleeping guy so he wakes up. He was damn

surprised.

Some guys steal one of the girls' clothes just as she is about to put them on. She had only her socks on, so she was like totally nude. They run away with the clothes and she comes after. Then it wasn't funny anymore because they are really starting to bully her. They stand around her and she has no clothes. When someone said "what a big belly you have Lisa."

"Too bad you should have more fat in your tits and less on your stomach" said another.

"Fat-Lisa, Fat-Lisa" they shouted.

I got sad from hearing that. I tried to think of a good comment but I failed. I went down to me and cried a little. The day after was a Sunday and it didn't happen a shit.

On Monday, I went to the job centre. As I stood there and had a ticket a guy entered and started shouting "give me a job for Christ sake."

He did not look like the type you like to give a job.

He yelled several times, as if he was an alien and said "Don't fool me your bastards."

Then came the guard and threw him out. After a while it was my turn. I got a bunch of forms to fill in, and a bunch of crap to read. Then I got an appointment to come back in early October. October it was fucking two months until then.

I was going just going ask how to look for jobs. I've never done this before, since I've only worked with my mom. I did not say it to her, instead I sat down and did as the others, read their papers.

I started with seeing if there was a vacant job with horses, but there was not. I read through all the papers, but there was not a damn thing about horses, not dogs or cats either. The only job that had to do with animals at all was on a firm who did pest killing.

Then I'll take whatever as long as I can start at once. The first "whatever job" I found was as a cleaner, it seemed like crap and it began crappy early in the mornings.

The next job was in a transportation service company (those who drive around seniors and disabled in small buses). It seemed okay, good working times and the guy that I talked to seemed really nice, so I went there.

I was nervous like hell, what would he ask, would he know about my stupid parents? What if he wanted to sleep with me? But it was nothing like that, he said I was the first one who had called and it would be good if I could start today.

It was someone who had got ill and would be gone for six months, so I could work there until January. I thought it sounded great, but I didn't understand if I'd got the job or not.

But it seemed so, because then I got a blue uniform with pants that were too big in the waist. Though it was still the smallest pants they had, that was positive!

Besides that I had to wear an ugly blue jacket with ugly big pockets on the breasts made in a disgusting material.

I got to go around with a guy who was crap boring. He just wanted to talk TV shows and brag about their boring caravan holiday. When he asked what I had done on my holiday I said that I had been on tour with a rock band, but he just didn't give a shit.

He just said "really".

Then he started asking what I was going to do as an adult and talked about their ugly kid.

The job was not so funny either, we would go around and pick up disgusting old men in their worn disgusting filthy apartments and try to get them into some minimal lift that was really scary (if there was a lift at all), otherwise we had to lead them down the stairs and they were not exactly fast. There are really damn many houses that has not lift, is that really legal?

How nice they were then, absolutely boring! First, I tried to be nice, but I had nothing for that.

When they started to talk it was just to whine about how bad they felt and stuff.

Several whined about how expensive everything is, what the hell do they know if they never go to any bars or so. Besides who are they to talk about expensive, those who are driven around in a whole fucking bus just for themselves for free.

I think the bus driver, Lars, thought that I was a bit stupid when I tried to cheer them up. He did not say a damn thing to them except the phrases that had to do with the trip. If the oldies said something about how expensive it was, or about the weather and so on, he just didn't reply.

The next day I worked with a guy named Conny, he was nice. He looked good, too, long, handsome, much muscles, no fat, I even saw the abdominal muscles through the shirt. He had a long ponytail and sexy mouth. It was the last week for him, he just had this as a summer job. He joked as hell with the pensioners, and tanned them like hell. For example, there was a lady who we picked up in an apartment, she sat in a wheelchair. Instead of going to the elevator, he began to roll the lady towards the stairs. She was so scared that she screamed, I think this was a bit lousy. Then he said that he was just joking, at first she was angry, then she actually thought that it was funny.

The next job was to run some retarded teenagers from their summer camp to their home in the city. All were about our age but it was hard to believe. It was meant that a nurse or something should come along, but there was no one who had the time. So we thought we could handle it ourselves.

They were really a sad bunch, three guys and a girl. One of the guys cried when he left. The people who worked there said he was in love with one of the nurses. Another of them just sat and shook and drooled, he was named Håkan.

I could not help that I hugged he who cried, his name was Jonny, he was so cute. Then he became a little happier, but I felt a bit mean to the others so I hugged them too.

Then those who worked there also hugged them and everything was really sad. We went away, but now they were all very sad. Not only Jonny cried but also Håkan and the girl. They egged each other. I got to sit in the back trying to comfort them.

We thought we should cheer them up so when we got off the ferry in Vaxholm and stopped outside a diner we came up with the idea to roll into it with them. But the door was too narrow, hell, I thought everything in Sweden was adapted for the disabled. Thus they just got even sadder.

Then we went down to the dock and rolled them out on a pier and took a cigarette. I offered them cigarettes too and both Jonny and the third guy named Börje took one each. I do not think they had been smoking much before, since both had big problems.

Conny showed how to do, it was a blast. I thought at least, I laughed as hell, but they took it really seriously. He showed them that the filter side would be in the mouth, but only a little bit. Then they should suck on it. They thought it was funny and started to get the hang of that: 1. Holding the cigarette. 2. Put the filter side of the mouth. 3. Suck. Then I realized that they have to blow out too, it was number four.

I saw that the girl very much wanted to try, too, because she practiced without a cigarette. She had a cigarette and was thrilled.

Now they were all so happy, and the sad departure seemed a little forgotten.

They were now ready to smoke for real. First we lit Jonny's cigarette because he seemed to be the most normal. He was coughing like crazy, but he laughed. We praised him and lit Börje's and the girl's cigarette. They coughed, but they did it. Maybe they didn't inhale and it looked

very strange. But they smoked.

We noticed that they were a little too ambitious on point 3. They sucked so that the cigarettes went really hot. And we had not said anything about what to do with the ash, but according to the small piles of ash on their pants, they had solved that problem on their own.

We rolled along the quay, it was a little hard since we could just roll two at a time. An old man and an old lady who passed by, asked if they could help out. We walked around for a while and they stopped at a beautiful sailboat.

"Look what a nice sailboat" I said.

"Well look," said Jonny, who I rolled.

It turned out that it was the lady and the old man's boat. They thought that we should get on board. But it was so sad. We managed to get Jonny and Börje on board but we just could not get over Håkan and the girl. She did not dare regardless much we tried to persuade her and Håkan could not stand up even if both of us were holding him.

Håkan was so sad that he could not. Though when Börje was on his way ashore again he fell in the water, then Håkan became happy again. We were less happy and the least happy was Börje, though he only got a foot in the water. We spewed a towel around it and we all sat on the pier on a sail that the old man and the lady got.

They gave us meatballs, sausages, herring and beer. People who walked past just stared. It was understandable because it looked so amazingly disgusting when they ate, especially Håkan. One time it looked as if he was trying to bring the meatball through the nose. we did not know what to do with him either, should we let him try himself. He must damned well have eaten food before? A police car stopped and out jumped three cops, when they saw Håkan, Jonny and the others eating they just turned back to the car.

The old man began to talk about that we were such good people, that's OK. But then he started to talk about that we would pray together for Jonny and his pals.

Conny said "oops, it's getting late, we have to go, thank you very much for the food and for the help."

"Oh yes, thank you very much" I said.

I was about to say to Jonny and the others that they should say thank you too, but I realized that I wasn't their fucking nanny. By the way, they were probably older than me.

On the way to Stockholm Conny put in a band with Billy Idol in the car stereo and played loud as hell. We cried, laughed and had a bal. We delivered Jonny and the gang, then it was time to go home.

Conny thought we'd visit his buddy who worked on a cruise ship. It would be no problem to get on board because he had worked there before. It sounded fun so I hung on. It went smoothly like hell to enter.

His friend was working in the bar and he was free until the boat had left the quay. He invited us for a drink in his cabin, we could choose exactly what we wanted, he really had everything there. The only drink that I came up with, however, was Bloody Mary, but it sounds so amazingly disgusting so he could do whatever he wanted, as long as it was much stuff in it.

"Great stuff," he said, pouring and tweaked as hell.

We talked and smoked, had a few more drinks like that, and it certainly was much booze in it because I got pretty drunk.

"No, now I have to go to work," said the pal.

"But it's about a half hour before you start," Conny said.

"Nah I start when the boat leaves."

"What the hell has the boat gone! 'Holy shit, we have to get off."

It was completely over, we rushed towards the entrance, but the boat was going. We were pissed a while until we came to the conclusion that it would not do any good, since no one would notice that the bus was gone overnight. Then in the morning we would take the boat that goes from Eckerö. Then we would be in Kapellskär at ten o'clock in the morning Conny thought.

Then we would take a taxi to the car and say on the radio that we are stuck in an elevator and could not get out for several hours. Why we were in the elevator, we had no answer to.

Luckily we had already said on the radio that we were done for the day and was on our way to park the bus. Now we could just as well take the opportunity to party.

We could take as much as we wanted of Conny's friend's spirits. Conny had worked as a dishwasher, but his buddy had taught him to mix some drinks. I was loaded in no time. We should eat a bit Conny thought, I agreed with him.

He walked away and was gone a long time, then he came back with a whole bag of chow, salmon, shrimp, herring and stuff.

Unfortunately, he had just thrown everything down in the bag so it looked worse than pig food. However I was so hungry so I ate anyway, but it was almost as if it came up again. He hadn't brought any desserts either, but maybe that was just lucky because he had probably just thrown it down in the bag among the other shit.

I gave up the grub and got a drink, Nuppans good, I intend to call it, coconut liqueur and Sprite. I had a little crush on Conny and all the booze had made my inhibitions decrease considerably. I looked down at my drink and laughed. "What's up?" Conny said.

"It looks like semen" I said.

"Then it must be good" said Conny.

"Mmm, wonderful, do you want some?"

"Nah, I do not like semen, but I have more if you want."

It felt that I wanted him now, but Conny had a little difficulty getting started, so I asked if he wanted to make love to me. It's true, I was totally surprised myself, Conny, too.

Conny would really love to. We took off our clothes and laid down in his friend's bed. It smelled of sweat, but I said nothing. We fucked.

Afterwards we lay and talked, I was probably in love with him. He told me that he lived in Värmdö in Gustavsberg. He had a girl named Lena, he loved her, he said.

Then I got angry "what the hell are you doing here then, if you love her, it's not fair to me either."

"Sorry but you are so beautiful" thought that buttery disgust.

"What the hell, why didn't you say anything about her before?"

"Sorry I could not."

"Get me a whiskey and a cigarette!"

The whiskey tasted whiskey, bad thus, but it was damn good with a cigarette. I forced me to drink the whiskey and smoked the cigarette then I went up and said "I go now."

"Where are you going?"

"I'll fix a nice guy."

I dressed and looked in the only mirror that I found. Unfortunately, it was so small that if I was standing so close that I saw properly I only saw my face. I could not go that far back either because then the wall was in the way, but then I could see the shoulders too. My stomach was just not possible to see because the mirror sat too high.

I looked quite awful, neither had I more than a minimal kit of makeup. I used what I had, an eyeliner and a lipstick. Then I tried to take the uniform jacket off and just have the blouse. It looked hopeless, I looked like a meter maid or something.

I took off my bra and blouse instead, put on my jacket, unbuttoned a few buttons and tightened the belt all that I could. Then I went off to find the disco, If I had not been so drunk and angry and maybe had a better mirror, I probably wouldn't have dared go out like that.

To fix a guy at the disco wasn't very hard, it was not so many girls there but a whole lot of guys. They stared at me a lot. I wondered if they thought I looked weird, but I was too drunk to wonder so much. I went to the bar, there stood Conny's friend.

"Hey, what do you want? It's on the house. Where is Conny?"

"He is stupid."

"Take me instead," he said, though he tanned. Then he said that I looked very sexy. But he didn't have time to talk more crap, since he had much to do. I had at least one drink.

It came out a lot of guys and asked if I wanted to dance, it was almost as if they were in a queue. But I couldn't stand dancing in my condition, by the way, when I had turned down the first one I thought it felt lousy to say yes when someone else asked.

For a while it was a guy who held me though I do not directly asked him to do it. Then he went away and another guy came and did the same thing. Conny's bartender buddy, laughed and winked at me. When the first man came back he got a little crooked, and they started to fight a bit, though not so serious. I think they were friends.

It started to get quite hard to stand so I sat down in an armchair. There, I fell asleep right away, but I was waked all the time by guys who wanted to dance or something, so I went out of the disco to a corridor with chairs in. I slept great.

When I woke up it was morning and I was cold as hell, moreover I had severe pain in the back. But worst of all was that some bastard had unbuttoned the buttons on the jacket and also that I just couldn't find the cabin where we were before. I was hungry and wanted a shower. Besides, I had a hangover. I walked past a cabin, the door was open but there seemed to be nobody who lived there.

Thus I jumped in, closed the door and began to undress really fast. Got into the shower, which even had shampoo and shower gel. It was the best shower in a long time. It was so nice to feel the rays of the head, it eased my headache. Moreover, it was damn practical with a shower where you did not have to hold the handle or stand in a bathtub and stain the entire bathroom. Then there were clean warm towels and a hair dryer too.

The room was lovely and had a large window. There was a large double bed too, I could not help that I laid down for a moment. I crawled under the covers and fell asleep.

I woke up after a while, there was a clock above the table by the bed, it showed a quarter past twelve. I had slept for some time and no one had come nagging on me. The headache was better but it was still hard, and I was hungrier than ever.

On the table was a bowl with chocolate pieces. They were wrapped in paper with the cruise ships logo. They were delicious. I ate them all. Then I found a small refrigerator, there was small bottles of liquor, peanuts, crisps and soda.

I took a Coke and a bag of crisps. Then I took a bottle of rum, too, there was even ice so I made a pretty decent rum and Coke. It tasted shit. It was probably the fattiest, most disgusting breakfast I have had since I was in the hospital. But I felt damn cool.

Then the door opened. A lady came. I was about to die. There I was naked in bed with their

spirits.

"Oh sorry, I thought it was empty, I would just clean up," she said in half Finnish.

Then she went out again. I just flew out of bed, put on my clothes and went out.

"Wait," I heard someone screaming, I think it was her. But I just ran, I ran into a toilet. Then I sat on the toilet all the way until I heard the speakers that the boat had arrived and that we could go off.

I went off the boat and started walking towards the gate. I felt that people stared at me. What if someone thought that I went about like this because I thought it was awesome.

Some dudes shouted to me and asked if the car had broken down, then they laughed like hell. I did not understand what they meant. Then I realized. There is a huge mark on the back that says Svenne's Taxi. Damn I did not thought about it yesterday.

Some other guys called on me "uh, babe, wait!" A guy came up and asked if I wanted to hang with them.

"Where did you go yesterday?" He asked.

I did not recognize him at all. But he recognized me, he even knew my name. He was called Magnus and thought I would hang with him and his buddies. They would preheat at Magnus job.

He was pretty good looking and they promised to give some drinks, so I hung on. Magnus worked at an office in Old Town. We sat around a large table and started drinking.

They had bought a lot of whiskey. I really do not like whiskey but Magnus made Irish coffee and I made low calorie Irish coffee, thus without cream. I drank so much low calorie Irish coffee that I got stomach ache, but then I had not eaten properly either.

The boys were nice, listened to what I said and all that. They decided that it was time to a disco or something. Though I thought we would have no chance. I mean none of us was over twenty years, and we were all very drunk. I was right, we went around to two places in the Old Town and the guards stopped us at both.

On Bacci Wapen the doorman said simply "no." He did not check our identification cards or something, he just said "no."

We went back to the office and continued drinking. Me and some of the guys wanted to dance but the only thing we found that could produce some sound was a radio in one of the rooms. We tuned to the night music program and increased the volume so that it sounded like crap in that small radio, then we danced for hours. There were many quiet songs and since I was the only girl I had to dance a lot of slow dances with my arms around someone.

Nothing happened with any of the guys, except that I kissed a bit with Magnus while we danced. And they all tried to squeeze my tits and so, but it was okay. We partied all night, we all stayed and became heavily loaded. I think everyone had bought at least one litre of whiskey and in the morning it was almost all gone.

Then, at about eight o'clock happened something very embarrassing. Those who worked in the office began to come to work. They were not at all pleased to see us. I almost think that Magnus lost his job. In any case we left rather quickly.

I did not even say goodbye to him. But I gave my phone number to one of his buddies. Then I went home, showered, changed my clothes and did some makeup.

After that I called my boss. He did not sound at all happy to hear from me.

"And where have you been?"

"I am sick" and it was true because I felt really bad.

"And why didn't you call yesterday? Besides, I do not think you are suitable for this job."

"Why," I said, while almost started crying.

"Well we are not supposed to give our poor clients cigarettes and stuff."

I tried to say something but the only thing that came from my mouth was just small sounds.

"You do not need come here anymore. We send your salary for the two days, though I do not think you deserve it. But you need to come here and give back your nice uniforms, too."

That uniform you can shovel up your ass, that I intend to throw away, I thought, and slammed the receiver down, really sad. Then I went to bed.

The next day I made another attempt at the job centre. Now, damn, I shall have a good job. I was optimistic and lucky since I found one in a flower shop, it seemed nice.

The ad said: Young female florist wanted for immediate employment.

I called the number and it was an old lady who answered. She sounded nice, she said that she had never had any employees before, but she was unable to manage the store anymore. She wanted to be free, I thought it sounded good. She said she thought I sounded nice and wanted me to come to the store and talk. We decided that I would get there on Monday at noon.

But even if I got the job I still didn't have any money, not for a while. I had asked the employment office what I could do to get some money now at once. He said that I should call the social something.

I got a number that I called, but I could not get any money until I had been there and talked. And it would take several weeks to get an appointment. I hung up and thought about calling my mom, but no way I would ask her.

I have to sell something, it's just so, I thought. Though I did not have much to sell, a camera, a stereo and a bicycle, although that, I would like to keep. They are like the only good things that I own.

But I have some shit that my grandmother has given me, collectors plates and silver spoons. They are really valuable, she said. Though they are completely useless. It certainly does not feel like I need some ugly blue plates with dogs on, which you can't even eat on. Who wants to eat on a dog, by the way. And nobody uses coffee spoons anymore, they are just in the way on the plate, then you have to wash them. You can't even eat ice cream with them.

I went out to my parent's, hoping that they were not at home. I felt a bit like a burglar when I unlocked the door. I had called before and no one answered, if someone had answered, I would have hang up. I took a suitcase in Mom and Dad's closet. Took out the plates from a cupboard in my room, packed them down with clean clothes around, underwear and stuff. I threw down the silver spoons and my stamp collection, too, ate a couple of sandwiches and walked out. I did it! The only one who saw me was a neighbour who waved.

I was going to start selling the plates they were supposed to be very valuable. The only problem was to find somebody that want to buy them. I called a guy named Anders, since he always tend to know everything.

He thought that I would go to a store which is located at Östermalmstorg, otherwise I would look in the Yellow magazine or go to the pawn shop at Slussen. I started with the store at Östermalmstorg.

"I would like to sell my fine collector plates" I said.

"Well collecting plates, aren't worth much, but show me the garbage."

He was disgusting. It felt like he thought I was a thief. I placed the plates on his desk and he just shook his head.

"No we can't sell this stuff, there is no one that want this. You can get hundred crowns."

" They are at least worth a thousand crowns" I said.

"A thousand crowns, hah. Nobody is paying so much for things like this today."

"Silver spoons then" I said.

"Coffee spoons are not so good, but if it's dessert spoons or tablespoons maybe."

I took out the spoons, he shook his head. He noticed immediately that it was coffee spoons, fucking asshole.

"No, you could get three hundred for everything. But that's because I'm kind."

What does he mean, I just gaped, my most valuable stuff away for only three hundred crowns.

"I'll think about it" I said and picked up the stuff.

"Try the porcelain shop on Tegnérsgatan and the silver shop at Karlavägen" he said.

"Pantbanken, Yellow Magazine" I said.

"No, try these instead," he wrote down the addresses of the stores and said good luck. Maybe he was not so bad after all.

I managed to find the shops, but it was not easy. They did not think my stuff was a big shots either, but I managed to get seven hundred crowns for everything.

It almost felt as if I made a great deal. I asked the lady in the porcelain shop if she knew where I could sell my stamps. She thought maybe she could buy them for her son who collected. Awesome, I thought, and showed them.

"There are some pretty valuable stamps" I said and showed some old Swedish ones.

I had a whole album with Swedish stamps that were arranged in chronological order. Also I had two albums with foreign stamps. The Swedish collection was pretty good. It had been my uncle's.

But the foreign stamps were just crap, Hungarian ones with dogs and stuff. Then it was a bag of stamps that I had not even looked in, a magnifying glass and tweezers. I imagined that I could get, like, five hundred for the Swedish collection and max fifty bucks for the foreign. I said that the collection was worth at least three thousand, but it was difficult to sell, so I was content with eight hundred crowns.

"Seven hundred crowns," she said and opened the cash register.

"Okay" I said and got the money.

Now it is time to celebrate, I thought, and went to McDonalds at the Film City. Then I went to Åhléns and bought a new lipstick. One thousand two hundred I have to save for rent in September it made me almost broke again, damn.

At Monday I wake up really early, really nervous for the interview. Damn, I know nothing about flowers. I called a grandma to get some tips, she loves flowers. She was very happy that I called and that I would be working in a flower shop.

She thought that I would come over and visit, she would show a little. I would not be in the store until noon and grandmother live pretty close to Odenplan, so I went there directly. She served coffee and old buns that were dry. But I was hungry and when I dipped them in the coffee I didn't feel that they were dry. I had to ignore that it looked disgusting. She was excited and showed a lot of different flowers and said a lot of names.

It was probably the best visit I ever made to her. It was not this usual moaning, she was really funny. In the future when I come here I'll make sure that we are only talking flowers, I thought.

I went to the florist and was there ten to twelve. I waited outside until it was empty in the store before I went in. The lady knew immediately that it was me. She seemed really nice. It did not matter that I didn't know anything about flowers, the important thing was that I was interested and wanted to work. She could not give me very much salary, but in return, I would

not have to pay any tax.

It seemed as if the job was mine, she did not even ask about grades and stuff. She showed all the flowers, said what they were called, and little things like that. Then we had coffee and she told me that she have had the business for over forty years all alone.

I would come back the day after, then I would work with her and she would show how everything works.

"But to manage a flower shop, that one doesn't learn in a week."

The store opened at eleven o'clock, but I was already there at eight, I had been given my own keys. She started tell me even more stuff about flowers. At nine o'clock came a supplier of flowers. She showed me how to make bouquets and I got to practice putting together bouquets for different occasions.

It was fun to try to combine different flowers and she thought I was good. The first day, I only watched when she served the customers, there were several who commented that I was there. Then I got to try some myself, it went pretty well and she praised me.

The sad thing was that the flowers were so expensive. With only, like four roses, it was already fifty crowns. A man was almost angry when asked him to pay fifty crowns for five carnations. Then I got nervous and changed it to forty crowns.

But then she came from behind and said "fifty crowns is a good price for such fine carnations." Then the old man went away.

The most difficult thing is to make wreaths, it takes several years to learn, she said. But I got a pile of green to start practicing with. The big wreaths she would come in and do, when I called her.

She thought I was doing great and that she certainly would dare leave the store in my care. One time she even said that she could imagine that I maybe could take over in the future.

Joppe with the money

One day, a Saturday, Natalie would come to me for coffee. We had said four o'clock. Since I have made appointments with her before I didn't start to get dressed until about then.

Then I bought buns, milk and cola. And ate until it was just a bun left and no cola, but no Natalie. I went to bed, dreaming about school, the country and horses. Typically I never dream about something cosy as boys, sex and lottery winnings.

Natalie just called when my horse helped me with my homework on the country.

"Hey, I'm a bit late." Typically, no sorry or something.

"Oh fuck, yes the coffee actually feels a little cold," I said.

"Can't you come here instead, I'm at a restaurant. I have met the nicest guy, he promises to buy you whatever you want."

The restaurant was on Sveavägen, I went there. As I approach the window, I see Natalie waving to me, she looks really happy. Beside her there is a guy who also waves and look happy. He seems nice, he is long and skinny as well, but he has glasses.

He did as he had promised, I could choose whatever I wanted. I thought for a long time, should I use him or lie low. I would need a talk with Natalie in the bathroom, but it doesn't seem like she'd go away.

What they had eaten sounded delicious, but super fatty. And I already eaten ten buns, which of course was too many calories already, should really just have a glass of water. Typically he will invite just today. Maybe I can take the money instead?

I said that I was full, but I could have something small and tasty.

Joppe said "snails are small and tasty".

I think snails are huge and disgusting and I would never dream of eating them.

"They are super nice, take champagne with them!" He said.

It turns out to be really delicious, but the sauce is so buttery that I almost feel bad. Joppe ordered into more champagne, it was so easy to drink. They had been drinking at least a bottle before I arrived, then one when I arrived, then another one.

But Joppe did not drink much at all, he said that he drove. Natalie and I got really drunk and laughed a lot. Joppe was really funny and very nice, typically that Natalie hits such a nice guy. We feel that it is time to leave and jumps into Joppes really cool red car. We place ourselves in the queue for a place, but we giggle, laugh and go on so much that we of course spoil our chances to get in when we are the first in line.

Joppe has a really great remote control for his car. When you press a button, the lights flash and the car honks, as if to greet the driver. One could really have fun with, when someone walked past we honked. Most of them passing were frightened and jumped.

Two little girls in short skirts thought there was someone in the car that made a move. They looked very happy, went back and looked inside, they were certainly very eager to have a ride with a nice red car. Several others in the queue had realized what was going on and started to laugh.

The girls stared more and more into the car, the windows were too dark so it was not so easy to see into. Then they knocked on the passenger window, and the queue just died of laughter. We honked again and the girls jumped and just ran away.

Two older girls also passed the car, when we honked and flashed they turned around, pointing

their fingers and shouted "fucking turks!"

Then came another red car and stood by Joppes, two girls walked out of it, toward Joppes car. Here we shall flash like hell, I thought, and reached out for the remote in Natalies hand.

But Joppa just screamed "Oh no," and rushed towards the car.

He starts talking to girls and yells for the keys so that the whole queue burst into laughter.

I go there with the key, but do not get a damn thing until I understood what kind of girls it was.

We go away, Joppa is completely shaken. He thinks that we should go to a hotel which is really easy to get into. The hotel was in the harbour and had a shit funky bar with a panorama view of town.

"I do not care about the car," said Joppe and swept three whiskeys.

Me and Natalie had some more champagne and we were all sitting around a piano singing.

Too bad for the rest of those in the joint, since the only song we could that the pianist could play was "Streets of London" although we only knew a few lines. We got him to play it a bunch of times.

Too bad he wasn't Swedish because then we could have sung Astrid Lindgren songs and stuff. We forgot about the pianist and started "we are small bumblebees we" three times until I fell off the chair and the guard asked us to go.

When we come out of the hotel, we realized that it can be quite hard to get a taxi in a deserted harbour.

Joppe refuses to drive "when I drive I'm serious," he said.

We walked to the subway, went home to Natalie and bought hamburgers, soft drinks and smokes in a kiosk on the way. Good to have breakfast, Joppe said. We're talking and eating all the hamburgers for quite a while. I eat a great burger and a Coke. Though I said I did not want anything.

The worst thing was that I could eat the whole burger. But otherwise we had to eat it for breakfast and it doesn't sound so nice.

We went to bed, I'm on a mattress on the floor beside her bed. I tried to stay awake to hear if there was any love making.

But they were so quiet that I could barely hear anything even though I was leaning that way.

By the way, I fell asleep pretty soon.

Then they meet all the time. He moves into her apartment, buy gifts, takes her to restaurants and transport her around wherever she wants to go. I hang out with them a lot and spend a lot of time at home with them, waiting for them to get out of bed, shower and do make-up and all that.

Joppe says to me that he is in love with Natalie and Natalie says she's in love with him.

Joppe did not work or something he just lived on his money, which Natalie also did as much as possible. The hospital had almost stopped calling and ask her to work. I do not think they were so happy with her.

Joppe invited us for a weekend trip to London. The plane was going from Stockholm at half past seven the coming Thursday. I had to stop at half past three at the latest to be at the airport in time. Moreover it happened some pretty crazy stuff at work that particular day.

First came a lady who was mourning, with black mesh on her face and everything just like in a movie. But she looked very happy.

"I shall go to a funeral, arrange something neat for five hundred crowns, yes he can be worth that, my brother, with that legacy."

"Funerals, carnations," I said.

"It can be whatever as long as it is classy and much," she said.

So I picked up some red, some white, some leaves, some roses. Five hundred, I thought, ought to be a pretty big bunch, though it didn't get that very big. The woman did not appear to think that either because she looked a little disappointed, so I added extra flowers there until she looked pleased.

Then she gave me fifty crowns extra and said "thank you beautiful lady."

The next customer should also visit a funeral, but he probably had not inherited so much because he was very stingy.

"I must have a decent bouquet of flowers," he said.

"It looks like you are going to a funeral, then maybe it will be carnations" I said.

"It will be what it wants, as long as it's cheap."

"What may the bouquet cost", I said as usual.

"Yes, fifty crowns, but then it must be an impressive bouquet."

I figured out quickly that a bouquet for fifty crowns would not be very impressive, but I did not dare to say something, so I putted five carnations and some extra green into the bargain.

"Will it be this good?"

"Yes, but where are the rest then?"

"This is it" I said.

"Then I will come back" (as if he could go to the funeral of another day instead).

I was so angry, so I threw the bouquet in the trash, when he went out.

Then he comes back in, picks up the bouquet and says "do not you throw the broom, then I take it for half the price." Then he put up fifty crowns on the counter and said, 'twenty-five crowns back thanks, wrap them too please'.

In retaliation, I bought two pastries for the money. The lady who owns the shop can really all about flowers, but she has not so good track of what's in store. So she would never notice that it disappeared a few more flowers than it should.

I get so poor pay, by the way, and it is illegal work, so I thought I was worth picking out a little extra.

She got there to replace me at three o'clock, and then I helped her until Joppe and Natalie arrived at half past four. I jumped into the car and Joppe pressed the pedal.

Normally he always runs very fast, but this was worse. He passed all the other cars and lay just behind those who did not want to move.

Joppe is really nice, except when he drives then he wants to be tough. He is wearing a pair of knitted gloves, which he calls his rally gloves and he is tense as hell.

Not that he seems to be particularly good driver, in fact I think he seems like a celestial traffic hazard. For about a week ago we went out in the country side with his car, then when he changed the tape in the stereo. He pressed the eject key and the tape was spitted out on the floor, in under a chair.

Then he bend down to pick it up while he happened to turn the wheel so that we go over the road and into some bushes. Luckily, nothing happens except that a lot of bushes fastened underneath.

Now, when we went we crashed. Joppe drove to the left of most other cars, pretty close to the car ahead, we smoked and listened to music. He had turned on the volume really high.

It was a bit hard to hear what they said because the biggest speakers sat in the back, behind me, so I had to lean forward in between the chairs.

Suddenly Joppa panic braked, yet we hit into the car in front. I flew forward through the chairs, but I was already past the chest and arms, so my fat rear got stuck between the chairs. In addition, I hit the panel so that I began to bleed.

Luckily it was just a nosebleed, but I did not know then, I just screamed like hell and held my nose. I thought it had gone off, so heavily it hurt.

Natalie just stared and Joppa yelled "fuck, fuck, fuck!"

We drove into the side of the road. It was pretty hard to lie as I did, but I could not get loose, my hands trembled and my legs were like gone.

The guy in the other car came up to our car. He lives! I'm alive! Natalie and Joppe alive! I'll never go by car again. The guy starts to yell at Joppa and rips up the door.

"What, uh, sorry," says Joppe, and went out of our car.

They screamed at each other for a while, then they went to the guy's car. It didn't look that very damaged, moreover, it was brown.

Natalie made paper balls that I pushed up in my nose and it actually helped in the end, after a bunch of bloody balls. Someone opened the door next to Natalie to check out the car.

"What's the matter?"

Natalie watched him and said totally cool "it's okay, you got a cigarette?"

"Smoking is unhealthy!" He said and opened the back door and started pulling my legs.

It was extremely painful.

He tried to pull me forward, backward and over the chairs, but I was stuck, it hurt like hell.

"Stop, stop," I screamed until he quitted.

Then he went out of the car and left the place. Joppe and Natalie also tried to help me out, but it did not work either.

We smoked a cigarette. It was the tastiest damn cigarette I ever smoked, even though I was quite dizzy and it hurt in the chest every time I suck in the smoke. I was quite shaky, but for each puff, I felt a bit calmer.

Then Joppe realized that the clock is five twenty and we have to hurry as hell. When we arrived at the airport I was still stuck between the chairs. We drove around for a while to find an ambulance or something that could help us.

Finally we stopped at a the taxi queue, Joppe asked a cab driver if he knew any infirmary or something. The driver went out of the car, shouted at a few other drivers and all of them jumped into our car and started tugging on me.

They lifted me up at the ceiling, it was very painful, but I didn't dare to scream. Then they laid me down on the back seat.

"Thanks" I said as I tried to stand up, but I just fell.

Joppa and Natalie helped me out of the car and sat me down on the sidewalk. I just could not go.

"Take her on a luggage cart!" One of the drivers said, laughing.

Natalie got one of those, while Joppa parked the car. Then they lifted me and our bags up on it. It was almost six. At first we did not find where to go, so it was ten to six when we arrived. Those who checks the tickets were not there anymore. We shouted a bit and someone who was doing the check-in of another plane looked, waved and walked away and said to someone who came and helped us. But it was not that they ran to help us. Luckily we only had hand luggage.

Then we would show our passports. I had to scroll through a special entrance with my cart, because it was not allowed to roll it through the metal detector thing. They probably thought

we were just joking when we said I have to go in that, that we were drunk or something. But I had to sit there, then it was someone who check me with a portable metal detector thing. Ten minutes to go, Where was the plane? We rushed around like crazy, I mean they rushed, I had all the trouble staying on the cart. It was pretty scary, the cart wasn't very easy to steer, especially when it went a little fast. So we drove into people several times.

"I want to buy smokes!" I said for fun when we rolled past the duty free shop.

"Fucking idiot" they replied. Of course we missed the plane, shit!

We bought so much liquor, wine, beer and cigarettes as we dared and packed it down in our bags. Then we would go through customs. It was so scared, I felt so damn guilty.

I dared not look at the custom guys, but I did not want to look away either, and checking the ground felt so amazingly transparent.

So I spun my head, watched a bit of the roof, a little on the ground, half a second on them.

Since I lay on the luggage cart, it was just given that they would take me. But they didn't.

It was probably lucky that I couldn't walk, If I had gone I would have probably done it as if I was in a desperate need of a toilet. As if I had four kilograms dope on me.

We came to the car. I tried to get up and it worked! I could go! Nature's wonders!

Joppe suggested that we should go to Oslo instead. We thought it sounded okay, better than nothing. In the car, we sat and swore, ate candy, drank beer and smoked.

Joppe found out a funny thing. You could crack the empty beer cans by putting them into the slot on a half lowered window and then run the window upwards until the can was pressed together. It was fun but afterwards it was beer on the floor. Though it did not matter much, Joppe thought, since it was a mess of blood on the floor even before.

I do not think it was so bloody, just around the shift lever. I wanted anyway to wipe it but Joppe thought it was cool.

"You have tested you, right?" He said.

"Go away" I said.

It felt a little sorry for his car, it was almost new. But it looked disgusting inside with all the trash, cans and shit on the floor. Now it was also completely crashed in the front.

We came to Enköping, where we went around looking for hot dog stand. It was indeed, situated in the middle of town, just a small kiosk. We jumped out, took some beer went to the queue.

I thought it was a bad idea from the start. Those who stood there didn't look very nice. Two fat guys in denim jackets and another denim jacket with the sleeves cut off on top.

On the "vests" it was written something jerky like "Wheel Shit" or something. It was a girl too. She also had a wheel shit vest and lots of blue eye shadow. It looked hopeless, like she had been beaten. In addition, she had a lot pimples, she was fucking disgusting. Joppe said they were greasers.

Several cars came and stood around our car and soon it was wheel shitters everywhere. A giant drunk wheel shiter sat on our car. Several wheel shitters hung on, Joppe looked quite unhappy. Natalie said "Just ignore the idiots, they are red necks."

"I must do something," He says as he goes to those who sit on the car.

It's sort of a ring of wheel shitters around him. I felt damn scared. It felt like the wheel shitters had a fucking great desire to use violence to give the guy with the cool red car a lesson.

"Go back to Stockholm you fucking yuppie" someone said.

"AIDS yuppie, AIDS yuppie" shouted some others.

They must be stopped, I thought as I looked around for some reasonable people. But everyone

seemed to think that this was an entirely proper way to treat AIDS-yuppies from Stockholm.

"Call the police" I told the guy at the hot dog stand.

"What the hell for?" he said.

"Blah Martha!" Said one of the Wheel Shit chicks and threw a cigarette butt at me.

But Joppe did a counterattack. "Someone wants some whisky," he says.

All including Natalie and I got completely breathless. It was clearly the right way to pull the grindstone.

Give us the booze" shouted some.

Joppe jumped in the car and came out with a bottle of Jonnie Walker. The Wheel Shiters flipped over and all of a sudden Joppe was a very nice guy. When he offered a cigarette too, it was obvious to them, a cool buddy from the world metropolis of Stockholm.

Clearly with a changed view on Stockholm, some shouted "Djurgården go, go, go".

They jumped off of the car and a guy sent the bottle to Joppa, so he could take a sip. We got our burgers, jumped in the car, said goodbye and took off.

"Fucking cheerleader gays" said Joppe.

Luckily we had a bottle Baily's and a bottle of egg liqueur left. It probably had not been a thrill to invite them on egg liqueur, if you do not wish to really appear as an AIDS-yuppie from Stockholm. Natalie and I started to empty them.

Joppa was a bit annoyed that he had to drive so he ran into the woods and stopped the car.

There was heat in the car, he raised it as hell. We had to sit with panties only, it was probably what he had planned.

It was so smoky in the car that I got tears in my eyes, in the end, I could barely see the others properly. But I felt it smelled burnt plastic or something.

I heard Joppa scream "Damn, it burns".

"Oh," Natalie just said.

"Fucking cunt, that's your fault."

"Nah!"

"Well, damn it's on your side."

I didn't take it no more, I jumped out of the car. Joppa tried to extinguish the fire. Natalie lay on the ground and coughed. Natalie's neck rest burned and Joppa tried to cover it with a sweater.

But it continued to burn on the backrest. Then he covered the backrest, then burned the seat. He poured the residue of a large cola bottle on the seat. The fire was extinguished.

We checked if there was a fire somewhere else and it was.

Under the seat there was burning like hell. We tried to stop it with shirts and stuff, but the fire just spread more. It smelled awfully. We collected so much stuff we could while we held our breath. Joppa, however, risked his life trying to save the police radio on the dashboard.

Unfortunately my pants burned together with the car. We dressed ourselves the best we could in the dark. The only thing I had to put on me was a black slim dress.

Someone came running towards us and shouted, "Run the fucking car can explode!"

We ran, but the car did not explode. We came down to the road where it had stopped several cars. One had a mobile phone and called the fire department.

The police came and questioned us about what happened. Afterwards they drove us to a hotel. Unfortunately, there was only one room, but the good thing was that social services would pay. There was a large double bed that we shared all three. To comfort Joppe he got to be in the middle, while we were lying naked on either side and held him.

Natalie fell asleep, then I felt Joppes hand caress me. In the beginning it was nice then he started stroking so hard that it hurt. I took his hand away, but massaged his cock so he came. It was pretty hot to lay like that, all under the same blanket. Moreover, Joppes cum made me pretty sticky. But I did not move to comfort Joppe.

The day after Joppe was in a pretty good mood, he said he would get a new car from the insurance company. In addition, he said that they would pay for a rental car for the trip to home. Joppe phoned the insurance company and it was true as he said. We showered and went down to eat breakfast.

"It is over a long time ago," she said at the reception. "But have you tried the hot tub?"

"Cool" we said, and tried it.

We had no swimwear with us but there was no other there, so we got in all nude. After a while two guys came up who also went into the pool. Luckily all bubbles, foam and stuff were hiding that we were all naked. But we dared not go up. We waited and waited but they refused to go up. Eventually it stopped bubbling and we were revealed.

"Oh fuck should you be naked," said one guy and started pulling off his swimwear.

"Didn't you know," said Joppe, as he went up.

When we came into the locker room we began to laugh as hell.

We showered and went out on the town to see if they had any McDonalds. We found a Clock. I ordered a Hawaiian Barby, cola, chocolate sundae and a donut. Joppe ordered a Happy Dinner with juice, cola, coffee and a triple Clock. Natalie just took a Double Clock with cola. It turned out that in the Happy Dinner package there was a Pelle Clock hat and a Pelle Clock whistle. Natalie and I was jealous as hell. Such fine things we wanted to have as well.

We walked up to the cashier and said "please give us Pelle Clock hats."

"No," she said, "no cap".

The only thing we got was a Pelle Clock toothbrush each. It was a bit unfair. Joppe could sit there and have fun with his hat and his pipe, while we max could handle our daily dental hygiene and reduce the acid level in the mouth.

Joppe got a rental car and we went to visit his sick car. It stood on a scrapyard and was really sad. Natalie thought it was dead and it did Joppe too.

Natalie thought we could visit her grandmother in Uddevalla, since it was not so far away. We went there, she was at home and was very happy that we came. But she moaned a lot.

"Oh, I have nothing to offer, and I have so much pain, oh, and I haven't cleaned."

Natalie presented Joppe as her boyfriend.

"Cross the good lord" said grandmother and clapped her hands.

"Yes they may I say it's a handsome man. Suppose I could have time to experience a baby granddaughter some day?" And a lot of similar grandma talk that I do not remember.

She talked so much that my ears got overloaded. I thought they were silent on the country side. She made coffee and sliced a stone dry bun.

Just as we sat down for coffee she rushes up and says "no now I will do a roast of the piece of elk that I got from Uncle Sven in Örkelljunga, remember Uncle Sven Natti?"

Natti! Joppe and I started to laugh like hell as soon as grandmother was away.

The roast was of course frozen as an ice cream. And it took several hours for it to thaw.

Meanwhile, Nattis and I help her peel potatoes, carrots, wash succumb and make a rhubarb pie.

"Men will not do in the kitchen," she said, so he can sit and watch TV. Furthermore he didn't have to hear grandma talking, must be his lucky day. When the food finally was ready it tasted

just as I suspected, typical pensioner food.

Granny eat almost nothing, but she was all the time checking out our plates so she could replenish if something were to end.

I hate peas and to avoid seeing them on the plate, I pressed them into me at once and washed it down with milk (which I also hate). As soon as I got the milk in my mouth I felt like puking. It was the fattiest type and it felt like drinking pure fat sauce. The peas were as lumps. I thought of that story, there are lumps in the milk, said the blind man as he drank from the lung sufferers spittoon.

It was quite full in the mouth, I could barely hold it. The milk started to drip out, it was damn close that I got it up on the plate, especially when I swallowed.

"Oops, it was so good with peas," said grandmother and shovels on a huge stack.

Damn this it is important to eat slowly. About an hour later, I had gotten all the peas inside. But then I had to take more meat, sauce and stuff just to get them down. The others had the same problem, that is having to protect the plate from unwelcome additions.

The worst thing was that grandmother looked so disgusting when she ate. Firstly, she chewed each bite in a half hour, secondly she chewed with her mouth open and thirdly she made the most disgusting noises. The whole thing felt like working in an elderly home.

The good thing with the dinner was that when it finally was over, the clock was so much that Grandma had to go to bed. We could sleep over and we got the room Nattis mom had when she was little.

We went up to our room and tore up our cigarette packs. God, how I had longed for a cigarette during the dinner. A cigarette that could clean my mouth a little. We shared one of the wine bottles.

The only things left were two bottles of wine and half the bottle of Bailys. Natalie came on the idea that we would check if grandma had some funny pills.

"All old people have pills, I know, because I work in a hospital," she said.

We went down to the kitchen and pretended to look for a glass of water. We looked in the fridge, pantry, and soon we found dope.

Nattis was right, she had Mogadon and Rohypnol, although they were too old, plus some other pills with the sign that means that one should not drive after eating them. We took five pills from each jar. Though not the stuff that was in blister packs where we only took three. One of the boxes fell and the pills ran out among our little piles of different pills.

Unfortunately, we didn't remember what they looked like that were in that box, so we took three that looked the same.

Then we had to split them up. Because you should not mix medications. So I took all with a cross in the middle, Joppe took chose them with a line on and Natalie took all who had neither stripes nor crosses. Nattis said that the ones with a stripe were the strongest.

We poured the pills in separate glasses and went up to our room. We filled the glasses with wine and begun to stir with pencils.

Natalie began almost immediately to say that she felt dizzy, that she was really cosy and saw pink dogs and so on. I think she's just talking nonsense because I felt not at all cosy. I felt just bad because the tablet wine tasted really crappy. Additionally, I thought of the pea milk.

Besides, I was really scared, what if grandma had Soviet suicide pills or something. I ran down to the bathroom and threw up, I needed to just put my fingers in the throat.

But Joppe was feeling really bad, he was completely blue. Nattis laughed and thought he looked funny. I became angry and ran to fetch all the jars to see what he had.

He sat on the floor and held his chest and gasped.

It turned out that the tablets that had a line on where; tablets for angina pectoris, atrial fibrillation and hypertension. All those he had taken three of. His heart must beat like two hundred twenty beats per minute.

In addition, two Mogadon and Rohypnol, since then we had shared fairly since we knew that addicts like them. And then it would have been unfair if only one had all of them, by the way, it could make an overdose.

Now we had to get him to vomit. I ran down to the kitchen and mixed milk with pies that were left from the dinner. Took him to the bathroom and forced him to drink while I told the story of the lung sufferers spittoon.

It did not help, he felt sick, but didn't vomit. However, I threw up in the bathtub. He stuck in his fingers in the throat and began to vomit as hell.

Grandma came down and opened the door.

"What didn't he like the food the boy?"

"Oh no, it was really good", I said "he's just a little weak in the stomach."

"Where is Nattis then?" (by the way, she had a really disgusting and dirty nightgown that also was nearly transparent).

"Nattis got tired and has gone to bed."

Oh, I am so worried that I think I go up and check her.

I do not want to be the one who fucks up between her and her family, so I rush before her up to our room. Where Natalie is in bed singing.

"You have to go to bed," I said and shrugged off the bedspread as she rolled on the floor.

"What are you doing?" She said.

"Lie" I said and she did it but with her clothes on.

Then grandmother came.

"Look, she has awakened!" I said.

"My little cranberry string" she said and turned around.

When I came down to the toilet again Joppe stood with his head in the sink bellowing water. He still felt bad but he said it's OK.

We went up to the room took a cigarette and looked through what we had eaten, Nattis (who is like a skyscraper) and me.

It turned out that I had taken five diuretic pills and five other for joint problems to take three once a day or if it was the other way around, if necessary, and five Aspirin, except Mogadon and Rohypnol. I wondered if I had more urge to wee than usual and I actually had. Also, I had a lot of pain in my stomach. Nattis did not have much to brag about, for she had just taken C and B vitamins and iron tablets, five of each, and the drug tablets of course. When she heard it, she immediately felt much more normal. Joppe and I tanned her and said "Nattis junkie, junkie Nattis!"

The sleeping pills, however appeared to work, since we soon fell asleep and I did not wake up until half past eleven the day after. Then the others still were asleep.

I felt so damn bad, what if I become a drug addict? What if this is abstinence?

I was really scared because I do not want to be a junkie.

I pulled the covers over my head and fell asleep again. At six o'clock, when I was half asleep grandmother came in.

"Cross you are truly marathon sleepers. And I've prepared both breakfast and lunch for you." She looked really sad.

"And why on earth is my medicines on the floor? I have been looking for them, I have to take my medication three times a day."

"Joppe felt bad so we tried to find something for him," I said. The others still slept.

"Yes, poor boy, but I've only cardiac medications, I do not know if it helps against nausea."

"Oh no, we gave him vitamins and aspirin, Grandma," I said.

"Yes Aspirin is good," she said.

The others woke up and we went down and had breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

What a surprise! It was the same food as yesterday, but now it was leftovers and I hate leftovers. The only thing that was good was that the peas ran out before I got some.

"Oh now you won't get no peas" Grandma said, and looked unhappy. 'You who are so fond of peas.'

"Oh do not worry," I said.

"You can get some of me," said Nattis (the pig) and scraped over her peas on my plate.

I lifted my foot and stamped as hard as I could on her toes. She jumped and most of the peas rolled out across the table.

"Look Nattis, what's the matter?" Did Grandma say.

"Oops," Said Nattis.

We had brought with us our last wine bottle. None of us was particularly eager to drink. But we thought Grandma would get the most, just to make her happy. But she drank hardly anything and when we were loading her she said "no, you should take it instead."

We managed at least to fill her a little by cheering and so. It was obvious that she was a little drunk, since she became so very very talkative and quite happy. Nattis started asking her how her mother had been when she was little. If she had some guys and such things. Grandma thought it was fun to talk about her daughter. And it was actually very fun to listen to. It was not the usual whining pensioners talk. Nattis mother seemed to have been a pretty tough chick. She had travelled on the back of a motorcycle, been a greaser and had an abortion.

"Huh, I had a sister?" Nattis said. She started crying "I wanted a sister."

She may not have had so amazingly good contact with her mother if she did not know that, I thought. Grandma was unhappy because she said things she should not. The rest of the evening was heavy, a lot of comforting and all that. Nattis mom doesn't seem to care one bit about either Nattis nor grandmother. The day after we went home. Grandma thought we would stay for lunch "I still have some elk roast that must be eaten, it's nice."

We declined and drove as fast as possible to Västerås and Clock. We all took the Happy Dinner and finally I got a Pelle Clock hat and a Pelle Clock whistle.

We dressed up in our Pelle Clock gear and drove away happily, just like in the commercials.

In the car, we tried to think of other names for Natalie than Nattis. For Natalie did not like it, she thought it sounded like she was the night nurse at a hospital. At the same time, she wanted to be as cool as Joppe and me who have nicknames. Although I do not directly like my nickname Nuppan. It sounds like a word for fucking. I thought "Nighty" was a good name for her, because she is so tired all the time. Joppe thought Cuntie would be good. But Natalie didn't like any of our proposals. "Dope-Nattis" Joppe thought. "Because you gets high on vitamins."

I thought it was great, but Natalie did not. We were very creative Joppa and I, but Natalie just mourned. "Ninni, Nun, Muttan, Pattalie" everything was just crap according to the ungrateful bitch.

She wanted to be called "wonderful rose woman."

"Go and burn," we thought.

Eventually it became "Nattis".

We came to town and Joppe drove me home. That was the last I saw of him. I did not hear from them for several weeks until Natalie called and cried.

"Joppe have gone to jail."

"No, I do not believe you" I said.

"Well, it's true."

"Why?"

"He has stolen two million crowns from a money transport company."

"Really?"

"Yes, look in the tabloids!"

"What, is it in the tabloids!?"

"Yes, on the front page, there's a picture of me too. It says that he was a real gangster. They call him the guard."

I could not even afford to buy a newspaper, but I went over to Natalie on the overthrow.

Yes, it was true, it was a picture of Natalie, though not on the front. Under the picture it said that the guard had amused himself royally in Stockholm's hot spots, while the police followed every single step.

Natalie actually looked very pretty on the picture, though she said she looked like shit. Joppe looked cool also, but it was a black bar over his eyes. There was no problem at all to see that it was Joppe.

It said that it disappeared over two million from a money transport, but it was not known who took them. The police had suspected that it was an inside job.

They had first suspected a few people who worked in the transport van when the money disappeared. They started scouting on them, but soon they began to suspect a colleague of them who appeared to have a lot of money.

It said that the guard had stopped working and just lived on the money. He had hung on all the hot spots and it would have been both costly and late nights for the police officers who had been following him. There was nothing about our trip but it said that he had completely destroyed an expensive sports car. There was even a picture of it when it burned. Then I got angry, they thus had seen when we were inside burning. Natalie was most angry about that the article said that he had surrounded himself with a bunch of girls that he had charmed with money and a cool style. All evening we kept on moping over everything while we probably thought it was pretty awesome. I think Natalie was not really so sorry that Joppe gone to jail even though she said so. I think she thought it was a pretty romantic end of a love story.

There was never any police who came and interrogated us, Natalie and me.

I regret that I was not at the trial, I would have said goodbye and thank you to him. But then I didn't know that anyone could be a spectator. He would have to sit in jail for two years.

Eva and I

Last fall, it was damn cold. I had nowhere to live. I sat in a coffee shop on Kungsgatan, it was evening. No one was home and I had no desire to go home to my parents.

Eventually I found a solution! I go to work, the flower shop and sleep there. I took my bags and went there.

Most recently, I had been living with a friend's work buddy, Jörgen. He had a three bedroom apartment on Södermalm, and he felt that he needed some company because he was recently divorced. No sex, he just wanted someone to talk to, watch TV with and so on.

I didn't have to pay any rent. Jorgen was tough but kind. The apartment was super, big as hell. There were fireplaces in every room and in the kitchen there was a large iron stove.

Though it was one of those small electric stoves on it, which we used. It was a lot of frills in the ceiling and it was right in the centre of Södermalm. I had only been living there since the week before, last Monday, when he and his girlfriend sorted it all out, she moved back and I had to leave.

Luckily, I brought only my big bag with clothes and another with blankets and stuff. It was then pretty easy to move with the subway, but it was hard now. To carry everything to the flower shop.

I lay down on the floor behind the counter and rolled into the quilt. It was cumbersome to get the quilt around me, until I put me on one half and put the other half on top.

It was damn scary to be there. I heard people walking past on the street, it was even so that one could hear what they said. I never noticed before that it was so amazingly thin walls. I fell asleep in fact, I must have been damn tired. Though I woke up after a few hours and was then lying half asleep.

Then someone starts to do something with the lock! I got scared shitless. They fixed with the lock for quite a while, but I did not dare get up and call the police. I did not dare to move at all.

Someone came in and started to shine around with a flashlight. Fuck someone is going to steal our flowers. The thief walked past the desk without realizing that I was there. I do not know what he was doing, I just closed my eyes and prayed.

I heard that he walked forward to me, then he just walked right on me. I was about to die. But the dude, or I mean the girl was even more about to die. She just screamed.

Then I wasn't scared anymore I jumped up, went into the other room and turned on the lights. The girl stood there and continued to scream and cry a little. She had a purple overall, with a bunch of keys and on the overall it said Securitas.

"Hey, do not be afraid, sorry, hello!" She cried and shook. I had to hug her, she looked so small and scared.

She stopped crying and said "sorry, but it's so scary this job."

I made coffee and took a cigarette even though you can't smoke in the shop. Her name was Eva, she did not smoke, but looked pretty good.

She said "tomorrow I quit, I can't go on like this., I must resign. I'm shit scared every time I go somewhere. I usually rattle as much as possible with keys and stuff so that every thief have time to hide. Sometimes I shout hello when I come. Everything looks so damn scary in the dark, especially when I'm tired, it is so much noise, too. Sometimes I use a Walkman, just to avoid hearing all the noise".

"Why did you come here, can't I sleep here?"

"I do not know, but we are always here every night and check. Why are you sleeping here? You have to love your job if you even sleep there."

"I have nowhere to live, but now I do not dare to sleep here more. I can scare them who's entering."

"Can't you come with me tonight? Please, I can't stand to go by myself."

"I'd love to" I was not tired anymore.

We jumped into her car, it was cute, small and striped.

The next place she would check was a restaurant. After choosing about ten minutes among all the different keys, she found one that fitted. Inside it was empty and dark. We walked around and looked under chairs and tables.

"What we are looking for", I asked.

"I do not know, perhaps thieves, junkies and stuff."

We went into the kitchen.

"Look what a lot of food" I thought.

I had opened a large metal door and inside it was cold and bust with food. Eve also came.

"We maybe should taste some" she thought.

We aimed towards on the most luxurious pieces, smoked salmon, caviar, reindeer and various fine cheeses. We ate until we were about to throw up, it was not so difficult, since I'm not exactly accustomed to eat at three o'clock in the night.

Moreover, it was a bit too much of a good thing, a little too greasy as well. I went to the bathroom and I had barely put my fingers in my throat to make the pieces of salmon come up.

"Here, have a beer and wash it down with!" Eva had found the beer storage.

We took a beer each and started to check if there was any ice cream, chocolate, cakes or something. We found quite a big freezer with super tasty ice creams, a lot of cakes and buckets of nougat, caramel sauce and chocolate sauce. It was almost a shame to just eat now when one was not even hungry, instead of saving some for later.

Therefore we prepared a "doggy bag" with salmon, caviar, camembert, nougat and more. But we didn't just threw it down in a bag like that idiot Conny, we put the stuff in foil. We also threw in five bottles of wine and beer too. Everything was Eva's idea.

I asked if she wouldn't risk her job.

But she did not think it would be someone who noticed, if we cleaned up after us.

"Incidentally Securitas would never dare to report me to the police, because they are afraid of getting bad reputation. They would just give the restaurant some money and I would get fired. But I want to quit anyway, so I do not care."

I was going to tell her about Joppe, that he got caught. But I did not.

I realized that maybe we could steal some flowers from my store, as well as to make it a little more even. We went there and took a bunch of roses and my bags.

It was almost a little unfair that we just took something from two places so we decided that we would take something from every place we visited.

In a grocery store, we took a loaf of cigarettes and more food. In another restaurant, we planned to take more wine, but the wine was stored in a locked storage so we took even more food. Inside an office, it was difficult to find something to take, but we took at least a couple of pounds of coffee and a bit of toilet paper.

The back seat and trunk of the small car was completely full with stuff. It was about six in the morning. It was damn scary to go around with all the stuff, I felt very guilty. Eva also seemed

pretty sweaty.

A police car drove past us, I think they looked at us. I do not know because I closed my eyes. When I looked again, the police car had gone away. Eva drove, but it went so slowly, something was wrong. "Eve, we are standing still."

Eva said nothing she was shaking and staring, staring and shaking like hell. On top of all that another Securitas car passes on a side street.

He sees us, honking and waving, he drove really fast. I light a cigarette even though you may not smoke in the car. I just have to have a cigarette.

"You can't smoke in the car," she says "it's illegal".

I stepped out of the car and got an idea "you we pick out all the stuff and I take a taxi."

She got excited and stops shaking.

"We can take the stuff to my apartment," she says "you can borrow my keys."

We un-loaded the stuff, Eva wrote down her address, gave me two hundred and went away.

Getting a taxi was zero problem, it just came by itself when it saw me standing there with all the stuff.

Eva lives in Farsta. I came to the entrance to the house, but it was locked and it had a door code thing. After half an hour or so there was a guy going out. But the door got shut again before I got in.

"Wait," I shouted after him, "Can't you open the door?"

Then the pig turned and said "I do not have time." Now I will be ready, I thought, and sat right at the door.

After just a moment, like two cigarettes, a bitch was about to go out. First she stood inside the door and look at me, she looked scared. She opened the door, like, three inches and asked "what are you doing here, you can't stand here."

"But I shall go home to Eva."

"We do not want any junkie here, go away!"

She opened the door somewhat more, pressed herself through and pushed it back afterwards. I just gaped. She looked at me and appeared to be pleased.

Damn, I felt like hitting her or to say nasty words. Now I stood, holding the handle, next time I would just get in.

What the hell is Farsta really? Are all people here fucking pigs? Eva can't be happy living here. I will never, ever stay here. Then came an old man, I'll tell him that he is an old bastard, I thought. He opened the door slowly and I just tore it up.

"Thanks" he said and walked out then he lifted his hat and said "good morning miss".

I did not say old bastard I said "hello" though I was not smiling, maybe he got disappointed?

I was inside but the stuff was still outside. I opened the door, held it up with one foot and reached for my bags. I carried one of the inside and went out again. I'll took the other bag and reached for one of the wine bottles of wine to rationalize but then I am about to fall.

Either I took away the foot from the door and saved the wine bottle or I fall. I chose to try to save the wine bottle.

But I fell anyway, not on purpose, it just happened. The door closed behind me, I hurt my knee and the wine bottle crashed. My bag and my jacket went winy.

Who the hell lets me in now when I smell wine and have great wine stains on the clothes? On the ground there is a lot of glass and a big pool of wine.

I was cold as hell, took the blanket out of my bag. But realized that I would look even more like a bag lady. Call the police! A drunk bag lady outside the house. So I stood there for ages,

freezing. Eventually, Eva came. She waved and when she got closer, she began to laugh.

"Why are you standing here?"

"It's your fault, I didn't get no access code."

"Damn, you smell, like a drunkard. Wonder what the neighbours think?"

"I have been standing here for hours, I'm cold, your neighbours are stupid. They think I'm a junkie and refuses to let me in."

"Why didn't you use the key?"

"What key? You are kidding, right?" Damn, I felt so stupid.

We went up and checked the goods.

"Shall we share the stuff?" Eva said.

"I do not know, it sounds like no fun, by the way, I think it is mostly yours. In addition, I have nowhere to take it. I have nowhere to live."

"You can stay here for a while at least in the weeks because then my guy is in the army."

We shovelled the stuff into her minimal fridge. To make room, we had to throw out some shit like an outdated yogurt, a pot of spaghetti and a sweaty cheese. Then we went to bed.

I lay on her guy's side, he had a thin disgusting blanket and a pillow that felt as if it had cancer. Luckily I brought my favourite pillow.

I fell asleep and woke up at noon realizing that I should be working. When I got to the store, it was about one o'clock, just three hours later.

On the way there, I tried to come up with if we had any orders, I thought that there was no funeral wreath. It was in any case no one that was waiting outside.

I checked the calendar and there it was; A wreath for 300 retrieved today at one thirty. On the tape, it should be written; The paths of glory is long, our friend Kjell.

I had asked the guy what he meant by that, and then he said that Kjell was writing a piece of music. He had been writing on that piece during all of his life, but it never got ready. If he had finished it, he had certainly had got both fame and fortune.

I thought it was very sad, but he did not seem to agree on that. He came in on Monday and I felt miserable the whole day after he had gone.

Kjell will certainly have a beautiful wreath, I thought. I prepared as fine wreath one can in less than half an hour. 300 crowns are unfortunately not enough to make a really nice wreath. But Kjell got bonus flowers as a greeting from me. Hope he can write his musical piece in heaven and play for the Angels, I thought, and almost started to cry.

On the tape, I wrote: Good luck in the sky, our beloved friend Kjell. The guy came in and paid, but barely looked at the wreath, not on the tape either.

Then, when he had gone I sat on the chair, laid my head on the counter, my arms over the head and fell asleep. It felt like I was lying in my bed, until I collapsed on the floor. The fucking chair had wheels and they rolled back and I fell off. Just then, as I lay there on the floor, the lady entered.

"Elisabeth little what are you doing on the floor? What's wrong with you? Have you been drinking? You smell of wine. Now you really must tighten up. Lying on the floor when customers come and drink wine at work. And where were you this morning when the flower deliverer came. He called me and asked what had happened. This is the last warning, I say this only once. Last week, you were almost watering the cactuses to death, while roses were about to die of thirst."

That last one was just bullshit, but it was no use trying to say anything because she didn't listen. I had learnt that it was better to just let her talk.

She finds a silly thing, like a withered leaf or so and then she gets completely hysterical over it. She could look in the bin and then say "look here is a rose, it can probably live another day, sell it at half price."

Then the rose was probably half dead. I was getting sick of this last chance talking too. Damn soon I will leave the bitch.

After work I went home. Eva had drawn a map of the way to the subway, it was a damn lucky. She was excited, she had called her boss and said she wanted to quit. She had made up a story of someone who was standing in the street with a knife to frighten her.

He felt pity for her and said she did not have to work anymore. Then he asked if she wanted to file a police report. Moreover, he could maybe fix job in another department, because they were very pleased with her.

She thought we were going to call some people and ask them if they wanted to come over and eat some.

Good idea, I called my friends. I called as hell, but most of them were not home and they who were at home could not, or blamed something else. Farsta, I can't stand and shit. I even rang to people which aren't really my friends, but I was turned down by them too.

Fuck Eva must think that I don't have any friends. I was completely desperate, I called Nettan. It was Thomas who responded. Nettan was not home, but he would really love to come.

Typically the only one of my friends that is coming is a real jerk. Eva began to be irritated, it was half past nine and she had not yet been able to call anyone.

She sat beside me and pick on me. "Stop calling now, you don't have any pals anyway" she said. Though it was obvious that she was joking.

It was damn sweaty when she called. Damn, she's certainly had a whole lot of buddies who wanted to come. At least six or seven.

About ten o'clock the first guests showed up, two guys, construction worker types. We had put all the out food and sat and longing as hell, we were dying of hunger. So when they came we just threw ourselves over the grub. They were not that hungry. It felt strange with two construction workers who took the girl portions when we had theirs. The others dropped in too. It was probably lucky that they were not so many, since the apartment wasn't very big, a room with a bed that took up half of it. The kitchen could max fit three persons, standing. It was already then about seven or eight people there with us. No one I knew besides Thomas and Eva.

Thomas actually came. Sigh! He had dressed up, white shirt, tie and woollen pants. What the hell will Eva think, my only friend is a car salesman.

He said "hey, sorry I'm late, but your route description was a little strange".

Of course! I had described the pathway from the subway not the road way.

Drinking and eating was in full swing. People were impressed by the fine food. It was even running out, and some people almost licked their plates.

We had to tell our story several times and each time, we filled in more and more details. Every time more exaggerated, a guy asked me if it was true that we managed to bribe the police with salmon for he had heard that.

A funny guy asked me if I could steal a bicycle for him. People laughed and hung on and asked if I could fix drugs and stuff. They called me a gangster Betty and Eva for burglar Eve. I had been drinking quite a lot and felt it began to twitch in the throat, the cheese was on the way up. I got up a little vomit in my mouth and I had to pinch my mouth so that it would not

eject. Panic! "I need to puke" I squeezed out and rushed towards the toilet.

It was of course busy and outside it was a queue. The pressure began to be very high in my mouth, it even came out a little. I dared not open my mouth instead I groaned and pointed to it. Someone laughed and poked me in the stomach, so I was about to eject my stomach content all over him. But I did not.

The kitchen was full of dishes, which maybe was lucky since it is not so nice to make a pizza there. I rushed out and down the stairs, I threw up just outside the door. Thomas came down and it was lucky there because I had forgotten the door code.

I thought about how I felt for him last spring and felt that there probably was a small part of the feelings left.

I wanted to hug him and kiss his mouth. I wanted to make love with him for real. A good fuck, I wanted to give him a good fuck.

I looked into his eyes and put my arms around his neck, he just stood there and looked uncertain. But I dared not kiss him because it probably tasted monkey in my mouth.

We went up. There were no beers left so I took a little wine even though I did not want it. I felt it maybe would make me vomit more, but I swallowed the whole glass in an instant and washed it down with water. I gave Thomas too, but he did not want any since he was driving. "Come on," I said and stroked him "why do not you sleep here." He got red in the face and drank wine.

"Shall we go somewhere where it's a little quieter" I thought. We went out and sat in the stairwell.

I was thinking very much of an issue, but I hardly dared ask him the question. But I just had to do it, lucky I was drunk.

"Why did you not call me?"

"I'm sorry, but I did not dare."

"What, did not dare?"

"I'm sorry but my sister teased me all the time because I liked you."

I looked at him and tried to look into his eyes, "did you think of me?"

"Yes I did and still do." I think he was telling the truth, he's not the type to lie.

He leaned towards me as if he wanted to kiss me but not quite dared to. I placed my arms around his neck and pressed my lips against his.

Then a door above us was opened and someone stepped out. The bitch, she just had a disgusting nightgown on.

"Huh, here you can't sit, you talk so loud that I can't sleep, you are from that party down there? From that drug joint. Soon I'll call the police, here you can't sit you drug addicts." She could not possibly have heard when we talked. When people talk about the things we talked about one is not exactly screaming. But we didn't say anything, we just went. It felt as if the contact between us was broken. If we went back to the party everything would be ruined.

"We can go to my car," said Thomas. So we did.

We kissed a lot and I took out his dick. We undressed ourselves and loved. It was cold in the car. And it was cumbersome to find any good, or at least so little tough position as possible. In the end we found a decent position, but then I had already grown tired.

Thomas lay on his back on the seat and I sat on him and rode. It went for him, but I did not think it was any great fuck. He did not seem to have become so much more experienced since the last time, but I had.

It felt nice to be better than him in something. Though it is not exactly something that one go around bragging about, that one is good on fucking.

"Do you love me?" He said.

"No," I said, "before, but not now."

That was not entirely true, I felt that there was a little left. But I did not want to be with such a dork. By the way, he lived at home and I would just refuse to go home to them. I also wanted to have a little revenge. He got sad.

I did not dare ask if he loved me, but I think he did, at least then.

We went up to the party. There it was rocking and no one seemed to have noticed that we were gone. Our wine was finished, but I got a beer from a guy. I invited Thomas but he did not want any, he said he would go home. Then he went, he did not even hug me.

We turned on the music and tried to dance in the small space that was available. But it was not so good, we had to almost stand still and just move our legs and body.

Eva had one of those old thermos flasks, you know a thermos with handles on, which stood on a shelf next to where we danced.

So, someone waved it down and it broke. It spread small glass pieces all over the floor. It was like tiny mirror pieces that lay glistening everywhere. It was just that they were so sharp so we all hurt ourselves.

I noticed it first, it got into my foot and just screamed. Then it was more people screaming.

We evacuated the dance floor and sat on the bed, as if it was poison on the floor.

I bled a lot, and it did hurt like hell and my stocking got a big torn. It was pretty nice stockings, they were black with small flowers. I checked the foot and there was a little piece of glass.

Today's hero Pete, tried to pull it out, it made it even more painful, but he continued. Pete finally got it out, then Eva came with a plaster. She had to wipe a lot with toilet paper first just to get the foot dry enough for the plaster.

That little plaster was completely useless. It bled through it within three seconds then it just loosened. It was in any case the only sort of plaster she had. But she had tape, so Pete made a small pile of toilet paper under foot then just taped around.

There were several others who were bleeding too and there were blood stains all over.

Then the doorbell rang, first no one heard it, but then the song ended and it became quieter.

Someone opened, it was the police.

They just went in and said "we've heard that there's been trouble here."

Eva turned off the stereo and we just sat in silence. She said "No, it has not been any trouble here, we only have a little celebration."

"Well," said the cops and looked at those who sat bleeding and all the blood stains on the floor.

You don't fight with your feet only, fucking asshole cops, I thought.

"It happened a little accident here," said Eva.

"You must take it easy" the police said "it's only Wednesday." Then they went.

Eva was shaky, she did not want us to turn on the stereo again.

She was really worried that he that had the apartment would find out what had happened and that she would not be allowed to live there anymore.

"Let's go to my house" a guy said.

"To your summer cottage" thought his buddy.

We all thought it was a swell idea, but it was only five who were hanging on, me, Eva, the guy

who had the cottage, he's name was Anders, a guy named Brian, and Leffe.

Anders was a fucking the type of guy that is always bragging about their things, Brian was a construction worker, but Leffe I thought was cool. Eva phoned a taxi company and I put a sock on my injured foot. Brian and a girl named Lena also got socks.

We went out to the taxi, but he just refused to take us all five. Leffe thought he could put himself in the trunk. We promised the driver fifty crowns extra and he went along with it. I thought it sounded disgusting to be there, but Leffe thought it would be cool.

I do not think it was so nice, every time there was a bump or something he shouted. It was quite a long trip and the trip meter was ticking on like a pinball machine. The last bit we went on a gravel road. It was probably no pick nick for Leffe.

Anders summer house was cool and it was situated very close to a lake. He made a fire and took out some spirits. He had a lot of it, though really, it was his parents.

The bad thing with him was that he was talking all the time and it was just a lot of bragging about his toys. He just had one of those cars and his stereo was just so good. I do not understand how his friend could stand it. He thought we would start by sweeping whisky, which we did.

It was cold in the house, but the fire began to increase after a shitload of fixing. Eventually, Anders poured whiskey on it, then it flared up so that he almost burned his hand. We sat with our feet in the fireplace and with a quilt over our legs.

Anders took the brandy and new glasses. It was a nice feeling, we sat in silence for a while the only sound that could be heard was the crackling from the fire. I felt warm and drunk. It was weird, it felt like it was only nature around us.

I had a little crush on Leffe, he was stylish and fun. He took a stick from the fire and lit the cigarette, then he sent around the lighter. But Anders starts his fucking bragging. He had certainly had some very cool lighters.

He thought that we must do some sauna bathing. I did not like that idea that very much, but I hung on since the others wanted me to. It was not really attracted to leaving the cosy fireplace. But at the same time I was a little curious about how Leffe would look without clothes.

Maybe they were a little interested in how I looked, too.

It would take a while for the sauna to warm up, so Leffe thought we'd play some clothing poker. Since we would take off our clothes anyway. I was unlucky and had only my panties left when the others at a maximum had taken off their socks.

I froze but I did not put any blanket or something on because it was cheating. The sauna got warm and people tore off the rest of their clothes. It turned out that the sauna was down by the water and we had to run down there, nude.

"Fucking asshole Leffe" I thought "what a geek idea, to nude in here."

I was freezing to death, but then it was damn nice with the heat in the sauna. Otherwise, I think it's painful to be in saunas.

Leffe was a little too thin, I thought, no muscles, but on the other hand, no fat either. His penis seemed ok but I did not see much of it. They looked pretty much on me, on Eva too, but mostly on me.

I think Leffes dick grew a bit, it was fun. The sauna was tight and it was getting damn hot. I sat on the top bench, since I was so cold. There sat Anders too but the others sat on the bench under.

"It's getting hot up here" thought I, "does anyone want to change?"

No one wanted to change, but Leffe said I could sit on his lap. Wonder if he said it because he

wanted me? Anyway I immediately said yes and jumped down to him.

Brian was probably a little jealous because he said his lap was much better. Then Eva said that she could sit there.

It was really exciting to feel his hot and sweaty skin against my back and butts.

Anders thought we'd jump into the water. Eva and Brian hung on but I refused, Leffe too.

He put his hand on my stomach and caressed my breasts. Then he put it between my legs, where it was wet and ready. He stuck in his dick and we loved. But our fuck did not last that long before the others came back. They had a bucket of water with them that they poured on us. It was so fucking cold I thought my heart would stop, but I dared not to move. Leffe and I sat still for a long moment until his dick was so small that it crawled out itself.

I do not think it was someone who noticed that we were fucking. Actually it was quite nice with a cold shower, because before that it was so hot that I was about to die.

But I had begun to bleed on the foot again. Up to the house, new tape, more toilet paper, dry and fix. The fire had died, but we started it again and Anders gave us brandy.

I was tired, damn drunk and thought it was time to sleep. Then Anders came up with the idea that we should do some drunk driving with an old wreck they had.

"Fuck out here one can't get caught, it's a damn private road. In addition, there never have been a cop here at all. We have to use the opportunity."

Leffe and Brian thought it sounded cool, Eva hung on and then I did it too.

It was so damn dark outside so we just couldn't find the car at first. How can it be so much darkness, it must be due to pollution and stuff.

Anders found the car and we jumped into it. It was disgusting, it smelled forest was full of junk. He did not get it going so we had to go out and push it. At first we could hardly move it, then it began to roll and roll, then it rolled pretty fast. We had to run even though I had damn pain in my foot. Then I fell.

It was probably fortunate that I fell, since Anders ran into a tree and the car stopped. Eva, Brian and Leffe fell over the trunk. But the fucking car didn't start anyway. The only result of the stupid idea was that everyone now was in pain. Anders also, because he had hit the steering wheel.

We went back inside, sat by the fire and felt regret. The whiskey, cognac and brandy bottles were empty, but Anders had some sherry.

I never been drinking sherry before, but it was very tasty! I will only drink sherry in the future. It maybe sound a bit gay with sherry, though I'm a girl. The others also liked the sherry so it was emptied really fast.

Leffe thought we should play charades, but everyone was damn tired. We divided ourselves into two teams and tried to find out topics. No one was able to stand up so we played just by waving our arms.

The subjects were completely crazy. I would make a pregnant hippo that cross a railroad crossing by motorcycle. Try to do it drunk with your bare hands! I just laughed and the other laughed also, then I fell asleep.

When I woke up, it was daylight and I had a lot of pain in my body. When I opened my eyes I had expected to see the roof of my room at home. But the hell it was. It took a while to find out where I was and why I was sitting in an armchair with my legs in the fire.

Leffe was asleep in the chair next to me, but the others were gone. I walked around the place to find a toilet, but I found none. The house was quite small and must be very old. There was a kitchen, a large room and several small rooms.

In one of the rooms were Eva and Brian, I think they had fucked.
In each case there was a rubber on the floor, it seemed filled.
But where were the toilet? Then I start to realize why everyone including myself had gone out to piss yesterday.

Lefte woke up too and we tried to find something to have for breakfast. There was hardly a thing in the kitchen. only soap, canned sauerkraut, mustard, a few spices, a canned ham, mashed potato powder and some other crap.

We do Christmas Lefte thought and started to fix potato mash. I thought it sounded completely wrong for breakfast, but I was hungry. Then, when the mash was finished he mixed the sauerkraut into it.

I just "what the hell are you doing, that looks disgusting".

But he was delighted "it will be great and not so much to wash up either".

He was going to add the ham too, but I stopped him. I thought we would eat the ham cold.

He thought that was okay.

We boiled tea and woke the others.

They thought we were stupid. "That shit has been in the kitchen for several years," said Anders.

He refused to eat, but Brian ate a little and Lefte just ate like he had been starving. He took a big pile of mash and then a big piece of ham on top. Then he covered it all with mustard. but the mustard was not so fresh either, first came nothing, then sauce, then it farted, then came the mustard lumps.

I found that I had to take a bit too because I had been involved in the cooking. But it just turned in my stomach when I would cut a piece of the awful ham.

"We go to Clock" Anders said "I'll call a taxi."

"Damn I was going to work, the old lady will kill me!" I thought.

I called the store to check if she was there. Damn, she was there. Then she had noticed that I was not there.

She was pissed off, she yelled and she bawled.

But I was not as scared as I should be, I thought, OK, now I've made a fool of me as much as I can. It can't worse, but I live anyway!

The others thought it sounded like she was completely insane, for they heard too, since she screamed so much. They would never stand working with such a fucking maniac. She can take the fucking job and shove it up somewhere, they thought.

I told her "I do not want to work with you anymore, bitch."

She was completely flabbergasted. First, I do not think she believed me, but I said it again.

The others were quite surprised. Then when I hung up they were impressed.

They thought it was really cool.

It was just Brian and I that would work today. But he had already called his work mates this morning and said that he could not come.

We went off to the Clock in Haninge Centre. I had no money, but Lefte paid for me. He thought I could stay at his place. He said he lived in a studio apartment in Midsommarkransen. I would not have to pay anything.

I thought it sounded really good and I think Eva thought it was good too.

Leffe

The very first day together was absolutely gorgeous. We lay in bed and cuddled all the time, we did not even get dressed.

Leffe ordered pizza with home delivery so we did not need to go shopping. We lived on pizza and love.

After two days in bed we both started to get the urge to move. We went for a long walk around where he lived. It was really nice even though it was cold and I hate to walk. It was the beginning of December and it was noticeable. I borrowed a gorgeous and very comfortable jacket from him, it must have been very expensive. It fit great on me and I said I loved it. Then he said that he was jealous. But he gave it to me.

The area where we lived was very cosy. There were several small cafes, pizzerias and stuff. When we had been walking around for a while we thought we deserved a bit of warmth and rest. Then we went into a cafe and had coffee. After a while, a couple of smokes or so, we went out on a new round, and into the next place.

One place where we visited was run by a Turk. He talked really bad Swedish, it almost sounded like he was joking.

Then Leffe begins to imitate him and I just thought, god how embarrassing. He just got worse and worse, he screamed almost "a large pastry huh, you fucking Yugoslavian!"

I just thought, now it will be a fight here, we must go. I actually almost felt sorry for the man, if it wasn't for that it looked like he was going to beat my boy.

But he started to laugh, then Leffe laughed too. The Turk said "so Leffe, what's up? Damn cute girl you got!"

Then it turned out that his Swedish was not nearly as bad as he had pretended. He offered me coffee and we could choose whatever we wanted to eat. I took a Napoleon pastry, it tasted a bit old, but I didn't say that.

I liked him. He seemed to really care that I about me. He tried to get me into the conversation, though Leffe did not care a shit about me. He asked me a lot and when Leffe was on the toilet, he said he thought I was beautiful.

Several days went by like that. We lay in bed and cuddled, and then we took a long walk and ate at a pizzeria or so. Several times we visited the Turk. Some evenings we went into town and ate at a restaurant.

Money was no problem, Leffe paid everything. I said I thought it was really embarrassing and I promised to pay back later. He said it did not matter because he loved me.

I was really happy and said I loved him. I think I did.

Love, we made often, several times I even came.

Mostly we loved in his bed, but once we tried one of those American movie fucks. You know one of those when you come home in a gorgeous dress and you go into the kitchen where you kiss each other wildly. Then guy puts you up on the sink, rips off the panties and pulls up your dress. Then you fuck wildly and moans like crazy.

I did not think it was that nice in reality. It was cold as hell to sit there on the sink, also, I had not even had time to get wet. Then I happened to tear down his teacup and it broke.

After we had been together for about a week Leffe was broke. He was unemployed and received money from the employment office.

Of course you do not work when you can get money without working, he thought.

I thought it sounded great.

I thought about searching a new job, but Leffe thought I should take it easy.

What the hell is he getting a lot of money, but not me. Now I will go to the social security office, I thought. But they would not let me come there until four weeks later. I almost felt that I wanted to yell at them, I did too. I screamed "fuck, I have no money and no food, I am dying."

"Okay, you can come in three weeks."

Just like if I would survive until then.

Leffe was impressed. He thought that I would go out and beg a little.

"Damn, you earn a shitload of money."

I just refused, but Leffe nagged.

"Just try once, come on then."

In the end, I went along with it because he nagged so much, also I thought that I wanted to contribute with some money. I had some make up on and we went to the city centre.

I approached an old man, trying to look very sad, it was so fucking embarrassing. I went pretty close to him and said "excuse me, do you have a few crowns to spare for me because I have no food."

"Huh," said the old man.

"Well I wonder" then I couldn't do it anymore, instead I asked "Do you know what time it is."

"Huh," said the old man.

Then I left the man and went to another one, he at least heard what I said.

He gave me an apple and thought the youth of today was real shame. I dared not to say that I rather would like to have money, instead I took the apple and looked happy. I think he felt like 1989 years angel.

I walked away a bit, threw the apple in a bin and went to a younger guy. From him I got five crowns. I became braver and went to two guys.

They went pissed and said I was a fucking whore, really loud. Lots of people turned and looked at me. Fucking, fucking Leffe, I thought, and walked away without saying anything, jumped on a subway that was about to leave the station.

When I later told Leffe what they said, he just laughed. Then I was not friend with him anymore that day.

He had so many strange ideas. For example, he thought that I would sell his friend's car. It was crappy. There was a large hole in the floor under the carpet and the engine was loose. Then it was very rusty too, but that he had painted over.

Leffe thought it was smashing if I sold it. I would look sexy and then I would just say that I thought it was really good and it was called Bodd. And I was so sad that I have to sell it, but I have to go abroad.

Then when I stood there praising the car Leffe would come and pretend to be another buyer. He would be really horny on buying it. I would say that I was sorry but the other guy was there before and then everything would be fixed and we would receive 1500 from Leffes buddy.

Leffe created an ad and there were five or six of persons who called. I answered and said, just as I have written on a note. I said it was really nice and it was named Bodd. Then came a guy and checked and it was so fucking embarrassing.

I had a white top with lace and no bra because Leffe had decided that. He thought it's so sexy when my breasts shined through. Then I had a pair of jeans that were tight as hell, torn in my

ass and no panties underneath. They always sell cars with sexy babes, he thought. The guy probably thought I actually was sexy because he stared quite much. But he had his girlfriend with him, and she did not like me.

We went down to the car and he found so much faults on it that I almost wanted to cry. My nice Bodd full of rust and stuff everywhere.

He asked me a bunch of weird stuff, that I had not a clue about. What did he mean who has owned it before? MOT? What the hell do I know, but what should I say?

So I said "naa maybe." He asked me even more things and I said "naa" and so on.

He could have asked anything, like if it was mustard on it and I had answered naa, or something else completely blown.

Then when we were test driving, he asked where the light contact was. I had no fucking clue, though I ought to know, but I said it sat there and pointed towards the dashboard.

I felt so very stupid, I just wanted them to go. But he would certainly continue to check the car, even though it was shit.

When he braked the car swung so that we almost went into the ditch and half of the lights did not work. When he pressed a bit on a big rust bubble it became a hole.

What the hell, I just said, oops, I have not noticed that the brakes aren't working properly. I who can't even drive a car. Oops, is there a hole there, shouldn't it?

It was almost fun when Leffe came and said "look what a nice car, it looks perfect, I just must have it."

It was so very clear that it was a fraud. Maybe I was a bit stupid too because I looked so very relieved when he came, wondering if they noticed that?

In any case he said to Leffe "take it, it's great."

Then I refused to try to sell it again, we said it was sold to all of them who called. Then, his buddy took it back.

Another time he booked us at a very nice hotel in the city. We talked with a southern dialect, so that it would not be noticed that we came from Stockholm.

We trained on the subway on the way into the city and arrived at Slussen, it felt as we were eating porridge. Then it was hard to stop, I just kept on.

It was fucking easy to fix the room. Leffe wrote us in and I just stood by and said "God what a good hotel Jens" for that we had decided in advance.

We said we would stay there all weekend though we had planned to leave on Saturday. We started with a swim in the hot pool, then we ate in the restaurant.

It was hell the best restaurant I've ever been on. I had a fabulous dress on and Leffe had a gorgeous shirt.

We ordered the most expensive dishes they had. Drank aperitif, hand appetizers and dessert, drank a really nice wine, cognac and coffee. The waiters were so snobbish so I felt almost like a red neck. The southern dialect also affected me.

We sat the whole time and said "God such nice flowers, oh eh Stockholm is beautiful" and so on.

It was a blast, but hard to avoid to start laughing as hell. We charged the food to our room and Leffe added a good bit of tip.

We went to the bar and took two expensive cocktails that we paid directly, because we thought that they could get something. Moreover it maybe would look suspicious if we put it all up on the room.

Afterwards when we were up in the room we ordered a bottle of champagne and some strange

snacks. Then we had a bath in the tub and drank. It was absolutely wonderful and I have never been so horny in my life.

We kissed and caressed, but it was just not possible to make love on the bathtub. In the bed it went better. Leffe was so horny that he wanted to fuck me again almost immediately after he came.

It was a super cool bed, large and very comfortable, with clean sheets. One could also bend up the back with a button. Pressing another button and the leg side went up.

We tested if we could use it when we fucked, but it was totally useless. He was lying on me and then we drove the leg side up and down. I pressed the button and Leffe screamed, he thought he would break his back.

It was a hell of a room by the way, with a fabulous view over town. Leffe thought it should be a kick to look at the view while we fucked.

Okay, I thought, and stood at the window and leaned forward. Leffe penetrated me and it was pretty awesome actually. The whole town in front while making love. Would anyone on the street look up, maybe they would see what we were doing.

We even waved to them. We pretended that we were the king and queen who fucked and waved to the people. I yelled "ohh king, ich coming, gut!"

It was getting pretty tiresome to fuck and it did not seem like Leffe would come, so we gave up.

We went out on the town instead, we wanted to go to some disco. At the first place we came to, we were really taken down on the earth, a lot of people queuing and a fierce age control. We went around to a few different places until we found one with a fairly short queue, where we actually got in.

As we walked around town, we went pretty sour and started talking shit about Stockholm.

"God huh nasty all, ohh huh many addicts there are. Beware of taxis darling, they run over people. God huw long queues it is, at home in Karlskrona there are no queues indeed." And a lot of stuff like that, of course, with this southern accent.

Until Leffe was about to get beat up by some guys who heard us. "What the hell do you say damn Southerners, run home to Jerusalem."

It was not so much fun inside the disco, because we had burned our last money on admission. Not that I had any desire, but I charmed some guys so they gave us beer.

But when I asked if my guy got one too they became angry and took my beer back. It was not so fun, so I had no desire to try again.

We did not care to drink and just danced instead. We danced until they closed and when we were about to go, I was completely destroyed in my legs. They just shook like I was drunk like hell or something, but I must have burned a whole lot of fat.

The next day we got up pretty early to catch the breakfast, it was swell. Then we just went out and took the subway home.

Leffes money had run out, but he had a fucking great way to fix more. He did not say what we would do, just that we should go into town to get money.

I begged him to tell me, but he just refused. Thus I was pretty worried that he wanted me to go on the street or something.

But he promised that it was not anything dangerous, and absolutely nothing like that. I would not have to beg for money or sell my body to someone, so I followed him.

We went into the H & M store on Drottninggatan, he took a bunch of t-shirts, shirts and socks and went into a fitting room. He took two pairs of socks on. Then he put on a t-shirt on top of

the one he had, and then a shirt on top of that. Both the t-shirt and the shirt had a transmitter gadget, but he took it off with pliers.

Then he took away all the price tags with scissors. I said nothing.

He stuffed the price tags in the pockets of a denim shirt. Then he put on his jacket, took the rest of the clothes and walked out.

It happened a little sweaty thing. A girl who worked there stood doing something with some denim shirts when we would hang back ours back. She was about to hang up more shirts, or something.

She said that Leffe did not need to hang it there. He could put it on her car, then she would hang it up.

It was obviously something in the pockets, but she probably had not noticed that yet. I was really scared, what the hell would he do.

Then he says, "by the way, I changed my mind, I think I'll take it." Then we went out and hung it up in a different place simultaneously with a green shirt.

It was no problem at all to get out. The only thing we bought was a pair of socks on a special offer.

We went into a cafe. Leffe took my bag, went into the bathroom and took off everything he had stolen.

Then he did the same thing in several clothing stores while I had to wait in the cafe with the bag.

It probably looked pretty strange if someone thought about it, he comes in takes my bag and goes to the toilet all the time. Kind of like my guy, who have diarrhoea, is running around town while I just sit and have coffee.

In the end, the bag full and I was also sick of all the coffee, so Leffe thought we could stop for the day. Now we had a lot of clothes, but still no money.

Leffe thought we'd sell them in a second hand shop, but I doubted that. I mean, who wants to buy a used shirt.

When we went to the store a bunch of ticket inspectors boarded the train and we, of course, had no tickets. Leffe had taught me to show an old ticket to the guard in the entrance to the subway. Hold it up in front of him, look him in the eyes and pretend to be damn honest. But I would absolutely not let him get it, so he could look closer. Mostly it worked great.

Now we had no tickets and I was so damn nervous. There I stood with a bag full of stolen goods and the controllers just came closer and closer.

They had got into the carriage, but we noticed too late, since they had begun in the far back. Damn, I was hoping that we would arrive at the next station before they came. But it was over, they came up to us, looked at me and said something.

As usual Leffe fixed the situation. He said that we could not buy any tickets because there had not been anyone to sell them. They said it was okay if we paid now.

I had at least right about the clothes. Socks and t-shirts they did not even want to have for free. The guy at the store said that the shirts were outdated, though it was obvious that they were new.

He said we could get fifty crowns for them, but Leffe refused. Then he could just as well keep them.

"75 crowns."

"Nope" said Leffe, took the clothes and went to the door.

"Fucking junkies!" The guy yelled.

Then Leffe turned, but he said nothing. I do not think he dared, the guy looked like a damn athlete. 75 crowns, then it was better to keep the clothes.

But we still had no money, no food either, but Leffe fixed that. We went into the Co-op store and walked around. I had a wagon and Leffe went next to me and picked from the shelves.

He was so good in shop lifting so I didn't even notice it. He took, for instance, a package of pâté and while he did it he poked another package into the sleeve of the jacket.

The second package, he threw into the cart. The whole time we walked and talked about what we would have for dinner and so on. Now and then he emptied his arm in the pocket of the jacket.

It was a big leather jacket that he had cut up the pockets on so everything he put down in them ended up in the lining on the inside of the jacket. It was his shoplifting jacket. It was pretty good actually, but he had others that were better looking.

In the end, we had quite a lot of stuff in the cart. We had decided in advance that we would go with all stuff to the cashier and let the lady punch in everything.

Then Leffe would reach for his wallet in his pocket and pretends that he then discovers that he have no money. He asks me and I do not have any either, so we have to go to the ATM.

It worked great, she said it was fine if we came back in a moment and paid. We even could take the bags with us. But we thought it was a little too lousy.

When we came home, Leffe emptied his jacket on the kitchen table. Shit what a lot of stuff he had stolen! I had not even noticed half. The only stupid thing was that it was so weird things.

He thought it was better to steal expensive stuff, and they should also be small so that that they did not show too much on the jacket. You don't want to carry around four litres of milk and a packet of flour in the jacket, he thought.

So now we had foie gras, anchovies and sardines in small tins. Plus a lot of other things that not immediately attracted me. The only thing I thought was good was the liver pâté, a pack of horse meat plus a package of bacon.

Leffe would fix grub. He cooked spaghetti and made a sauce of foie gras and anchovies. It looked disgusting and I refused to eat.

I got liver pâté and bacon so I made liver pate with crispy bacon. It was tasty and very fatty.

The next day Leffe had a smashing idea. He did not tell me what it was, but it was perfectly safe for me. We went into town to the department store Åhléns at Skanstull.

"Do not say anything now!" He said when we entered.

Just when we got inside he bends down and pretend to fix the shoes while he picks up some old receipts.

Then we went to the corner store and buy a pack of cigarettes. We went out and sat on a bench checking the receipts. "Wait here," he says and goes back into Åhlens.

It was damn cold to sit on the bench and wait, but he comes out after a while. He picks out a bunch of stuff from the jacket and put them in my bag. He says he stole one thing from every receipt and now it's just for me to go and return.

I thought it sounded pretty fair because he had done the dirty job. But it sounded very strange that it would be so easy to get money.

I mean what is it then that all the junkies are whining about.

But in fact it was so easy. We went to Åhléns on Fältöversten. Leffe said I would go to the information desk, where would I get the money.

The hard part was that you could not return more than one thing at a time, so it would be a whole lot going between all the Åhléns stores.

I went to the information desk, stood in line for a while and got my money. No one asked anything, I just needed to sign a piece of paper and show my ID. I had thought of a lot of reasons why I did not want the thing, but they seemed not to give a shit about why.

They were probably pretty stressed, it was the Christmas rush and all that. I felt damn happy when I came out to Leffe with the money. I had it fixed it. Leffe thought I was good.

Then we went around to all the other Åhléns stores we could think of and did the same thing. We managed to get together over four hundred crowns. But we spent it all the same evening. The day after we had a tremendous hang over all day long. We had no lust for eating and felt lousy. Then the guy who had the apartment called and said that we can't live there anymore. We must move away immediately, but he gave us a day.

Leffe went angry. The guy said he's sorry, but we have to move because he had broken up with his girlfriend. Leffe was completely cracked. He smashes a mirror with his hand. It breaks down and Leffe starts bleeding. He was pissed off.

He rushed around and splashed blood from his hand. I hugged him, but he just went on and I hang like a glove on him. The dude he hires from is one of his best friends and he just throws us out. We calls around and ask for a place to stay, but no one have anything.

Leffe realized that we can borrow Anders summer home, at least for a few weeks. We took a few large boxes from the storage in the attic and packed down all our things. The furniture's were Leffes friend's, so we did not need to care about them. The dude said we could to leave the boxes in the apartment until we had found somewhere to stay.

We packed the clothes and the little food that was left in two bags. Then we went out, locked and threw the keys in the mailbox.

It was really cumbersome to get to Anders summer place, it took at least one and a half hours. Subway, commuter rail, bus and then walk a bloody long way to the middle of the dark forest. It was so disgusting to go there. Cold and so dark that you could not see what was in front of you. I thought we should turn around, but Leffe just refused. It was completely given that we would get lost, then we would freeze to death.

Leffe just said "soon we are there, it's cool."

I thought that he had been completely disrupted, this could not be right, it was hardly a path we went on. The last part of the way I just swore and thought, damn stupid Leffe, fucking thug and a bunch of other hate-thoughts.

But Leffe was so happy. He fucking jumped, probably to annoy me. But he was right, suddenly we were there.

Unfortunately, the key was not where Leffe said it would be. Then it was damn close that I started to cry, but Leffe fixed it.

Luckily, he accidentally got a crowbar with him, so it was really easy for us to get into the house. Normally he would never do so, but this was an emergency, he thought. It did think it as well. If he had not broken up the door we would have frozen to death. By the way, it was Leffes friend's house and he would probably think it was okay.

It was just that when we lit it looked nothing like Anders house. This was much bigger and fresher.

"Oops!" thought Leffe "we took the wrong house."

"Fucking asshole" I said.

"We will continue to look for Anders house," he said.

I just refused. I was not fucking going out wandering in the woods when it is dark.

"Okay then, we stay here" thought Leffe.

He made a fire and I just sat and froze.

"We need to fix grub."

Leffe began to search through the kitchen.

"Look here!" He shouted and came out with a happy smile and two bottles of whisky.

"Those we can't take" I thought, "it is theirs". But really, I wanted very much to have a little, so I did not protest more when he poured two glasses. It was so very strange feeling, the excitement of taking other people's stuff. It really tingled all over, but it was scary.

Outside it was just cold and dark, here it was warm and cosy. It's just Leffe and I now. It felt so damn right with whisky, it was almost as it was good. Leffe found canned sausages which we roasted over the fire.

The water tasted shit so we were forced to drink alcohol. We drank more whisky and we found some sherry too. Sherry, my favourite, I went for it while Leffe drank whisky. The only pity was that we ran out of cigarettes.

In one of the rooms there was a large double bed. Though there it felt colder than hell. But we took quilts from the other beds. It became so much quilts that it was a pain to move. Then we set the radiator on the highest.

When I woke up, it was so hot that I thought I had a fever. Leffe had thrown off all the quilts and just lay completely nude. It was broad daylight and I looked around.

Damn, there was little piece of shit in the bed. I woke Leffe, he said it was rat shit. Just as it would be some consolation. Just like if I liked to share a bed with a rat. Leffe thought I would try one to see if it was old.

Then he had to check my body. Luckily, there was no shit that had smeared onto it.

I would not stay a second more in that bed, instead I tried to get some breakfast. I was thirsty as hell, but the water was not possible to drink, not even then.

I found some tea bags and boiled water. Leffe found another tin with sausages. He is so smart that he boils the sausages in my tea water.

The worst part is that he doesn't tell me. He just picks up the sausages, put them on a plate and say that the food is ready. I had not noticed it, but I think the tea looks greasy.

It was hell the most disgusting tea I have ever been drinking. This was perhaps a little due to that the water was so disgusting. When I said to Leffe, that the tea was disgusting, he began to laugh and he said that he cooked the sausages in the water.

Then I felt really bad, hangover, rat shit in bed, disgusting tea and now I heard this. It was too much, I just had to throw up.

I rushed out and vomited outside the door. Leffe hanged on with a hot dog in his hand. Then when I was ready vomiting he tried to comfort me.

While he bends down and smell the vomit, while he says "uhm smells delicious" and dip the sausage in it. As a crisp in a fucking dip sauce. Luckily he did not ate the sausage afterwards, because then I had never kissed him again.

I was damn mad at him, but he just thought he was so funny. He walked around, laughing delighted, so I almost wanted to beat him.

We tidied up and tried to remove all traces of that we have been there, but it was impossible since Leffe had broken quite a large chunk of the door.

In addition, we took all the food plus all the booze.

It turned out that Anders house was pretty close, you could see it even from where we were. We went there but Leffe did not find the key today either. He said it would be on top of the door, on the door frame, but there it was completely empty.

"Unfortunately, we have to break in," He said.

He would do it nicely. Anders would certainly think it was OK, since the key was gone. He put his crowbar in the door and pushed, but nothing happened. Then he kicked at it so that it became a huge crack in the door while the crowbar flew away and Leffe fell.

Now he was pissed, he worked like a madman on the door, but it just refused to go up. Then he went up to a window and smashed it with the crowbar. That went easier, but nicely it was the hell not.

Leffe climbed in through the window, but he could not open the door because it was one of those out-turning. So it was just for me to climb in as well.

I felt pretty mean to Anders, moreover it was scary to be there. What if they were angry. But Leffe thought it was okay, by the way, Anders was such an asshole so he was worth it. He promised in any case, that we would try to fix something else as soon as possible.

He made a fire and got two glasses of whisky. I really had no desire at all to drink alcohol, but maybe it felt less creepy if I was drunk. I drank the whisky in one shot and it actually helped. I felt much calmer, even Leffe was impressed, since it was no small glasses.

Anders had no grub at all in the house. But Leffe had as usual a weird idea.

He cooked spaghetti and mixed down anchovies that we had stolen from the store. Anchovies are small round giant salty fish with capers in the middle. I was of course given that it would be disgusting, but I thought I would try it. Though it was almost good, salty as hell, but good. The rest of the day, we tried to make the house nice again. We taped a Monopoly game on the inside of the window. Then we painted over the cracks on the door with some paint that we found.

It was not so good, but I had not nagged it would not have been anything at all. I mean now Anders will see that we have tried to do something to compensate for the damage.

Though it would maybe be best that he did not know that we had been there. That we went away at once, as I wanted. But Leffe thought that it was great. Just as it was easy to climb in through the window. The next day, he promised, we would get out of there.

In the evening we played the Farming game and drank the rest of the booze. Damn shame that we taped up the Monopoly game, because it's much more fun than this one. Furthermore the fucking cheater won.

We were pretty loaded and sat talking for ages in front of the fire. He told me a lot of stuff that I had not heard before. About his dodgy parents (they were much worse than mine) and about a lot of burglaries which he had done. I was totally surprised, he had made a shitload of shady stuff.

He said I was the nicest girl he had ever met. It was so very sad things. It felt somehow as if it was not far from the end.

We fell asleep there in front of the fireplace, but I woke up in bed. I lay a long time and tried to think. Then I heard that there's a car.

It gets closer and closer, finally, it is like outside of the house. I get shit scared and wakes Leffe.

He is tired, but I shout in his ear that it's a car. Then he wakes up.

Someone is fixing with the window and the Monopoly game. A man shouts "hello is anyone there?"

We do not respond, instead we sneaks towards the closet. Unfortunately, there is a sound when Leffe opens the door. Damn it, probably they heard it, because they shout even louder. We hide in the closet. It is dusty and narrow. I felt a tickle ling sensation in my nose, but I manage to avoid sneezing. But it itches everywhere and it is troublesome to sit there. I think they jumped through the window. In any case, they went around looking inside the house. Someone opens the door and enters this room.

They ought to notice that we have been in the bed and that our things are everywhere. But they actually goes out of the room again. Luckily we had fallen asleep with our clothes on so it was not any clothes on the bed.

Then I do my life's most clumsy thing. I'm feel a fucking weird feeling in my leg. It begun to shake, then I fell.

It bursts a bunch of people into the room and someone is shouting "police, give up!"

Then the door opens and there stands at least three police officers with guns aimed at us. They are pissed and really nasty to us. I start crying and Leffe looks completely cracked, but they do not care.

They take us to a police station. I have to go into a room without Leffe with just police officers. They ask me a lot of strange stuff. If I'm doing dope, if I had done break-ins before. How long have I been together with Leffe. If he has done some burglaries that I know of, and a lot more.

I was so very sad. They seemed to think I was a junkie chick. Besides, I was the burglar who would really love to bust my beloved.

Then they wanted me to tell them about the break-ins. The first house we really had made a braked into, that I admitted. But it was an emergency situation, it has to be okay. We were actually freezing to death. I think they agreed with me, at least a little.

The second burglary was actually no burglary because we were invited to be there by Anders. But they thought not.

They said they had talked to him who owned the house and he wanted to make a complaint against us. Then another police said that he who owned the other house, also would file a complaint.

It was he who discovered the burglary. He had gone to check if there had been burglaries in the house where we were, too. He suspected that there were people there because the light was on. When he saw the window he knew that someone had broken into it. Then he phoned the police.

I sat there with the police for several hours, the most of the time I had to just wait. But then I could go home. Leffe was not allowed to go home. They had so much old stuff on him so now he would have to sit in jail.

At first I did not really know what they meant, what does "remain in custody" mean. But then I realized, my love would be in prison.

I tried to ask them to let him out, but they just refused. I cried and cried, but they didn't give a shit.

I was so very sad, where the hell would I go. What would I do? I was so incredibly broken that I even didn't manage to sneak on the train. The dude in the gate took my ticket. And he saw that it was used and he said that I had to leave. I stood there and cried and cried so in the end he let me go with the train anyway. I went to Natalie. She was there, very excited because she had met a new guy who was absolutely wonderful. The guy was not there, he was working but of course she did not.

She's really great at comforting. She listened, hugged me and said it would be fine. But she thought my Leffe seemed to be a big shit that just used me. Then I got even sadder. Natalie opened a bottle of wine and offered a cigarette. Damn, she seemed to be well off now. Her boyfriend was probably even damn stylish. Then she said that he was. He earned a lot of money too. They were really in love. He came home and was really gorgeous. We sat all night and drank wine all three. He also thought that Leffe seemed to be a pig. I could sleep over, but Natalie said I could not stay there, since they wanted to be alone. I had no money to pay any rent with and I had no desire to intrude on anyone. So the only thing I could do was to go home to mom and dad.

It was really troublesome to stay there, they whined and nagged all the time. I was really depressed about what has happened with Leffe, but I dared not to tell them. Mommy my guy sits in jail, we have made burglaries. They would just die if I said that. So they thought it was really weird that I was so depressed. Mom nagged that I had become so skinny.

She thought I had anorexia again. Damn, I could not tell them that we had no food. I couldn't smoke either, it would just be even harder if they knew I smoked. I was so damn craving all the time. I fingered 20 crowns from dad's piggy bank and bought cigarettes. Then I went up on a hill and smoked. I thought it was blowing so much there that all the smoke would blow away and not get caught in my clothes. Though it wasn't very fun to stand there, so I didn't smoke that many cigarettes a day.

I wanted to be with Leffe all the time, but it was only at certain times and certain days that I could visit him. He was sitting in a jail in Södertälje. But it was pretty good because I could take the train and then just a bus. I had managed to get mom to pay a bus pass for me. I said I needed it to be able to apply for jobs.

It was so scary there in the prison. Large walls and a bunch of guards. They looked so amazingly down on me when I came. We got a special visit cell, where we could be together. It was so bloody fucking disgusting, ugly colours, dreary furniture and a disgusting bed or whatever you may call it. Similar to the one they have when you go to the health centre. It was so disgusting, I'm sure thousands of addicts had been fucking on it. I just refused, Leffe nagged, but I would not be fucking on that bed. You could damn well get AIDS just by sitting on it. The room did not invite to sex whatsoever. I mean it was not exactly romantic.

Furthermore, the guards could come in whenever they wanted. And we had only an hour together. But just that they could come in and we could not get out was damn tough. I had to really pull myself together to avoid claustrophobia or whatever it is called.

Leffe was completely broken by the way, really depressed. He thought he would have to sit at least six months in prison, then, he was marked for life. The race would be over for him, he was packed, lined and sold. What the hell would he do next? When he came out? Without a job, without a place to live and marked as a thief.

I promised that I would wait for him and that I loved him, I meant it, too. He said he loved me also. I cried and he cried and everything was just crap. Except that we loved each other. Then we said just wonderful words to each other and kissed. Talk about heart and pain.

Each visit was about like that, it was so sad.

Once Leffe wanted me to fix something which made him feel a little better, because he was so damn depressed.

I wanted very much to make him feel a little better, so I would do everything for him. We had even made love on that nasty bed. Moreover, I felt so damn shitty, because it was I who had fucked up, so he got caught.

He wanted me to go to the Turk with the cafe. I would tell him that I wanted amphetamine. Whatever I did, I could not say that he was in jail. I would say that I wanted it myself and that I did not know where Leffe was. He thought that I could pay with the jacket that I got from him. At first, I did not do it, because I do not want him to do drugs. But he nagged so much and said it was really important. Amphetamine was not dangerous either, he said. I did it, I went to the Turk. He was happy to see me, offered coffee and buns. It was really difficult to get to it. You do not want to come and say that someone is a drug dealer. Much like if I was some racist. By the way there was another guy in the coffee shop too. Moreover he was very nice to me. And it did not make things easier. I did not want him to think that he could exchange the drugs with a bit of love. He asked about Leffe and I said it was over and I did not know where he was. In the end, the guy who had been sitting there went away. Then I squeezed out "Do you have any amphetamines to sell?" He was damn surprised. He said he had not, but he could fix. He asked how much I wanted. And I had no fucking idea how much one need a litre or two grams, who knows? By the way, was it flowing, powder or tablets? Damn, I should have asked Leffe.

I had decided before that I wanted so much that I could get for the jacket. I said it, I wanted to switch the jacket to drugs. He said he could not do it, he must have cash to the guy he himself would buy from.

I looked really sad and said, "Please!"

Then I took the jacket out of the bag, and he said he thought it was neat.

But then he said you have to have money. Though he could maybe make an exception just because we were friends. He took the jacket and told me to come back the day after. I was so happy.

In addition, I was very relieved that he did not think that we had to make love or something. But when I got up, he did it. He said he wanted to make love with me. I said I wanted to make love to him too, but I had gonorrhoea so it had to be some other time. He thought it was okay. I got there the day after.

He said he had hidden the drugs under a bush some distance away. It would be in one of those yellow Vaseline jars. I would take the jar and not open it until I was sure that no one saw me. I did as he said. In the bottle there was some white small pieces. I threw the jar down in my purse and went to the jail.

Typically, all of a sudden that particular day they decided to search me. Just today! They found the jar and opened it, then it was over. The police came and there was an interrogation. They wanted me to tell where I got it. They pressed me like hell and I tried to find a reasonable answer without mention the Turk, but they did not believe me. I said I found the jar, but they just laughed at it. In the end, as I gave up and said I bought it on a well-known drug dealing place in the city, though I do not remember from who. I sat there for several hours but then I could go home.

They said that maybe I had to go to jail.

I did not tell mom or dad although they probably noticed that I had become even more down. Nothing happened for several months, I just was at home, depressed. Mom thought I should

go to a psychologist. Dad thought I should get a job. I could not stop thinking about Leffe. I did not know what I felt for him anymore.

I received a letter saying that I would appear at a trial. Luckily mother or father were not at home when the letter came. The trial was in Haninge and I went there.

They asked me a lot about the burglaries and I said as it was. That the first one was an emergency and that the second one was because we were allowed to be there.

Then they asked Leffe about them and he said about the same stuff.

Then came Anders dad and he said we had not been allowed to be there.

Then it was done. I could go if I wanted.

But I sat there and heard when they interrogated Leffe on a bunch of other stuff. He had really done a lot, like petty theft, car theft and burglaries.

A week later I received another letter saying that I had a conditional verdict. I called and asked what that meant and they said that it meant that I could not do it again.

Leffe got six months in prison, but he had only three months to sit because he had already served three.

It rang someone from the social security one day, it was my mom who replied. She was completely cracked when she hung up.

The social worker had told her that I had been caught with drugs on me and now they wanted to come here and see how my living conditions are.

Mom and dad were of course completely destroyed. Mom cried and I cried and dad locked himself up in the bathroom.

It was so horrible. Damn, I regretted everything. I really did not want to make them sad.

Damn I would have continued to be little cheesy Nuppan.

But it was actually almost easier to stay at home after they had been told everything. Mom did not go on about that I was so depressed and so skinny and stuff. She was very kind to me. Dad did not say anything more about that I had to get a job.

They offered me a holiday to the Canary Islands. We went there all three and it was the best time I had with them for very long.

In April I was summoned to a trial on drugs.

Leffe was there, it was the first time I saw him since the last trial. I had not been able to visit him since they found the drugs in my purse.

He had called again just after the trial, but then he had only been mad at me.

But now when I saw him, I felt the pain. I loved him, that was the important thing. But he did not even look at me.

I told them what happened.

Then it was Leffes turn. Though he said that he had not asked me to fix the drugs for him. He had no idea that I had taken it with me. He did not use such stuff he said.

I was so amazingly cracked when I heard it so I was dying. What a fucking pig. I wanted to rush up and beat him, but I did not. He'll never get a kiss from me again. He looked on me in a damn nasty way. I was fucking scared of him.

Then a prison guard from the jail came in and told the court how he found the drugs in my purse. A week later the verdict came.

And now I have been sitting here for two months, but tomorrow it's the last day.

My time II

After prison

I was in prison during two months. It was pretty hard because I felt like a really bad guy. It was kind of unfair. I had not been the one who kept on and bullied people, did shoplifting or so. I was pretty old when I had sex for the first time. Yet it was I who ended up in prison. Yeah well I did some stupid things, but it was like not my fault, it just happened.

I thought a lot about what I would do with my life, what would it become of me. It was not particularly inspiring to sit there in prison. I mean, none of those who were there have had a particularly funny life so far. What if I became like them. Working as a whore and get beaten by my guy all the time. It was just one of them that was a bit sensible, her name was Tina. She was only a couple of years older than me and she had not been working as a whore and was not a junkies. She had worked as a rural postman. It sounded great, driving around in a car delivering letters. One could do a lot of extra money and the work days were really short. It sounded so good that I called the post office and said I wanted to be a rural postman. But then I was so incredibly naive that I believed that it was nothing to be ashamed of to have been in jail. I told them and then they said thank you and goodbye!

Then this thing that I was still living with mom and dad, when I was nearly twenty and all my friends lived on their own. If life was difficult before, it was quite a bitch now. Mom was really sweet, that is too cute. She had gotten the idea that it was unhealthy that I was sleeping in the morning. Every morning before she went to work, she woke me up and said that breakfast was on the table. She had even begun to cook porridge for me, because it was so healthy. Every morning it was a pot of porridge on the table. I had not the heart to tell her that I think it's disgusting. So I put it on a plate, poured milk over it and then I poured it down the toilet and placed the plate in the dishwasher. When she got home, she checked if I had made the bed. Since I never did it, she made it up for me, then she said:

"Do you want me to show you how to do when you make the bed, it is important to be able to."

"Mom, I can make the bed, but I do not want to do it, because then all the mites feel much better and become huge."

"But you have to make the bed."

"Nah, I don't."

Then she would change the subject to something else like:

"Have you applied for a job today?"

"Yes mom, I have applied for ten jobs."

Now maybe I had not done that, but I had at least thought about applying for a job about ten times. Then she would of course go on about that I smoked. Every time I took out a cigarette, she began:

"Are you really going to smoke you know that it's not healthy."

"But it's good."

I think I smoked more just because she brought it up all the time. It was like a way to show that I had a hard time. Or perhaps I smoked so much just because I had such a lump in my stomach.

The most of the day I spent lying in my bed, thinking about what I should do. Not what I for the moment, but what I should do with the rest of my life. It was like the same questions that swirled around all the time.

"What do I want to work with?"

"Where and how should I live?"

It was not so many questions, but I almost got nowhere at all with them.

After a few weeks I had at least reached the conclusion that it would be a bit scary to live by myself.

What if I really could not embed or cook. So I decided that I would either live with a girl or a guy. Not that I thought I was a lesbian or anything, but I thought it might be better to live with a friend than to move in with a guy. I mean, I would perhaps take the first guy that laid he's eyes on me and I would get two kids with him and then life would be screwed. I would be stuck in the checkout in some food store. The second thing I realized was that I would go to the employment office. Then I realized a third thing. It was that I would learn to roll my own cigarettes, because it is so much cheaper. Then there would surely be something to fuss with, like a hobby. Damn crappy I felt when I thought of myself.

My name is Elisabeth. I'm almost twenty years. I have no work and no guy. I do not even have any friends. I've been in prison. I live at home and my only hobby is smoking.

The thing that I had no friends was not quite true. Nettan, my best friend before when I was in school, phoned several times and wanted us to go to Sturecompagniet. Disco, I did not really feel like it. Honestly, it was so that I did not think of what I would say if some guy were to ask me what I was doing, where I lived and stuff. Also I had no nice clothes to wear. All the money I had, I got from my dad. I got three hundred a week. It was just enough for cigarettes and candy.

Then I had met Natalie once. I had coffee at her home. But she only talked about her boyfriend all the time. She asked how I had it in prison. Then you can't exactly be a real friend, if you after someone been in prison just ask:

"What was it like in jail then."

When I then started to tell her she went away and came back with ice cream from the freezer. It made me feel tired of telling even before I started. I just said:

"It was okay, a little boring, but not as bad as you thought before. I mean, I was not raped or bullied or anything like that.

After a few weeks I received a letter from the social security. It took a couple of days before I opened it. It said that they wanted me to visit them to discuss my future. It felt the lump in my stomach, it was hard. I knew nothing about my future. Now I had to discuss it with a social worker who had it all fixed, with job, kids and stuff. So I did not call, but after a few days they called me. They just told me to come to them on a given day. So I went there.

It started off pretty good. I met a girl who did not really look like a bitch. She probably was not much older than me and she was not married, though I do not know if maybe she had children. We said hi and stuff. Then she asked how I was feeling. I said I was not feeling so good. She nodded and said she understood that. Then nobody said anything for a very long while. But after that, she said that they could help me get started in life. But then she said that they could not do as much since I had become twenty years old, and thus no longer is a child and unfortunately no longer prioritized.

"What prioritized?"

"Yes, you understand we must follow the law and it says that we shall prioritize children."

"But what does that mean?"

"We can't use as much resources then."

"Oh, and why are you telling me? For me to get even more anxiety because I'm too old to fuck up my life or what? "

Actually, it was rather disappointing news, but I was like the conversation started to flow, so I actually went on a bit.

"I'm thinking of becoming a drug addict, how do you do?"

She did not really look like she believed me, but she said nothing. I thought that maybe I should sound more compelling so I said:

"Heroin would be good."

But it did not seem to make any difference because she looked just as doubtful.

"I'll be a whore too. Could I maybe get a small contribution for condoms, perhaps? "

Then she became really angry.

"Nah, you don't want to be a whore. You will certainly get an education."

"What do you mean education? What would it be? By the way all courses starts in the fall or in the spring, and we are in April now. "

"But there are other courses."

"What?"

"Yes tour guide school for instance, would you like to be a tour guide? Everyone wants to become a tour guide. "

Now I was a little happy again. Tour guide, it sounded really cool.

"But I can't become a tour guide, you have to be really good looking."

"But you're pretty."

"I am not."

"Yes, you are."

"Nah, I'm ugly."

"No you're not."

"Well, I am certain there. It is only you who have bad taste. "

"I have not. Wait, I'll get some colleagues to see what they think."

"But is that really wise, do you really work in that way?"

"Do you want to know if you are good looking or not?"

I nodded and she went out and came back after a while. After her came two boys and a girl. They stood in the doorway and looked at me. Then one of the guys walked up to me and held out his hand. We greeted and then he said that he thought I was very cute. The others did the same. I do not know if they meant it, but it felt pretty good.

When they had gone she looked happily at me. As if she was waiting for me to say something positive. I tried to think of something, but the only thing spinning in my head was that she certainly had told them that they would say I was cute. So I said it.

"You had probably told them that they would say that I'm cute."

"No, I had not, they really think you're pretty."

We sat in silence for a while then she said:

"There are courses for tour guides. They tend to be in Majorca. I have a friend who has been participating in one of those. They usually are going in this time, when it is low season there."

"But how do you get into that?"

"You apply of course. I think you have to be good at languages. Are you? "

"I have read German and French and English of course, but I do not know if I remember

something."

"I'm sure you do, were you a good student?"

I thought, what the hell do you think. How many girls who have been in prison were good in school? But now I was actually pretty good, but how the hell could she know. I thought about it long. Finally I asked:

"Why do you think so? Are those who come here often good in school? "

"Nah, usually they are not, but I thought you might be."

I felt that I was angry.

"Have you talked to my mom?"

She said nothing.

"You have. You've talked to my mom."

She nodded, then she said:

"Yes I have. She called me actually. She said you said something about that you would like to travel and see the world. Do not get mad at her for it. You should be glad that you have a mother who cares. Most young people I meet have parents who do not give a damn."

"Cares. She just tries to decide for me."

"Would you not like to be a tour guide, then?"

"Well maybe so, but what do I do?"

"You apply and then you go on an interview. If you are accepted, you have to pay a fee."

"But I have no chance well, that's a lot of people who want to become tour guides? By the way, I have no money. "

"Most people tend to actually get into the courses, because it is a way for travel companies to fill the hotels and use the staff when it is low season. When it comes to money, the municipality can actually put up with the fee as a part of our youth program."

It felt weird. Here she sat and said a great thing, but it was like I did not get it into my head. It just went into the surface of it. I mean I was of course happy and so, but I was not happy all the way into the stomach. Everything stopped in the ears. But anyway I said:

"Great, I'd really love to join such training."

"Good, I've actually already ordered the application form that we can fill in together if you want?"

So we filled in the form and we would meet again a few days later. Then I should take with me my grade from high school. When we had decided all that, we sat for a moment and looked at each other. She then said that I could get some money from her. So when I walked away I had a check on two thousand crowns in my hand. I was of course excited. I took the money and then I went into town and went to a H & M shop. It was unbelievable how lucky I was, because they had a sale right when I went there. They were going to rebuild or something. The sale must have just begun, since they had much clothing left and there were a lot of good looking stuff in my size. I bought underwear, pants and several tops. Then I bought makeup and a bun.

I had no desire to talk to my mother, because she'd probably just be so pleased that she arranged it with the social worker. So I went home, showered, shaved my legs, did a serious make up and put on my fine new clothes as quickly as I could. Then I went into town again. I felt a desire to get drunk, but I did not really know how. I had just been drinking at parties and stuff. A few times I had been drunk at a restaurant too, but then it was always someone who followed me to the restaurant and did all the ordering. All I had to do was to sit there and occasionally open my mouth. Now I went to a restaurant all by myself. I felt a tingling

sensation in my body, but I was scared too. I got off at the Central Station, and I started to go in one direction. It was obviously the wrong way because I came to a bridge and on the other side of the bridge it didn't appear to be so much restaurants. Then I turned and went the other way. There was not much restaurants either, I knew that already, so I went to the subway. I figured I would go to Södermalm, but the problem was that there is no metro station named Södermalm. So I jumped off on Mariatorget. There, I did not have to go far at all before I found a place that seemed cosy. I stood outside for a while and sort of gathered me before going in. In the end, I had been there so long that it would be even more embarrassing to enter. So then I went on to the next cosy place. It was located just next door and I went straight in without hesitation.

The guy at the bar looked at me and I said:

"Beer!"

He said:

"ID?"

I said:

"Don't have any, but I am actually over twenty."

He said:

"Okay then, do you want a large or a small beer, draught or a bottle, ale, light or dark."

"Beer!"

Then he laughed and he took a glass which he held under a tap. There was a guy next to me.

He also laughed then he asked if it was the first time I was at the pub.

I had been thinking about what I would say to a guy at a bar when he asked about me, but now it just slipped out of me:

"Nah, but it was so long ago, I have been in prison."

Now it was not really true, because I just sat in jail for two months, but it felt like it was a lifetime ago that I was in a pub the last time.

Both the bar man and the guy next to me looked really impressed and they started to ask a lot of things about why I had been in prison and stuff.

The bar man said he understood that I probably didn't have that much money if I had been in jail, he also understood that I was in great need of some beer so he said he would give me one. When I have finished it, the guy next to me bought me another one. Then the bar man gave me third a third one. In addition, he placed a bowl of small sausages and cucumbers on the bar counter.

It was just me and the guy next to me who was sitting at the bar and the bar man talked to us all the time. I was really hungry so I ate up almost all the sausages. The bar man laughed and asked if I might not want to waste money on food so he could maybe get a sandwich in the kitchen. I said nothing, but he saw that I wanted to have a sandwich. So he went into the kitchen for a while. After a while he came back with a sandwich. The guy next to me asked if I wanted a shot. I had idea what it was but I didn't feel like I was in the position to refuse an offer, so I said yes. The bartender asked what flavour we wanted. The guy looked at me and said:

"Liquorice?"

The bar man looked at me and said:

"Raspberry, caramel, Turkish pepper, blue fish, daim."

I said:

"Raspberry."

The guy said:

"Oh, we are taking a whole tray so we can try the whole thing."

The bar man asked:

"Do you want to share on a tray or do you want to have one each?"

The guy looked at me:

"Do you want a whole tray?"

I nodded, though perhaps I should not have done it because after a while, I was really drunk. The bar man placed two pretty long wooden trays in front of us. There were six small excavations in the tray. In every excavation, it was a small glass. Each glass was filled with spirits, each in a different colour. The guy took the first drink, and then I did too. We looked at each other. We clinked the glasses and swept the booze. It was thick and tasted strongly of liquorice, a bit like cough syrup. It was pretty good, but strong. I felt it almost immediately in my head. I realized I would never be able to drink up the whole tray. I'm going to throw up before we got to the blue one, I thought. The fourth glass was containing a brown gooey liquid. It smelled daim, but it looked like diarrhoea, so I probably would have thrown up if I took it even though I had been sober. But I never even came to the brown because I was really drunk after we had swallowed the red and the yellow, but it was amazingly good.

The usual questions stopped spinning around in my head. Instead, another thing got into it. It just got stronger and stronger. I was horny as hell. The guy next to me seemed much older than me but I don't mind. So I leaned towards him and looked him in the eye. He leaned towards me and looked me in the eyes too. Then we started kissing. He held me at the same time and it was amazingly lucky because otherwise I probably would have fallen off the chair. After a while I asked if we could go home to him. He looked very surprised, but pleased. He paid and I saw how he and the bar man looked at each other and smiled.

I think the guy, that I do not remember the name of, was pretty disappointed in me because I fell asleep already in the taxi. When arrived and he helped me into his house.

Actually I think he asked if I wanted tea or something, but I said:

"Sleep."

He said, "Okay then." Then I do not remember more until I woke up. The first thing I noticed was that I had a headache. Then I heard someone talking. It sounded as if it was on TV. I opened my eyes and then I see a guy sitting on a couch watching TV.

He turns to me and says:

"Hello, how are you?"

"Pain in the head, what time is it."

"Half past eleven."

"Aren't you going to bed?"

He smiled.

"Do you want me to?"

I smiled while I pulled away the blanket. He undressed and lay down beside me. Then we loved. We were doing it for quite a while, and then we had sex again when we woke up. It was amazingly cosy but all the time I thought that maybe I did something stupid. I do not know if I did something stupid, but I've heard that it's stupid to go home with a guy the first night. One should build up an interest first, people have told me. Though I do not know what I would have that interest to, for this guy felt way too old for me really. He wanted anyway that I should call him. He gave me his phone number before I went.

Mom and Dad were at work when I got home. On my bed was a big note from Mom saying that I would call her as soon as I got home. For safety's sake, she had added a similar note on a pile of clothes lying on the chair. For a while I thought about actually calling her. But I started with making coffee and sandwiches. I loaded the toaster and took out the milk, butter, cucumber, ham and cheese. Then I lit a cigarette and thought seriously about whether I should call. I thought:

"Damn I'm almost twenty years and have to call mom if I sleep over at a guy. I have to move as soon as possible. Mom said that she would want me to live at home so she really could have all of me. How the hell could she want that? We don't have a particularly pleasant relationship."

So I decided not to call.

I ate, showered and went to bed. When I woke up my mom was sitting on the bed and touched the blanket.

As soon as I opened my eyes, she went on and asked where I was and why I had not called.

"But Mom I'm actually an adult, I do not need to tell you what I do anymore."

"But now you're living with us."

"Do you want me to move out on the street."

"No, I do not, but can't you tell me what you've done."

"I met a guy."

"You did not go home with anyone I hope?"

Now, I was a bit annoyed, perhaps partly because I was newly awakened in the middle of a dream.

"Yes I did, he looked sexy."

Mom looked terrified.

"You have not started to do drugs?"

Now I was even more irritated. What did they know about drugs. They had probably only seen it on TV. Just because I happened to be involved in drug smuggling I was almost a junkie in their eyes. I had suspected that for quite a while, but this was the first time she said something about it.

I tried to think of something nasty to reply, something like it is indeed delicious with drugs but I did not say it, I just said:

"No I have not."

But I figured I'll fucking try drugs some time. Not just to fuck with my parents, but mostly because if everyone look upon me as a drug addict, it's a little crazy that I haven't even tried it. I do not even have a job to lose, not even a future. I wonder how I can fix it? How to fix dope and what should I have and how should I take it without getting AIDS? In the background I heard my mother's voice, but I was now hooked on figuring out how I could get hold of drugs.

Mom left the room and I continued to lie in bed. The more I thought, the more the thoughts were going to the guy I stayed with. I actually got quite horny when I thought of him. Damn it I do not remember what his name was. I would never find his house again either. But luckily I had his phone number, so I called him. He replied with a name that I did not quite hear. He sounded very happy that I called. He had certainly not been asleep.

He had indeed been out shopping and trained at the gym. Now I felt even more dull and useless. But he asked if he could take me to a restaurant, then I felt okay again. It sounded

wonderful, so I said yes and we agreed to meet at the square near by the place where we met yesterday.

We ate at a really cosy Greek restaurant and talked about everything. When we had been drinking quite a lot, he looked at me seriously and asked if I did drugs or something.

"I mean, you've been in prison for drug possession, then you may well have been trying a little."

"No I have not, actually."

He did not look very confident. So I added:

"I would actually like to try it, now that everyone thinks I've tried."

"I would also like to try."

"Do you know how to get drugs?"

"No idea, I do not even know what kind I ought to try. But it would be cool to try something."

"I believe in amphetamine" I said. "My last boyfriend said it was great, it made him so sharp in the head, he said."

"Sharp in the head doesn't sound so fun, that's not what you want to be, eeh."

I thought a bit. I hadn't thought about that. Why the hell did Leffe want to become sharp in the head when he was sitting in jail? Had I gone to prison and ruined my future just because he wanted to become a little sharper in his head. He seemed pretty sharp in his head all the time. Much brighter than I ever is. But if it made him sharper in his head, he who seemed so super sharp all the time. Then I ought to get at least normally sharp. But what would I say to this guy. I could not think of something really good, but I had to say something:

"There you got a point, but he said it felt amazingly good too."

I do not know if it was true, but it must just have been so, for otherwise why he wanted to take it.

The guy seemed not so sure because he said:

"Heroin, then?"

"No idea, but it sounds scary. One can get an overdose and AIDS from it."

"It's true. But I'll call my cousin, he knows a lot about drugs."

So we went out and looked for a pay phone. The first booth we found was of course destroyed. Once we found one that was working, he had only four marks left on his phone card. Luckily, someone replied, but it was probably not the cousin, since my guy asked for someone who was named Stefan. Now I knew at least what my guy was called. His name was John. I didn't listen very much on the conversation, since I concentrated on trying to remember that his name was John. When he hung up, he said that Stefan was at work. He had the night shift.

"Does he live at home?" I said.

"Nah, it was his wife who answered. She said that Stefan was following some drug dealers."

"What do you mean following, is he a policeman?"

"Yes."

"But is that really so wise, you can't ask a drug police about which drugs he recommends.

You must have totally misunderstood what their drug information is all about."

We laughed a lot both of us and he said that maybe it was not so smart.

"But how do we do then? Should we just go to where the junkies are?" He asked, and it seemed as if he really was sincere. As if he really wondered what I thought, so I was happy. I said maybe we could call a girl I knew who was in prison.

"She was really nice and she was a junkie and a whore."

"Wow, do you have the phone number, then?"

"Nah."

"But how did you get that amphetamine that you took to your guy?"

"I changed it against a jacket."

"Yes, but who did you change with?"

"A Turk I mean Yugoslavian, he's name was Bogdan."

"Where can we get a hold of him, or have you ratted on him?"

"What do you mean ratted? You mean if I told the police about him. Nah I did not, I told them that I had bought drugs at the plate where all the junkies are. Though I do not remember what he that I bought from looked like."

"Well then maybe we can ask him."

Strange that I have not thought about it but it was of course the easiest way. So we went there, to Bogdans café.

Bogdan looked a little worried when I came, but also a little happy. He hugged me and said hello to John. He asked what we wanted.

"Yeah do not know", I said "we have eaten recently." Though I was still pretty hungry when I saw them fine pastries under the counter. Bogdan saw how I was craving since he said:

"Napoleon pastries, shouldn't it be some napoleon pastries they are really good."

I looked at John and he nodded happily, so then I looked at Bogdan again and he also nodded happily.

He took two pastries, placed them on plates which he carried to a small round table in the far back. Bogdan picked three coffee cups and placed on the table. He said we would sit down while he got coffee, milk, spoons and stuff. Then he came and sat with us. We talked about all sorts of things that you usually talk about, like the spring and the weather. In addition, there were two young girls there. When they had gone, he said in a low voice:

"Damn I heard you got busted when you were taking stuff to Leffe. You would never have done it. He tricked you. "

I was embarrassed as hell, felt like an idiot. But I could not think of anything to say.

Bogdan continued:

"Did you say something about me to the police?"

"No absolutely not, I said I bought the stuff on the plate from a guy who I do not remember what he looked like."

"Well, what did the cops say then?"

"They said just kind of nothing."

"Good, it was well done by you. Can I help you with something, perhaps? "

Although it was difficult to say it, I could hardly get a better opportunity. Now I have to say it. So I said:

"I and John would like to have some stuff like that."

"Elisabeth my friend. You know I do not have that, but maybe I can help you. How much would you like to have. How much do you want to buy? Do you have more coats you want to get rid of? "

Damn it, the same difficult question. We should have talked to his cousin anyway, just to find out how much it costs. But John said:

"A thousand crowns."

"A thousand crowns, that much. You will get a good price, it will be six grams. Then you can have a lot of fun."

It sounded promising, so I smiled. John smiled too.

Bogdan said that we would meet down by the lake the Triangle at eleven o'clock in the evening. We would come from the metro and go to Gröndal. We would go in a clockwise direction. He would go counter-clockwise. When we saw him we would say hi and he would hug me and take John in his hand. John would have two folded five hundred crown bills inside his hand as he would give them to Bogdan while Bogdan would have a bag of dope in his hand. Bogdan would have his hand under Johan's and Johan would release the notes.

Then John would take the bag lying in Bogdan's hand.

When we had decided that, Bogdan said in very serious tone:

"You know, Elizabeth, I do not really deal with this stuff and I do not want to be your dealer, but just this once because you did not say anything to the police. You understand. Please come here and drink coffee with me, but do not ask if I have some stuff, okay? "

"Okay," I said of course. Then I asked if he had heard anything about Leffe. Bogdan said he only heard from a friend who was in the same prison that Leffe been beaten by someone, but he knew nothing more.

It actually felt a little nice to hear that he had been beaten. But when I thought little more on it I felt ashamed.

Bogdan probably understood what I was thinking of, because he laughed and said:

"Leffe deserved to be beaten, since he made you bring in stuff to him. But do not worry, he's alive."

During the whole time we sat there in the cafe all three of us smoked like crazy. But at that moment when I was most craving a cigarette, it was really quite empty in both mine and Johns package. Then Bogdan went behind the counter and came back with a package that he gave to us. Then he said that he would close.

We went to the ATM and then to a bar in Aspudden for a beer. Luckily John knew where this lake the Triangle was. Of course, I did not even know that it existed. I thought a Triangle was when you have sex with two guys at the same time. Which of course was amazingly lucky that he didn't mean, since I still had no desire to have sex with Bogdan.

John was really nervous about releasing the money in Bogdan's hand and take drugs at the same time, so he wanted us to practice a little. I went over and sat down beside him on the couch.

"But we can't very well practice here what if someone sees us."

"What do you mean see us, we've got no dope."

"But what, they may well believe that we practice anyway. Then they follow us."

"But who would bother?"

"Drug cops. "

"Do you see any drug police then?"

"I do not know, they may look like anyone. Those two guys over there, for example, they may well be drug cops. By the way, I'd like to practice under more realistic circumstances. I would not want to screw it up and drop the drugs. He Bogdan would probably not be so happy then." So we paid and went away until we found a park. I thought maybe we could do it where there was a light at least, but John wanted to do it discreetly where it was as dark as possible.

"But what if I lose the money I said."

"Damn it is easy, of course you don't."

"Yes I do, perhaps."

I managed to force him to do the exercise with two folded twenty pieces and it was lucky

because we lost them. It was not even my fault though he was mad at me anyway. We were looking for them until the gas was running out of the lighter, but we didn't find them. John wanted to practice more, so we tried with ATM receipts instead and then he thought it worked. It felt exciting even though we did not have any drugs and I wanted very much to have another cold beer to relax a bit.

We got several beers before John thought that the time was right to go down to that lake. It actually went exactly as planned, except that Bogdan wanted a kiss from me. The handover looked amazingly good I think. It actually looked like they just shook hands.

We took the subway home to John, where we sat down at his kitchen table, he took out a small transparent plastic bag that he placed on the table. Inside the bag there were small yellowish-white grains. We look closely at the bag and on each other.

"What do we do now?" I said.

"I do not know, I think you tend to use needles and stuff, but it seems absolutely deadly. By the way, I have no such things. "

"I think Leffe took it in the nose."

"I've seen that on film. But then it was probably cocaine. One should pour drugs on a mirror. Then you should make small strings with a razor blade and then suck a string into each nostril with a rolled \$ 100 bill."

"Do you have it?"

"A 100 dollar bill, nah, we'll have to wait until the bank has opened."

"But damn it must surely work with an ordinary Swedish banknote."

We laughed both of us, and we agreed on that a hundred crowns bill probably would work. The only mirror he had sat on the bathroom cabinet. He went into the bathroom and started trying to get it loose. But then I took out my little vanity mirror and gave it to him. He had no razor either, but he at least had a folding knife. John poured out some of the grains on the mirror. Then he shovelled them back and forth with the knife until it became four thin strings. We sat for a moment and looked at the drugs. John rolled the bill and gave it to me.

"Ladies first."

"What, I do not know how to do either."

"But you've fucking been in the business, by the way I don't know more than you. But okay I can start."

He bent down over the mirror, put the note in the nose and he began to suck in air. He began drawing long before he reached the mirror and the small grains did not move at all. Once he came so close to the grains that some of them went into the bill, he began almost immediately to sneeze like hell. The worst thing was that he sneezed straight at the mirror. The granules flew up and spread throughout the table. He shouted "hell" since he began go around the table with the bill in the nostril.

"Wait," I yelled. "Can't we just sweep up the grains and try again. He sat down on the chair again and said:

"Okay then."

We began to scrape together the dope. It became a competition. We decided that all we managed to scrape together we could keep, so it was almost a little fun. He got together more than me, but it did nothing. It was, after all, he who had paid.

The strange thing was that the strings were much larger now than the first time. When I think about it, it was probably a lot of bread crumbs and shit in it, but we didn't understand that at that time. Now it was at least easier to inhale the strings. He sneezed nothing and neither did I,

though I felt it tickled a bit in one nostril. But we took a pretty big glass of booze each and it helped against the itching. The sad thing was that we did not notice any effects from the drug. We just sat there and talked. I was not even drunk. I felt really crystal clear, and then I had after all been drinking quite a lot.

We laughed at the whole thing and decided that Bogdan probably cheated us. Though we didn't mind. I liked him a lot anyway. I had amazingly good feelings for Johan too, I told him. He said that he was in love with me. John pointed at my leg and asked if I was in a dancing mood. I checked the leg and it just jumped. I had not even noticed it, but then I just have to be in a dancing mood. Especially as he realized that we did not have any music on. Then we just rushed to his stereo and began to choose from his record collection. He had a greatest hits album with Billy Idol that I really wanted him to play. He did and we danced and sang as hell. We danced the whole record, then we took a new record, then another. After lots of records John thought that we should quit. Neighbours might become annoyed, furthermore he wanted to take more drugs.

"It would be nice if one could feel any of it now that we have put so much money on it."

He made some lines that we soaked them in. Then we drank more booze and started discussing whether we should go out at the disco. We kept on discuss it for a while until John looked at his watch.

"Damn five clock's, all discos have already closed."

We looked at each other for ages and thought about what he just said.

"Maybe it did anyway," I said.

"Maybe it did," he said.

"It is supposed that you get horny from amphetamine," I said.

"Are you?"

"Yes, and you?"

"Extremely!"

We stripped off our clothes and went into his bed and had sex. In the end, I had pain down there, though no one of us wanted to stop. It felt as if we had been doing it perhaps a little longer than usual but not a long time. But when we looked at the clock, it was nearly eight.

"I have a little pain, we should maybe sleep?" I said.

"But I'm still extremely horny."

"Do you really think you will come?"

John pulled it out and it was all red and there where loose pieces of skin on it. We tried to sleep for a while but it was impossible. I did not think I could sleep and I had no desire to do it either. We went up and Johan started making coffee. The whole time we talked about everything.

We drank coffee without cigarettes because we had none. We smoked up all the butts so that it was only filter left on them. Then we got dressed and went out and bought more. It was a small shop in the same block, although they had a lot candy. I thought the candy was extremely tempting and so did Johan too. We took bag and started picking from all the boxes with different sorts. Everything looked very delicious. In the end, I had a huge bag. We went home and smoked, ate and continued to talk. We talked about kids, weddings and all sorts of things. I told her that maybe I would go to Mallorca on a travel guide course. Then I realized that it was today that I should meet the social worker.

"Damn, I have to go to soc., what time is it?"

"Half twelve, when will you be there?"

"Four, I think, though I have to get my grades at home too. Do I look very bad? "

"You look absolutely gorgeous."

"Thanks, but I mean, I do not look like I've been doing drugs all night?"

"No, you look great."

Not that I believed him, but what could I do. I showered really fast then he followed me to the subway. I got home to two, and I even found the grades. But I did not find the note I got from the soc. girl. So I just change clothes and headed for soc. down in the community centre. I did not remember her name, but I told her who sat in the reception my name then she called and asked around. After a while, a girl came out through a door. It was she who I had met.

She said:

"Hi Elizabeth, we were supposed to have met at one o'clock, but it does not matter because I have time now."

We went in to her room and she asked if I wanted coffee or tea. She said she only drank tea so then I said I gladly have tea too. She did not say that I looked weird or so. We just went through a lot of paper that she had. We filled out a form and then she copied my grades. When we were done with it, she asked if I was feeling good. I said I had trouble sleeping. She nodded as she understood. She said I could have a little more money in a few weeks. I could only get money every two weeks. She wrote a new note with a date when I could get there and get more money, and so I went.

I went home and left my grades, brushed my teeth and eat some sandwiches. I had some pain in my head and wondered if maybe I could sleep. I lay on the bed and closed my eyes. But I was not at all tired. I wondered if John was tired, I thought I would call him and ask. He was not tired. He wanted me to get there, so I do it. But before I went the phone rang. Stupid as I am, I answered. There was just one person that it might be and it was that person. It was mom who wondered where I had been. For a while I thought to say I that I've been doing drugs, but instead I said that I had been with my new boyfriend.

"He's really sweet mother. He works as an engineer."

Not that I knew he was an engineer, but he had told me that he was working with something technical and I knew that mom likes engineers, since dad is an engineer.

"I have to go mom, since John have invited me for dinner. I have been at the meeting on soc. by the way. It went great. They should do so that I can go on a travel guide course in Mallorca, good huh? "

She was probably pleased to hear that, because she didn't fuss at all. After a while, we just said a quiet "good bye" to each other.

I packed my toothbrush and went off to John. When I was almost at John's house, I see him standing waiting for me in a street corner. I got excited and rush up to him and throw my arms around his neck and say that I was happy to see him. But he did not look at all happy, and he didn't try to put his arms around my neck. Instead, he breaks away and looks at me seriously.

"You, my girl have come home so we can't see each other anymore."

"What your girl? You have no girl."

He looks like he is ashamed, staring down on the pavement.

"Well, I have actually, but she has been away."

I wanted to scream and beat him. So very typical, when I actually met a guy who I'm starting to like, but I'm just saying:

"Fuck you."

"You can get the rest of the drugs, but do not call me."

Then he put one hand in his pocket and then in my pocket. He tries to kiss me on the mouth, but I turn my head away. I feel tears in my eyes. He says:

"Bye, I'm sorry."

It does not happen so much more in a few weeks. I'm even more depressed. But I never touched the drugs. I hid them in a little box in my desktop. Sometimes I sat and looked at it, but I did not to take any of it. I did not want to take it all by myself. If I were to use it, then it would certainly be with someone I like. After a few weeks I received a letter from the travel agency. It said that I had been admitted to the course, which made me feel a little better.

The tour leader

The trip to Mallorca went really fast. Suddenly, I sat in a small apartment with a fairly large room and two small bedrooms. I shared the apartment with two girls named Stina and Anna. Anna was really cute. She had dark long hair and she was pretty skinny and quite tall. Stina was pretty cute too, but she was a little plump. I had intended to begin to unpack my things, so I asked how we should do with beds and wardrobes. But Anna thought we'd take that later: "Let's celebrate that we got here, do you want a little whisky."

She did not listen to any reply from us, she just went to the cupboard above the stove and took out three glasses. I took out the bottle I bought at the airport and Anna came with a bottle of gin and another bottle that was green.

"Sodas, crisps," I said since that's how one makes a party.

"Well, can't we take it straight," Anna thought. "By the way, we can make dry martinis then you need no sodas."

I had never tried any dry martini, but I knew that it should be gin and Martini in it. Anna lit a cigarette and poured the gin in the glasses. Then she poured to the brim with martini. She gave us a glass each and said:

"Cheers and welcome."

"You become a perfect tour guide" I said, lifting my glass towards her.

I lit a cigarette too, though I saw that Stina did not like it. Anna saw it too, she said:

"I can sleep here in the big room if you are disturbed by the smoke."

So it was decided I had one room and Stina the other. But we said that Anna could take my or Stina's room if she would get a guy. As we sat there and took a few drinks we came up with the idea that we could go out on the balcony. It was really nice there. The sun was shining and it was warm. We talked about everything. Stina came from Linköping and Anna came from Gubbängen. They were about the same age as me and none of them had any guy. Stina wanted to be a tour guide on any ski resort in the Alps, while Anna wanted to be a tour guide in Greece. I said I had no idea. Both ski and Greece sounded cool I thought. Unfortunately, I drank probably a little too fast for I felt really drunk. I lay down on the bed and fell asleep, probably directly. When I woke up it was dark outside. I woke up since Anna was shaking me. "You want food, we've fixed some."

On the table lay bread, cheese, sausage, tomatoes and stuff. Stina was eating a sandwich. In the middle of the table was a large plastic bottle with red wine. It looked good, but I was so tenacious in my head that I could barely even eat a sandwich. We drank more wine and decided that we should find the others in the course. We didn't finish the thought, since there was a knock on the door. There were some girls that I had seen on the bus. They wondered if they could get in. They had brought several bottles of premade drinks. In addition, they had chips and peanuts. After a while three guys also came in. One of them had brought a tape recorder. That made a smashing party. I felt very happy and I danced a lot. We partied for several hours until it came a guy who I believe worked at the hotel. He said that we had to turn down the sound because there were a lot of old people who wanted to sleep. We turned off the music and went out on the town to find a disco. We walked around here and there. On one street, it was several guys that handed out invitations for various discos. One of the guys also accompanied us to his disco. The disco was almost empty, but when we left the invitations in the bar we got a drink each. We danced a few songs. Then there were some who

wanted to try the other places. They were just empty as well, but we had a free drink at each place.

That way about every night passed. We ate sandwiches and then there was a party in one of the rooms. Sometimes we played some cards too. Every night we went on a free drink tour among all the discos. Eventually they got tired of giving us free drinks, so then we just had parties in the rooms. There was a pool at the hotel, but he who tried to swim said that the water was very cold. Some days I was almost together with one of the guys on the course.

We at least had sex, and he said he liked me. I liked him too, but after a few days he came to the conclusion that he liked one of the other girls better. I was pissed on her. When we had a party in her apartment, I peed in her suntan lotion. I think it was her suntan lotion at least, since it smelled coconut, just like her. Although I almost never ate at any restaurant, my money was running out after a few weeks. So it was for the others too. We were drinking less and less expensive wine. Some of the wine we drank was really so disgusting that we had to mix it with soda, but then it was pretty good.

One evening when I sat at the bar in a disco with Anna, it was a German guy that started to talk with us. He was quite drunk but still nice. He seemed to think that we are whores, so Anna did not like him. I had no money so I almost thought one might earn a little money. But Anna said firmly and loudly that we really were no hookers. Several of the others that where in the bar turned to us and started laughing. Instead of going away completely embarrassed, he offers us drinks. He was really nice and said a lot of funny things. He came from Germany. He joked about what Germans thought about Sweden. I do not know if it was true, they thought we were really boring and efficient. I said I thought all Germans were like soldiers. Then he got a little grumpy, but he continued to buy us drinks. Anna and I tried a bit lame to pay one round, but he told us to put our wallets down. He stayed with us all night and we got really drunk. I kissed him a little and accompanied him to his hotel room. I felt amazingly eager to have sex with him, but when we got into his bed he fell asleep. I tried to wake him up but then I fell asleep too. In the morning when we wake up I had no desire anymore. I would gladly have gone out with him again, but he said he would go home the same day. It felt a little sad and romantic. That we would never see each other again, so I remained with him in bed and we lay there all day. He was staying at a proper hotel so he called and ordered food and champagne for us. We also had sex several times. He runs out of condoms and he says that he absolutely does not want to have sex without condoms, since then his girlfriend will beat him to death. He calls on the phone and tries to explain that he wants condoms, but it does not seem like they get it. In the end, he goes off to one of his buddies and gets condoms. I followed them in their taxi to the airport. There he bought a silver necklace with a little heart and gave to me.

The course itself was held at the hotel. Most of the time we were acting. A person would be whiny guest and anyone else would be the tour guide. One time, for example, I would try to switch rooms for a couple who wanted a room with a double bed. I talked to a guy who pretended he could not speak any English. He all the time said a lot of filthy words in Spanish and I laughed the whole time. We had theory lessons as well. One girl talked about what to do if someone got sick and stuff. We had no books, all we got was a block and a pen. First I wrote down a lot, but when I then tried to read what I have written I understood nothing. Then I stopped writing.

We got to practice tourist Spanish and tourist Greek too. Spanish was okay, but Greek was completely hopeless. I barely even successful learned to say "parakalá" which apparently was

really important to knew.

The last evening the tour operator held a party in the hotel restaurant. It was pretty fun. It felt a bit sad about going home, but my wallet was completely empty and I was also quite tired of partying. It was like the same thing every night.

When I got home it was about as usual, though I actually called around to a lot of travel companies and asked if I could work there. All said I was very welcome to submit an application, but they had no vacancies right now. But one day, just before midsummer Anna called. She told me that she got a job at a travel company, it was great fun.

Then she said that I could start there also, since they needed a tour guide on a bus tour to Germany. I was thrilled and said yes immediately before she even had time to tell me the rest. I got the address to the place where she worked, they wanted me to come there directly. I didn't even have time to figure out what to wear, neither to figure out what to say, or to bring my grades. When I got there, it seemed, however, not as it mattered. I called at the door of the travel agent's office. Anna opened and behind her stood an older guy.

He seemed to be a typical manager. He greeted me and said that I appeared to be perfect. He grabbed my hand and pulled me into a room with a bunch of brochures and stuff. Then he asked me to take my clothes off. I was really surprised, but what the hell would I do, since I really wanted the job. I stood and hesitated, pulled a little in the shirt. Damn he had seemed to be a pretty nice guy, but he's turned out to be a disgust. He must damned well have seen that I looked very frightened, but he said nothing. He just stared at me when I started to pull up the shirt. I undressed me very slowly but in the end, I stood on the floor of that storage in only panties, bra and stockings. Then he opens a cupboard and asks what size I have on blouses as he begins to delve into a shelf with light blue blouses. He gave me five blouses, two skirts, and two blue jackets.

-You will be gone a week so you need some to change in-between. Do you have any questions?

Actually I had a lot of questions, like "what should I do", "when should I start", "where should I travel," but the only thing I dared to ask, without feeling too amateurish were:

-Salary?

That's right, you get the standard salary 600 a day plus expenses. How do you want the money, do you have an account, we can put it on?

-At Handelsbanken, I said.

-Good, what's your number.

Then everything was apparently clear.

"The bus leaves tomorrow at six. It goes from the City Terminal, You sleep in the bus and arrives in Hamburg tomorrow. You knew some German, but you can still get a phrase book with you if you want to practice a bit in the bus. You will stay in Hamburg over the day and sleep there for tomorrow night. Then you go to Munich and sleep there and then you go to Austria for a few days. Best of luck!"

"But how do I find the bus, which bus it is."

"It's easy, it's white and it says Jansson bus on it. The drivers name is Tore. Be there at last at five. Wait, I'll get the list of participants and the road map."

I was so very nervous that I could not fall asleep until five in the morning. But then I slept all day. I slept for so long that I did not wake up until four in the afternoon. I did not think it was true when I woke up. Since, I have almost never slept that long before, and I did it this particular day. But I did not directly stay in bed thinking about that. I just showered, packed

some clothes and underwear and stuff as well as German book in a bag and went to the City Terminal. Then I stood there in the City Terminal feeling confused. I was completely mushy in the head after all the sleeping so I did not understand where I should go. But other people seemed to think I was working there as some tourist information officer or something, since a bunch of people came up to me asking stuff. There were so many people asking that I did not have time to think about where I'd go.

I was quite angry and annoyed. When I was the most angry and irritated, an old man in a blue blazer came up to me. He asked if I was a tour guide and I replied:

"Nah, I'm a cop."

Then he said:

"Too bad, since I'm looking for a guide who will be on my bus. They usually have the kind of jackets and blouses that you wear. "

So I caught the bus in the end.

He asked if I was new and when I said I was, he continued:

"Do you know what to do?"

"Nah."

"It's okay, I can show you. First you and I stand outside the bus and greet all passengers welcome. You take them in hand and introduce yourself. Then you plot them on the list."

"The list?" I immediately became even more nervous. I had not seen any list.

"What do you mean you have not received a list of participants?"

"Well, yeah I know I have."

I opened my bag and dug around in it. The papers that I got from the company were in the bottom, but I did not want to pack up everything and put it all there on the ground. So I tried to pull them up without taking out the clothes that lay on top. Meanwhile, there came a retired couple who pulled a large suitcase each.

Tore said hi and welcome to them as he held out his hand.

"Wait, I'll take care of your bags, while we wait for our tour leader Elisabeth to find her papers."

They watched me all three, and I said:

"Hello and welcome."

Since it was the only thing I came up with. I continued to rummage in the bag. I finally got panicked and tore up all my clothes on the sidewalk. There on top of the pile was my cutest panties. It felt so embarrassed. Anyway I found the list.

It came more and more travellers and I did not have time to say:

"Hello and welcome" look happy, talk about what they would do with their luggage while checking off all the names on the list, so I gave it up with the list and figured that I could just as well do that later. All who came were old men and ladies. Luckily all of them could go into the bus by themselves. They all looked happy and they sounded really grateful that I greeted them welcome. Just before the bus was about to go, three men came running. They seem very drunk, but they said they're going with us. They're talked some strange dialect. They said that they thought I was cute, and they wanted to give me a drink. I said that maybe I could take one later. When the bus had started I took out the list of all the names. Then I went around and asked what everyone was called. It went great. As I walked around and dotted off people on the list, people gave a whole lot of questions, like:

"When are we there?"

To almost all the questions I answered that I didn't know but I would check it up and come

back. But when I asked the bus driver about what to say, he thought I should give all the information in the speaker. The driver gave me the microphone while we talked about what I would say. The crazy thing was that I happened to press the button on the microphone while I happened to say:

"What the hell was I going to say." But it sounded as if everyone just thought it was funny. The driver, Tore, then said that I did not need to do anything, so I just sat in my seat and looked out the window. After a while I fell asleep. A couple of times, someone came up and asked something. Luckily Tore answered all the time. After several hours, we stopped at a restaurant somewhere.

Tore said it was time for a snack, tooth brushing, peeing and smoke break. He told me to go ahead into the restaurant and tell them we were a big company then they would give me coffee. But I would wait until the end to take my coffee. It did not happen so much more. I fell asleep again and then I woke up in the middle of the night in a place with a lot of ugly lamps. The bus driver said it was a ferry terminal.

Everyone who wanted could stay in the bus while we went on the ferry. But it felt so uncomfortable to sit in the bus when we were on the boat. It was a lot of weird noises all the time. I walked around a bit. There were not many who were awake. I found a cafeteria that was open. It was almost empty.

In one corner there is a bunch of drunk guys and elsewhere there are two old men. I stand for a while watch all the sandwiches and buns. I do not know if I want something. Then two girls who seem to be in my age comes up. They say something to me which I think is hi. It sounded as if they were Russians or something. They take a bottle of wine, pointing at me and show with their fingers that I should go with them. So I do. We sit under a staircase and then one of them screws of the cork and starts drinking. They drink a few big gulps each and then they give me the bottle. I did not think any of them paid for the bottle, but I did not really know how I would ask them if they had stolen it neither in English nor Russian. Besides, I was not sure I wanted to know. I figured that I probably really should go from there. But when I would go from there they went so angry that I took the bottle and drank a small sip.

Then I said I must go. But one of the girls holds me down. The second presses the bottle against my mouth and says:

"You must drink."

I feel really scared. It was so weird, the girls looked really cute, but it turned out that they were really nasty. I did not dare do anything but take a few more sips.

"Where is your bus going?"

"Hamburg."

"We want to join you on the bus."

"But you do not have tickets."

"You shall take us on the bus."

"But why?"

"We want to go to Hamburg."

"I can't take you on the bus. All people will wonder what you are doing on there."

"But you are the tour guide, you decide."

"I do not, the driver decides."

"But the driver sleeps now."

"But when he wakes up he will see you and everybody else will see you too."

"No, we hide under a blanket."

I tear myself away and say:

"I do not want to do that, I can lose my job."

Then both rip me down on the ground. One girl holds me. The second takes out a knife that she presses against my throat.

"We have to go to Hamburg you see, we are afraid to hitch hike you see. You must take us with you."

It was really scary, but I did not cry or anything I was just completely numb. I dared not to move.

"Do you take us with you?"

I tried to say something but it came no sound. I felt the knife against my throat and when I tried to say something I felt the skin scraped against the knife. The girl with the knife looked very angry. She pressed the knife harder against my throat.

"If you do not say yes I will kill you."

The other girl sits down on my stomach. I jerk and then touch the knife pretty hard. It hurts. The girls talk to each other in Russian. Then the one with the knife says:

"Well do you take us with you."

I knew that it would go to hell, but what could I do. I said:

"Yes."

"What?"

"Yes."

"What?" She pressed the knife harder against my throat. I had to whisper to avoid to be cut, so I whispered:

"Yes, I'll take you with me."

"Very good, now we have to have some wine."

They released me. The one with the knife takes a big gulp of the wine. Then she sends the wine to her friend. She takes a sip and gives the bottle to me. I did not dare do anything but take a sip. In addition, I felt that I really needed some alcohol. But when I took a sip I knew I was about to vomit. She puts the knife away and takes out a packet of cigarettes. They looked Russian. She gave me one and took out a box of matches. It was the most disgusting cigarette I had ever tasted and it started spinning in his head.

They stood up, bent forward so that they should not hit their heads on the stairs.

"Let's go."

Now the girl with the knife looked like angry again.

I stood up and we went out into the corridor. The other girl went first and I went in the middle. We walked along the corridor, she opens a door.

We go down the stairs and as she opens another door. Behind it is the car deck. You could see the bus. It looked like everyone on the bus is sleeping. The door is open. They talk to each other in Russian. The girl with the knife puts her bag on the floor and as she opens it. She's looking for a while and then she pulls up a blue blanket. Then she whispers in my ear:

"Where are empty seats?"

I whisper back:

"In the back."

"Good, you go first."

So I went into the bus and walked towards the rear. The Russian girls came close behind me. It did not seem like someone noticed it. I knew the seats next to the back were empty, so I walked up to them. I stood so they could walk past me and then I pointed at the seats. They

nodded and sat down. She with the knife sat nearest to the window. The other one sat next to her, she spreads a blanket over them. I went in front to my place. It seems as if everyone in the bus sleeping. I sit down, leaning my head against the wall and closes my eyes. But I feel that I definitely can't sleep. It just spins around in my head. Someone in the back of the bus stands up and moves forward. I dare not turn around to look because I'm so afraid that it will show that I'm about to poop in my panties. I am so craving though I dare not go out to smoke. It hurts my stomach. It helps a little when I push my fingers into it though it's pretty tough to sit like that. After a very long time a little alarm clock is ringing somewhere. It is the bus driver. He wakes up and nods to me.

"Good morning. Did you sleep? "

I like would answer, but the throat was too dry, it did not make any sound. So I just smiled and nodded.

"Personally, I have also slept. It did great. Now usually travel leaders take the microphone and tell the passengers that they should take the opportunity to take a short break and go to the bathroom, because then we go straight to Hamburg. "

Speak into the microphone. He probably noticed the panic I got for he looked at me and said: "It looks like you're happy to see that I do it, right?"

Now I really struggled to make some sound and I managed to get:

"Yes, really."

"Well you got to help me to clean up the bus."

Which amazing luck, I thought, of course I said that I loved to clean and gladly cleaned the bus all by myself.

"Shall we take a quick smoke and a cup of coffee before we wake them?"

I nodded and we went. He said he was the driver and that I was a tour guide. Then we both got coffee and juice and sandwich as we wanted. I did not feel hungry. But I said I wanted to buy cigarettes and then I got them.

We came back and woke the others. I got a trash bag and went around collecting garbage. The driver sat in the driver's seat and was doing something. I could see a bit of the blanket there in the back. When I got closer I saw also a foot sticking out underneath it. As I stood next to them it seemed very clear that there was someone under the blanket. When I think about it, the only reasonable explanation for the blanket would be that someone was underneath it. Why would someone put a blanket over a pile of bags? By the way the seats had been empty before. I tried to poke the foot in under the blanket but it went out again. So I pushed a little harder and the girl made a sound. I find a little junk here and there. I go back and forth several times, mostly because I could not sit still. In the end, I couldn't find anything to pick up. The driver says that I should go and throw the garbage away somewhere on the boat. I walks away looking for somewhere while I smoked at least four cigarettes in a row. Someone says something in German in the speakers. There is something about that everyone has to go to their cars, I think. I have to take me to the bus but I just do not know how to get there. I run really fast backward, just to find a dead end, so I run the other way and find a door. Behind it there is a staircase. I remember that I went up the stairs, so now I go down. There is a door and I open it, I hear a lot of noise from cars starting and stuff.

It is empty in front of our bus. The driver looks annoyed when I enter the bus and I do not even wait until I sit before he drives off. I ask the driver about what I should do. He says "You should tell them a little about what's going to happen. You can practice a little before, if it's hard."

"But what shall I say?"

Now it feels like he's pretty tired of me.

"You'll have to read the program, you have it?"

Luckily, I had it. I read through what was on this day at least twenty times. They first ten times I understood nothing. It was just a bunch of words. But in the end, I had learned it by heart. There was quite a lot of talk that could be said, almost a full page. It felt like when I had to make a speech about Marco Polo in school and did not have a clue about who he really was. I had only copied what was written in our encyclopaedia. But I had done some pretty nice artwork, but there was no one who saw it. The worst part was that I knew that our teacher knew much more than me about the guy. Now it was just the same. The driver probably could the schedule by heart. But it actually went pretty good. In any case, no one booed.

Fortunately, it was planned that they should walk around on their own in Hamburg. The hard part for me was afterwards, at five o'clock, when we would do a sightseeing with the bus on which I would talk about what we saw, but I could not think of it now. I was too busy with being really nervous. But incredibly enough, we got all the way to Hamburg without anyone wondering what that was under the blanket. I was really afraid that one of the girls would had to pee or something. But they actually stayed under the blanket the whole trip. The only scary thing that happened was that the driver just in the beginning said:

"Now we hope we will not be checked by the customs officers because it takes such a heavenly time."

"Customs officer?" I said. "What are they for?"

"I do not know, it is hardly to find alcohol or drugs. It's worse when we come back to Sweden. Then they are looking for booze."

Just after he said that, we went past a few guys in green uniforms. They looked very serious, but the driver waved to them and they waved back. It looked like a happy hint so I relaxed a bit. Throughout the trip just one thought was spinning in my head. It's about how the hell I'm going to get the girls off the bus. But I was a really lucky there too. The driver said that as soon as he arrived, he would just clean the bus then he would go to bed.

I think he wanted me to say that I could clean up the bus so I said so directly. He looked pleased. He said I could borrow a vacuum cleaner from the hotel.

We arrive and all, except the girls, went out. I and the driver entered the hotel. I said, in very bad German, that we are from Sweden. I was about to say the name of the tour company, but I could not remember what it was called. Luckily it's was a big label on my jacket. She at the front desk says in great English that we are very welcome then she asked if I had a list.

Amazingly enough, I actually had the list in my hand. She took it, made a copy, and started to write a number after each name. I feel that I am hungry and there is a bowl of candy next to her. Actually, they're pretty disgusting, but I eat a bunch while waiting on her.

I get a bunch of keys and the list. I went out to the passengers and handled out keys. It went pretty good actually. But then I had of course also done it before in one of them role plays that we had. In the role play, it was so that some names had been mixed up so that it was as a partner change. The role play had flipped out and they had started to hug and make out then it had become like a drama. I just stood there laughing and I totally forgot that I was the one who should have sorted out the situation.

Now it was anyway right I think. After a while it was just me and the Russians left. They remained under the blanket. I lifted it and said that they could go. I tried to sound harsh, but it did not work at all. They said they were tired and they wanted to sleep in my room. I said:

"No you can't."

They said:

"Yes we can."

One of them grabbed me while the other took out the knife. I dared not to say no.

Furthermore, I thought that maybe it was not so dangerous. It was, after all, my room and there was no one who had to get into it. In addition, the bus driver was lying asleep. So I said: "Okay you can sleep there for a few hours, but then you must go."

They nodded and I went with them to my room. She at the front desk did not react at all. She maybe thought that they were the children of one of the old ones or something like that. They said they would take a shower. I said I would clean the bus, then I went away. I tried to think of what a vacuum cleaner is called in German but I failed. I did not even know the name in English. Though I was sure that it was not called dust sucker. Though since I did not come to think of anything else I said dust sucker. She at the front desk did not seem to grasp. So then I tried to sound like a dust sucker while I pretended to hold one in my hands. She asked if the room was dirty. I pointed to the bus and said: "No but the coach is."

"But the cable is not long enough." She replied.

I checked out. The bus was standing quite close to the hotel, but it was probably much further away than a vacuum cleaner cord. I stood there and felt really confused. Then she said I could borrow something. I did not hear what she said but I said yes anyway. She came out with a broom and a dustpan in one hand. In the other she held a bucket filled with water. It was a cloth in the water. I cleaned up for at least one hour, then I couldn't think of anything else to clean so I stopped. I would gladly have gone to bed, but it did not feel like I could fall asleep. I was so worried about the tour, so I was thinking maybe I should read about Hamburg instead. When I got to the room the door was locked. I knocked several times and waited. I dared not knock loud as I did not want anyone to start to wonder. The bus driver may sleep in the next room. I waited for ages and tapped gently several times. Eventually I realized that maybe it was not my room. All the doors looked the same, and I had not exactly learnt my room number by heart. I wondered how I could ask her at the reception, in a normal way, about which room I had. It was not exactly something that we practiced on the course. But I did quite well I think. I said I would like to see the list that I borrowed from her when I handed out the keys. It turned out that it was the right door though but on the wrong floor. When I found the right door it was still locked, but one of the girls opened, then she ran to the bed. They were not sleeping. They lay in bed and they were naked. But between them they had an ashtray and a small bag of crisps. They held a little bottle each of what seemed to be piccolo bottles of bubble wine.

"Come on have a party with us. There is plenty to drink in the minibar." She with the knife was pointing at a small refrigerator on the desk.

"But you can't take that, then you'll have to pay."

"Do not worry it is included in the room price."

"You have to leave now I must study."

"Have a drink with us."

I dared not say no or if maybe I wanted to show me a little tough, or then maybe I was just really hungry. Anyway, I said "okay". When I went to the fridge, she with the knife said:

"No I can fix you a drink, you just rest here in the bed. Have a cigarette and relax. She sat up in the bed, flattened a pillow, stood up, smoothed the sheet and said:

"Take off your clothes and lay here."

I did so and she went to the minibar and took out a small bottle and a can of Coke. Then she went into the bathroom. I lit a cigarette. The other girl took out a chocolate thing from the refrigerator and gave it to me. The one with the knife came in and gave me the glass.

"Rum and coke," she said afterwards she took her bottle and said:

"Cheers", in Swedish.

It tasted like rum and colas usually taste. We sat and drank in bed. They fetched some beers and a bag of crisps. I could not protest. I felt that I was falling asleep. Then I do not remember any more until someone stood next to me yelling in German.

I didn't understand what he was saying, but eventually I understood that he wanted me to leave the room. It smelled like vomits. On the floor my stuff was spread all over. I had a huge pain in my head. When he saw that I woke up he stopped shouting and talked to me in a regular voice, but I still did not understand what he said.

Though he probably saw how unhappy I was for he asked, in English, if I wanted water.

When he had given me water, he sat down on the bed and asked what had happened. I said I do not know. Or I didn't know how to explain, because I did not want to tell him about the Russian girls. He sat next to me in bed. He continued to speak English and said that the bus had gone. I began to cry. He put his arm around me. I cried even more. He asked again what had happened. Then I told him everything. I don't know how much he understood and how much he listened, because I noticed that he was pretty focused on my breasts. After a while he begun to caress them.

I said:

"Stop that."

Then he said:

"Well we'll have to sort out our business together. You have to pay us one hundred and ten Deutsche Mark for the extra night in this room, the extra cleaning and the drinks in the minibar. And then I haven't charged you anything for the towels that are missing."

He looked at me briefly and then continued to fondle my breasts. I let him do it. I let him have sex with me. It was my debut as whore one could say. It was not as bad as you might think. But it was probably because I was so damn gone in my head. When he had come, he got up and walked out of the room. Before he left, he said that I had half an hour on me to leave and I must absolutely not talk to anyone. I showered and threw my stuff in my bag. There were several things missing. Luckily, my wallet was still there, but the money was gone. My passport and my finest lingerie were also gone. My clothes were at the side of the bed. I did not want to walk around like a tour guide, but what could I do, I had nothing else. I was so very gone that I did not at first notice that there were stains on them. The spots were bright red and smelled really disgusting. They smelled of vomit. I was about to throw up again when I noticed it, but the feeling passed. I managed to pack my clothes without getting any vomit on me. But I changed my mind and threw them on the floor again and put on a new set of tour guide clothes. I went straight out the front without notice if there was someone in the lobby. I think the bus came from the left so I went that way. It does not feel like we're in the middle of a huge city. It feels quite small indeed. The houses are quite low and it is quite dead. I think I was in a suburb to Hamburg. I walked for a while, but it felt completely hopeless. I felt completely hopeless myself too. I cried, walked and cried more. I walked pretty far, but I was still as sad as before, just more hungry. In the end, it was a guy who asked me something in German. I manage to actually answer him in the same language. I told him that I had no money and nowhere to stay. He seemed to feel sorry for me. He asked if he could buy me a

beer. Beer was not exactly what I was craving, but I thought it was better than nothing. We go into a place right next door. It looked much like a Swedish pizzeria. He walked up to the bar and shouted a name, I think. There came a guy who shook his hand. My saviour pointed at me and said I was from Sweden and he found me on the street. Then he asked me if I wanted a beer. We got beers and he took me to a table in the corner. He asked me what had happened and I told my story. It worked amazingly good, in fact it seemed like he understood. He did not even try with English so he must surely have thought my German was okay. We had a couple of beers more and pizzas too. He was amazingly kind and cute actually, though he was clearly too old for me. He was at least thirty-five years old, German and a little overweight. Had he not been a little too big I probably could have been a little in love with him. He gave me quite a few beers, it got quite late and in the end he asked if I wanted to sleep with him. He promised that he would drive me to a good lift place the following day. I said he was nice and that I wanted to come home to him. We hugged a bit in bed. I was really horny and I took off my clothes. Then he did it too and we had sex. It was pretty good, despite his overweight. In the morning we ate breakfast and he drove me to a big gas station.

I went around among the cars and asked if there was someone who was heading north. Pretty soon it was a relatively young guy in an old car that said "yes" and opened the passenger door. He did not say much and he ran pretty fast. It was a bit scary actually because he seemed so very distracted. When he talked to me, he turned his head in my direction, and then he looked not at all on the road. He did not have seat belts, so then I dared not to have it either. For it had felt a bit lousy. The worst of all is that after a while he starts digging in his pocket. He takes out a packet of tobacco and a small plastic bag. The tobacco package also contains a pack of very long cigarette papers. He keeps the wheel and the paper with one hand. With the other hand he pours in tobacco and a bit of what he has in the bag.

"Marijuana," he says and smiles at me.

It just gets too much for me. I try to smile while I discreetly put on my seat belt. He sees it and laughs a little. Then he lights the joint. He asks if I want and I'll take it. Not because I wanted to get stoned, but I figured that the more I take, the less he gets and the safer the trip will be. Now it didn't help that much, because when he should take the joint again he drops it on the floor. He bends down to pick it up. Meanwhile he turns the steering wheel so we run into a railing that runs along the road. I do not know what happened because I fainted. But when I woke up I was lying on a stretcher. They were about to lift me into an ambulance. I did see the car before they picked me up. It was really crashed. The windshield was broken and it was quite bloody. Later they told me that the guy had flown through the window and that he had died. I lie on a bed inside the hospital. A doctor examined me. He asked if I had any pain.

"In the chest," I said.

They ran me into a room with a large X-ray machine, then into another room. After several hours, the doctor came in and said that I have broken a rib, but besides that I seemed to be healthy. I was of course very relieved. A girl came in with a tray with food. She asked if I wanted to call someone, but I said no. Maybe it was stupid to say so, but I couldn't bare telling anyone what had happened. I felt so very stupid and naive. I asked for my bag. She looked for a while in the room, but she found nothing. She then said she'll fix some stuff for me and came back after a while with a bag. In it, she had put a toothbrush, toothpaste, two pairs of giant ugly hospital panties and two pairs of matching socks. Moreover I could stay at the hospital all night. In the morning, I got breakfast. She came with breakfast and asked what

I would do next. I said that I will continue to hitchhike to Sweden. She caressed my hand and said she'll try to see if she could find someone that can drive me to the highway. After a while she returned and said she had fixed so that I can ride with an ambulance. Meanwhile a guy entered the room. He said he was a cop. He said he wanted to ask me what had happened. I told him as fast as I could, because I wanted to go away. But the words just got stuck in my mouth all the time. He said I could take it in English. He also asked what I should do next. When I had replied, he offered me a ride. Maybe an hour later, I stood at another gas station and asked around. But this time, I just asked truck drivers. It took a while, but eventually I had luck. I see a truck with a Swedish license plate. The driver said he was on his way to Malmoe and that he would be happy to take me with him. In addition, he invited me for coffee from his thermos. He was kind. He talked with a strong Southern accent and he had two children. The oldest was a girl in my age. He seemed to be very proud of her. She studied at a college to become a doctor. When we came to Malmoe he said I could sleep at their home. His daughter was at home and we sat and talked all night in her room. We took a long walk and she told me about her life and I told her about mine. I thought that her life seemed absolutely wonderful. It seemed so safe and cosy. In addition, she had a future. But she said that she thought my life seemed very exciting. She had never done anything wrong and she had not even had sex with someone. She asked a lot of things about sex. It seemed like she had never talked about sex with anyone before. She said she thought she might be a lesbian, because she had never been in love with any guy and it was not a guy who had been in love with her either. I said nothing about it, but I could almost understand it because she was not exactly pretty. In addition, she dressed like an old lady. I looked into her eyes and said she was pretty, but she had a bit boring clothes. She said nothing, but she nodded and looked sad. I went up to her so that I was so close that our clothes brushed against each other. Then I put my arms around her, hugged her and said that we could go and shop clothes for her in the morning. She looked happy. We go into her room and took out a mattress that we lay on the floor beside her bed. We laid there talking for a long time. She seemed very lonely, I think, for she said nothing about any friends or so. She just talked about school and stuff. She did even mention that she had no friends. She seemed amazingly sad. She wanted to move away from Malmoe. The day after we went to H & M and we found a lot of clothes that I think suited her. She said nothing, she just smiled whatever I picked out. We bought six pairs of delicious panties, three bras, three pairs of really cute tights and two dresses. She wanted me to have some clothes too, so I got to choose a dress for me. She wanted me to buy panties and stockings too, but I said that she mustn't do it. She paid everything then went to a café. We had coffee for several hours. She said she was a bit in love with me. I told her I like her. She thanked me for giving her so much. At the coming night, she would work at a hospital. I said that I must go home. We went to the post office and I took out some money. Then we went to the station and I took the train to Stockholm. We promised that we would call, and I said that she should come and visit me in Stockholm. She promised me that she would come then we hugged each other. I have not heard from her ever since and I haven't called either. I slept most of the time on the train to Stockholm, even though I only had a single seat.

Flower girl

I went to the employment office to submit my cards and get new ones, when my officer said that she had a job suggestion for me. I would sell flowers. I had told her before that I would love working in a flower shop, because I did it before and I thought it was pretty fun. I called the company and they said I could come and talk about it. The company was in a house outside of town. It looked nothing like a flower shop. And it wasn't either, they were selling roses at various restaurants. I met a guy named George. He was about my age. I think those flower sellers are quite embarrassing, so I had no great desire to work there. But George said I could earn a lot of money, so I said yes. It just worked Thursdays, Fridays and Saturdays and today it was Tuesday. I would wear something romantic he said. Preferably something that had laces on. I do not know if I think that lace is so romantic, besides, I have no clothes with lace on. But anyway I went to the H & M and bought a black dress with laces and a few pairs of panties which also had laces.

When I came back on Thursday, I got to meet a girl named Ulrika. She was a bit younger than me and very cute. We would be working in a team. She had a car with a box in the back. We loaded a bunch of roses in the box and went on our mission. She asked why I started there and I said it was because you could earn so much money.

"Bullshit, so they said to me too, but it is only they who are making money. We get ten crowns per rose we sell. The rest they take. One can't make more than maybe three hundred crowns in an evening and then you have to work like hell. "

"How much are they then?"

"It depends on which restaurant you are in. At a fancy joints like Café Opera they cost fifty crowns each, but in others like BZ they costs only thirty. "

"But how do they know which flowers we've sold where?"

She laughed and said "I know they don't, so I usually say that I hardly sold any flower in the cafe and a bunch of flowers on BZ though it is actually the opposite."

"Don't they notice that it is untrue?"

"Well maybe they can, they can be on the cafe and check out when we sell, so you can't say that you haven't sold any flower at all in the cafe."

Then she stopped the car and looked at me. "You have to have red lipstick that matches the flowers, it sells great. Have you? "

"No, I do not usually use lipstick so often. It tastes so disgusting. "

"You can borrow mine if you want."

She stopped the car and picked up a backpack lying on the floor between the seats. Dug around for a while and picked up a Lancôme stick. "This tastes pretty okay actually, try it." I took it and smelled. It smelled like lipstick. I put a little on one lip and tasted it with my tongue. It tasted not so bad, it tasted almost nothing actually. Ulrika turned down that thing that sits in the ceiling. Behind it was a mirror. It was a pretty delicious colour. But I'm not so good at applying lipstick so it came some a bit off the lip as well. I think that looks so damn silly. Much like if you think you can increase the size of the lips that way. I wiped it off with a piece of paper that I found, but then I lost it a bit from the lip as well. I had to put on more and then it came a bit off again.

When I finally was ready I gave her the stick. And she just pulls it once around her mouth without looking in the mirror at all. I feel like a little girl who is out and about with mom and

got to try her makeup.

She probably understood what I was thinking, since she says:

"I see that you do not usually use lipstick."

"Does it look stupid?"

"Nah, but you had some trouble to get it on. How did you find the taste? "

"It was pretty good actually."

So we were done with it and went on.

The first place we stayed at was a big restaurant that I haven't seen before. She took a basket and filled it with flowers.

"Go after me and see how I do."

It did not seem so hard she went up to the guy behind the bar and talked for a bit, it sounded as usual talk people use to be nice. He looked at me and asked Ulrika if she had a pupil. I greeted him and he asked if we wanted anything to drink after we had gone around among the guests. It felt like he thought I was pretty. Ulrika said "maybe," then she looked around a bit. It looked like she had spotted a few possible customers who looked like they wanted to be romantic. I did not see her from the front but I think she had a giant smile in her face. The guy saw us and looked at his girlfriend. She shook her head. He turned to us and shook his head too. She looked around again and saw another couple. They did not see that she came. She picked up a flower, held it towards the guy and said:

"Why don't you take the opportunity to impress her with a flower, we women love that."

The guy nodded and took his wallet.

"Fifty crowns," said Ulrika.

He looked a bit sulky, but he paid.

The girl looked happy. She nodded as if she thanked Ulrika.

She managed to sell three flowers in there. I did not know if it was good or bad, but Ulrika said it was better than usually. She said that she thought I brought luck with me. I almost believed her, because I got an Irish coffee from the guy in the bar. Ulrika said she wanted coffee and I said, too, and then he asked if we wanted Irish coffee or regular ones. I looked on Ulrika to see if she seemed to think that it would be wrong of me to take one of those, but she looked content, so I said:

"Irish, please!"

It was very comforting that spirit, for then I felt a little warm inside and very courageous. In the next place we would go both, in opposite directions. First we visited the bartenders, then we spread. Ulrika followed me with her eyes and checked if I did okay. Though it was a bit stressing, it felt less nervous than if she had stood beside me. I did exactly as she did in the place before. It went very well and I sold several flowers. The only embarrassing thing was when I went up to a guy who was sitting opposite a girl with long dark hair. The girl looked the other way, but the guy looked at me. It actually felt like he was watching me. I said just like Ulrika said. Then the girl turned her head towards me and it turned out that it was not a girl at all. I felt how I got way too hot in my face. I think, however, that they thought it was kind of funny, because they both started laughing. And the guy who I thought was a guy which also was a guy said:

"Honey, do you want to have a flower?"

Then they laughed even more and then I start to laugh too. When we meet outside on the street, it turns out that I actually sold more flowers than Ulrika. The rest of the evening there was like a competition on each joint we went into. Sometimes she won, other times I did.

Though I won more often than she did. Additionally, I was given a beer in two places. We sold so well that we run out of flowers and it was not even twelve o'clock. Ulrika said she thought it was because there were so many tourists. They want to show off a little, she thought. That may have been so for there were several who spoke English, or sounded like they came from way out of town.

"Damn between twelve and one is the best time," said Ulrika. "We have to try to get more roses to sell."

"Yes, but how do we get hold of it?"

"Once I found a bunch of flowers on Palme's grave, we go there."

I thought she was joking, but she sounded really serious. So I nodded. We might as well go there and check, I thought, though I never thought that there would be no flowers there. But it was actually. There were quite a lot of different flowers but it was at least two bouquets of red roses. We took them and removed the cords.

They looked quite okay and we managed to sell them inside the cafe Opera. When we made it, we sat in the car and tried to think of some more graves to go to. Ulrika knew a huge cemetery that was a bit outside of town. We went there and walked around a bit, but we found no roses at all also it was getting pretty late. We went back to the car and counted all the money. I had one thousand five hundred crowns and Ulrika had nine hundred and fifty. Ulrika thought we had with us fifty flowers. But she could not get her adding right because I got so much more than her.

"How much did you sell them for?"

"Fifty crowns, just like you."

"Oops" Then she began to laugh.

"It was just inside that fine restaurant and inside the cafe that we charge fifty crowns. But still, you sold more than me, you're really a star at this. "

I was actually a little proud when she said that. Maybe I was a bit good at this, I thought.

"Okay now we have to figure out how much to give to the boss."

We kept on adding back and forth for ages. In the end we decided that we on the paper had sold forty four flowers for thirty four crowns each and four for fifty crowns and then two were broken so we had to throw them away. This meant that we could keep nearly a thousand crowns. Before we went into the manager's office, she wrote on a piece of paper how much flowers we sold at each place. When we got to the boss, there were some other girls there too plus some guys who seemed to be friends with the manager. The manager gave us coffee and buns. Ulrika said I was good at selling. We gave him the money and he looked at it for a while, thinking. I was so scared that I did not dare look at him. After a while he said:

"Good job girls, sad though with the flowers that broke."

Then he gave us two hundred and twenty crowns each.

"Now you can go home if you want or stay and play backgammon with us."

We wanted to go, so we said:

"Bye."

When we came out Ulrika asked where I lived. It felt weird. Like we had known each other for years, but she didn't know where I lived. I said I was staying at my parents in Sollentuna.

"But how will you get home then, since the commuter train has stopped going long ago, haven't they?"

"Night bus", I said.

"Otherwise, you get to sleep at my house."

I was excited about the possibility to avoid night bus, so I said yes immediately. We went out on a major road and waited until we got a free taxi. She lived with a bunch of friends to her in a villa in Sundbyberg. When we arrived there about three o'clock, but it was still two guys who were awake and playing video games. On the table in front of them lay several bags of crisps and a bunch of empty beer cans. They hugged us and said we could take as much as we wanted. I was so hungry so I ate a lot crisps. A guy walked away and came back with a bottle of gin and a bottle of Coke. We had some drinks and eat crisps and pop-corn for several hours. Then I fell asleep on the couch. While we sat there drinking one guy suggests that we should buy flowers in the wholesale halls and sell ourselves. He said he could take us in his car if he got a hundred crowns an hour. So we did. We slept quite a long time, bought one hundred roses for three crowns each, ate pizza and chilled in the car for several hours. Ulrika called the manager and said that we had been sick and could not come tonight. When it was half past nine, we started to go on our round. It was even better than the night before, but when we only had one place left, we met the boss. He did understand exactly what we were doing. He became pissed and pushed Ulrika so she fell. He said that we can go to hell, and if he sees us selling flowers again, he will see to that we are beaten. It was really scary, but we earned over a thousand crowns each. The saddest part was that Ulrika was pissed at me and she asked me to go to hell. So I did, I went home to mom and dad. Though before I did, I gave the guy who drove the car my share of his money. He thanked me and gave me a hug.

Sex services

One day when I was out walking around in town, heading nowhere, I met Tina. She looked happy to see me and she thought that we should go to the nearest tavern and have some wine. This was on Södermalm so we quite soon found a suitable place. She told me about everything that had happened and I told her about the tour guide job and so on. After we had talked for a while about what has happened to us, she told me that she would open a phone sex service and wondered if I wanted to join her. It sounded easy. We would put ads in porn magazines. We just had to take some sexy pictures of each other with cucumbers and stuff in the mouse. Under the picture, we would have our phone number. The phone number should be some kind of special number that it cost a lot to call. We would sit and wait by her phone until it rang and then we would groan a little and things like that. In the end it would give us a lot of money.

I felt quite tingly, finally, I could start something on my own. It was a bit scary too, think if my dad would read the magazine. We had great fun when we were working on our plans. We ordered another a bottle of wine and drank it really fast while we found out various things we could say.

"Oh, I'm so horny that it hurts, Ahh Ahh" and shit.

She thought we'd say "Oh your cock is so big, put it in me, please."

But I thought it sounded a bit silly, we could not know how big their penises were. "Should we not question them about that before?" I thought.

"Are you stupid, all the guys want you to think that they have a big dick. By the way, you will not say penis, it's called COCK, huge cock! "

She said it is probably a bit too high since people who even sat several tables away turned and stared at us. A guy who was sitting with his back to Tina turned and said "Talking to me?" then he turned to his friends and they laughed as hell.

"Let's go," said Tina.

We came out on the street, but it was as if none of us knew what to do next. I wanted to continue talking to her, but I did not know how to say it, so I just looked at her. After a while she said:

"Shall we go home to me? I have a couple of wine bottles at home and I have a tape recorder, we can practice a little bit."

So we did, we walked to the subway and went home to her. She lived in a very sad house that was big and far away from town. The door to the apartment was in a corridor that was on the outside of the house. We had to walk quite a long way outside of the house until she stopped at a door. But she didn't pull up any keys. Instead, she pushed the ring button. We waited, but nothing happened. We rang again, but still nothing happened.

"Don't you have any keys?"

She looked a little embarrassed.

"I live with a guy. I moved there right after I was released. He has said that he will fix keys for me, though he hasn't done it yet. "

"But what if he is not at home? What do we do then? "

"I tend to stand out here and have a cigarette. After a while, usually the guy who lives in the apartment next door opens and asks if I want to come to him for a while."

It worked, as we stood there smoking, the next door opened and a guy who looked pretty old

came out and said:

"Hi Tina, you have a friend with you, would you come in for a coffee?"

Tina nodded and we went in to him. He started working with the coffee machine and we sat at his kitchen table.

"We should start a company." Tina said.

"Doing what?"

"A sex service. We'll do sexy talking on the phone. "

"That sounds great. Then maybe I can get some discount. "

"You can get it all for free."

"Do you know how to arrange it then?"

"Nah not really, though I met a girl who was doing it and she gave me the phone number to a place where you can call and order one of those numbers. Then you have to call the porn magazines. You know, Cats, Aktuell Rapport and all that. "

"Of course I know, but do you know what to say then?"

"It's not so hard, we just say things like: Ooh your voice makes me so horny, I have to rub my breasts, Ooh how nice and then moan like hell."

"It sounds good, but shouldn't practice a little before you start. It must be floating, because otherwise nobody wants to hear you more than like a few seconds. We can call one of the numbers if you want, so you can hear how it sounds. "

Tina looked happy. She stood up and walked over to him.

"You really are a great guy, it would be great."

He placed three cups on the table then he went away. When he came back, he had a giant phone in his hand. The phone was connected to a very long extension cord. He poured coffee for us and asked:

"Milk?"

Tina said "no", and I said "yes."

"Unfortunately, I have no milk, but Per might have it, I can go in and see."

Tina looked very surprised.

"What do you have keys to his apartment?"

"Nah, we usually climb over to each other over the balconies."

I did not think he would risk falling off the balcony just for me to get milk, so I said that I had changed my mind and did not want any milk, but Tina still looked pretty surprised. I think he understood why, for he said:

"Sorry I did not say it to you, but I think it has been so much fun when you've been here, so I haven't told you."

Then Tina looked happy again, she even hugged him and said:

"Oh, you are really cute."

"He went away again and came back with some porn magazines. He leafed through one of them until he found a page with a bunch of small pictures of naked girls in various positions. Under each image, it was written things like:

"I want you to spray my ass full of your sperm" and a phone number.

"What should we take? Ass full of sperm, or I get so horny that I has to masturbate on the kitchen table?"

"Ass full of cum" said Tina.

He dialled the number and we waited quietly.

The phone had a great speaker and I could hear signals clearly without having to lean forward.

After a few signals a girl replied who said her name was Nina. She sounded ridiculous.

"What is your name?" Nina said.

"Anders" the guy said.

"Hi Anders what do you want? Do you want to hear when I caress my clitoris? "

"Yes."

Then she started to moan and say a lot of porn stuff.

At first I did not believe it was true, then I was embarrassed. Then when I heard a sound like slush I was about to start laughing. Though Tina started laughing before me. Then Anders also began to laugh. Then I laughed too. Nina got pissed off. She asked us to go to hell then she hung up.

"I will never do that, I tell you."

"Well, it was not so difficult." Tina thought.

"You'll have to practice a bit." Replied Anders.

"Then I have to have more wine." Tina said. "Can't you go to Per and fetch some bottles?

They are on top of the cupboard. "

"Sure," said Anders and walked away.

After a while, we hear a loud noise from glass crashing on the balcony. We rush out and then we see Anders, who sits on the balcony railing. Under him on the balcony the floor is red. At first I thought he was bleeding but then I realize that it is one of the wine bottles that had broken as he climbed over.

"Damn I dropped a bottle. I do not like to put my feet in the puddle. By the way, maybe it's broken glass in it. "

Me and Tina fetched paper towels, but we did not find any so we took toilet paper instead. First we took a little bit each. But it got not at all dry so we had to go several times to get more toilet paper. Finally Tina took the whole roll. I got a small cut on a finger, but it was only small. The worst part was that when I touched the finger it hurt a lot. In the end, I saw that it was a small piece of glass left. Anders and Tina said they would have to surgically remove it. I sat on the toilet seat, Anders held a flashlight directed towards the finger and Tina poked in the wound with a needle. She had heated the needle first since that's how you disinfect it, she said. Though I do not think it was so clean because I got black stains on my fingers from it. Anyway, we just had a bottle of wine and it was emptied pretty fast.

Especially since Anders had so big glasses. The bottle was emptied after just one glass each. We all wanted more to drink even though we had completely forgotten why we should drink in the first place. In any case, I had. Anders had a collection of these small bottles of booze that you get when you are flying. He said that he collected them and did not actually want to use them. Then Tina said she thought it was a bit silly to collect things. I said that I agreed with her. In addition, I told them that I had sold all my collections. Collecting stuff is only for kids. It's just extra work when you have to move. But he still wanted to save them. Then Tina said that it's just a pain to have a lot of bottles standing because then you just go and think of them every time you're thirsty, and then there will be a pain to have them. He should drink them quickly to get rid of the pain. I said that he could pour tea and water in them, thus he would have the collection left anyway. That would make a double benefit. Then he said that it was okay that we took some. First he brought us a bottle each. I got a bottle of whisky. Tina got brandy and I think he took brandy too. Then we took all three a bottle of whisky. I think I drank five bottles of whisky. It was clearly my record. Then I remember nothing else from that night. But Tina said I fell asleep on the couch. Then came her boyfriend and they carried

me into their apartment and put me in their big bed.

When I woke up, Tina was still asleep so I waited for her to wake too. Her boyfriend was away so it was only her and me. Tina woke up a little, looked at me and said she was freezing. I said I also froze, but really I did not. Then she rolled over on my side so that she was very close to me. I lay on my back and she lay on the side facing me. Her chest was against my arm. Her thigh was against my thigh. She looked me in the eyes. Then she kissed me on the mouth. She kissed only once, afterwards she just lay there and looked expectantly at me. I have fantasized a lot of times about having sex with another girl, but I have never believed that I would like that in real life, but now I actually wanted it. One of my fantasies was about like this. I mean I would sleep in the same bed with a friend and then we would start kissing. I felt how she pressed herself harder against me so that her breasts met my breasts.

"What nice tits you have," she said.

"Yours are finer."

"No, yours are fine and you have so fine nipples."

"But yours have finer shape, mine are so flat."

"Yes, but that's only because you are lying down."

"I think not." I said and sat up in bed. "Look your breasts are certainly finer than mine when we both are standing up.

She also sat up in bed. "No, my boobs are saggy. Though they might be a little bigger than yours."

"A little bigger, they're much bigger, they are at least c-size. By the way your nipples are probably much finer than mine when they are stiff. "

"They are stiff now, would you like to feel?"

I touched her left nipple with the index finger. It did not feel at all like mine. It was much softer. It went in all the way as soon as I pressed it a bit. So doesn't mine do.

"Harder," said Tina, "pinch a little in it."

I pinched gently with my thumb and index finger. She moaned.

"Pinch harder, don't you like it when someone is pinching hard?"

"I do not know, I haven't thought about it."

"Do you want me to show you?"

"Yes please."

She pushed me down on the bed then she started kissing one of my breasts. She went on and on. It took a very long time before she even touched the nipple. She pinched not at all she just licked and kissed. Eventually, she began to lick the nipple. It was not much but it was amazingly nice. But once she took the nipple between her lips and squeezed it. It really was much more of a sensation than what I ever felt before. It was so nice that I moaned without thinking about it.

"Like it?"

"Oh no do not stop."

But she ended up anyway, just to do the same with the left breast while she stroked and squeezed on the right one with her fingers. I felt really super horny and I knew that now I would not hesitate a second to have sex with her. Though I did not really know how to do it. What I was sure of was that I wanted her to continue, and I wanted her to lick me down there. At the same time, I wanted to lick her. We did all that during over an hour. Afterwards I lay in her arms and we talked in that relaxed way one does when having a bit of hung over and have had sex. I asked her why she had so little hair down there. She looked at me with surprise and

said:

"I shave, don't you tend to do that sometimes?"

"No, should you do it? Doesn't it hurt? "

"No, but it itches a bit when it grows again."

"How embarrassing, I mean, you would not want to scratch beneath, It must look like having lice or something."

"I like to rub myself against the seat," she said.

However, I noticed that she was joking.

"But why do you shave down there?"

"I feel sexier and it feels a lot more when you have sex. You really should try it."

"Okay then."

"Do you want me to show you how? I can be your cunt stylist."

We laughed a lot and she took my hand and led me to the bathroom. She told me to sit on the toilet lid, though far out on the edge. Then she took out a pink razor and a can with shaving cream. She put a towel on the floor in front of me. Then she sat on her knees between my legs.

She squirted some shaving cream in her hand, sat with it in her hand for a moment. She said she warmed it. Then she caressed it out between my legs. But that heating worked probably not so good for it felt really cold. She saw that I thought it was cold so she waited a bit before she gently began pulling the razor. It hurt a little sometimes when she arrived at the small hills that the hair sitting in and I was a little worried that she would cut me, but she was very careful. I got a little less anxious and instead very excited.

She probably noticed it but she pretended like she did not. When she was finished, she kissed my clitoris once, dried me with a towel and asked if I was happy with the hairstyle.

She gave me a small mirror and I held it between my legs. I saw it and laughed hysterically. I also felt a little with a finger. In the end, I said that it was fine.

"Do you want me to take some up here?" She said and caressed my Venus mountain.

"I do not know what hairstyle is in fashion right now."

"String".

"Then I'll have a string."

So she made a strip up there. She said I was beautiful. Then she began to lick and kiss me a lot down there. It was really nice, but I wanted to do something for her too. So I said it:

"Can't I get some more practice on you?"

"Sure," she said, then we changed places.

Of course we ended up in bed. We lay there in bed for several hours and talked about sex. It was really awesome. I guess I've never really talked about sex with anyone before, never in real life anyway. I mean really talk about what I like and have done and stuff. It turned out that Tina had tried a lot of things. She had been with an older guy who was really interested in sex. They had been on a group sex club and once she had sex with several guys at the same time. I told her about my first sexual intercourse and she laughed a lot at my concern that I would have gotten pregnant. She said she also have believed that she had gotten pregnant several times. But regardless of the cosy time that we had, I started to get hungry. Tina was also hungry, but none of us had any particular desire to cook something. We wanted pizza. So we dressed ourselves and went to the pizzeria. But we got no further than to the door, since it was locked.

"Damn, that fucking idiot have locked the door when he left." Yelled Tina.

"What do we do now?"

"I'm not fucking climbing over the balcony. Per has to come home from work with pizza to us."

She tried to call his job, but they said he was out working so they could not get hold of him.

We went out on the balcony to see if we could see the neighbour, but it looked very dark in his apartment, and by the way, his balcony door was closed.

"We call Pizza Express." Thought Tina. Then she went to the phone.

"What pizza do you want?"

"Capricciosa."

"Me too, you want something to drink?"

"Cola."

"Me too."

After, like, one hour, the doorbell rang. Tina crouched down and looked through the letterbox and shouted:

"Hey you see me."

"Well, why don't you open?"

"No, we have a cold here and we do not want to infect you, you can shovel the pizzas down here in the hole."

"But that's not possible they will not fit. Open now. "

"Can't you take out the pizza from the boxes and fold them?"

"But it's not wise I put them out here instead, but first I want 140 bucks."

"No, you can't put them outside, because we can't get out."

"Are you locked up?"

"Yeah, right."

"Okay then, I can try to push down the pizzas, but first I want my money."

Tina brought her purse and rummaged through it. She found 40 crowns. I also had 40 crowns.

We told the guy to wait and then we looked like hell, everywhere in the apartment to find more money. We found type 14 crowns in coins, but was still not enough, so we told him.

Tina asked what it would cost if he took away the Coke. But it still did not work. Now, the guy started to sound pretty sour indeed. Then Tina said:

"try to be a little cool then, we are stuck here and we have not had any food in a long time."

"Sorry but I don't want to pay for your food."

"Maybe if we have a sex show with each other and also give you almost a hundred bucks, then it's even?"

I was totally crazy but I was very hungry and had I felt the smell of pizza so I thought it might be okay, maybe even a little sexy. The guy was quiet for a while and then he said he thought it sounded okay. So Tina threw our money through the letterbox. Then she lay on the floor in front of the door and pulled off her pants. The mailbox was opened. Tina took off her shirt, bra and panties. I also took them off. Then I lay beside her, but with my head between her legs and started licking her. Tina moaned a lot, like that porn moaning. I also tried, but it was mostly painful. After a while I heard someone came down the loft. The person asked the pizza delivery man what the hell he was doing. Holy shit I thought it was the neighbour. The delivery man replied:

"Check they do a sex show for me as payment for my pizzas. The neighbour also checked. So now it was two guys who checked in through our mailbox. Tina pretended that she came and crawled away so that they couldn't see us anymore.

"Okay give us our pizzas now."

"Okay, good show," said the pizza delivery.

"Thank you." Said Tina.

I heard how he began to tear up one of the boxes then opened the mailbox again, and it started to smell a lot of pizza.

"But why do not you open the door," said the neighbour.

Tina explained, and then the neighbour said that the could hand over the pizzas over the balcony.

"Damn it," said Tina as she looked down on the hall floor, where it dropped a lot of tomato sauce and cheese.

The pizza disappeared out of the mailbox and we went out on the balcony and waited for the food. When we had gotten our pizzas and Coke, Tina said:

"What an amazingly luck that you came, otherwise the hall floor had not been very nice after the pizza guy had emptied two Coca-Cola through the letterbox."

The neighbour laughed and said we should do live show instead of phone sex. He said he thought we were good.

"It's certainly not everyone that can have sex in public in a natural and sexy way."

"How do you know it, have you tried?"

"No, but I have read it in a dirty magazine."

Tina and I were not talking about what happened in the hall until after we had eaten the pizzas. Then she asked if I was mad at her because she suggested that we should have live sex while he watched. I laughed and said I thought it was okay.

"Did you think it was exciting?"

"A little, maybe."

"Would you be willing to do it for real? I mean for a real crowd then?"

"Absolutely not. How about you? "

"I do not think so either, but I do not know. I think it is exciting to know that others watch when I have sex. "

"But would you be willing to work on a porno club."

"No damn. A lot of disgusting old men that puts their dirty hands on me, no I don't think so. Besides, it is not the same to have sex on command as if you do it because you're horny."

"I agree. I would also be so very worried that someone came into the joint, someone I know. Someone from the school or so, or even worse if dad would come."

I was really relieved that Tina did not suggest that we should apply for a job at a porno club. Because I was afraid I would not be able to say no. She would maybe trick me into it.

"Does your dad go to porn clubs?"

"I can't believe it."

Tina nodded and said:

"But I could maybe do a porn movie."

She looked expectantly at me. I was really nervous and reached for the cigarette package to take another cigarette. But while I did I realized that I had just taken the last one.

I felt a little ashamed since it actually was Tina's cigarettes.

"I'm sorry Tina, but I happened to take your last cigarette."

"Damn it, I'm desperate for a cigarette. What do we do now? "

"I do not know," I said.

"You'll have to ask my neighbour if he can lend us some smokes until Per come home."

So I went out on the balcony and shouted. Not that I had any desire to beg but I just had to since I felt that I owed it to Tina. But before I went out on the balcony, I put on my jeans and my linen. I shouted "hello" and the neighbour came out. He said we could get a whole package, if he got the same pay as the pizza delivery. I was so desperate and everything, so I said okay. He went in and picked up a pack of cigarettes. Then he climbed over to us. I told Tina what we decided and then she began to laugh. She walked over to the stereo and selected a record. Then it looked like she would start dancing, but she hesitated. She went to the neighbour and said:

"I need a cigarette first."

She danced amazingly delicious. She stroked herself over the body so sexy that I got really horny for real. I stood next to her and tried to do the same while also trying to get off my dress and pants in a sexy way. Though it did not go all that well. Normally I kick off my pants but that's not very sexy and it's really hard to make it so that it looks like dancing. Now, I pulled them down, but they got stuck on the thighs and then I felt like I had giant fat thighs. I pulled a lot but they were still stuck on the thighs. I just wanted to disappear, but then Tina kneeled in front of me and pulled them down. Then she parted my legs and put her head between them. I can't say that it was nice, but at least it felt better than last time. It was easier to disconnect the audience when not being below the hall door and when it was also music in the background. She did a marvellous job and incredibly enough, I actually had an orgasm. I closed my eyes the whole time as she licked me and then when I opened them I saw that the neighbour jacking off. I licked her breasts and just as I would go further down, I heard a short groan from the couch. I turned to him and saw that he had come. Then we stopped. He applauded and said we did great. Then it did not happen so much more. The neighbour climbed back and we sat and talked. Sometime in the evening, Per came home. And incredibly enough, Tina told him everything that had happened. I thought that Per would be pissed off and he was, too. But he was not angry in a jealous way, he said:

"What the hell you have sex for a fucking pack of cigarettes and a pizza. But for me, you have no sex though you can stay here for free. "

"Oh sorry man, it is clear that we can have sex for you too, right Betty. You will get a special show."

I did not mention that I did not want to do it, because I felt a bit sorry for Per. We began by searching among Tina's clothes to find something sexy. Per went into the kitchen and fixed with something. We were in the wardrobe for quite a while and tried clothes. She had a lot of sexy clothes, it was pretty fun. After a while Per came into the room and said that the food was ready. We then had chosen black bras, black panties, stay ups and black short dresses. Tina had indeed c-size bras, but it did not actually look so amazingly crazy on me as I had thought. Per had put up plates and wine glasses on the living room table. In the middle of the table was a toaster. Beside the toaster there were bread, cheese, caviar, egg, cucumber and ham, and two bottles of red wine.

"How nice you've done," said Tina, "But didn't we empty all the wine bottles yesterday?"

"I bought more today. How delicious you look then."

"Just wait until we undress!"

So we ate sandwiches, drank wine and painted ourselves. When we were ready Tina asked Per to sit on the couch, then she put on the same record as before and we started dancing and stripping. When we stripped, we started kissing and caressing each other. After a while I was

lying on the carpet with Tina over me. Then came Peter and put his dick into her. I could see very clearly how his penis went in and out of her pussy. It looked very sexy.

His dick was quite long and small, but there was no hair on it. After a while he pulled it out completely and swung it towards my mouth. I understood that he wanted me to suck on it. But I was a bit unsure if I would do it. What would Tina say if I was sucking her guy's dick. Moreover, it would be such a strange position. But Tina said: "Suck." So then I did. When I had sucked a little, he continued to fuck with Tina. But after a while, he pulled it out again. Then Tina got up and said she wanted to lie on the bottom. So we switched and Per put his dick in me. When we had done so for a while Tina got an orgasm. It lasted a very long time. Then I came, it was not as long, but longer than usual. Finally, Per. Sprayed, not in me, but on my back. I went and took a shower then we all three went into their bed. The next day was Saturday. I stayed with them all weekend and we had sex several times. On Saturday night, we played a game that Per had invented. The rules were that first we decide what the loser would do. For example, licking the nipples on the one who won. The game itself was simple, we spread out a deck of cards on the table and everybody took a card each. Whoever drew the lowest card lost. When we had played for hours and I had tried several things I thought I would never do, Tina asked if we could make a porn movie. Per laughed and said: "Gladly."

I said nothing. But Per went away and came back with a bag. From the bag he picked up a video camera and some wires. He put the camera on the TV.

"Here we go," said Per.

"What do you mean, we must have a story."

"But what the hell, a story in a porn movie, it shall be as little story as possible, otherwise it's just boring."

"Nah, I want it to be a story. We will build up the atmosphere slowly.

"What do you mean, have you ever seen any porn?"

"Of course I have, but I want our film to be better."

"What do you mean will we show it to others or?" I said.

"No, it's clear that we should not," said Tina. "But it's fun if it has a story anyway."

I do not think that I was so very keen on the idea, but still I could not help saying an idea that I got: "Can't we do as we did just now, playing that game and just shoot.

"Great said Per.

"Nice," said Tina. "But then we decide before who will win and what to do to make it flow well."

So it became. Tina took out a paper and a pen and wrote:

First. Tina says she wants to play sex-poker.

2nd. Tina pulls up a deck of cards on the table.

3rd. All picks a card.

4th. Elisabeth pretends to lose and Per pretend to win.

5th. Elisabeth licks Per all over.

6th. They pick new cards.

7th. Tina loses and Elisabeth wins, so Tina licks her.

We kept on writing for ages. It began to feel very cold to sit there all naked, also I felt quite tired and the wine bottles were empty. So I said can't we just film when we have sex and forget about the story because I about to fall asleep. They started laughing, and Per began to fix the camera, while Tina and I started kissing and fondling with each other. After a while,

Per joins us and all three kisses simultaneously. We are doing it quite a while. When we afterwards watch the film in the TV it doesn't show much. A long time you see only the back of Per. Then you see an empty couch. Although you hear a lot of moaning sounds from Tina. We slept for ages on Sunday. I mean, they slept for ages. I lay in bed between them feeling bad and having a hangover. Additionally, I longed very much for to change my position. But I dared not to move, because I did not want to wake them up. Eventually I crawled cautiously out of bed, got dressed and went home. Then I felt quite depressed and I had no desire to ever see them again.

Tommy

Some days later it was really nice weather for several weeks. I mostly lay sunbathing on our terrace. One evening Nettan had a birthday party before she turned twenty. Her parents had made a delicious dinner and there were plenty of beverages. I gave her a very nice lipstick. She said she also thought it was fine. We were not that many, not more than that all of us could fit in her father's car when her mother drove us to town. We arrived at a place where we danced a lot. When I woke up the next day it was light outside. There was a guy next to me, he slept. I tried to think of what his name was, but could not remember it. I did not even know where I was. I walked around the apartment to find a letter or whatever that the guy's name was written on. The apartment was quite large and it must have been very old. There was a kitchen and a large room and then it was several small rooms. In the hall, I found several unopened letters to a guy named Stefan. I went into the bedroom again and checked if Stefan had woken up. But he had not. I lay down again and waited for him to wake up. I wondered a bit if I needed to pee or if I just imagined it. Then Stefan woke and he asked what I thought about. I think that was a bit cosy, guys usually never ask what you are thinking. I got a little bit in love then when he said that. It felt like he cared about me. I said I wondered if I had to pee or not. Then he went with me and showed where the toilet was.

When I came out of the bathroom, I heard a lot of noise from the kitchen. Stefan opened and closed the kitchen cabinets doors.

He continued for a while. Finally he took out a pan from one of the cabinets. He filled it with water and put it on the stove, went to the fridge and took out cheese and stuff that he put on the table. Then he continued to look around a bit. The first thing he said was:

"Damn, there's no bread, can you bake scones?"

"No, yes, the recipe is usually on the packages with baking powder I think, but haven't you any bread in the freezer, then?"

It turned out that he actually had bread in the freezer, pretty much actually. Then we said no more except things like do you want sugar in your tea or would you like cucumber. When we had eaten he went to get a pack of cigarettes. But he did not bring any ashtrays. He told me that I could ash on the plate that my sandwiches had been on. We smoked a couple of cigarettes, then he said that we should go to bed again. Or he did not say that we should, he actually asked if I wanted to go to bed again. I wanted, so we went, but we did not sleep. So, like that, it always was with him. He just said things like "would you like to go to bed, you want a sausage" type. We never talked about who we were or what we did in the past or so. I realize now that I should have asked him a lot of things, but I did not dare. Or perhaps I did not come to think about it, or I did not want him to know some things about me. I said Stefan to him once, but then he laughed and said his name was Tommy. We stayed in bed all day.

When it got dark again, he suggested that we should go out to eat.

"I have no money," I said.

"I have," he said.

We went out on the street and started walking. When we had walked a while we came to a square. I recognized it, it was Östermalmstorg. We continued to go on another street until we came to a restaurant. He did not look at the menu outside, he just looked inside. "This looks cosy, should we go in?"

I did not think it looked cosy, it was decorated with a lot of silver-coloured tables with similar

chairs, and there were mirrors all over the walls. But it was he who paid, so I said I also thought it looked cosy.

I wanted pasta with shrimps, but he thought we should have steaks. It sounded good, but I had not dared to suggest it, because it was the most expensive dish they had.

Tommy said we would go back to him, though he did not go back to the apartment where we were before. We went to the Central Station. He said he had his own apartment though it was not in the city, it was in Nynäshamn.

He had just moved into the apartment, it appeared to be true, since it was almost completely empty. Luckily, he had at least a bed. He also had a kitchen table and two chairs.

I wanted to go to bed with him, but he wanted us to play cards. He took out a deck of cards from one of the kitchen cupboards and from the fridge he took out some beer.

"Shall we play strip poker?"

"Sure, but it's a little cheat because I have a lot less clothes than you. Besides, I'm so bad at poker. I will be completely nude when you just got off your shirt."

"Do you want to borrow some clothes then?"

So I did, I put on a shirt and a jacket, scarf, hat and gloves. It got a little warm, furthermore it was a bit difficult to keep the cards in my hands. If I had to decide, I had begun to take off my gloves, but Tommy thought that whoever won would get to decide which pieces the loser would take off. It was pretty bad for me, since Tommy said all along that I should take off other clothes than the gloves. After a while I sat without panties, pants and jacket, but with gloves on my hands. I think he wanted me to have them on as long as possible because then I dropped the cards all the time so that he could see what I had. But on the other hand, he had to help me off with all the clothes, though he maybe liked it. When I got only my gloves left, he had taken off his pants and underwear. When I lost the gloves too, I said I was so horny that I wanted him now at once. Then we went to bed.

I stayed there for several days. Tommy went to work and I was home cleaning up and stuff. I had no clothes, but I got a little money from him so I could go and buy some. Tommy had a cookbook and I actually did some dishes from it. After a few days I called mom and said where I was. I felt amazingly well with Tommy. It really felt like he thought I was fine. He said a lot of nice things all the time. I longed really to have a friend who I could talk to about him. I've never done it really. I mean talked for hours about how it feels. The only person I thought that I could call was Tina so I did. She was thrilled. She said they might come and visit us. I was excited, but at the same time, I wanted to be alone with her and talk like girls do. We decided that I would go home to her then we would go to us in Pers car when he got home. It was just how we did too. What I wanted to talk most about was one thing that I thought a lot about.

"I wonder if there is someone that likes me."

"It is clear that there is," she replied of course.

"But I mean really likes me."

"You mean love you."

"Right. Mom and dad say they do, but I do not know if they really do. I mean if you love someone then you long for him and wants to be with him all the time, right?"

"Yes, it's enough for me, anyway. But you do not think your parents seem to yearn for you all the time or."

She smiled when she said it. I not only smiled, I started laughing. Mostly I laughed about the thought of them sitting at home longing for me. Then I said:

"Nah that's what I mean. They do not love me for real, they just say it."

"But I think it's like that for everyone. That is one of the things parents say to their children."

"I think not, I think they love their children, at least when they are small."

"Why do you think so?"

"I loved my parents when I was little. I longed for them when I was in kindergarten or, type, with my aunt."

"But just because you love them, it doesn't mean that they love you."

"Maybe, but they says the love me."

"Are they still doing that?"

"I do not know, it was probably a long time ago. I'll fucking ask them."

I really did it. I took the phone and called my mother's job.

"Hi Mom, it's me."

She was really surprised.

"Hi Elizabeth, it's really you who is calling. I am really glad that you called me here. It was a long time ago. I thought you had forgotten the phone number to my work."

It did not sound at all like she was really glad.

"Mom, I was just wondering if you love me?"

At first she was silent. I mean not only that she did not say anything, but she was like quiet inside as well. Then she replied:

"Elisabeth what have you done?"

"No, I just wanted to know."

"Mm, it's clear that I love you, but I have to go to a meeting now, so I must stop. Bye darling!"

I hung up and Tina looked curiously at me.

"What did she say?"

I told her what she said and while I told her I began to cry. It was not that it was so sad that she did not seem to love me, because I had already realized that. The sad part was that I felt cheated. Maybe they had cheated me all of my entire life. Tina tried to say something comforting, but really, I did not want anything comforting. I just wanted to cry a little.

"Yes, it's probably like that for everyone. I think the parents first begin to love one for real when they are old and sick and really need their children."

I stopped crying and thought about what she said.

"Do you think, it sounds so....predicting."

Tina seemed really excited like she was on to something big.

"Well maybe it is, the feeling of love to someone is created if you feel you need him."

"I do not know, I think maybe I love Tommy and I absolutely need him. So maybe your right."

"Exactly, and you said when you were little you loved your parents and then you really needed them."

We sat both silent and looked at each other. It felt really great. After a while, Tina said:

"You, if so, one should really make sure that the guy you want, feels that he needs you."

"How do you do that?"

"I do not know, but one must surely make him crave for you."

We talked further about that for ages, I think we came on to amazingly good stuff. Eventually Per came home.

They had two bottles of gin at home since they had done a trip with one of those cruise ships to Finland. Tina packed the bottles in a backpack together with toothbrushes, underwear and a

towel. Then we went to their car. We stopped at a gas station and I bought tonic and a lot of crisps. We had very cosy together in our kitchen. Everyone was really drunk. For some reason, Per and Tommy thought that we should make a sauna. I said I that a sauna would be cosy. Tina agreed. Tommy started the oven at the highest temperature and the grill too and he switched on all the plates on the maximum level. It got actually pretty hot. At first I did not think it was hot, I just sweated more and more. Tommy was sweating a lot. He took off his shirt. Per took off his shirt too. Then I took off my socks. Then we continued until everyone was completely naked.

It worked quite well as a sauna. Especially when Tommy poured water on the stove. Then he said that we would go for a cold swim, and he filled the tub with cold water. It worked too. I think it was almost like jumping into a hole in the ice from a sauna. Though I do not know if I liked it really. The sad thing was that it was parquet floor outside the kitchen and some flooring pieces curved upwards and then they turned a little black. Though that we did not notice until the next day when we cleaned. I was quite sad about that, but Tommy did not seem to care. It was a little dicey, but it was one of the things I liked about him. That he took so easily on things. I wish he could infect me with a bit of that too.

Tommy was by the way the first guy that I lived with for real. I feel that I not only slept there and maybe had some clothes there. I took some stuff there too. Everything I had, I wanted to take with me from home, actually. It was not much: a swivel chair, a painting, a coffin of wood, a small dresser and a large suitcase.

The coffin, the dresser and the suitcase was filled with my books and clothes. I knew my parents would just refuse to let me move to a guy. They had not met Tommy, but I am quite sure that they would have said no, if I had asked after such a short time. So I said nothing to them. One day Tommy and I just went there in the daytime. I figured that they would be at work, but for safety's sake, I checked first that the house was empty. Then I went and picked up Tommy.

I had already planned what I would take with me. I had made a list that I gave to Tommy. He sat down on the bed with a pen, then he read one thing at a time on the list. I picked it out and said:

"Done."

So Tommy crossed over it on the list. We placed my dresser in the hall, the swivel chair in the living room and the coffin in the bedroom. But still the apartment looked very empty.

"Couch," I said.

"TV," he said.

"TV-table."

"Video."

We kept on like that for a while. It was as if we were negotiating with each other. But it was amazingly cosy. Especially when you thought about how we would have it, like a real family. I had, to some extent, adapted the habit of making lists, so I started to make a list of all the furniture that we had decided that we needed. Although I pretended to forget that Tommy said a table-tennis table and he did not notice it. The list was quite nice and long, but Tommy said it was not a problem because we could buy it at IKEA and then we would just have to pay a couple of hundred a months. We were so excited about it, both of us, so we went around looking through the apartment like crazy. Somewhere there must be an IKEA catalogue. Everybody has one. There were small piles of magazines, advertisements and letters here and there. But there seemed not to be a single IKEA catalogue in any of the piles. In the end, we

went around calling on the neighbours doors. I thought it was a little embarrassing, but it was pretty successful actually. Those who opened probably thought it was cute that we were about to start a life together. Or maybe they were just happy that we were not begging for money or something. Most of the neighbours were old and they said they had thrown their catalogue away, since they had all the furniture they needed. But from an old lady we got a floor lamp. It was quite nice actually, so we took it. In the end, we had gotten also a telephone, an iron pot and a ceiling lamp. A dreadful ceiling light, we took it just to make the old man happy, for it was very ugly. But we had not yet an IKEA catalogue. Though it was not such a problem, since the day after I called IKEA and ordered one. When I received the catalogue, I held on for several days and wondered what furniture and curtains that we would choose. Tommy didn't care so much. Every day when he came home, I showed him everything I had come up with. He did not seem all that interested, but I was so excited so I pretended not to notice that. On Saturday he borrowed a car from work and we went to IKEA.

Tommy was really sweet, he said nothing. He just nodded and looked happy when I put something on the cart. It ended up that I actually lay down a little more than I thought, just because it was so fun. Then we went to a TV store. I let him choose everything there.

At Monday Tommy came home a little earlier than usual. He has a bottle of whisky with him. He says nothing. He just sits at the kitchen table, with the bottle in front. He screws the cap off and throws it in the bin. Then he drinks like it was soda. I ask what he's doing.

"What the hell do you think, I drink alcohol."

He seems very angry. So, I've never seen him before. I didn't really know what to do. But I thought of how it used to be when my father was angry. Then one should rather not say anything, he just wanted to be left alone. But when I am sad I usually want someone to come and comfort me, so I tried to gently ask what was wrong. It does not look like he wants to respond. So I fetch two glasses. He takes them and pours for us both. One glass he pours nearly full, and the other he pours just a little in. I take the little one.

And the best I come up with is:

"I love you!"

He tries to smile, but it looks unnatural.

I raise my glass and say:

"Here's to us."

We toast, but he does not seem to feel better.

I ask if he wanted spaghetti with meat sauce. Luckily he said yes because that was what I meant to cook. When the food is ready, he had consumed half the bottle. He seems pretty drunk. He says I should take out wine glasses. It felt good that he thought of buying something that we could drink together, despite the fact that he was so sad.

After the meal I am a little drunk and he is really drunk, I understand why he is sad. He has been fired. The only good thing about it was that they would pay his salary in three months, though he stopped working today. We continue to drink and then we have sex. It is not as good as usual, since he is so rough. But I let him do as he please, because I thought it will make him feel better.

One morning a few days later when I woke up, I heard a lot of noise from the living room. It sounded as if someone was moving stuff. So I went there and checked what was happening. There, in the middle of the floor was Tommy. Around him there were a lot of planks and tools.

"What the hell are you doing?"

"Birdhouses," he said, "I'm going to start making birdhouses."

"Yeah, and then what? What do you need them for? "

Sell, we will sell them. People love birdhouses."

"But you can't build nesting boxes in the living room. It becomes very messy and it will sound like hell."

"Yes, but we need to earn money and the neighbours are on their jobs now. By the way, it is my apartment."

So it was, we built birdhouses. We arranged it so that Tommy picked out a plank. He put it on the living room table so that it stuck out a bit. He measured and made the dash with a pen then I held the plank while he sawed it off. He sawed a number of pieces and then he tried if they fitted together. He said nothing, but he looked pleased. He told me that I would keep the pieces together when he nailed. But regardless of how I did, the pieces fell apart as soon as he made the first hit. Moreover, the living room table got a lot of scratches. At the first scratch, he became very angry, screamed since and threw the hammer down on the table. Which, of course, resulted in a huge mark. Then the table was ruined anyway he thought, so then it was just to go on. But the pieces just continued to fall apart all the time. I thought it felt pretty hopeless.

Moreover, the birdhouse was probably going to be very ugly and there were no holes for the birds to enter through, but I did not dare tell him. He thought that I would put on my winter boots, stand on the table and hold the pieces together with my feet. I refused. Then he went out and bought screw clamps. In the end, he got together a nest. It looked like shit it was several nails that were not really fastened and the planks were kind of thick. And he still had not said anything about how he thought the birds would come into it. Finally I asked about it. Then he was completely crazy and just threw the nest in the wall. But he did not give up on it. He would do it seriously and make a plan. So he sat down at the kitchen table and took out a piece of paper and a pen. Then he started drawing a birdhouse. I felt a bit lonely so I called Tina. But Tina did not answer so I called around to everybody that I remember the phone number to, but there was no one was home. I went back into the kitchen and said:

"Food, breakfast."

Tommy said nothing, but I started to fix coffee. We drank coffee. I ate a cheese sandwich and Tommy ate two. He still said nothing except when he spread butter on a sandwich and all the butter clumped together in the middle. Then he said:

"Damn", as he threw the sandwich away.

I tried to think of something comforting to say. The only thing I came up with was:

"Tuna, we have tuna. Shall we make tuna sandwiches?"

Tommy did not get happier though, he just glared at me. Then I got pissed. So I opened a can of tuna and made a sandwich with a big pile of it. It was pretty good, but I had no desire to eat, so I threw it away. Then he became very irritated.

"Damn I try to fix something to live on. But what do you do? You do not work and even throw away the food."

I was sorry but I could not think of anything to say. I was about to cry. But I did not want to cry in front of him, it felt ridiculous in some way, so I went out and walked instead.

When I came back it was dusty throughout the apartment. Tommy was sawing like crazy. I said nothing to him. I went and lay down on the bed. I lay there for several hours. The whole time I heard Tommy sawing, nailing or swearing.

I got hungry and went into the kitchen. The breakfast stuff was left. I made a couple of tuna sandwiches. They felt quite dry, so I squirted ketchup on them and put them in the oven. They still looked boring, so I added a little cheese on them. Then, when they were there in the oven the cheese and I looked on the cheese left on the table. It looked pretty disgusting, dry, and sweaty. I thought it might be unhealthy. So I threw it away and then I threw away the sandwiches too.

I asked Tommy if he wanted food. He said nothing. I thought he probably wanted to have food anyway so I cooked spaghetti. We did not have much in the fridge. But I found a package of bacon and an onion. I chopped them and sprinkled them on the spaghetti and topped with ketchup and pepper. I put the spaghetti on two plates and went into the living room. Tommy ate without saying anything. I ate too, it was pretty good. Tommy sat on his side of the couch and I sat on the other. After a while I noticed that he had built some sort of wooden frame on the armrest on his side. When I looked closer, the remote to the TV was fixed in it. I went around to his side and looked even closer, then I asked what it was.

"It is a holder for the remote control."

"Why?"

"So that it will be stuck."

But why? "

"Yes, so you know where it is."

"But don't you destroy the couch if you screw pieces of wood in it?"

"No, it's a great thing that have I come up with. But this is just a prototype. We can start making these."

"But if you want to move around the remote control, then?"

"No that isn't needed, since one is always sitting on the same spot."

"No, you're not. At least not my mom and dad. By the way why should the control be fastened on your side?"

"It's my TV. By the way, it is my couch, too, because I am the one with the loans."

At first I was angry, then I started to laugh. He was so cute in a way. As a young child who is sad. He did not laugh, but when I hugged him, he also began to laugh.

Then we were like friends again. He showed me his birdhouses. He had made two. He asked if I could try to sell them. I said I did not really know how to do it.

He told me to walk around in the residential area across the road. I would push the doorbell.

Then I would talk about how nice it was with birds. When they said they think so too, I would say that we had a lot of birds, since our birds had somewhere to stay. Then I would show a

house and say that they could get a great bird house for a hundred crowns. I did not believe anyone would like buy our birdhouses, but I figured I ought to try at least. Tommy thought that I should practice a little. So we put a house in a bag and I walked out the door and rang the bell. Tommy opened and pretended to be an old man. He barely heard what I said. I almost whispered that it was very nice with birds. He said it was not, because they just pooped. I said that they do not, for they are singing too, and it's cosy. He said:

"Nah, it's just noisy."

"They're sour because they do not have anywhere to stay."

"If we fuck first, I buy a birdhouse afterwards."

We both laughed and then we fucked, without closing the door. When we were ready, Tommy asked almost a little jealous:

"Would you really fuck with an old man, to sell a birdhouse?"

I was glad that he seemed a little jealous, and I told him so. He looked happy about it. Then I went out and tried to sell. No one bought, it was even two who laughed when I showed Tommy's houses. One of them said he could get houses that were both cheaper and better on some shop that I had never heard of. I felt quite sad, mostly for Tommy's sake. I was a bit worried also about how Tommy would take it. Though, he took it very well. He just said "hell" then he threw out all the planks from the balcony. I took out the vacuum cleaner and sucked all over. Then I sucked him, but with my mouth. When we had fucked Tommy said that he would meet a mate. He went away and I sat there all by myself in the apartment. I wanted to look on TV, but I had to sit on his side of the couch. It felt weird. Moreover, it was no much harder to reach the buttons on the remote, since it was so much wood around it. So I looked at channel one all night. Tommy came home when I was sleeping. I know we talked to each other, but I do not remember what we said.

In the morning, Tommy said that the guy he met yesterday owed him money for an illegal work, which he had done. He had received a check for the job, but his friend had written it in my name because it would not be so clear that it was about moonlighting. He said the only thing I had to do was go to the bank and cash the check. I would get three thousand crowns, that I could buy clothes for. I thought it sounded okay, so I said:

"Sure, I guess I can do it."

Then I got the check and we went to Handelsbanken. Tommy said he would buy a new saw, but I could go into the bank myself. I did it. I left the check and my ID. The cashier said I had to wait a while since she had to check it. She took the phone and called somewhere. She asked something, then she nodded and did something under the table.

She told me that I had to wait a bit for it was some error on their computer. I waited, and a moment later two policemen entered the bank. They stopped at the entrance and looked around. The cashier pointed to me and says:

"It's her."

"What do you mean it's her?" Said a one of the policemen.

"She tried to make a withdrawal using a stolen check."

They walked up to me and said that I should go with them. They said to the cashier that she should follow them as well. They took me to a police station. I had to sit and wait there for hours. Then I got into a girl who asked me a lot about where I got the check from and stuff. She said that the check was stolen and that I had tried to steal money from the company that owned the check. We talked for over an hour. She was quite nice actually. She said she understood that I had been deceived by Tommy. When we finished talking, I got a cup of

coffee and then I could go. I was, of course, very sad. I did not want too see Tommy. Instead, I went to mom and dad. I didn't meet Tommy again until the trial. He did not call and I did not call him. Even less I picked up my things at his apartment. Though Mom and Dad nagged on me to do it. But I could not. That's how I ended up here for the second time. Though this time, I just have to stay here for a month. When I get out, I'll visit Tommy in prison, saying that he can go to hell. Then I will get my stuff in his apartment and start studying at the university.

Mia and Stefan

Mia's journey

Mia makes a scenic drive through Germany together with Stefan. It's pretty nice weather for a drive. The sun is shining just enough, which currently is very much more than in Stockholm. Stefan presses one of the buttons in the steering wheel and the CD changer in the trunk switch to the next disc. She looks a little hard on him, but he doesn't notice it.

- But ahh. I wanted to listen to this song, why did you change the disc?
- Now it's too late, it's already changed.
- But you can't just switch discs. I'll decide too.
- But you can change when you are driving.
- But I have no driver's license.
- You better get it then. You've said forever that you should do it, and I have promised to help you, right?
- You would not let me drive the car anyway, right?

She says nothing more. Instead, she looks out on the woods they pass. She had never imagined it would be so much forest here. The country is certainly smaller than Sweden and it live a lot of people here. Yet they all the time passes trees, almost like in Sweden. Stefan drive fast, but Mia is trying to ignore it. Although she relies on Stefan and he has never crashed so far. But just the feeling that he is running much faster than he ever do in Sweden. It must somehow be more dangerous to drive at 180 km/h compared to 110 km/h, otherwise we would not have speed limits in Sweden. The more she thinks about it, the worse it feels. She presses her head against the headrest, to make the whiplash injuries smaller when they are hit from behind.

After they had been travelling for a while without being hit from behind, she relaxes a bit and starts gradually to wonder if there is something they could talk about. Now when they have an enormous amount of time and there is nothing that disturbs. Now they should be l able to talk about little more difficult things. There ought to be a lot of things that they never had talked about, but how Mia can't come to think about what. Strangely, by the way that it should just be on her to come up with things to talk about. Guys, in any case, Stefan, just talks about practical things like what to see or do. Perhaps they should like to talk about things that they usually argue about, now when they are still friends. She would ideally like to talk about that he is always, or at least very often, makes her feel so stupid.

Stefan suddenly brakes. But she manages to press the neck a little extra hard against the headrest. Then she close her eyes waiting for the crash. But there is no crash. Stefan turn off onto an exit, drives a bit further and stops beside the road, unbuckles his seatbelt and says:

- Piss break.

Mia shudder. At first she does not know why. But in the meantime while he is urinating she understands. Should she bring it up with him? But maybe she shall wait until they are on the autobahn again, so he understands that this is serious, not just something she throws out just because she is annoyed. Or does she wait because it feels so hard to bring it up. In the end, however, she says:

- But ooh. Why did you not say in advance that we were going to stop to pee. Maybe I also wanted to pee.
- Well why did not you do it then?
- But you know I do not want to pee like that on the roadside.
- You could have peed before, when we ate lunch.
- Yes, but then I did not want to pee.
- Do you now then?
- Yes, but I can wait.
- Do you want to pee or not?
- Yes, I need to pee. But I can wait.
- How do you want it, you want us to go to a restaurant or something?
- No, I can wait.
- But then I guess it isn't any problem then. I needed to pee and I can pee on the roadside. However, you can't do it, but you can wait.
- But it feels as if it's only on your terms all the time.
- But what do you mean by that? By the way, it's very dangerous to drive if one needs to pee. Also, I probably can't know if you need to pee.
- It's not about that. It's about something else.
- Like what?
- You do not listen to me.
- It's not true. You said you wanted to pee, though you do not want to pee on the roadside. But did you listen to me, what did I say?

She is quiet for a while trying to figure out what he had said. Though she is too upset to remember how the conversation actually began. She really wants to remember it, otherwise he, in a mockingly tone will say that apparently she was not listening, because she did not remember what he said.

Just so it happened. She tried not to hear his sarcastic comments. It went pretty well, but instead it brought up a lot of memories, in the form of feelings she had felt when it had seemed as if he had not listened to her. Actually, it was probably the same feeling, but the situations were different. The clearest memory was from an incident the previous evening. They were chatting in bed at the hotel in Malmoe. She felt a little excited and came to think of a funny incident when she was a teenager and had been to a dance. She was drunk, went outside for a pee, she sat down behind a bush with her pants pulled down. A boy in her class came up to her and said something. When she looked up at him, she fell backwards on her butt. The guy laughed and she with him. She went home not much later, because she had liked that guy. Mom wondered where she had been and she said she had only been to Eva. Mom said she did not believe it because she was too muddy on the back and smelled alcohol. I do not at all, she had answered before she ran into her room. When she went into the bathroom to throw up, she noticed that her panties were very muddy. Then she vomited even more. All who heard the story used to laugh. Now, she told it to Stefan. He looked at her intently during the entire story. Several times when she took small breaks, it looked as if he wanted to say something, but she continued. When she finally came to the final touch with the panties and the vomit, he began immediately to tell about a time when he was pushed into a dung-heap while he pissed, or was it perhaps so that he vomited. She was not so sure, because she did everything to not beg him to go to hell.

He kept on telling and she tried to look as if she was listening. When it looked like he was

done she laughed a little. Then she began to tell a different story that people also tend to think is very funny. The sequence of events was repeated in exactly the same way. Stefan could barely hold back from telling a story about himself, which of course was even crazier than her.

Maybe it was so that he listened, but did not care. It would be almost worse. If he heard me, but didn't care. If he does not care about me, then he can't really like me? I do not care much about what people say, if I do not care about them. She really wanted to go on thinking, but it became too much to keep in mind. In addition, she should absolutely take this up with him. Or maybe she should not. He would probably just be annoyed, but she really wanted to make him understand, maybe it could make things better in some way. He had told her to tell what she wanted him to say, so that she would not be sorry.

She would try to speak as clearly and calmly as possible. Maybe it would get into him better then.

- I do not mean that you do not listen to the words, but you do not listen to my feelings.

- Hey how can I do that?

Stefan sounds derisive. Immediately there is a tie it in her stomach.

- I do not know, but if you say something I want to encourage it and understand what you mean. But when I say something, then it feels like you just want to prove that I'm wrong.

- So it's the hell not, I just say something when I think you're wrong.

- You then think I'm always wrong then, like now for instance.

- Nah, I do not.

- But why do you continue to argue then?

- I do not at all argue. And it's very often that I do not say anything at all.

- But that's also because you think I'm wrong.

- Nah, then I think you're right.

- But why do not you say so then?

- Why, that's unnecessary?

- That's not, because then I would know that you like me.

- But you know that, by the way, I can think that you are wrong, even if I like you. If I did not like you, I would not endeavour myself to the discussion when I think you're wrong.

- But it's not about being wrong or right. It is that we should feel good and enjoy each other.

- I really like you, but I actually want to know the truth about things.

- What truth? It is not true just because you manage to convince me. It's probably just that you're better than me in arguing.

- Because I'm right yes.

- Yes, but it's not about being right, it's about that we should have it cosy together.

- But should I just pretend to think you are right, just so we have it cosy. How do you think it feels for me?

- What right? There have been a lot of times when you have argued, but then it has turned out that I was right all the time.

- When?

- Lots of times.

- Mention any of them then?

She tries to think, but it just spins in her head. It feels as if she is sitting in the back of the cellar, in the darkest part, among the cobwebs. The lump in her stomach is really hard. But she is not in the basement anymore, now she sees only a cigarette. Maybe she would feel better if

she took one, so she bends down and picks up her purse, searching for cigarettes with her left hand. Actually she does not search for them because she feels the package as soon as her hand is in the bag. But she wants Stefan to see that she's sorry and seeking solace in cigarettes. Maybe then he says something nice. But he does not, he just stares straight ahead. In the end, she takes up the cigarette box, takes out a cigarette, puts it in her mouth and starts looking for the lighter.

- You're not smoking in the car. We have said that we should not do it?
- What, "we" said it. We have not at all said so. I'll smoke if I want. It's my car, too. By the way you smoked in the car we had before.
- But it was an old wreck which smelled smoke anyway.
- Yes, but you quitted smoking before we bought this car, so it's not surprising that you have not smoked in it. By the way, didn't you say that you thought it smelled fine when we smoked in the car then.
- I did not, though you can't remember it. But please tell when you want to smoke, so I can park somewhere.
- Stop then, for now I want to smoke.
- But now we can't stop, we're on the autobahn. In addition, we can't just stop, just because you want to smoke.
- But we stopped when you wanted to pee.
- But that's a big difference, if I do not piss I die. I told you, by the way, to cut down on smoking. You thought it was good that we did not smoke in the car, because then you would smoke less.
- Yes, but I just said so in order to convince myself that there was a point for me also in that decision. I actually thought we should smoke in the car. I think it's nice to smoke in cars, by the way, we can have the windows down.
- No, it still smells bad.
- But it's our car and you can't decide everything.
- But we decide together.
- What together? Then my vote I a much worth as yours, then it might just as well be that we smoke as that we do not.
- I promise I will leave the autobahn as soon as we can, if you have to smoke.
- I want us to stop now!
- We can't, we are on a autobahn and here you can't stop.
- But we have stayed several times before, just because you want to pee or change discs or something.
- But then we haven't been on an autobahn or a motorway.
- No that has happened too.
- Well, when?
- Previously, lots of times.
- Mention one.

Once again, Mia is down in the dark cellar with all the cobwebs. She sucks hard on her cigarette even though it is not yet lit. She holds the lighter firmly in her right hand. It's cold in the cellar and the cobwebs smears on her face. She feels a lot of anger, her mouth wants to scream, but no one would probably hear her down there. To somehow let off steam, she starts fingering on the display to the CD changer. The music stops, but shortly afterwards she hear the familiar beginning of the next disc. Mia increases the volume. Stefan looks at her for a

moment and asks:

- Why did you change disc?

- I was tired of the last one.

- But that one you had selected, and this one I have chosen.

- Yeah, so what?

- I was just wondering.

He looks at her and smiles. Though it does not feel like a smile with warmth. It's more like he enjoys a triumph. Now she is no longer in the cellar, it's a nothing around her, only Stefan's mouth. The mouth is smiling. A smile that is cold, hard and without warmth. Mia has seen it so many times before. But only now she realizes that he is always smiling like that against her. The more she thinks about it, the more it is as if the picture zooms out from his mouth to show his entire face. Then the picture becomes even bigger and she sees how they sit at the home of Stefan's friend and his wife. They have just eaten dinner. She sits across from Stefan's friend and Stefan is sitting opposite his wife. Stefan tells about the trip to Oslo that she and Stefan recently made. He turns all the time to his friend or to his wife. They nod approvingly and listen carefully to what Stefan says. Both ask him about various details such as how the weather was and stuff. None of them asks her anything and Stefan never turns to her. Besides one time when the wife asks her if they were in any shops. She is about to begin responding when Stefan quickly say they were in a couple since Mia wanted to look at clothes. Just to continue with a story about a dinner at a restaurant

Then she starts talking despite that Stefan is already talking. Stefan stops and she continues the story by telling about a weird dish they had both which was really disgusting. Stefan looks at her. She feels his eyes in her neck, although her eyes are directed in a different direction. When her eyes were directed against him he smiles against her in the same horrible way. It is as if his mouth struggling to smile though it really wants to tell her to shut up so that it can tell something that is very interesting.

Her mouth keeps telling and he continues to smile in that "shut up" way.

She says nothing more. She had wanted to say something sarcastic, but no words pops up in her brain. And it was perhaps lucky, because then he just would have come up with something even more sarcastic.

Somewhere behind her chair there is a pack of jellybeans. It does not seem to be there anymore. However, she finds something that feels like chocolate. Chocolate would probably be even better and more encouraging than jellybeans, so the hand stops looking and instead it grips the chocolate cake. In addition, she feels that it would be a bit of a revenge to eat a lot of chocolate. Stefan thinks that she eats too much chocolate and stuff. He probably thinks that she is a bit too big. He would not like it if she ate the whole cake, so she does. She takes so many pieces at once that she barely can get them into his mouth, but it's good. At least three rows, she can't chew, they melt into a batter. Stefan pretends that he doesn't see, or else he does not even know she eats chocolate. Maybe she would say something just so that he could hear that her mouth is stuffed with chocolate.

One third of a chocolate cake, then you have to run at least three kilometres, she thinks before she threw two more rows into the mouth. They are pretty easy to get in since the other pieces have become a batter. The batter smears all over her mouth. Stefan still does not look in her direction. Maybe she would ask if he wanted some, just before she puts the last row in the mouth, just as Ulrika did when they were kids. He would not get more than a line in any case. It felt good to do something so unhealthy. A little like spanking herself. The two last rows of

chocolate have just softened, when it starts to tickle in the nose. She can't stop it. She can't even count to five, which she wouldn't have done anyway, before she sneezes so that her side of the dashboard gets covered with chocolate. It looks really disgusting. As if someone had used it as a toilet. Stefan looks at her, saying nothing. But at least he looks irritated. After looking for a while on the dashboard, he asks her if the chocolate was tasty. Mia nods, but Stefan does not see it since he looks on the road.

She searches around in her purse for a package of napkins. First, she finds something that feels like an empty napkin package, then nothing, then two loose napkins. Her hand wipes and rubs them against the panel. They constantly stick in the chocolate and she smears it out to a thin layer all over the dashboard. It looks even more disgusting but she continues anyway.

Then she at least has done something. After a while, Stefan says:

- But honey why do you do that, it's not so smart. It just gets worse.

"Damn, damn," she thinks, but nothing comes across her lips. However, she continues to wipe. Stefan looks angry now. He holds the steering wheel with both hands and squeezes it hard.

- Can't you quit doing that then, it's only getting worse.

- But shall I then just try to forget that it is there? Do you want us to go around with the chocolate batter?

- It looks like poop.

- Do you think it feels okay then?

- Yes, I think it feels sexy with poop on the dashboard.

- I believe you.

Incredibly enough, they both actually starts to laugh and then they smile against each other. It feels a little better, a little happier as well. So Mia stops smearing around the chocolate.

- Can't we stop somewhere so that I can smoke?

- Sure, I will stop as soon as possible.

They stopped at a bus stop, Mia quickly smokes a cigarette and lights the next on the first ones glow. Stefan looks at an old house across the street. Or is he? Is it in fact so that he looks at the girl sitting in one of the windows smoking? She has long dark hair and it seems as if her breasts are very large. They are clearly visible through her thin top. It is not possible to determine where he was looking since the house is too far away, so probably he looks on the girl. 'The smoke is burning in her throat, she smokes way too fast.

She takes one last puff and holds the smoke in her lungs. It makes her feel a light dizziness, she throws the cigarette on the ground and open the car door.

Stefan stands for a moment, still watching the house. Maybe because he does not want to go into the car just because she does. But more likely because he wants to look at the girl, since when the girl leaves the window, he goes to the car.

- Did you think she was sexy?

- Who?

- Guess?

- Don't know.

- Of course you knew.

- No I do not know, who do you mean?

- The girl in the window of course. You thought she was good looking, right?

Stefan says nothing, instead he starts the car. But that is enough of an answer, no need to say anything more. Mia knows what he would say if she continued and she does not want to hear

that. He would say that he actually thought she was pretty. If she then says something about it, he would just get angry and say that she was the one who asked. Would he lie? She wanted to answer “yes”, but ideally, she would like to say that he should just think that it is she who is sexy. But it feels so silly to say that. By the way she said it once, and then he said that of course it is true. However, it had been very clear that he lied. It was enough with that one time, it was so awful. The memory comes back sharply. They were sitting in a bar in Oslo. The woman at the bar had tight top, large breasts, small waist and long, shiny, dark hair. You could see the nipples through the fabric. The woman smiled all the time when she looked at them, especially when she looked at Stefan. Mia could see in the mirror behind the bar how Stefan smiled back. It also appeared as if his eyes were following the woman. It hurt in her stomach. But she said nothing. Stefan ordered his drink. He drank it fast and ordered another one. Still, he followed her all the time with his eyes. He did not even notice that Mia asked what he wanted to eat. She said it again but higher. It made no difference, until she stomped him hard on the foot. Then he wondered what the hell she was doing.

- I have honestly no idea what you're talking about, I was just looking at the house.
- But you're supposed to look at me and not her.
- Well I can't watch you all the time, either, then we could just as well sit at home.
- You shouldn't look at other girls anyway.

They said nothing more. She waited for him to say sorry. This time she would certainly wait until he said sorry. But “sorry” never came. Her thoughts drifted into a similar memory from another trip. They sit in a bar somewhere in Paris. The trip had been pretty good until that moment. But on the other hand, they had not been in Paris for more than a few hours and they had not yet had time for more than dinner and a bottle of wine. She looks at all the bottles behind the bar, thinking about the dinner they had just eaten. Her eyes move across the room. Stefan eyes are completely fixed on the waitress. She looks pretty sexy, she thinks, before the anger is spreading throughout the body. It comes from the toes and spread upward to the hair on her arms and finally all the way up to the head.

- For fuck sake Stefan, she whispers in his ear, you should not look at other girls.
- But I want to order.
- But you already have a glass of whiskey, you've barely touched it.
- Yes, but I want peanuts too.
- But why do you ask then if I want too?
- You usually never like peanuts. By the way, you can order it yourself.
- That's not true, you look at her because you think she's prettier than me.
- It is not true, by the way, you are much prettier than her.
- I am not.
- What the hell is wrong with you, I do actually want to have peanuts.

She gets up from the bar stool without saying anything then she goes out on the street.

First, a few quick steps then she slow down. The door to the bar doesn't open again as long as it is within earshot. A bit further away, the road ends. She walks slowly so that he'll catch up with her before she is forced to go into one of the side streets. Regardless how slowly she walk, she reaches the end of the street without hearing someone opening the door to the restaurant. It could also be because she no longer can hear the door open, but she will absolutely not turn around to check if anyone follows her. She stops at a shop window and look at the goods. The memory of it is smudged, as if the window was empty, even though the rest of the memory of that event is absolutely crystal clear. Perhaps because her eyes and mind

are focused on the bar over there. But the street is empty. She goes ahead and turns right at the end. Behind the corner is also a bar. She walks in and sits down at the bar desk. The bartender says something in French, and she points on one of the bottles with the "Pernod" label. The bartender asks something that she guesses means water. She nods and the bartender put in some ice cubes. He asks again and she nods again. He pours on more Pernod and asks something. She nods, he pours the water and ask something more. She nods and he gives her a menu. She's looking a bit without even trying to understand what it says. After a while Stefan interrupts her thoughts by asking if she's hungry.

- Well maybe, if we find a place that is cosy.

- What, are you hungry or not?

- In this case, I am not hungry then, but it would be nice with a cup of coffee somewhere. By the way, how can you be hungry already? We had lunch, not so long ago. You ate that giant serving with sausages and stuff. In addition to that you had half of my serving.

- I'm not hungry, but I thought you might like to pee and have coffee or something.

- But why don't you ask that then?

- Are you to say. Girls are not exactly known for being specific.

- Sure it says so in that book about guys from Mars, but how do you think I am then?

- How do you mean? If you are specific or talks around it, it's that what you're wondering?

- Well, what do you think, am I talking around the things in my mind?

Stefan hesitates a bit with the answer. As if he was actually thinking. In the end, he says anyway what Mia had expected. He says it in that silly way guys do sometimes. They must have learned it in the army. He thus says:

- Answer: No.

- You think, then, that I say what I really mean.

- Yes, don't you?

- No, but you maybe don't notice it. You believe that I say bluntly what I want.

- How do you mean? Do you have any examples?

- You and your examples. I have to think a bit.

They sit in silence for a pretty long time, while Mia tries to gather her thoughts so much that she can focus them to think of an example. She would like to say "care about me and try to make me happy." Like when she was sad that she did not receive any new mobile phone from her manager, when everyone else got it. Stefan had just said that she already had a cell phone, which was much better than the others.

It had struck her too, but he was supposed to have said that the manager was stupid and that she certainly should have had the finest phone. Maybe it was a good example? Meanwhile, she is pounding a bit on the wording another example pops up, when she had said that it was so dirty in the bathroom. He had gone there and checked, when he came back to the couch he said that it was not at all dirty, instead of saying that he could clean it if she wanted it. That example of the bathroom might be better, so she takes it up instead.

Stefan can barely wait until the end of the story until he answers:

- But what? Maybe I understood that you wanted me to clean up. But it's not mean full for me to clean if I see no shit? If you prompt want it to be cleaned even though it is no shit there, then you'll surely must agree on that it is you who must do it.

- But then there will always be me who clean, because you never think that it is dirty.

- Yes, if you are a cleaning fanatic, I should not have to suffer for it.

- I'm not a cleaning fanatic, you would see my mom then.

- Aren't you quite the same in that aspect then?
- No we are not, she even mangles the sheets and stuff.
- Your dad, what does he do then? Besides washing the car.
- He actually makes an awful lot of things, what does it have to do with this anyway?
- It was you who brought up the subject.
- It was not?
- Well it was, but fuck the same. What was it that you wanted to say.
- I do not know. I just want to feel like you care about me. That you really try to make me feel good. That's what love is, I think.

Stefan actually looks a bit sad now. He looks sadly at her a few seconds before responding:

- But I do try. But I'm doing it my way.
- How is that then? Your way?

Stefan seems to think a long time about it. It almost seems like he has forgotten the question and thinks about something else. Strange, she thinks, now it has happened twice that it appears as if he actually have thought about the answer before he opens his mouth.

In the end, he says:

- I try to respect you and what you say to me. I take it seriously as well. I try to deliver an accurate and thoughtful response to your suggestions and opinions.
- But what? Is that love for you. It sounds more like you think I'm like a colleague at your job.
- Nah, that's not true. I actually mostly do not care about what they say and I usually just answer something that's funny and nice. But I do not care if they do not get any feedback on their ideas.

- That I haven't noticed, it mostly seems like you are just bragging when you talk to them.
Stefan touches the brake pedal.

- I'm not bragging and what does it have to do with the topic of our discussion?

Suddenly a lump was formed in her stomach. It perhaps was a bit lousy to say that even if it is true. Now he would surely start arguing about that, instead of the important subject they, for once, are talking about. He looked very sad now.

- Sorry, that I hurt you?
- No, it's okay.
- But you look sad.
- Nah, I do not. That's just something that you imagine, that you think that I'm sad.
- But are you not sad then?
- But fuck it. Now he almost shouted.
- Sorry!

It is quite obvious that he is sad, but she says nothing more about it. She tries to think of something else to say. But her mind is full of the desire to inhale the smoke from a cigarette. So it's Stefan who brings up the subject again:

- I think that the couples who seem to have the best relations are them who shows each other a lot of respect, as my sister and her husband for example.
- Yes.
- What yes?
- Well, what do you mean about your sister, tell me.
- Yes, but you know how they are. Like when I wanted to borrow Tomas hole saw, and she called to him and asked, rather than just go out and get it in the garage.
- But they're married. That's her things just as much. I think it sounds more as if she is afraid

of him.

- I don't think so. Would you like that I lend out your lipstick to my sister?

- But it's not the same thing, by the way, we are not married. I think it's about something else.

- What then?

- I do not know. But it's probably about not doing things that makes the partner sad. Type if your brother in law do not care about that thing, then she can lend you that without question. But if she knows that he is very careful about of his tools.

- No, I think it's about respecting each other.

She feels anger when she hears him say that. Haven't he been listening at all, thus she answers with a rather annoyed voice:

- But isn't it a bit the same thing then?

- No, not really. If you respect someone, maybe you even say or do things that make the person sad, if it is good for him.

- It's no difference right?

- Yes, it is.

- But I do not think so. By the way, it ought to be the same thing that you should try to understand what I need or want, and you should do things that make me happy, even if you don't want to do them yourself. I think that's love.

Stefan smiles one of his mocking smiles and says:

- It may even feel better if you know I do not really want to do that, right?

She thinks for a moment and nods.

- Yes I think so. That's real love.

- But do you do such things then?

She answers quickly:

- Yes I do actually.

- Really then its things that I don't notice.

- It's typical. Here I do a lot of things and you don't even notice it.

- But what is it that you've done even though you do not like to do it yourself, just to make me happy?

- You know when I went to a hockey game, for example.

- But you said you wanted to do it. By the way, you've only done it once and it was when we had just met. Was it not so then? You did not want to go? Did you lie?

- No, I did not, but I did not think it was fun.

- Do you have any more examples?

- I have to think a bit. It's not so easy to find out examples, especially since you always kill them.

- But you Mia, I thought of an example of the opposite.

Stefan is silent. It seems that he wants her to ask what he thinks about. But she doesn't. Then he begins to speak in a rather sarcastic tone:

- Mia you know I like it when you suck me until I come?

- Yes, though I think it is so disgusting to have cum in my mouth, that I can't make it.

- But you know I really like it and you do not want me to go to someone else and get it, but still do not do it just because you think it's a little disgusting. How can you then ask me to do things for you that I do not really want to do. Just to make you happy. Especially since I do not even know what you want me to do and if that's important to you.

- What, have you even thought about going to someone else, just because I do not eat your sperm?
- No, I have of course not. It's only you that I want to have sex with.
- By the way, I usually tell you if I think something is important.
- But you always tell me that everything is important. How will I then know, what is extraordinarily important for you. I mean just as important as that you eat my cum.
- Well I'm telling you, I talk about it, but you're not listening.
- If there is anyone who doesn't listen, it's you. I just said that you are usually saying that everything is important. Which means that I have to guess what is the most important thing.
- But everything is important.
- So if you say that the most important thing is that I, for example, am careful when I caress you and then you say that the most important thing is that I lick you a long time and then you say that the most important thing is that I do not smell bad and so on. How should I then know what I should primarily sacrifice, if I do not like to do either of it?
- What, you've said that you like to make it good for me.
- Yes, I do, and just to make it good for you, I can do things I do not want to do, just for making you feel good. But then it's good to know what things you like the most. So I do not focus on things that you just think is quite nice instead of what you think is the bloom.
- But it depends.
- On what?
- Yes there are a lot of things. You can't say that one thing is always nicer or more important than the other. But it must be the same for you too?
- Nah. That you eat my sperm is always the best I know. Second best is to fuck you in the ass.
- God, you men are so square minded.
- Hey there. Isn't that to mock me a bit.
- Excuse me, but isn't it true?
- But doesn't that make it quite simple for you. You know exactly what I think is important. You do not need to guess what I imagine is the most important thing for the moment.
- But sometimes you've said that you want to have really hard sex and sometimes you want soft sex. So you're not consistent either.
- Sure, it's that I do not want to have sex the same way every time, but I still always thinks what I said is the best. By the way, I came upon another thing.

Stefan seems to sit and reflect quite a long while before he continues:

- It's really quite good that we do not always understand each other or that we do not always do exactly what the other wants us to do. For it will be a little more exciting then. If the other always would completely please one, then he would be like a dog and it is not so sexy.
- Well, can't you be like a dog, I think it would be really sexy.

She smiles when she says it. Stefan laughs and says:

- Woof, voff.

She sits quietly for a moment feeling pretty good. Stefan seems to feel good too. It would be nice to continue on this path, but she doesn't really know how to proceed. Also maybe she should digest what has been said until now, so she continues to be quiet. Perhaps he also thinks about what has been said. But actually maybe his thoughts are somewhere else. This has actually happened before. As once when they were arguing about that Stefan would go out with some friends one evening when her parents should come to visit them. They were, discussing, or arguing about it, the day before her parents would come. She was pissed at him

and he seemed pissed at her. In the end, he agreed on not to go out with his friends. She had tried to be a bit cute to him, crept up to him and asked what he was thinking about. Then he said he wondered if he would wash the car or if he could wait until the next weekend. She was about to bounce up to the ceiling. She was full of that they had been quarrelling with each other and he is and wondering if he shall wash the car or not. She told him, but then he became angry again. Perhaps she should have said it in a more funny way. Now that she thought about it, it was almost comical.

Stefan leaves the autobahn and enters something that looks like an industrial area.

- Why did you leave the motorway?

- I thought it might be fun to see something different.

- As an industrial area?

- Exactly, that's fine.

- I think you mean it.

Stefan chuckles as he nods.

- I would like to have a beer.

- But you are driving the car.

- Yes, but it's okay if you take one beer, we're in Germany.

- What does it matter then? That's worse, because here they drive so amazingly fast.

- Yes, but they drive a lot better too. You saw what large gaps there are between all the cars.

- Yes, but I still think that you should not drink beer.

- But you can drink beer, isn't that unfair. I have to drive all the time also.

- I will not take any beer until we got to our hotel. By the way, you like to drive. You would not even let me drive.

- Yes, I'd gladly let you drive.

Damn it, she thought. Now he's all wrong again, but he is not noticing it. He looks all that confident as if he had not even heard my objections. She has no desire to continue the argumentation, since it doesn't seem like he cares. But just to say something, she says:

- I guess we won't find any beer joint here by the way, it's an industrial area and there's nothing open now on a Saturday.

- Yes, maybe there is. By the way, we will come to some city soon.

The voice sounded a little disguised, as if he wanted to be cute.

Now he comes with one of those little cute things to make me happy, she thought, or rather hoped. She was for quite a long time, waiting for the thing to come. Stefan said nothing, however. In the end, she caresses his arm. To show that there is a desire for a more positive mood, but not a sound from him. The silence is unbearable, so she says:

- But damn, there's nothing here, it appears to be nobody at all here!

- Was that the nicest thing you could think of to say. Here we try to make the trip a little more enjoyable and you just whine.

- What whine?

- Yes, what was it that you just said then? Was it not whining or?

- But I might not think it will be an enjoyable trip just because you packed while driving and that's not so nice to ride around in an industrial area. What if the only things we see of Germany are highways and industrial areas, how nice is that?

- Yes, but that's how Germany is.

- Nah, I've been searching a lot on the Internet. There are a lot of cute towns and stuff, but you did not want to see that?

- Yes, but first I want to see a really substantial German industrial area.

- Can't you just admit that you have taken a wrong turn!

It looks as if he is about to say something, but then changes his mind. His lips are pressed together. As if he is afraid that the words will come out by themselves. She enjoys it a bit. He is sour now. Maybe it's time for a smoke break? Then he would probably be even a little more annoyed. Not that she is in an urgent need of a cigarette. Recently it would have been nice. But the butterflies in the stomach and with them also the lust for a cigarette vanished when she saw how he pressed his lips together. In the end, they actually come to a small town. It actually looks pretty cosy and they even find a small hotel. Mia has no desire to sit in the car longer than necessary so she just nods when Stefan suggests that they should stay there. They rush to leave the bags on the room. Mia would like to shower and change her clothes, but it is obvious that Stefan would not appreciate it. He stands with his shoes on, waiting at the door. So she puts on her coat again and follows him out. They don't need walk many meters away from the hotel until Stefan points at a restaurant and says:

- Here is a restaurant, should we take it? It seems cosy to me.

It looks nothing like cosy. Typically Stefan, he goes to the first restaurant they find just to get rid of it. But now we are on holiday. Then the food the most fun you have, so then it has to be cosy for real. By the way, we have all night, so why hurry. To Stefan, she says:

- Can't we go on a bit? It might be nice to have a little walk.

They pass over an old bridge and a few blocks further away they enter a very beautiful square. It looks very old, not only the houses, but also the square itself. It looks just as cosy as the pictures she saw online before the trip. It seems like there is a lot of restaurants around the square. Here they would really be able to walk around and choose. The first restaurant they come to seems to be a seafood restaurant.

- This seems cosy and fish would be nice, don't you think so Stefan?

- Sure, we take it.

She gets a little disappointed, he did not seem particularly enthusiastic about the place. By the way, she had hoped that they would walk around for a while and look at different places and weigh the pros and cons. Stefan opens the door. She stops him by putting her hand on his arm, and then she says:

- But you, shouldn't we look a bit on what the other restaurants have to offer first?

- Why, didn't you want to eat here?

- Well maybe, but it might be fun to look around a bit first.

- But you thought that this place seemed good, come on!

They enter and are shown to a table by an elderly lady who seems to be very happy that they came.

There are a lot of dishes under the heading that Mia guess means main courses. She tries to guess what the descriptions of the dishes means. Telling some of the guesses to Stefan, but he does not seem to care. It almost seems as if he doesn't even look in the menu. The waitress comes and Mia asks her what the dishes are. The waitress points to each one and describes, in fairly decent English, what they contain. She goes through the majority of main courses until Mia gets tired of listening to her and takes the last one the waitress described. Moreover, it sounded as if it was some kind of fish gratin and it usually good. Stefan says nothing until she had ordered. Then he says:

- French fries and beer please.

The waitress says nothing, she just writes it down in her notebook and then turns to Mia and

asks what she wants to drink. Mia orders a glass of white wine. As soon as the waitress disappeared she asks Stefan why he only took French fries.

- I don't think it was any dish that attracted me.

- But do you know what was on the menu then?

- Maybe not, but I did not like fish.

The lump in his stomach suddenly became huge. First, she wanted to cry because she ran over him and took him to a place he did not want to go to. But pretty soon her feeling switches to anger because he did not try to be involved in what is the most important for her. When she thinks about how difficult it will be to enjoy the fish gratin when he is eating French fries, she becomes even angrier. The words are just coming, they can be stopped:

- Why didn't you say it then, before we went in?

- But you wanted to go here.

- Yes, but this we have to decide together, you know well that I want it that way.

- Yes, but you decided now, is not even that good?

Her eyes are staring into his. Her gaze is intense. The arms shake a little. Her mouth wants to ask him to go to hell. Now she will sit and have a bad conscience because she ran over him, though she asked. He does not even tend to ask her something, he is just quiet. She continues to stare. Apparently he understands that she is angry because he looks down. Inboard she is crying, but no tears come from her eyes.

- I'm going home now Stefan. I can't stand you.

- What, what do you mean? What can't stand me? What have I done that you can't stand? I guess I've just been really sweet to you all the time. But you've just been sour all the time.

And how will you go home anyway?

She does not answer. Instead, she stands up, takes money out of her wallet, put some on the table and walks out of the restaurant.

Stefan's trip

It's way too sunny for a long drive. Not even the music is refreshing. If he at least had brought some of his old hard rock records. But Mia would never accept that. With hard rock in the speakers one keeps awake, and it's perfect when you're driving fast. But Mia never allows me to drive fast. For the police, it is okay, but not for Mia. It's too damn, were now, for once, in a country where you can really take your car to the limit. I've even turned off the phone, because she doesn't like me talking in it when I drive. But if she's who's calling me when I drive, she becomes indeed annoyed if I do not want to talk. Moreover, everybody else that I know always talks on the phone while driving. Tobbe thinks that it's even better than listening to music. Though he, of course, has a job phone.

The record that we play now is really sleepy. It's a risk that I fall asleep if it continues. Nah, fuck it, I switch to the next, it's at least a little more action.

- But ahh. I wanted to listen to this song, why did you change the disc?

- Now it's too late, it's already changed.

- But you can't just switch discs. I'll decide too.

- But you can change when you are driving.

- But I have no driver's license.

- You better get it then. You've said forever that you should do it, and I have promised to help you, right?

- You would not let me drive the car anyway, right?

It feels like we've had this discussion many times before. But we never get anywhere with it. She has not even filled in the application forms yet. But why get excited about that she whines. So all girls do, at least that's what they say on my job. It's the way they talk according to Tobbe and Anders.

The car is actually pretty good on the autobahn. There are not many who pass us. Though, what the hell, it's a VW behind me who want pass. But no way, no more mister nice guy. Damn it, it does not happen so much more, even if I press the pedal to the bottom. We should have bought a BMW instead. I wanted it. There are hatchback models of the BMWs too. In addition, they retain the resale value much better than one of these damn cars. Though this one have galvanized body, that's pretty good. We might have bought an Audi with a little bigger engine. It would not have been so much more expensive. But Mia would probably have said no to that too. She kept of course on and nagged about Volvo. But who wants a Volvo, if you're not an old man. I will in any case not go around in the world's most safe car. It would look as if I was a coward. I never crash. Maybe that's what Mia is thinking, maybe she is worried that I'm going to crash. When I think about it, that's probably the truth. She looks fucking scared now. Just because we drive a little faster than 110 kilometres per hour. In the next downhill I'll squeeze everything out of this car. It might stress her a little. Then, when she complains, I'll ask if she doesn't trust me. But then maybe she will be even sourer, or then she might want to have a smoke. At worst, maybe she really starts to take a license. My ass, I'm not going to sit next to her when she drives. It should be if I am loaded then, otherwise I would not dare to relax a second. Damn now it's going, 220 km/h, it must be a record for this car. She actually seems quite stick now. Maybe I should brake a little. It can be wise to test the brakes a bit.

It slows down nicely. Now maybe I'll let Mia have a cigarette. Maybe she needs it. On the next exit I will leave autobahn. I wonder if we have passed a sign for an exit recently. Hell, here is an exit and it seems even sharper than the others. They can't be wise here in Germany. It must crash cars all the time on the exits, they are almost ninety degree bends. It might a subject to bring up with Mia. But perhaps I have already said it. Moreover, maybe it's stupid to bring it up, because then she might just be even more worried. There is no point in driving here, so I just stop at the first place. Perhaps, at the bus stop there.

I'll take that. Now I shall sound a bit cute, to make her happy:

- Piss break.

She says nothing. She just looks annoyed. Should I tell her that she should go out and smoke, right? But it must surely be her responsibility to make sure to consume the nicotine she thinks she needs. Anyway I will piss.

Now I've pissed and watched the trees, but Mia still has not gone out of the car. Then she has at least had a reasonable chance to smoke.

Mia looks even sourer now, but that's her problem. Now she really must tighten up a bit. I am not going to take the first step. Now I'll be quiet until she says something.

- But ooh. Why did you not say in advance that we were going to stop to pee. Maybe I also wanted to pee.

- Well why didn't you then?

- But you know I do not want to pee like that on the roadside.

- You could have peed before, when we ate lunch.

- Yes, but then I did not want to pee.

- Do you now then?

- Yes, but I can wait.

- Do you want to pee or not?

- Yes, I need to pee. But I can wait.

- How do you want it, you want us to go to a restaurant or something?

- No, I can wait.

- But then I guess it is no problem then. I need to pee and I can pee on the roadside. However, you can't do it, but you can wait.

- But it feels as if it's only on your terms all the time.

- But what do you mean by that? By the way, it's very dangerous to drive if one needs to pee. Also, I probably can't know if you need to pee.

- It's not about that. It's about something else.

- Like what?

- You do not listen to me.

- It's not true. You said you wanted to pee, though you do not want to pee on the roadside. But did you listen to me, what did I say?

Sigh. This discussion we've had so many times. Every time it's the same thing. She says I do not listen to her and then it turns out that I remember exactly what she have said, and she does not remember a thing of what have I said. What was it that she said? Damn I forgot it. But whatever it was, I can't go through the same rigmarole as usual. Additionally, I stopped the car partly for her sake, so that she could smoke. I can certainly not both drive and tell her what she should do, she's a damn adult. Now I have to answer her. She is indeed damn sour all the time, I am not going to be cute to her. I'm damn tired of it. Now I will do it the hard way:

- It's not true. You said you wanted to pee, though you do not want to pee on the roadside. But did you listen to me, what did I say?

Now she at least got quiet. She may now realize that I actually am listening to her. Maybe she realizes that I actually am very caring for her. I thought of her when I parked the car. Should I maybe take up the subject about having another car. It may be that I should be a little tactical here. Maybe I'll tell her about traction control. It must surely be in her taste.

- I do not mean that you do not listen to the words, but you do not listen to my feelings. Sigh, that comment, I have also heard ad nauseam. But she has never explained what she mean with it. The best answer that I usually give is:

- Hey how do I do it then?

- I do not know, but if you say something I want encourage it and understand what you mean. But when I say something, then it feels like you just want to prove that I'm wrong.

Typically, she always thinks I did wrong. But anyway she answered pretty fast, much faster than usual.

Now what do I usually answer, I know:

- So it's the hell not, I just say something when I think you're wrong.

- You then think I'm always wrong then, like now for instance.

- Nah, I do not.

- But why do you continue to argue then?

- I do not at all argue. And it's very often that I do not say anything at all.

- But that's also because you think I'm wrong.

- Nah, then I thinks you're right.

- But why do not you say so then?

Now I will fucking sigh and then just be quiet. I need to calm down a bit. I would like to hold her and scream in her ear that she should pull herself together and be a little nice. It would be nice with a whisky now. But it will have to wait. Instead, I accelerate a bit extra just to let off some steam. Shit, it doesn't work at all. But now I have to answer her.

- Why, that's unnecessary?

- That's not, because than I would know that you like me.

- But you know that, by the way, I can think that you are wrong, even if I like you. If I did not like you, I would not endeavour myself to the discussion when I think you're wrong.

- But it's not about being wrong or right. It is that we should feel good and enjoy each other.

- I really like you, but I actually want to know the truth about things.

- What truth? It is not true just because you manage to convince me. It's probably just that you're better than me in arguing.

- Because I'm right yes.

- Yes, but it's not about being right, it's about that we should have it cosy together.

- But should I just pretend to think you are right, just so we have it cosy. How do you think it feels for me?

- What right? There's been a lot of times when you have argued, but then it has turned out that I was right all the time.

- Well, when?

Now she sighs and it really was a loud sigh. It sounded artificial in some way. As if she really wanted to show how stupid she thinks I am.

- Previously, lots of times.

- Mention one.

Now she at least is quiet. But damn, I should leave her and stick to Helen instead. Wonder what she would think then. She may then realize that I was actually right all the time. It's actually true that I just says thins to her so that she could learn something. By the way maybe I would not have a girlfriend at all.

Then I would avoid this stuff. Though, it would be nice to have children. Or at least it would be nice to be able to say that you have children, even if you might not raise them. It might be something by the way. If we have children together and I then dumps her and then have a free relationship with Helen. Mia has been nagging that she wants to have children. She wondered a lot of times why I hesitant so much about it. But okay, we have a child. Then if she continues like this, she can try to live all alone with the kid.

Mia does not seem to be the least happy. Now she takes a cigarette too. Then she probably is very annoyed. Now she stops the cigarette in her mouth and begins to search in her purse. Damn if she lights it, then to hell with her. She takes the lighter and moves it towards the cigarette. What the hell is she really going to light it. Now I have to do something.

- You're not smoking in the car. We have said that we should not do that!

- What "we" have said it. We have not at all said so. I'll smoke if I want. It's my car, too. By the way you smoked in the car we had before.

- But it was an old wreck which smelled smoke anyway.

- Yes, but you had quit smoking before we bought this car, so it's not surprising that you have not smoked in it. By the way, didn't you say that you thought it smelled fine when we smoked in the car then.

- I did not, though you can't remember it. But please tell when you want to smoke, so I can park somewhere.

- Stop then, because I want to smoke now.

- But we can't stop now, we're on the autobahn. In addition, we can't stop, just because you want to smoke.

- But we stayed when you wanted to pee.

- But that's a big difference, if I do not piss I will die. I told you, by the way, to cut down on smoking. You thought it was good that we did not smoke in the car, because then you would smoke less.

- Yes, but I just said so in order to convince myself that there was a point for me also in that decision. Actually I thought that we should smoke in the car. I think it's nice to smoke in cars, by the way, one can have the windows down.

- No, it still smells bad.

- But it's our car and you can't decide everything.

- But we decide together.

- What together? Then my vote is as much worth as yours, then it might just as well be that we smoke as that we do not.

- I promise I will leave the autobahn as soon as we can, if you have to smoke.

- I want us to stop now!

- It can't, we are on an autobahn and here you can't stop.

- But we have stayed several times before, just because you want to pee or change discs or something.

- But then we haven't been on an autobahn or motorway.

- No that has happened too.

- Well, when?

- Previously, lots of times.

- Mention one.

Now, she is finally quiet again. Where was I? Well there was this thing with if she and I would have children, then I would dump her and go to Helen. Wondering what Helen would think about that? She tells me she wants us to be together, but it may just be talk, as it was with Carina. Damn, you can't trust girls.

What the hell! Mia switches to the next record on the stereo without even asking me. Now I do not care if I look the road or not. Now I'll ask her what the hell she is doing. Though maybe I should do it in a cute way, so that she won't become even more acidic:

- Why did you change disc?

- I was tired of the last one.

- But that one you had selected, and this one I have chosen.

- Yeah, so what?

- I was just wondering.

Now she roots around in the car as well, as if that is better. What if she, for example, happens to touch the gear lever so that the gear jumps out. Then she would fucking destroy the gearbox. But I will not say anything. She will have to think for herself. She search around and hangs over the back of the chair, it's damn dangerous.

At last she sits down again, but now she has a chocolate cake in her hand. She for fuck sake takes several rows at once and she did not even ask if I want. But actually, I should probably not have any chocolate. But she ought to at least ask me. A little bit would be good by the way. Not much, but a piece would be good. Several rows at the same time is just disgusting. By the way, it's so much fat in chocolate, so I would never take more than one row. Now she eats the entire cake herself. She just stuff herself with it. She who's already a bit too fat. Maybe I should take a few rows, so that she does not have it all and becomes big as a house. But on the other hand, she's would just be less attractive. Then she can sit there in her dull apartment in some boring suburb, taking care of our children. She obviously will eat the whole cake at once. It looks disgusting. She does it to tease me, or what? It can't be that she thinks it's good to have a whole cake of chocolate in the mouth. Of course the caries attack will be shorter, but I don't think she care about that. What the hell, now she sneezes all the shit out over the dashboard. It looks like shit. Should I blame her now? No I say something sarcastically instead:

- Mia darling, was the chocolate tasty?

She does not even answer, but I had not expected that either. Instead, she begins to search in her handbag. She thinks about having a cigarette again. Nah, this is not true. She smears out chocolate on the panel with some paper towels. It looks just even more disgusting, but she continues anyway. Does she think at all?

- But honey why you do that, it's not so smart. It just gets worse.

She, of course, says nothing. She's fucking totally stupid, but I will not say anything more. She has to think herself.

Nah, now I can't take it any longer:

- Can't you quit doing that then, it's only getting worse.

- But shall I then just try to forget that it is there? Do you want us to go around with the chocolate batter?

- It looks like poop.

- Do you think it feels okay then?

- Yes, I think it feels sexy with poop on the dashboard.

- I believe you.

What should I do? Maybe I should laugh at her, so she realizes how wacky she is.

It seemed to be working actually, anyway she laughs.

- Can't we stop somewhere so that I can smoke?

It actually sounded a little nice and pretty cute. As cute as they can be when they want us to hug or something like that. It's probably best to be cute also.

- Sure I stop as soon as possible.

I do not like the colour of this car either. I do not want a red car, if it's not a Ferrari. I told Mia, but she refused to buy all the other cars we looked at, just because they were not red. That black BMW, for example, it cost no more than this. But it was black. Next time we buy a car then I determine the colour.

She decided the colours of all the wallpapers. I did not want to have the baby blue one in the bedroom, but I said nothing because I thought she would feel that she decided. Maybe I should have said something then, so she then had realized that I actually gave up for her.

-Yah, be prepared now, there's an exit.

What, now she even interferes with my driving. In addition, she said it in a rather unpleasant way. I would have seen that exit. We've got plenty of time.

- Hey Mia, of course I am ready.

- I did not seem like you were.

- Yes, I am.

Bloody fucking shit, now I damn sure have to keep track of the way so she shuts up. That bus stop will do.

Mia has some very urgent matter. She did not even wait till I stopped, before she took off her seatbelt. I did not even have time put in the parking brake before she stood outside and had her lighter in her hand. I however will calmly walk out of the car.

It's not so damn hot anymore, perhaps I should have put on my jacket. Now she's done with smoking, but I'm not going to rush it. She has to sit there and wait for a while until I'm done with my thing. I want to also get something out of this. That girl seems pretty nice, at least from this distance. But you never know until you get close. It may in reality be an old cow.

Mia does not seem the least bit less irritated, even thou she has smoked

- Did you think she was sexy?

- Who?

- Guess?

- Do not know.

- Of course you knew.

- No I do not know, who do you mean?

- The girl in the window of course. You thought she was good looking, right?

Damn it, now I have to meet a lot of jealous crap without my even done anything. What the hell should I do? Look down the street or what?

- I have honestly no idea what you're talking about, I was just looking at the house.

- But you're supposed to look at me and not her.

- Well I can't watch you all the time either, then we could just as well sit at home.

- You do not need to look at other girls anyway.

She can really be annoying sometimes. She will really ruin my vacation. I have to come up

with something nice to think about, as buying a new car. It should not be red and should preferably be a BMW, but it can also be an Audi if it has a larger engine. This thought, might however be old, but what the hell, since it is certainly nice. But anyway, we might stop soon. It is time for some beer and maybe a hearty plate of bratwurst with sauerkraut or any other German dish. I suggest it to her, then maybe she'll be happy:

- It's almost time for dinner and wine.
- Well maybe, if we find a place that is cosy.
- What, are you hungry or not?
- In that case, I am not hungry yet, but it would be nice with a cup of coffee somewhere. By the way, how can you be hungry already? We had lunch, not so long ago. You ate that giant serving with sausages and stuff. In addition to you took half of my serving.
- I'm not hungry, but I thought you might like to pee and have coffee or something.
- But why don't you ask that then?
- Are you to say. Girls are not exactly known for being specific.
- Sure it says so in that book about guys from Mars, but how do you think I am then?
- How do you mean? If you are specific or talk around it, it's that what you're wondering?
- Well, what do you think, am I talking around the things in my mind?
- Answer: No.
- You think, then, that I say what I really mean.
- Yes, don't you?
- No, but you maybe don't notice it. You believe that I say bluntly what I want.
- How do you mean? Do you have any examples?
- You and your examples. I have to think a bit.

Now she is quiet again. Can't she just answer my questions?

Wonder if I can get Mia to a German beer joint with bratwurst, or will it be one of those damned French fish restaurants with tiny portions that are ridiculously expensive.

Now she begins to pull up that old example about when she wanted me to clean the bathroom, I heard it so many times. I can't just listen to it again. I know exactly how to answer, for the last time she came to the same example, I had actually come up with a pretty good answer.

- But what? Maybe I understood that you wanted me to clean up. But it's not mean full for me to clean if I don't see no shit? If you prompt want it to be cleaned even though it is not shit there, then you surely must agree on that it is you who must do it.
- But then there will always be me who clean, because you never think that it is dirty.
- Yes, if you are a cleaning fanatic, I should not have to suffer for it.
- I'm not a cleaning fanatic, you would see my mom then.
- Aren't you quite the same in that aspect then?
- No we are not, she even mangles sheets and stuff.
- Your dad, what does he do then? Besides washing the car?
- He actually makes an awful lot of things, what does it have to do with this anyway?
- It was you who brought the subject up.
- It was not?
- Well it was, but fuck it now. What was it that you wanted to say?
- I do not know. I just want to feel like you care about me, that you try to make me feel good.

That's what love is, I think.

Sigh, just like she said the last time too. But what the hell did I say then. Well now I know:

- But I do try. But I'm doing it my way.

- How is it then? Your way?

I give up. Now, it is surely enough of this fuss, we're on vacation. She will not fucking ruin my vacation. Now I fucking think of something really nice instead. I'll think about sex, sex with someone other than Mia. I'll think about when I had sex with Helen. Helen was really nice in her sexy black underwear. She certainly shaved her mouse for me. Damn, it does not help. Still it feels like Mia is here waiting for my response. Well I have to answer then. I the use the same answer that I usually use, so that she calms down:

- I try to respect you and what you say to me. I take it seriously as well. I try to deliver an accurate and thoughtful response to your suggestions and opinions.

- But what? Is that love for you. It sounds more like you think I'm like a colleague at your job.

- Nah, that's not true. I actually mostly do not care about what they say and I usually just answer with something that's funny and nice. But I do not care if they do not get any feedback on their ideas.

- That I haven't noticed, it mostly seems like you are bragging when you talk to them.

What the hell an old Mercedes swings in front of us! Best to accelerate a bit to stay alert.

Maybe it annoys Mia bit too, it would be fun. Now the hell she'll get:

- I'm not bragging and what does it have to do with the topic of our discussion?

- Sorry, that I hurt you?

- No, it's okay.

- But you look sad.

- Nah, I do not. That's just something that you imagine, that you think that I'm sad.

- But are you not sad then?

Damn now she thinks she can decide what I'm feeling again. I surely decide for myself. I only answer something so she shuts up:

- But fuck it.

- Sorry!

- I think that the couples who seem to have the best relations they're showing each other a lot of respect, as my sister and her husband, for example.

- Yes.

- What yes?

- Well, what do you mean about your sister, tell me.

- Yes, but you know how they are. Like when I wanted to borrow Tomas hole saw, and she called to him and asked, rather than just go out and get it in the garage.

- But they're married. That's her things just as much. I think it sounds more as if she is afraid of him.

- I don't think so. Would you like that I lend out your lipstick to my sister?

- But it's not the same thing, by the way, we are not married. I think it's about something else.

- What then?

- I do not know. But it's probably about not doing things that makes the partner sad. Type if your brother in law do not care about that thing, then she can lend you that without question. But if she knows that he is very careful about of his tools.

- No, I think it's about respecting each other.

- But isn't it a bit the same thing then?

- No, not really. If you respect someone, maybe you even say or do things that make the person sad, if it is good for him.

- It's no difference right?

- Yes, it is.

- But I do not think so. By the way, it ought to be the same thing as that you should try to understand what I need or want, and you should do things that make me happy, even if you don't want to do them yourself. I think that's love.

Fucking idiot, now I shall be nice:

- It may even feel better if you know I do not really want to do that, right?

In any case she nodded, so maybe she thinks that I am right.

- Yes I think so. That's real love.

- But do you do such things then?

- Yes I do actually.

Oops now she answered quickly.

- Really then its things that I don't notice.

- It's typical. Here I do a lot of things and you don't even notice it.

- But what is it that you've done even though you do not like to do it yourself, just to make me happy?

- You know when I went on a hockey game, for example.

- But you said you wanted to do it. By the way, you've only done it once and it was when we had just met. Was it not so then? You did not want to go? Did you lie?

- No, I did not, but I did not think it was fun.

- Do you have any more examples?

- I have to think a bit. It's not so easy to find out examples, especially as you always kill them.

- But you Mia, I thought of an example of the opposite.

So typical for Mia, she does not even seem interested in what I'm thinking. Come on, now, I have been waiting for several minutes, ask! Nah, now I say it anyway:

- Mia you know I like it when you suck me until I come?

- Yes, though I think it is so disgusting to have cum in my mouth, that I can't make it.

- But you know I really like it and you do not want me to go to someone else and get it, but still do not do it just because you think it's a little disgusting. How can you then ask me to do things for you that I do not really want to do. Just to make you happy. Especially since I do not even know what you want me to do and if that's important to you.

- What, have you even thought about going to someone else, just because I do not eat your sperm?

- No, I have of course not. It's only you that I want to have sex with. But you always tell me that everything is important. How will I then know, what is extraordinarily important for you. I mean just as important as that you eat my cum.

- Well I'm telling you, I've told you, but you're not listening.

- If there is anyone who doesn't listen, it's you. I just said that you are usually saying that everything is important. Which means that I have to guess what is the most important thing.

- But everything is important.

- So if you say that the most important thing is that I, for example, am careful when I caress you and then you say that the most important thing is that I lick you a long time and then you say that the most important thing is that I do not smell bad and so on. How should I then know what I should primarily sacrifice, if I do not like to do either of it?

- What, you've said that you like to make it good for me.

- Yes, I do, and just to make it good for you, I can do things I do not want to do, just for making you feel good. But then it's good to know what things you like the most. So I do not

focus on things that you just think is quite nice instead of what you think is the bloom.

- But it depends.

- On what?

- Yes there are a lot of things. You can't say that one thing is always nicer or more important than the other. But it must be the same for you too?

- Nah. That you eat my cum is always the best, I know. Second best is to fuck you in the ass.

- God, you men are so square minded.

- Hey there. Isn't that to mock me a bit.

- Excuse me, but isn't it true?

- But doesn't that make it quite simple for you. You know exactly what I think is important. You do not need to guess what I imagine is the most important thing for the moment.

- But sometimes you've said that you want to have really hard sex and sometimes you want soft sex. So you're not consistent either.

- Sure, it's that I do not want to have sex the same way every time, but I still always thinks what I said is the best. By the way, I came upon another thing.

Typically she does not seem the least bit interested in what I came up with, even though she certainly wants me to be interested in all the crap that she comes with. But okay, I'll say it anyway:

- It's really quite good that we do not always understand each other or that we do not always do exactly what the other wants us to do. For it will be a little more exciting then. If the other always would completely please one, then he would be like a dog and it is not so sexy.

- Well, can't you be like a dog, it would be really sexy.

Mia smiles actually a little bit, then maybe I'll smile a little, too. Maybe even laugh a little and make some fun of it:

- Woof, voff.

But why should I laugh really, I'm not the least bit happy. In addition, I ought to concentrate on the driving.

I'm getting hungry now and I want a beer. There is a sign about an exit, I better put me in the rightmost file and prepare to turn off the autobahn.

- Why did you leave the motorway?

- I thought it might be fun to see something different.

- As an industrial area?

- Exactly, that's fine.

- I think you mean it.

- I would like to have a beer.

- But you are driving the car.

- Yes, but it's okay if you take one beer, we're in Germany.

- What does it matter then? That's worse, because here they drive so amazingly fast.

- Yes, but they drive a lot better too. You saw what large gaps there are between all the cars.

- Yes, but I still think that you should not drink beer.

- But you can drink beer, isn't that unfair. I have to drive all the time also.

- I will not take any beer until we got to our hotel. By the way, you like to drive. You would not even let me drive.

- Yes, I'd gladly let you drive.

- I guess we won't find any beer joint here by the way, it's an industrial area and there's nothing now open on a Saturday.

She just keeps going at me, just as it felt like we almost became friends for a while. She must promptly complain that I not drive on the motorway, though she previously said that she wanted to see more than just autobahns.

- Yes, maybe there is. By the way, we will come to some city soon.

- But damn, there's nothing here, it appears to be nobody at all here!

- Was that the nicest thing you could think of to say. Here we try to make the trip a little more enjoyable and you just whine.

- What whine?

- Yes, what was it that you just said then? Was it not whining or?

- But I might not think it will be an enjoyable trip just because you packed while driving and that's not so nice to ride around in an industrial area. What if the only things we see of Germany are highways and industrial areas, how nice is that?

- Yes, but that's how Germany is.

- Nah, I've been searching a lot on the Internet. There are a lot of cute towns and stuff, but you did not want to see that?

- Yes, but first I want to see a really substantial German industrial area.

- Can't you just admit that you have taken a wrong turn!

Can't she just shut up or say something nice, damned bitch, fucking bitch. But over there, it looks like a small town. Well it is a city. There we actually have a hotel, but it seems expensive so I say nothing about it to Mia. She seems not to be noticing it anyway. Over there in the corner of the street it seems to be another hotel, too. Moreover, it seems to be pretty run down and cheap. Now it is perhaps time to ask Mia if we would try to find a hotel.

- You Mia, let's see if we can find any hotels here?

- Sure, do it.

She seems not exactly enthusiastic, but shit the same. We park and just walk into it.

That went smoothly. The hotel was cheap and Mia said nothing. I hope she will not change clothes and stuff now. Best to stand in the door and wait, so that she don't get any ideas.

Indeed Mia wants to change clothes. Best to hold the door handle so she really understands the urgency. God damn she goes into the bathroom. Luckily, it sounds as if she just pees.

There on the street it seems to be a German restaurant. They ought to have bratwurst. I'd better suggest it in a cute way. Nah, it was not good enough at all. Now she wants to go around the whole town and check out all the restaurants and maybe every shoe shop that we pass. I must try to block it in my head, and let her go as she pleases. Sure enough, now we have gone probably half an hour without almost getting anywhere. But there seems to at least be some restaurants. Damn, Mia wants us to go to that restaurant. It seems to be a typical "Mia restaurant" with tiny overpriced portions.

- This seems cosy and fish would be nice, don't you think so Stefan?

Now I'm so hungry that I can't be bothered to contradict. In addition, it might be best to let her decide about the restaurant. Maybe we can go to some beer joint afterwards.

- Sure, we take it.

- But you, shouldn't we look a bit on what the other restaurants have to offer first?

- Why, didn't you want to eat here?

- Well maybe, but it might be fun to look around a bit first.

- But you thought that this place seemed good, come on!

Damn, damn, damn, she can't stop arguing.

- But you thought you that this place was good, come on!

All the dishes seem to contain fish, and they are also expensive, and they probably also are very French. Mia seems to think that it is great, because she has been talking shit a long time with the waitress now. Damn her she just can't decide. I know what I want. If they don't have bratwurst, I'll only have French fries with mayonnaise. But what the hell is mayonnaise called in English. Ahh fuck it, it's healthier with only French fries.

- French fries and beer please.

Typically, as soon as the waitress have disappeared she whines about that I was so stingy that I just ordered French fries.

- I don't think it was any dish that attracted me.

- But do you know what was on the menu then?

- Maybe no, but I did not like fish.

- Why didn't you say it then, before we went in?

- But you wanted to go here.

- Yes, but this we have to decide together, you know well that I it that way.

- Yes, but you decided now, is not even that good?

- I'm going home now Stefan. I can't stand you.

- What, what do you mean? What can't stand me? What have I done that you can't stand? I guess I've just been really sweet to you all the time. But you've just been sour all the time. And how will you go home anyway?

Time or no time

The trial

The first day of the trial. The prosecutor, Göran Fjällman, began with a description of the crime. Peter Bergström and Arman Hamza, together and in concert May 21, 2015 sold two grams of amphetamines to the police decoy, who throughout the hearing can't be called anything other than Mofte. Subsequently, on the second of June they sold ten grams to the same person. On the latter occasion they were arrested at a gym when they unlocked a cabinet in which the payment for the goods would be. He insisted that Peter and Arman should be sentenced to youth custody for at least three months or alternatively to probation.

The prosecutor looked all the time looked towards Peter and Arman who sat opposite him, each with a lawyer on the side. To the left, among the audience, sat their parents. Peter's mother and Arman's mother and father. Luckily, they saw no classmates from school among the audience. The teachers must have kept it for themselves, they're in school may have thought that both were sick, but two weeks?

When Göran Fjällman had spoken, the presiding judge turned to the defense lawyers and asked about the accused's attitudes. "Peter Bergström confirms the description of what happened, but he denies responsibility and he should therefore be acquitted." Said Peter's defense lawyer, and exactly the same said Arman's.

The prosecutor continued with describing in detail what he claimed that Peter and Arman had done. In conclusion, he said that they responded to a request online from a person called Mofte, who wondered if there was anyone who could sell some dope to him. He had a Hotmail account, and he received replies from another Hotmail account, that the prosecutor claimed was Peter and Arman. The prosecutor showed the email conversation on a big screen. It appeared as the parties sent a number of emails back and forth discussing amounts, prices and procedures, to finally arrive at two grams amphetamine for 600 SEK, that they would put the goods in a certain place in Årsta some time and get the money in elsewhere a few moments later.

The e-mail conversation continued with a new request from Mofte. This time, he wanted more. Though before the deal he wanted to meet with the guys to whom he wrote, to check that they were okay.

They arranged a meeting, also in Årsta and Mofte said he wanted everything they could find, at least ten grams. The guys had, according to the written testimony from the anonymous Mofte, said they would see what they could do though they could not promise anything. They did not know themselves if they could get that much from their contact. Then they had exchanged phone numbers and agreed on only having contact via SMS.

Afterwards prosecutor showed a chain of SMS messages between Mofte and the boys, discussing the amounts and how / when they would meet for the big deal. The trial continued with a long period with descriptions of what the boys, according to the narcotics police, made on the day of the big deal. The prosecutor showed the police's surveillance images and CCT recording from the commuter train stations surveillance cameras. The boys had embarked the train in Tumba and they stepped off in Årsta. They had gone to a gym, paid, entered the locker room, taken two lockers, changed to training clothes, put their walking clothes in one locker, and when they were alone placed the drugs in the other one. They locked both lockers with

their padlocks. The key to the locker with the drugs they hid behind the toilet in the bathroom along with a note with locker number. Then they trained for a while before they took a key at another agreed place along with a note with a locker number. When they unlocked that locker a number of police officers had stormed in and arrested them. The events at the gym were described by the prosecutor through showing a film on the big TV screen. He continued by showing the boys' SMS traffic to Moffe and to others, as to each other and to their parents. Furthermore, he described their doings on the Internet during the period they had had contact with Moffe. Nothing in this traffic suggested that they had contact with any other potential buyers than Moffe. An hour later, the prosecution completed his presentation of the facts, and it was time to finish the negotiations for the day. The boys were escorted through a culvert to a garage where cars were waiting to take them to separate youth custodies. The second day of the trial began with that the boys gave their versions of the events and the interrogation of them was to begin with held by their defense lawyers. They described in a pretty coherent way how they surfed around on the Internet and how they learned to get into the black net. There they had surfed around the best they could, just for fun. When they found a homepage for drug sales, they had some seller sold drugs cheaper than what others were prepared to buy for. And in an pretty unclear way, they had got in contact with Moffe, which wanted to buy at a price which seemed to be higher than some others on the side was willing to sell for. The boys stories thus more or less agreed with the prosecutor's description of the events. After the prosecutor's questioning of the boys it was time for closing statements. The prosecutor said that it was both proven and admitted that the boys had been selling drugs and the amounts were undisputed, therefore, they should be penalized to the penalty proposed earlier. The strategy of the defense lawyers was virtually that both the European Union's and the Swedish police's rules of entrapment clearly states that the criminals shall not be sentenced for the crimes they commit because of the provocation, the purpose of this is instead to demonstrate that the criminal before or after has made similar crimes to others than the police. They pointed out that, according to what the prosecutor showed, it was the police that made contact with the boys, and that not even circumstances pointed to that they had tried to sell to someone else.

Then the end, the judgment would be announced in two weeks and the boys could go home. Two weeks later the verdict could be read in the reception at Södertörn District Court. It said in summary that the boys were acquitted due to the reasons given by the defense lawyers. The legal aftermath of the game thus ended quite mildly for the boys, but a few days later something far more dangerous than convictions happened.

Because

Actually, it did not really happened that way. In reality, I and Arman found and a package of dope on top of some pipes in the basement. Though we already found it during the Easter holiday and the package was pretty big, like a package of flour. It was the first day of the Easter break, rain, no fun to go out. He rang me in the morning and asked if I wanted to do something, like playing soccer or so? I just went, but it rains, can't we do something indoors? Though he still wanted to play ball, so we went down to the basement with my rackets and a soft ball, where we juggled in the corridor. Arman smashed a ball so that it ended up on the pipes, I climbed up on a box and began rummaging for the it. Then I found the package. It was like someone had poured a white powder in a plastic bag and then put a plastic bag outside and pulled tape around so that it made a package. I just stood and held it, Arman came up to me and said:

- Shit, it has to be dope.
- Well damn, what the hell are we going to do with it?
- We put it back, otherwise we might get beaten.
- But, what, there is probably no one who can find out that we have it?
- What should we do with it then, start doing drugs?
- Let's try a little, come on now, then, we can put it back again.
- It's crap dangerous to do drugs, that they've said in school.
- What, do you believe them? I want to try in any case. Come on, nobody's home, so who would notice anything?

So we did. I pressed the package down in my pants and pulled the sweater over them. Then we took the stairs up to me, to avoid the risk of meeting someone in the elevator. In my room, we sat on the bed and began to whisper with the door closed to discuss how we would do. Arman buzzed about syringes and that sort of paraphernalia, but I said "snort, I have seen it in movies." "How do you do that then," said Arman. I, of course, said "we surf on the Internet to find out." We googled word like snort cocaine and everything, looked at a lot of different clips and realized that we needed a mirror, a sharp knife and a note. Mirror and knife was of course no problem, but I had no note, so Arman had to go home to get one. Then we opened the package, it was not so easy because when we tore off the tape the outer bag was torn, "shit, now someone will notice" I thought. Luckily the inner plastic bag was intact, otherwise it would have been dope all over my bed. We sat on my bed, the front door was locked, no music, so we would hear if someone opened the door, I poured out a little on the mirror, it was small yellowish-white pieces, a bit like sea salt, though smaller and yellower. I hacked a bit on it without realizing why. Arman took out the bill, a twenty crowns bill, handed me. I rolled it into a tube, stuck it into my nose, leaned down toward the mirror and sucked in through the nose. Nothing happened, though I tried several times. Arman said that I have to close the other nostril, then it came a bit, it tickled in the nose so that I sneezed. Not on the mirror, but I kind of jumped so that the powder was spread on the bed. Arman was a bit sour though he had not wanted to take it at all at first, took the note and wanted to test. He ran around like a vacuum cleaner over the bedspread, turned red in the face, straightened up, leaned against the wall, gave the note to me and said:

- That was nothing, I feel nothing.
- Did you get some dope in you then or just my old abrasions?

We laughed a lot and Arman hit me on the head with my pillow the logo for my favorite sports club Hammarby. I poured out a little more, hacked and tweaked. This time I inhaled some without sneezing or so. Sure it stung a bit in the nose, but not so bad. Arman took a bit as well, then we sat and looked at each other. Arman laughed and made fun about that I had poured out his dope in my bed. What if the cat would come and lick it up? We laughed about how we were drug lords, about all we could buy for our drug money, my cat would become a junkie and everything. Though did we feel something? A little maybe, Arman thought, after all we had laughed like hell. But there is nothing strange about that. We still were in my room and it was just as usual, no pink elephants, or something else. We waited, waited, and waited some more. I thought we'd take more, but Arman said we should wait and see. It may come later, and then we might overdose, it is very dangerous. It knew that too. I turned on some music, tucked away the package, laughed and decided to eat a bit. Sandwiches with chocolate bread spread, lots of chocolate bread spread, and chocolate milk. "Poo sandwich" said Arman, "shit sandwich" I said. "Delicious" said Arman. The cat jumped up on the table and sniffed at my sandwich, turned to me and buffed with his head on my shoulder. I took a few slices of ham from the refrigerator and gave it to him, though I am not allowed to do so. He ate out of my hand, sitting on the table, which he was not allowed to do either. Arman laughed but moreover he was a little bored, wanted to go out, I did too. So we went over the playground, realized that it would be fun to swing, we went higher up than ever. It was a blast, why did not we do that more often? It felt no tingling in my stomach, I kind of just jumped up and down. Arman jumped off and flew so far that he was about to hit his forehead on the asphalt outside the sand. At first I thought he had hurt himself, but he just laughed and we raced up the small hill. There in the woods fought with foils made out of sticks, climbed trees and all that. After a while Arman wanted to go down to the shopping mall. So we did, we went down the hill, very satisfied with life. We passed a few older guys at school who sat on a bench, they shouted something, but I did not care. Arman had his twenty crowns bill with him, we bought candy at Lidl. Arman took a bag and both of us took a spoon. For each piece we put in the bag, we surely put at least three in the mouth. I like liquorice, while Arman prefers jelly. Someone shouted that we must stop doing that. We were not afraid or something, we just lay down the spoons and took the bag. Arman's bill was enough and it was even a few bucks left. On the bench some distance away a few girls in the class sat doing nothing. We yelled at them, a thing we would never do otherwise, but now Arman even offered them candy. They smiled at us and took several pieces each. We went ahead without any plans, came to the creek, balanced on a plank, sat down in middle and ate up what was left in the bag. The plank swung when we moved. We swayed with our bodies and got a pretty good swing. It sounded strange, that it broke. We ended up with our feet in the water, it was cold and messy but fun nonetheless. I looked at my watch, I should have been home long ago. The dinner probably was on a plate in the fridge and Mom probably was angry. Strangely, I felt not the least bit hungry, otherwise I usually would get a headache from hunger, already at five o'clock. Though perhaps not if it was spaghetti Bolognese or lasagna in school. Arman was a little worried, more than me. We went home, wet but satisfied nonetheless. Mom was obviously angry and wondering what the hell I had done. I said that we had some fun down by the creek, just like when I was a kid and went there with dad. It worked damn good, she's always becomes kind when I bring up nice memory of my father, like she feels a guilty. She heated the food, meat balls and stewed macaroni, tasty. Then I played some computer games, it did not go so well and I was not so amusing either. Wanted to do something, go out or something, but that my mother would

never allow me to do now. Not even if I first cleaned the whole room and made a painting to her. I saw puzzles lie on the shelf at the top, untouched for years. Stepped up on the bed and took what was at the top, Bamse and Lille Hop, from 5 years. Ridiculously simple, I completed it in minutes. Took the next, Pippi Long Stockings, Tom and Annika on a horse, from 6 years, almost as easy. Continued down the pile to the larger cartons with more difficult stuff. Mom came in and said, with little slurred voice, that I should go to bed. Sure, I brushed my teeth and put on my pajamas, said good night and all that, then I took out my 500 pieces puzzle, given to me by my uncle and that I never have managed to assemble. Mom never came in to look and I fixed the whole puzzle, but then the clock was, like, four in the morning, did not feel the least bit tired, but proud. Would I show it to mom? Never, not when she woke up anyway, then she would realize that I have not been sleeping at all. Though it would be crap shame to just put it back in the box again. It would be like I never made it. Found out a crappy smart idea. Pulled out and emptied my middle desk drawer on the floor, swept the whole thing under the bed, picked up the bottle of glue and started gluing. A click on each piece, started in the right corner at the top, put on the glue, pressed firmly and held with my thumb on the piece. It, of course, took really long time with 500 pieces. Mother went up. I threw some clothes over the box and the puzzle, closed the drawer, lay on bed under the covers, turned off the lamp and waited. Mom entered said good morning and nagged a little about that I should get up and do something fruitful of my holiday. Though she was not really nagging on me, she was probably in a hurry to work. Even though I had not slept during all night, I was not a bit tired, so I went on gluing the puzzle until there were only a few rows left. Hell, they did not fit. I was so angry that I threw the drawer on the floor and screamed. Some pieces came loose, glued them back, trying to get away other bits, but they were stuck. Had a smart thought, took the tube with filler and made a rounding between the drawer bottom and front, pressed down the pieces in an angle so the last row was mounted on the inside of the front. It became very sticky from all the filler. Dried the pieces with toilet paper. Still it did not look that very tidy, but I did not bother any more. Took some sandwiches and went to bed. Probably I fell asleep, since clearly I was awakened when the doorbell rang. It was Arman, good to see him, he was happy. We made sandwiches, boiled tea and talked at the kitchen table. I still had my pajamas on. He said nothing about it. He had been playing computer games to type five in the morning. I showered, he looked at the puzzle and we came to the conclusion that it would be fun to take a little more dope. So we did, a small pile each right up in the nose. Then we sat in my room and talked until my mother came home. She wondered what we had done, I showed the puzzle, she was impressed and said we were good. In the evening, about the same dinner the day before, pasta, now with sausages, then I played on the computer. It went pretty well, built an entire village. With several houses to me with some sheep, pigs and horses, some other to Arman. Wondering if anyone else in the class would get houses too. Nah hell no, perhaps a prison for Hugo, Jarri and Jozef. My mother opened the door and said, with even more slurring, that it was bedtime. I managed to build all sorts of houses, though sometime I fell asleep, since when mom came in, I lay on the floor. The next day we took a couple sniff each and then set off on bikes to Hågelbyparken. It was not that we decided we'd ride to there, we first sighted on the creek, threw in some stones, tried to tick a few ducks that swam there, grew tired of it and continued to Hågelbyparken. Before you get there, there is a walkway around a small lake. In the beginning you go on some kind of narrow bridge over a swamp. We tried to ride on the planks though it did not go so well. I slipped almost immediately and ended up on the ground, stuck luckily at a spot

where it was dry, so it did nothing. Arman instead stuck between the planks and the bike did a somersault. It looked pretty cool, or scary, depending on who you would have asked. But he fared well. "Let's skip this," thought I, "Let's continue," Arman said. So we continued, but without our bikes. A bit further away the planks were loose and they drifted apart a bit when Arman was halfway there and I kind of pushed a plank aside. We tanned while he got a little mad at me.

- What are you doing, I could have fallen into the swamp?

- Sorry, I did not mean to do it, I lied.

- You did that on purpose, admit it!

- Okay, then maybe a little, but nothing happened. By the way, I came on to something. We can play around a little through placing the planks so that they look okay, but when someone goes over the will fall down.

- Excellent idea, we can sit there in the tree and watch. Arman pointed to a large tree farther away.

No more discussing, time for action. Arman stood on one side and I on the other one. He pushed out the planks while I steered in the rear end, so they just lay tiny bit on the framework, I stepped out on them. but nothing happened. I had to jump pretty well. The planks tossed and so I fell down. I was soaked down in the mud almost to the knees. Arman laughed like a maniac, I did too actually. We tested several times and finally we supported them from below with some sticks so that it looked as if they were fastened on the wooden framework with piles into the ground. We heard someone with a dog coming behind me. Arman, who stood on the safe side, hurried away. But I had to wade in the water to come over. We ran into the swamp, aiming for something that looked like solid ground, ran out on it, realized it was not at all solid ground, so we had to keep on running. Arman turned around. The guy with the dog had just reached for the loose planks. One more step, and he ended up in the water. The entire man was in the water and the dog barked. We laughed like hell, though quiet and we crouched down. The guy disappeared and we rigged the trap again. There was a couple walking from where we came. Shit they were old-timers, like grandma. What if they break the femoral bone or something. I got scared and said it to Arman. He laughed, but I started to run towards the loose planks. I arrived just before them. I stepped out on the planks without thinking about it and ended in the water. They got really scared and that is understandable, what if it was the woman who had fallen down. The old man grabbed my jacket, to pull me up again, as if I needed help. The lady almost cried and said thoughtfully, as she was about to go out on the planks. They thought I was a hero, and I got a hundred crowns so I could get something warming to drink. The old man and I placed the planks as they were from the beginning. Finally Arman came. He pretended as if I had run before him just for fun. He got no money, but we rode to the park and I invited him for buns with soda at the cafe. The buns were super tasty, but I wanted more. A couple of older girls or women sat at the table next to us, each with their own cake. They took little tiny pieces of their cakes, with a fork. We heard how they talked about that they were so sinful and that they really should not do it. The cakes looked really delicious, but they sat there and just felt bad. "Nah now I can't have any more said one to the other, you want my piece? Nah, I can't have no more either, this much I usually never eat. You become so fatty." Then Arman went up to them and said, "We can take them if you want." He looked really hungry and sad. They were delighted to get the help of a poor immigrant boy, or if it was because they would be deliberated from the tormented of temptation. In each case, we got their cakes that were not even half-eaten.

Now, quite satisfied, we went out to where all the animals are. We tried to attract some of the pigs and the goat, but they did not care about us. Farther to the left, there was a large area that was fenced. Far away, there were horses. "Let's ride," I thought. "Cool" my friend thought, so we walked along the fence until we came to the gate. No one was around, we opened and ran towards the horses that stood as far away as possible within the fence. They, of course, got afraid when we came running. Though I was not a bit afraid myself. Not Arman either, thus we ran around and tried to chase them. It did not work at all, we got exhausted and fell down on the grass. Arman asked how the hell we would have done if we had got hold of them? Then we laughed a lot. We tried to hunt ducks instead, it was much easier, but what would we have them for? I got hold of one, but it just made a fuzz, so I dropped it while Arman laughed. Nothing else exciting happened except that I patted a goat, fed the sheep and we had a race with our bikes about who would be first home.

The next day, I slept late, Arman came over, we snorted a pile each and went off on our bikes. We came to the stream, followed it almost to Tullinge and came to The Tullinge Lake. There, we took the left and rode in between the houses and into the woods. After a while we saw an old raft floating in the water, just tied with a little rope. I rolled down the trees and stopped with the front wheel just before the water, locked the bike and jumped onto the raft. It got into a pretty heavy swing, but did not sink. Arman came after and it still floated. He un-tied the cord and pushed us out. We slowly drifted for a while before it stopped. I lay on my back and enjoyed life. Arman beside me, no one said anything for a while. First Arman said:

- How awesome it is to be high!

- What, do you feel anything?

- Yes, don't you?

- Don't know, I feel happy and satisfied with everything. And I usually don't feel that way, so of course you're right!

- Yes, there is no problem as well, no evil classmates or math test or something.

- This is life!

We lay on the raft for good while and just enjoyed the moment. Sometimes one heard how the raft struck some small ice floes, some birds flew past, there was a cold wind when the sun was obscured by a cloud for a while. I think I fell asleep for suddenly my thoughts passed on to the unreal stuff and then came a lot of water, I opened my eyes and thought I would see the ceiling in my room, but instead I saw heaven. Arman sat up and shouted at me to wake up because we must return. Damn it, we had floated away somewhere, do not know where, our raft was stuck under struck under a bridge and my pants were wet. We tried to paddle with our arms all we could in the other direction, but the raft barely moved. Arman jumped ashore searching for something to paddle with while I clung to hang on to the bridge. He looked under a rowing boat lying upside down on the beach, went on to another boat. He did not find anything. I tied the raft and helped searching. It seemed as if we were on a boat club because it was a lot of boats with tent on everywhere. Some boats were huge, they must cost a fortune. We crept in under the tent of one of the largest ones. There in the back there was a ladder. We climbed it and so into the boat. It had a large cabin and the door was open. Inside, it was awesome with dark wood glistening and gold colored metal parts that also shone. A seat with a steering wheel and a lot of different gauges, a sofa and several swivel chairs that were bolted to the floor. There was also a kitchen area with stove, refrigerator and sink. I was pretty hungry and thirsty so I checked if there was something to eat, or at least to drink, in the fridge. There were only a few cans of beer. They were not even cold, but if you are thirsty then you

are. We took one each, it tasted very bitter. I do not know if I had drunk beer before and it did not feel like I wanted to do it again, why do people drink this bitter shit? Took some gulps to anyway, pretty cool in some way, as if I were an adult and I was on a trip with my friends in my beautiful boat. Here I am, bank manager Peter Bergström with my yacht. I sat in the driver's seat, tried some buttons, nothing happened. Arman wanted to try it too, so instead I looked among all the cabinets in the kitchen area if there were a few biscuits or something. I found both biscuits and peanuts, we choose the nuts of course, sat down in one of the swivel chair. Arman sat down in the other, we ate and had a good time. What about the beer? Asked Arman. Strangely, we had not even talked about it. He thought it was more or less worthless, "Moreover, we must not drink in our religion, so my father not even drink beer". We laughed a little, tried to toast and grinded peanuts with our jaws. Rain began to patter against the tent, it did nothing, felt cozy. Took some more beer, now it tasted a little better, but when we relaxed the most, we heard that some guys stood nearby and talked. I peered through a hole in the tent, saw someone passing by. What the hell shall we do? Arman whispered:

- We have to go.

- Fuck no, there are lots of people here, what do you think they do when they see us climb out of this? I whispered back.

- Hell, I have to be home soon, we will have guests tonight so I promised mom and dad to be home.

- Damn Maundy Thursday, aunt would come home to us, I also need to get home.

We crept as quiet as we could towards the backside of the boat, still every step sounded like a thud. Down the steps, I first, bent down and looked out under the tent, nobody appeared. Arman crouched beside me. He thought we would run like hell, but I thought it might be smarter if we just walked and pretended like we just took a look, we had not destroyed anything or so. We did so, we walked and tried to look cool on our way to the raft. Someone quite far away waved towards us, I waved back. We came to the raft, Arman and I jumped on board and the rat loosened, but how could we make it move. Luckily we had enough speed to reach the next bridge. We ran over to the other side of the raft, it swung heavily. Together we pulled it around the tip of the bridge, and then further between the bars that divided the places for the boats. Then we reached a fence that went out a bit in the water and after that: freedom. I thought we had reached the shore, so I jumped over and fell through the grass, got wet, but I was already pretty wet so it did nothing. I came home before mom and aunt had started eating, although they had drunk a lot of wine of course. They did not even notice that my pants were soaking wet. I heard them talking long into the night. I played on the computer and emptied the Easter egg. All of a sudden they got angry and shouted at each other, though there was nothing strange about that, it has happened before.

Friday, mother at home, I ate candy and slept almost until it got dark and thus I like what grandma used to say one should on this day grieve for the death of Jesus on the cross. It was not just that I had been awake for several nights in a row, I felt a bit sick too. Sore throat and headache. What if I have abstinence? The question grew in my head, but I did not dared google it and what would I write in the text box anyway? Tried gently to ask mom instead, she ought to know:

- Mom, do you usually experience abstinence?

- What the hell do you mean, she screamed.

- I was just wondering what it is and how it feels.

- But then you should ask a junkie then, I do not know.

- But isn't hangover a kind of abstinence?

She did not answer, instead she went into the bathroom. I left the matter and thought about school instead. It felt like it was a really long time since I was there last, though in reality not even been a week had passed. On Tuesday, it's time again. It was hard to think about. All the mess in class, especially when we have math and English with that new teacher that no one have any respect for.

Mom came out of the toilet, boiled hot dogs, took out soda, chips and peanuts, our Friday party that is. I took shrimp salad, roasted onions and ketchup on my sausages. I wanted to see a movie, she accepted that if she were allowed to choose. It was an action movie that was pretty exciting. The rest of the weekend it did not happen so much more.

Helped Mom with her leaning and shopping, we went by bus to grandmother for a Sunday dinner and I got an Easter egg from her. Lots of licorice, great, grandmother really know what I like. Not a lot of chocolate and marshmallows like my mom use to buy. just licorice, salt even. Mother and grandmother drank wine while I watched a movie that Grandma had bought me. It was a children's movie, thus pretty dorky.

In the evening at home in my room, I lay on my bed, still tired, thought of the powder. Wouldn't it be nice to take a little sniff? Just a little so that I have the energy to play all night, it's still holiday tomorrow too. Took out the package and placed it on the bed. Mom's steps outside the door, I had to hide the package quickly, or bag really, under the covers. She asked what I was doing, I responded as weird as you do when you are caught with something. She said good night, seemed actually to be quite sober. I didn't dare to take any chances, so I opened the bag with both it and my head under the covers. Moistened my index finger and stuffed it into the bag. Pulled it out, there were some small grains stuck on it, licked it. The powder tasted disgusting, bitter. It must have had an effect because I played until like three in the morning.

The next day, I called Arman, they had brought Netflix so he wanted me to come over and watch a movie. Awesome, I thought, could not think of anything better to do. When I got there, his mother had put on some boring TV series, so we had to wait. We compared our Easter weekends and decided that the best thing about the whole thing was that we were free from school. Otherwise no particularly good food and no presents, or not like Midsummer when it is summer warm. After an hour she and his father went out to go shopping, so we got the TV for ourselves. His brother was not at home and what his little sister thought about it was, of course, not interesting, and by the way, she had a lot of kids movies that she could watch on the other TV. She went there to choose something and Arman helped her, meanwhile I chose something for us. Did not remember what I chose, but it was something with action. It was Tuesday, and school. The first lesson was gymnastics. The gymnastics teacher said that we would play a game pretty much was like American football. We were divided into four teams with different color bands. I was jostled by Jarri, but then he got tackled by Hugo, he played on my team. The teacher whistled and said that no violence was permitted. Hugo said, "Oh, that's a central feature in this game". The teacher ignored the comment and tried to expel Hugo, but he refused, and wanted to continue playing. Jarri tackled him so that he fell down. Then Alexandra attacked Jarri, though she was not in any of the teams that played. Alexandra pulled Jarris band from behind as if she would strangle him. The teacher blew even more in the whistle. Hugo helped Jarri chasing Alexandra but she got help from Minna and Eivy who shouted at them and tried to pull their clothes. Ali hung on and pulled the clothes he could reach. I sat next to Arman on the bench. He sat with his head bowed and held his ears. So he

used to do when it got messy. He can't handle it. He usually tries to keep the voices away, he had said to me, and I know that sometimes it gets too much for him, and then he explodes. After a while, the teacher gave up and we could go to the dressing room. Arman and I waited until we almost were the only ones left in the gym. The teacher looked sad, I tried to think of something comforting to say to him, did not come up with anything but held out my hand. He took it, we nodded at each other. The mess continued in the dressing room. Someone had removed my clothes from the hook where I had hung them, other clothes too. Saw clothing that had been thrown here and there on benches and on the floor. Luckily, both I and Arman took our phones with us into the gym, so they were in any case safe. Suddenly I had a flick on the back of my head from a sweater or something, turned around and there stood Eivy and grinned as she waved for a new flick. Arman got mad and pushed her so hard that she fell against one of the wooden benches and he shouted "Pull yourself together now for God's sake". Eivy started bleeding, the teacher entered, saw the chaos and Eivy that bleed, blew the whistle and said that everybody had to leave the room. Type half the class protested and said that we must hurry to be on time for the next lesson. Not that anyone seemed to make any effort to change clothes. But there were many who happily fussed with the teachers if only they had the chance. The other physical education teacher also entered the room. She and our teacher pushed out the ones standing closest to the door and said they had to wait outside until we who were still inside had changed clothes. It took a while because my clothes were scattered throughout the room. First I found my jacket, it was great. The pants were also no problem, but it was worse with my t-shirt and shirt. Arman was not even searching, he just sat on a bench with his head in his hands and tried to block out everything around. I had to wait until everyone else had changed and when there were barely any clothes left on the floor or on benches, I found the sweater and T-shirt in the trash bin in the bathroom. After gym class, we would have English with the new teacher. He would certainly be forewarned that some of us would be delayed from gymnastics, as if he would care or do anything about it, if we were late.

The door to the classroom was locked when I arrived there. After having beaten a while on the door Alexandra opened it. She saw it was me and tried to close the door again. Though I had placed my foot in the doorway, it hurt, but I did not scream. The teacher tore away Alexandra, she asked what the hell he was doing and Eivy hung on. Behind her I saw Ali throw some kind of paper in our direction. Hell, I thought, just another lesson with chaos and trouble. So it was, the teacher talked about something, I think he wanted us to read a passage in the book. I tried to sit down in my place beside Jarri, he pulled away the chair. I had time to see it before it was too late, said carefully "what the hell are you doing?" Instead I sat down next to Arman. The teacher did not care about it, he had too much trouble trying to get everyone to sit at all. A little later he came to us and asked why we had not opened our English books. Arman raised his head from the bench and said he could not concentrate with all the trouble. The teacher nodded and said nothing more. What could he have done? Shout at us because we did not read? While half the class was chasing each other, or whatever they were doing. Soon lunch, I looked at the clock all the time. Why was it moving so very slowly? Felt that something landed on my head, probably an eraser, pretended like I did not notice it. Rather than to start arguing about who did it, when no one would admit anyway. Probably it was Ali. He sat behind me and moreover he used to throw bits from eraser. Then when he needed to erase, type in a test or so, he kept on and pester everyone around that they would send eraser to him. The next time he asks me I will say no, I thought. About five minutes before the lesson would

have stopped Alexandra began nagging that we ought to go for lunch. Someone else hung on. "Please, can't we get going now, I'm hungry, it's so boring?" I said nothing, but many others also began to nag. Alexandra then went to the door and Eivy followed her. I saw that the teacher looked at her and kind of sighed, though he said nothing. He has clearly given up on us, I thought, and looked at Arman, he shook his head. When he did not do anything to stop Alexandra, the rest of the class also began to go for the door. I was among the last, but still I was at least seven minutes early for lunch. At the door to the dining room was the second gymnastics teacher and she refused to let in those who were already queuing, although it was almost our mealtime. The food was okay if you like fish, though I do not, therefore tool mostly rice and some sauce. Tried sort out the fish pieces with the ladle. Even though it was barely any fish on my plate everything tasted and smelled fish. The fish taste grew in my mouth and the food refused to go down to the stomach. After some time I was the only one left at our table. Even Arman had grown tired of waiting. Thus I had to wipe the table, but I tried to sneak past the cart with cleaning stuff after I had left my plate, but was caught. Damn, it was messy on the table, especially where Jarri and Ali sat. Had they had a food fight or something? Sat in the hallway with Arman and another guy until we would have natural science. The lesson was boring, but not so messy. An awful nagging about recycling and pollution all the time. Our teacher just has to be a member of the Green Party or perhaps all science teacher are like that, for exactly the same nagging the previous teacher also did. On social science we got to see a movie, I was almost falling asleep and Arman definitely fell asleep, had to wake him when the lights came on. At last only ten minutes left of the school day. The teacher asked some questions about the film and she picked the respondents randomly using her phone. I got a question about the storming of some prison in France, had no idea of the answer. Luckily, no one else had either.

Arman and I went home together as usual. He complained about the fucking school and thought that maybe we should take us a sniff to get a little happier. It sounded like a good idea, I thought. Mom would not come home from work for a while, so we went to my apartment, took some sandwiches and made some Chocolate milk. I realized that maybe we should try dope- chocolate milk. We laughed and tried to think of a good name, like the brand "Pucko". "Drugo" said Arman and I said "Tjacko". Mine was the best I think for amphetamine is called "tjack" and we had come to the conclusion that it probably was amphetamine in the bag. It worked quite well with Tjacko for we barely sensed any taste of it at all, it was like drinking pure chocolate milk. Though mine was better than Arman's because I had more powder in my milk. As we sat there on the bed and felt cozy I came to think of one thing that we had talked about earlier, that behind the short side of our house, the side that faces the mountain, there was a moped. It was an old moped without turn signals and license plate. It had stood there in exactly the same place, in the same way throughout the winter. It seemed like nobody cared about it. Strangely it had not been stolen, though it was not so easy to see it, since it was hidden by the bushes. It was just locked over the front wheel. Should be easy to remove the lock and then it would be just to run until it started we had thought, though not quite dared to do yet. But with a little powder in the nose, there was nothing to be afraid of. Then in the evening after I had dined with mom, I took the wrenches from our toolbox, the skateboard helmet and thick jacket. Told my mother that I would go over to Arman. It was he who opened. His parents and big brother watched TV. Arman took his jacket and said that we were going out for a while. His father said something that sounded like an okay. The moped was standing behind the bushes just like before. It was difficult to see, especially now when it

was dark. I took out the wrenches and gave one to Arman, who tightened it around on one of the nuts to the front wheel. I did the same and we pressed the most we could. My wrench got loose so I hit my knuckles against the spokes, but the nut was stuck. We tried again, this time with both hands on the tools. Nothing happened. Not until we pressed the wrenches with our feet, they loosened. Then it was easy to remove it and the shackle lock from the front fork, but then what? We still could not roll the moped since the lock still was on the wheel. And it was cold, my fingers were so stiff that it was difficult to hold the wrench. What the hell should we do? I said Arman had no idea. "Let's take the wheel to my room because I can't stand working out in the cold no longer, my fingers are stiff as sticks." Arman agreed, "but how do we get it to my home without anyone seeing it," he wondered. "If we take the garbage bag from the bin and then put the wheel in it, it maybe isn't so strange. We can say that we collect empty cans if anyone asks." Arman was a little impressed by my clever idea, I think. So we did, and it went great. We met an old lady in the hall, and Arman told her, without her asking, that we collected empty cans. She said it certainly was good that we did and we just have to come to her to take all the cans on her balcony. It was very lucky that she had them on the balcony where it was so dark that she could not see that the bag was full of junk that did not at all resemble empty cans. Then when mom wondered what we had in the bag, we could just open it and show her a lot of cans.

- Why did you come home with them they smell like shit. Couldn't you have taken them to the store instead.

- But hey mom, it closes after eight o'clock and it is four minutes past.

- You could at least put the bag on the balcony.

"Damn," I thought, but said:

- Okay!

Then when she fell asleep, I snuck out to the balcony and took the wheel. It turned out to be quite easy to remove the lock, just to unscrew a few spokes and pull it out.

The day after, worse than worst to go up, but pretty calm in school. Before lunch, I was about to fall asleep, we had Swedish and would read a book. The letters just kind of flowed together, but probably nobody noticed that I stared at the same page about the whole lesson.

After school we played games in my room. Arman had brought his computer so we could compete against each other. It was mostly to pass time until dark, but pretty fun anyway. After we had dinner and it had become fairly dark we went out on the balcony, picked up the bag, said to mother that we would pledge and went down to the moped. Fastening the wheel was easier and to roll out of the bushes it was no problem at all except some scratches. Damn the tires were almost flat, but it rolled pretty well. We found no kick pedal. Therefore, we continued to roll nearly across the lawn just as we did when we tried Arman's cousin's bike. Nothing happened, we tried again the other way while we ran faster. Anyway nothing happened. "What the hell shall we do?" I said. "No idea," he said, "though we can't keep on trying outside our house, Dad can see us." We rolled the moped along the path over the hill into the little forest. In there we hid it under a lot of branches and stuff before we went and pledged cans in the grocery store down at the petrol stations, where they do not close until nine. Shit, it's a pretty long way to go, but the only thing that was open and, in addition, they have a lot of candy in those boxes that you can pick from yourself. We got so much candy that it lasted all the way back and into my room where we surfed on how old mopeds work. The bag of trash we threw in the bushes outside the entrance to the store. It felt like we started to get a grip on it, but then Arman's mother called and said that he had to get home to bed. When

she had phoned my mother felt that she had to say I have to go to bed too. On Thursday we did other things, so not until on Friday evening, we could try again to get it started. It wasn't easy to run with the moped back and forth in the forest, because there were so many trees and shit in the way. In particular, since it was dark and the trees were so small that they were barely visible. Luckily, I had my flashlight with me, but it only helped us finding the fuel tap and stuff. We had like a check list with thing like did it get to get gasoline and stuff. Sometimes it sounded like it started, but it came no smoke or so. Arman called his cousin who said we should get start gas. Shit, shit it's a long way to the gas station and we were completely out of everything running. So we gave up for the evening. Tucked the moped back and went home to me for a little more "Tjacko".

Was woken by mom already at lunch, because she said I must eat and she would go to meet some girlfriends. I understood of course that "girlfriends" could mean anything as long as it was alcohol involved. But I didn't bother. Probably she would not come home until late tonight. Or she would call and say she slept away, either way it would be perfect. I asked if I could invite Arman for dinner and she could not say much against that. I said that it would be good since then I got to practice at cooking, but could she call and ask Arman's parents if it was ok for them that Arman ate with us tonight. No problem, it went perfectly. Arman came across like that at five o'clock. We talked about we would make for dinner. Arman said rice, I thought pasta. "Rice with what?" I said. "Pasta with what?" He said. "Sauce" I said. "We have ground beef in the freezer." "Good," he said, and so it was.

It was good actually, we added garlic, some ketchup and onions. Arman wanted to add carrot too, but luckily we had none. We had some soda left so it was quite festive, with mom's glasses and folded paper napkins. For dessert, vanilla ice cream with sprinkles of amphetamine. Perfect, just tasted ice cream. I took some money out of my mother's bowl with coins and we rode to the gas station and asked if they had start gas. No problem, and the money was enough. Then into the woods searching for the moped. Arman sat on the moped, I sprayed into the air intake, Arman put in a gear and kicked with his legs. I pushed and he tried to steer, though not that good because he drove straight on a stone and almost flew over the handlebars. First he was silence. I was scared shitless, what if he broke the brain, what the hell would we say then? Then I heard that he groaned, a little reassured, I tried to lift the moped from him, while I shouted that he would answer. About then two guys in the eighth grade appeared. They just "What the hell, that's Joe's moped, you have destroyed it, he'll be pissed off." Hell Joe's moped I thought, Joe in 9:th grade, what the hell do we do now? I stood up and dropped the moped. He will of course to kill us. "It's okay, I will talk to him," I said. I think it sounded pretty cool, actually. I had completely forgotten about Arman. The guys did not seem to care about him either, though he was there under the moped and it should have been obvious to anyone that he was the victim of an accident. Then when the boys had gone and I talked with Arman we almost whispered to each other. He was very nervous, strangely enough, I felt not pretty cool. But we had to talk to him, it would surely come out in some way that we had stolen his moped. Should we just call on his door and say, "Hey, Joe, you we happened to steal your moped, is it okay, sorry!" Or, perhaps we should ask if we could buy it, but with what money?

Arman was pretty annoyed now:

- Remove this fucking moped now dammit, I'm stuck!
- What, aren't you probably just resting?

We actually laughed. When we had lifted up the moped and rolled down to the light of a lamp,

we could see that it looked quite okay, except that the front wheel was not circular anymore, it was dirty and the handlebar were crooked. The dirt and the handlebar were easy fixed problems. But the front wheel and that we in addition had taken his lock were more problematic. The lock had probably remained in the bag when we pledged cans, then we threw it away, or? We rolled the moped down the stairs to the laundry room. There was a hose there so it was just to shower it. Arman barely helped because he washed his face and hands. When that was finished, he still did not help because he tried to clean his clothes. But it was okay for me. His parents would not be happy if they saw him come home like that. Someone opened the outer door from the cellar to in the laundry room.

- Quickly we have to take it into the drying room, Arman said.

I took it down from the support and began to roll in that direction. Arman held up the door. When I arrived, and he released the door, it was completely dark, though we did not dare to look for the light switch if someone was in the laundry room now. What would I say if he opened the door to the drying room? But no one did. Instead, we heard that someone went out again. So Arman opened the door to the laundry room to some light in, but it was as dark there too. He groped for the light switch, hit something, whispered "ouch", groped forward, struck in something again. I stood and held the moped, so that it would not fall, dared not let go and did not remember how the support worked, where was it? After a very very long time there was light and we dared to talk. The moped looked quite okay, but we could not just put it back and pretend that nothing had happened. Joe would know and how happy he would be about that the wheel was crooked and lock taken away. Moreover, it could be stolen if we put it back behind the house without any lock. We had to roll it into one of the empty storage rooms, so I went up to get a padlock and a few patches to Arman. Then, after we had placed the moped in a storage room and locked it, we went to the door to the next staircase, where Joe lived. Music was heard from his apartment. I called on the doorbell, nothing happened, I called again. Someone inside lowered the music and finally the door opened. It was Joe and behind him stood Stefan.

- Hey, Joe! We happened to take your moped, we did not know it was yours.

- What the hell! It was all he said. His pal continued:

- Then you have to pay it, we want two thousand for it, you bastards.

- But what, I said, you can get it back. We just fix a new lock for you.

- Nah, Stefan continued, it was apparently his moped too, that crap moped we do not want to get back, it's not working. But you have stolen it, so now you pay!

I looked at Joe, he said nothing. Strange I thought he was the tough guy and Stefan was the one that did not say anything. But now it was only Stefan who talked. Joe did not care, he did not even get angry. Someone opened the door and wondered why we made so much noise in the staircase. Joe pulled me into the apartment. I grabbed Arman because I did not want to be alone with them in there. In the living room it seemed to be more people, girls probably. They seemed drunk and happy because I heard them laughing. We stood there in the hall. I and Arman watching the floor, Stefan staring at us and Joe who seemed to watch everything.

- What the hell aren't you mad at them Joe, said Stefan, they've fuckin stolen our moped, they should be beaten up, right?

- Fuck, said Joe probably directed to Stefan, we do not care about this now. We are having a party, they will fix the money tomorrow, the chicks will get sour if we stay here to fuss much longer.

As he said it, three girls came into the hall. One of them I recognized, she is in the ninth

grade. Did not remember her name, but she knew my name, she said:

- Hi Peter, what are you doing here?

She seemed to be happy.

- Do you have a party here, is it fun! I said and smiled.

- The girl did not answer, instead she told Joe:

- Haven't you anything more to drink?

Joe shook his head and turned against me.

- Don't you have something to drink Peter? Your mother probably have some. If you can fix spirits, maybe we can forget about the lock.

Spirits, Mom. She never had anything at home. In any case, never more than one evening.

Apart from when she had 40 birthday party a few years ago, but it was then. And Arman's parents does not drink any alcohol at all, not even beer. Stefan walked up to me, he was probably very sick of us now. Just before it seemed that he would beat me, I said:

- But wait, we have something else that is much better. I can make the best party drinks ever.

- Well what, do you have moonshine or what?

- No, something much better!

- Okay you, what is much better then?

- You'll see, I promise that it's some very cool stuff!

- Okay, but hurry up, we are thirsty!

We walked over to me, took a box of milk, which was almost full, poured in some amphetamine and then some more. Arman said that for safety sake, we ought to pour in even more, so we did. So we put on the cap and shook the box. Then when we had shaken a while I remembered the chocolate powder. Down with a hefty dose of chocolate powder and even more shaking. Back to Joe. I was so stressed that I almost forgot to call on the doorbell. I just opened the door, but Arman rang the bell and closed the door. Joe opened and looked a little strangely on the milk box that I held in my hand. Stefan looked even suspiciously at it:

- What the hell milk, what the hell do you think, is that your party drink. What else do you drink then, gruel or?

Everybody laughed, scornfully. Though I was pretty calm now, since it was we who had the stuff, the real stuff. First I checked that the door was closed then I said:

- OK, don't you want to try our party drink so blame yourselves. But I can promise that it's the coolest thing you have ever tried!

- Ohh yeah, fat milk chocolate taste, tough shit!

They understood, of course, that we had poured chocolate powder in the milk for there were lots of chocolate stains on the box. But it was not just chocolate milk. Arman said something, but no one heard because of all the laughter, so he said it again:

- It is tjacko, the worst party drug, it will take you to heaven!

- Tjacko, you mean well Pucko Stefan said, he probably thought he was really funny, because he looked against the others as to see that they liked that. But Joe seemed quite curious about what it was, and he actually brought glasses to all of us and luckily for us they were quite small. He placed the glasses on the table in front of a empty spot in the one couch. Arman sat down and I started pouring. Equally much in each glass, then I handed them out. Strangely, no one asked what it was, all just tasted. It tasted pretty good, very much chocolate.

- Is this your party drink? It tastes like Pucko. Can't you get your pajamas and some Teletubbies movies too, so we can have a real children's party. It was off course Stefan who said that and everyone laughed, we also.

- Take it easy, I said, just wait.

All emptied their glasses and wanted refills. We talked on and everyone seemed happy and satisfied. Joe ran a music competition where everyone had to guess what song he clicked on. The girls were clearly the best, especially one named Lina. The other two were named Janina and Terja. It was Janina who had said hello to me when we arrived. We were busy with that quiz for a really long time. When I went to the bathroom, I looked at the clock and it was like two in the morning. No one seemed the least bit tired and everyone was happy. Someone rang the doorbell. Shit what if it was the police. We directly turned off the music. Stefan and the girl he had been holding in the hand, Terja, sneaked into another room. I, Janina, Arman and Lina sat on the sofa silent and without moving. Joe opened. It was a neighbor, I think. It did not sound at all as if he was a cop, he was just pissed. Joe came back, sat as close to Lina as possible, looked into her eyes and she looked into his. I felt quiet redundant, it had actually been fun, but was I doing here now. Check when they are having sex or what? Probably they did not even want us there anymore. Stood up and said something that I have to go home and Arman followed me. Janina also rose. She hugged Joe and Lina and said it had been a blast. We stood in the elevator together and she looked at me. I looked back, almost into her eyes. Arman looked at the elevator buttons. She:

- I'm not tired, are you?

- No, I said.

- Can't we continue the party?

It tingled inside, it seemed as if the question was directed especially towards me. It seemed as if Arman felt that too, he said:

- Damn, I got to get home, have fun!

Thanks Arman, I thought and then my brain focused on how I should answer her. She continued:

- You Peter, can't we go home? She smiled and looked very attractive, I felt that something was hard.

- Mmm, I said nervously.

But she seemed satisfied with my answer because she took me under her arm. I tried to be very quiet when we arrived at our door. Though I was so shaky that the key did not find the hole in the lock. Grabbed it with both hands and aimed with one eye closed. She laughed a little, though very quietly. Shit, the keys fell down on the floor, tried again, got the door open, it was lit in the hall and mom's jacket was still gone. Phew, she probably would not be coming home tonight, because now the commuter trains had stopped going and moreover, she would never come home this late. Luckily, she wanted to go to the bathroom, so I could hide away the most embarrassing stuff in my room. I just swept it into the corner between the desk and the wall. She was ready and gently whispered my name, as if she did not know where she would go. I came out to her and said it was okay to talk because mom was gone. She came up to me and put her arms around me. I wanted to kiss her, probably it was written all over my face because she pressed her lips against mine. Pretty hard and I pushed back pretty hard too. My cock was really hard now and I shook. She released the pressure against my lips a bit and I felt her tongue between my lips. I opened my mouth a bit and tried to relax my lips. It got better, she tasted cigarette smoke, it was delicious, the tip of my tongue touched hers.

She: - You're cute!

- But Arman then is not he more handsome, he is longer and stronger than me?

- But Peter you have as fine hair, blond and blue eyes!

- Your hair is black and your eyes are brown, I think this is much sweeter!
- Nah blonde is finer, so fresh as well!
- But black is hotter, it shines like the finest car that is newly polished.

She laughed, in the lovingly way they do on TV sometimes.

We said no more for a while, just kissed. Although it as wonderful as it could be, it still felt a little weird to stand there in the hall, as if we were adults and it was our apartment. What if Mom came home? Wanted to take her to my bed, but how could I say or what I would do.

Didn't get any idea so I continued just as before. In the end, she released the grip around me, and instead she took my hand and asked, whispered, where my room was.

I led her in, turned off the lamp and pulled off the bedspread. The door to the hall was open so I could see her bra when she took off the shirt or blouse or whatever it is called. So she held her hands behind her back and started to work on the bra strap. Would I help her, no, felt too shaky to dare to try, took off my sweater and t-shirt instead. Then we stood without clothes on the upper body. Her breasts were rather small, at least if you compare it with the ones you see in porn films, but they were fine. She pressed against me and when her chest was pressed against my chest, I came. I pretended not to notice it and I do not think she noticed something. We kissed more and she pulled off my belt. She pulled down my pants and underwear while she sat on her knees, so that her head was at the height of my dick, so she kissed it, not sucked or so, just kissed it. I tried to get my hand into panties and she helped me.

After a while she lay down on her back in bed and said "come". I smiled and did it while I'm in my brain tried to block the whole event and instead pretend that I rolled myself in snow, for I had heard that you could like that to avoid coming instantly, and it was needed.

I was pretty worried about how I would do, but probably she understood that I was not so good at that, for she led my penis into her. It was hard to get in, she said "press", I said "mm" or something. I came in a little bit but it was so tight around my penis that it hurt. I pulled it out and came on the sheet. She grabbed it and felt that it was messy. "Oops," she laughed quietly, I laughed too though embarrassed. We tried again, this time it went a bit better. I was inside for real, I had lost my virginity, I was a real man now. We could even keep on for a while. I came again, she wanted me to continue and that didn't bother me. I do not think she had any orgasm, but she seemed very happy anyway. We were sweaty and hot, I lay on her. Although it was like haven for me, it was perhaps a little too hot, we must have smelled like monkeys. I lay the side and she turned so she was facing me, we kissed and smiled, said cute things, kissed more and she said "water", I said "pee". We went up both completely naked, as if we were adults and it was our apartment. She asked for the kitchen and I showed her. How beautiful she was, I thought, when I saw her in the light. Her skin was a little brown and even the hair down there was black, with a waist much smaller than her butt, just as it should be. She looked a little embarrassed when I looked at her. But embarrassed in a cute way, with her head turned halfway down.

I peed and when I came back she was lying under my blanket. I lay down beside her and pressed myself against her. It was hot, very hot, but wonderful at the same time. She lay with her ass against my penis, my left arm held her and caressed her breasts at the same time. One wart was soft and the other was fierce. My cock was hard again and she probably felt it, she turned around:

- You, do you have more "Tjacko"?
- Sure, but it's not a good idea to take something now then we probably can't sleep before Monday morning. It felt cool, this was an area where I was more experienced than her.

Though at the same time, I did not want to disappoint her, so I said:

- Though you can get some powder to take home if you want, so you can take later, whenever you want.

- Gladly, but what was the powder really, was it really amphetamine?

- I think so.

- What, you do not know what you've bought?

Should not I tell the truth now, I thought. Would I lie to my baby? Sure Arman and I had promised each other never to tell anyone, ever, that we found the powder in the basement, because the one who put it there probably were not pleasant guys. Instead, I said exactly the same thing we told them before, we bought it online, using one of the computer in the library. I said it as fast as I could to get rid of the question, though she asked again. To avoid answering, I went up to the desk and took out the box of matches, where I kept some so that I did not have to take out the package each time. She came up to me.

- Here, take this, I gave her the whole box, but do not take it all at once, just take a little at a time, otherwise I do not know what happens.

She kissed me with his tongue, as a thank you and put the box in her pants.

So, we lay down again and she fell asleep, I think. I was lying and was sweating, trying to change position from time to time and maybe dozed a little.

Mom came home, opened the door to my room, I pretended to sleep, she did not lit just opened, looked in and then closed again. Had she seen something, perhaps, but it was dark in my room and she came from the light, so maybe not. Hope she did not see anything, I did not like that she would see me as an adult, only thirteen years old and already sleeping with a girl, huh embarrassing. It sounded as if she went to the bathroom and then straight to her bedroom. Janina whispered:

- Your mom?

- Exactly!

- Has she been with any guy?

- Probably.

- My mum also does that sometimes. She has some dude she says, though he is never at home with us. By the way; I must go now, see you in school!

- You, can't we do this again?

She laughed, kissed me on the mouth and said:

- Of course we can, I would love to, see you in school!

She tried to get dressed in the dark, but it did not go so well for she fell on the floor. I lit the lamp and looked at her. Then she kissed me, I got up and went to the door, locked and crept back, very pleased with myself, though oddly enough also relieved that she went. I lay on my back, closed my eyes and tried to sleep, but it just did not work. A lot of thoughts went through my head. How would I tell Arman? Imagine when others ask if I indeed have fucked and I can answer "yes" without lying. Though the more I could not sleep the more thoughts came into my head about what would happen now. There is not a chance that Stefan, Joe and the girls would keep quiet about the night's experiences. Tomorrow everyone throughout school probably will know that we are the worst drug dealers. It might be a queue outside our door and then the police, and it is completely over for us. I must do something, can't handle all those pesky thoughts, but what? So I got up, ate some sandwiches, no chocolate milk, rang on Arman's doorbell. "He is sleeping," his mother said.

- What did you do yesterday, really, when Arman came home, it had already begun to lighten,

he talked strangely, the clothes were dirty, and though it was so late he still wanted to play on his computer?

- Uh, we played games all night and chatted, though we were out and played as well and then Arman fell, I guess, though I did not see it. We had a good time! Can I talk to him?

- No, he must be very tired, are not you tired? You're going to school tomorrow.

I realized that maybe it was not a good idea to continue arguing. Instead, I went out and sat in a swing, it was cold and the swing was wet. It got even more annoying thoughts, but one thing I came up and I decided: I have to hide the drugs somewhere that is not related to me. In the basement? No, at least not on the pipes. What if the person who hid the drugs is there looking and then sees us fix with it? Not so good. Out in the wood or so? What if someone looks when we go there to get some? In the end, I concluded that the basement was probably still the best choice, though perhaps not our basement but the next one. I went around and checked.

Actually, it was the same basement under the whole house, with a long corridor from one side to the other. But to get to the parts that belonged to the others staircases, you had to open heavy iron doors. In the corridor there were doors to the laundry room, the bike room and to the storage rooms. My key worked to the room with our storage room, the laundry room and the bike room. It got to be the bike room, in there, one might well hear if anyone comes into the hallway and it was pipes near the ceiling. I picked up the bag behind my books, filled a small metal box that I got from my grandmother, fetched some wet toilet paper and my gloves, cleaned the outside of the bag with the gloves on, put on my jacket and put the bag in the armpit. The hiding went pretty good, I check carefully that one could not see the package just by chance? If we got caught when we took the bag, we could pretend that we just found it and wondered what it was. Felt a bit calmer then and tried to sleep, and apparently it worked for someone woke me later, and then it was not full daylight any longer. It was Arman and mother. She wondered if I was sick. Arman and I laughed and I said that I was just tired, we were up so late and played games. Mom wondered what we had cooked for dinner and maybe we wanted to have dinner now. Sure, I said, but Arman said his mother asked him to ask if I might want to eat dinner with them. I said yes immediately, since she prepares such delicious food, much better than mom's. Before we went up to them, we talked in whispers about what we would say if they asked about yesterday, but Arman had already given them a story and fortunately it pretty well resembled to what I said. Phew, and when I told him what happened Arman was naturally very impressed and envious. He was also worried about what would happen at school and it was smart of me to hide the drugs, he thought. The dinner was great and afterwards we watched TV in his room.

At school, it was actually about as usual. Mentor time for both sevens with all three mentors Matilda, Alice and Göran, it was about bullying. The teachers seemed to act as if they believed that in our school, indeed, we do not tolerate that and if it would occur it would be deled with at once. But nobody dared to make any fuzz then with both Matilda and Alice in the room. I contrary to later when it was just our class together with Göran, then Alexandra could not sit still anymore, instead she stood in front of the lectern and danced to music from her phones. Since she had speakers in her ears, it was only she who heard the music, so it looked pretty crazy. Jarri became irritated and threw a whole eraser straight in her face. She took the broom and ran toward him, he jumped from his seat and ran away, she came by with the broom. Hugo tried to trap her with his legs and therefore Eivy threw a pen at him. Matilda came in and shouted that we would calm down, but it did not help. Anyway it killed some time and after a while it was a break. Arman and I sat on a bench. He said he was tired, even

exhausted, I agreed. Some distance away hung a few nines. They looked at us, though not in some strange way, as if they knew something. They just looked as dully as usual. I closed my eyes and thought of Janina. It was nice to think about her, I got like warm inside. One guy in our class sat next to us and asked about the weekend. It happened nothing special I said, except that we cooked dinner together on Saturday night. He asked nothing more, but told me about a film he saw at the movies with his dad. I did not want to listen, wanted to think about Janina. Then he said something about drugs and I was all stiff and probably red in my face, until I realized that it was what the movie was about. It was actually the only talk about drugs all day, right up to Arman and I went home. But we talked, of course, a whole lot about it and what we should do. He thought we should forget about it completely, just leave the package there. If someone, type, Janina, Stefan, or anyone else would ask if we had more, we would just say "no it is all gone and the guy we bought from does not seem to remain online anymore". I did not tell him that I filled my whole tin. Not that I wanted, I thought, but Janina might want some more. We came to the conclusion that maybe we should try to get into that dark web where they sell drugs, just to have something to show if someone would ask more questions. Then we did it, we googled every possible word that came on our minds regarding dope sales and stuff like that, without finding anything useful. When Arman gone home, I tried more and actually found a way, though it was not in Sweden, as it seemed. The next day I saw Janina on the lunch break and she saw me too, but it seemed like she did not want to pretend like she knew me. She was standing a short distance away with some friends, and when she looked in my direction, I waved. A girl next to her looked at me, looked at her and said something that probably was like "What do you know him?" I was angry, "knew me" we were a fuckin couple, we had made love. She was all the time inside my head, her face, her fingers against my skin, buttocks, breasts, everything. But on the other hand I did not want that what happened would be something everyone talked about, so I pretended like nothing. And there came a thought that maybe they thought it was so embarrassing to have had chocolate milk-party with some sevens graders that they did not want to talk about it. I told Arman and he thought it might be the case. "It is even worse for Janina", he said, "she has even had sex with a guy in the seventh grade, to get drugs. The worst dope whore." After he said that I felt my fist in my pocket and it wanted to beat him. Though it just gave him a soft punch in the stomach. He said "sorry" and I said "jealous!"

When we went home Joe came up along side us. He said "hello" and laughed. We laughed back, a little nervously, at least on my part.

- Where's the moped?
- In the basement, we will fix a new lock for you, I have an old bicycle lock. Or do you have a better one Arman?
- Screw the lock, Joe said, if you can fix more of that thing which you gave us last Saturday, you can have the moped, it does not work, it's something with that the piston is broken, not worth repairing.
- Well, what do we need it for then?
- Hell it is your problem, it was you who stole it, now you pay us!
- But we have nothing more and he we bought from is active on the net anymore.
- Fix some other dealer then.
- But it's illegal, it's the worst penalty for that. We just wanted to try a bit for fun.
- Okay. Either you fix the wheel and fix up the lock, or you give us as much powder as you had in that chocolate milk, or...

He left us before we had time to answer, going another way. Probably not because had some business in that direction, but because we would not be able to oppose him.

Arman started thinking about how we could get to a moped workshop and how we could afford a new lock.

- Recycle cans, he thought, we can say that we save for a class trip.

- Too much work, just because we had been that very lucky with my neighbor it doesn't mean that everyone will be kind enough to throw cans over us.

Just then I was not in the mood to tell him that I saved away a box, instead we said that we would meet in the evening. So, on the bed, thinking of Janina with my right hand in my pants. Someone rang the doorbell. I hastened to open despite the bulging on the pants. It was Joe and Stefan, they looked grim.

- Money, powder or violence? It was Stefan who said that he was talking rather loudly, thus there was a great risk that it could be heard by the neighbors.

I replied, with a whispering voice:

- Okay, I come to you later. I looked at Joe and avoided Stefan.

Nothing to talk about now, I thought, must give them a little powder and then the key to the padlock of course. A moment later, it is I who stand outside his door, though I whisper in his ear. Explaining that there was some powder left that he could get. I reached out my right hand as to greet him, though in my hand there was a plastic bag. When the bag was in his hand, he looked at it as if it were an apple or whatever. I did not dare say anything about it. Instead, I took out the key and lay it next to the bag. He wondered what it was and when I explained, he said again that we could keep the moped.

- Are we even now? I tried to look him in the eyes.

- Sure. He smiled. Please come to party again sometime with more chocolate milk, it was a blast!

I laughed a little, in fact for real, it had really been fun and exciting.

- Promise me not to say anything about who you got it from!

- That I would tell people that I have had a party with kids, it will never happen.

Though somehow the words were spread anyway, at least to some people, since on Wednesday, at lunch break, Timo in 9A came up to me and wanted to talk:

- I want to talk about a deal with you, we can meet behind the dining room, on the hill, you know.

- Okay, I said, and went there.

- You, I heard that you could fix dope. I want two grams.

- What, I have no dope. By the way, I have no scale either.

- No problem, I can steal one for you from the natural science lab, but then you have to promise to fix what I want.

- Sorry I can't.

- But come on now, what do you want, say a price.

Without that I really wanted it, I tried to think of what I had seen online about prices for amphetamine, but Timo nagged so I could not think.

- One hundred, I said gently.

- Okay, a hundred crowns per gram, it's a deal. You get the scale tomorrow at lunch, because we have natural science in the lab hall in the morning, is it ok?

- Ohh yes, I said, mostly because it felt so uncomfortable to say no.

On the way home I told Arman and he thought it was ok, what the hell would we do, and one

hundred crowns each would not do any harm.

The day after our lunch break ended before the ninth graders had started theirs, but when the day was over for us Timo stood outside waiting for me. He just said, "See you at the same place as yesterday." Now also Arman hung on and Timo seemed to know that we were a team, he talked to both of us.

- Here, he opened his jacket so that we could see a dynamometer sticking out from his inside pocket. Take it in a way that is not visible to the teachers, as they are sitting in the staff room which is facing our way.

Although he was standing in between us and the school, I tried to take it so that it did not appear in my hand. At home we looked at it properly, it measured up to 0.1 Newton, 10 grams, thus, perfect!

He continued:

- Can you fix it for tomorrow, would like to have it this weekend?

- Sure will try, I said and looked serious.

Arman stood beside me as kind of a bodyguard and it suited him very well for he is quite large even compared to many guys in the 9th grade.

On the Friday we met at the hill after the last lesson. I was a little nervous although Arman was with me, what if someone would see us, but the sooner the deal done, the better. I made it the same way as when I gave a bag to Joe. He took it in his hand and without checking what he had in his hand he stuffed it in the pocket of his jacket. What he said was:

- Damn you must have dope bags, the kind that has a plastic zipper, everybody use them, I have seen that on TV.

He handed over the cash in much the same way and we went home.

- What should we do with the money? I asked while looking at Arman.

- Do not know, have fun with it, perhaps we can't buy some chips and soda to tonight?

Good idea, I thought, so we went to the store. On the way Arman told about an idea:

- I think it would be cool to smoke that dope. I have seen on TV, you know, Breaking Bad, they smoke the shit. And suppose you have some at home, right?

- But they use methamphetamine, it may not be the same.

- But let's try.

- Okay, how do we do then?

- On television they use hookahs, my dad has one of those too, it's beautiful with long hoses, not like on TV.

- Perfect, borrow it then so we try.

- Are you crazy, what if Dad notice that it smells of dope, or if he would get high because there is a little left, or if he needs it. Never, I do not dare. But maybe I can take some tobacco, a little apple tobacco that we can mix it up with.

- Yes apple tobacco smells great, but how do we get a pipe then?

We decided to try to build a pipe at my place, before mother came home. It was not so easy. The smoke must go through the water before it reaches the mouth, but how? I made a hole in a Coke can and poured in water, but it only either poured out or we had no use of it. Arman came on a clever solution that was that we took a glass jar with a metal lid, made a hole in the lid, put in a straw, sealed around the straw with chewing gum and filled the jar with water to above the end of the straw. Then you really breathed through the water, but how would we get the smoke? We thought for a while before Arman made a pit in the lid. It went well until there was a hole in the lid. At first I was a little sour and Arman said sorry, but then he took it back,

because he said it must be the hole in order to get the smoke down into the water. It got pretty okay in the end," let's show the technology teacher", I thought. Arman laughed and in the same time my mother opened the front door. She shouted hello and Arman hid the thing under his shirt. I cleaned the table as fast as I could, but it did not help, she came into the kitchen and saw that we were doing something. I said:

- Hey mom, we have made paper planes!
- Well, where are they, and why have you broken a Cola can?
- We would try if we could shoot the plan by blowing air into the jar.
- What the hell, you have made stains in the table!

Shit, there was like a round ring of stains from the bottom of the glass jar. She got pissed off and we went into my room.

Then after dinner Arman came down to me, we watched YouTube to see what it looked like when they smoked. Ate chips and had a good time. Arman had brought some apple tobacco. It smelled delicious, but tasted worse. We watched a movie and sniffed some of the powder. At ten o'clock we took the stairs to the top, climbed up the ladder, since Arman thought it would be cool to smoke on the roof and no way could we do it at home. He opened a hatch that was some kind of smoke evacuation, and climbed out. Arman closed the hatch and we went around looking for a place to sit. It was windy and felt a bit scary, especially when we stood at the edge, it was no railing or something. One more step and we would just be mash. It tickled so much in my legs as I stood there that I had to crawl backwards. Arman was not at all scared, he thought we would sit on the edge while we smoked. I just refused, perhaps it would be okay if we sat with our backs against the metal housing in the middle or even better on a park bench or something. Arman took the pipe because he knew how his father used to do. Poured some tobacco and powder on top of it. Stirred with the lighter. Sealed his lips around the straw, fired the lighter and aimed at the tobacco. It glowed a little bit and some smoke came into the jar. He coughed, said "good shit" and handed over to me. I did the same thing and it actually felt quite different. You became like more dizzy, and different in the head, more drugged so to say. I tried again, got a big gulp of water in my mouth and into the trachea, I coughed so that all which was in the small hole on the lid fell out.

- Idiot, you have thrown away our dope!
- Sure, we're drug lords!

Arman made a new round which we shared. Then we just sat there and looked out over the Tumba valley. It was great, with all the trees, the roads and the lake there. He told a story about how his father fled to Sweden, and his uncle. I had heard it before, but somehow the stories were much better now. We laughed and tried to find some stars, but it was not really dark. Arman sounded so cool when he talked, like in American TV series. He fixed another round, and I smoked even though it hurt his throat. Felt kind of weird, like the body wanted to jump down, but my brain did not want to do it.

- Arman, I have to get down, it's shit scary, it feels as if my body is pulled against the edge.
- Hey, cool down!

He was very cool, didn't understand my worries. I started walking against the hatch, staring down, to avoid seeing the view but just exactly where I was, however, I looked up a little after each step to be sure I did not go against the edge, it tingled every time. In the end I reached the hatch and grabbed the handle. The hatch was locked, hell we were stuck here. I laid on the roof with my hand on the handle, shouting at Arman. He came walking towards me, calm and quiet, with a big smile. Then when he tried the hatch, he realized that it actually was locked,

he was not so cocky anymore. Arman still tried to be cool:

- Come on, we call someone that can come and open for us, it's cool.
- What do you have your phone with you, in that case it sure is cool.
- No, but don't you?
- Hell, did not bring so that my mother could not call and say I have to go home to bed.
- Same here, shit.
- What do we do, we will freeze to death, what if it starts raining.
- And what are we waiting for, nobody comes up to here, we must climb down.

Climb down, never, I thought, I could not even stand at the edge and look down. But Arman was on, he really wanted to climb. Though you must have some rope I thought, so we went, or he mostly, around on the roof to looked for rope. Not that we thought there would be some rope there and it did not. But we found the antenna cable that went to a satellite dish. We pulled it loose from the antenna and pulled it out of a tube that lay across the roof. It was a pretty long cable that should be enough to reach down to the balconies below. The other end of the cable was stuck in the ceiling, we tried to pull everything we could both of us and it was still stuck. Good enough we thought. Arman lay down and looked out over the edge, while I was standing as close to the center of the ceiling as possible, still the whole body tingled when I saw him. He looked down for a while and then he came to me and said that he found a place that should work. He wanted me to bind the antenna cable around him. It felt pretty uncomfortable, what if the knot would loosen up, but what can we do? I don't any proper knots, so I, like, knitted the cable parts the best I could. Tried to pull it, the knot tightened a bit and Arman shouted "Lay off, it hurts." That ought to be enough. For safety sake I made a few additional knots. Arman began to creep over the edge starting with his legs. I held his arm. He looked pretty cool. Someone shouted:

- What the hell are you doing?

It sounded like it came from the floor below. Arman shouted back that we were locked out on the roof. The person in the back shouted something and Arman replied. They kept on like that for a while, then Arman crawled back. The guy would come and open. I untied him and we placed the cable so that it would look as if it had got broken by itself. Arman hid the pipe and what we had left of tobacco and stuff. A hatch was opened, though it was not the one we came up through. The guy shouted. Then when we stood on the stairs, he asked why we had not shouted instead? Climbing down is very dangerous you know, we did not even have any rope. We said of course nothing about the antenna cable, but just that we had not thought of that we could shout.

It did not feel in the mood for more action that night, I went to my home and Arman to his. The rest of the weekend I felt like I had got a cold. Typically that one always gets sick when it is a weekend or a holliday. Lay in bed reading or watching YouTube most of the time.

On Monday Timo came up to me and said it was amazingly good stuff we had, he wanted to buy more. I groaned and said we did not want to keep on being drug dealers. He said:

- Hundred fifty crowns, come on, you get a hundred and fifty crowns per gram, Me and my friends were thinking of having a little party, so we would like to have four grams. Come on it is six hundred bucks!

I looked on Arman, what did he say? He nodded, okay, I said

- Six hundred, on Friday in the same way as before time?
- Okay, but can't you fix real dope bags, the freezer bag was completely worthless, you could not get it all out.

- I do not know where to get that kind of bags, you know?

- I can check out a bit, but then I want to have some extra powder, okay?

The day after, he came with bags, they were perfect. And came in handy because both Joe and another guy in the 9:th grade also wanted some. They thought hundred fifty crowns per gram was okay. Perhaps it was not a major problem really, but we needed to get more out of the package in the basement. Perhaps a bit exaggerated, but Arman was anxious that someone would come into the bike room when we were about to scoop up the powder, so after a lot of planning, we concluded that we both should disguise ourselves by having tracksuits and caps on, and moreover he would pretend to inflate the tire on my old bike and I would have the package in my backpack when I poured over to the box. It started well. Arman was pumping and I poured over from the package. Someone opened the door and I jumped so much that I poured straight into the backpack. It was someone who would get his bike. The guy wanted to talk to us about how wonderful it was to start cycling again and about the weather that was so nice. It began to feel foolish standing there with my hands in the backpack, like I was looking for something, but how hard could it be. Sometime I had to pull my hands up with something in it. I dropped the package and grabbed some papers from school. Lifted them up and held in front of Arman. He was about to say something to the guy, but I interrupted him:

- Here, this paper was that we should practice on until tomorrow.

Arman nodded and took it, as if he had been away from school or something. He looked at me and said something about school. I said something back, we stared at each other so that the guy would understand that we were not interested in him. In the end it worked, he walked away with a bicycle. On Friday we had gotten together one thousand five hundred crowns, not bad, as my allowance for three months.

Then, at lunchtime Janina came up to me. She remembered me, maybe she was a little interested anyway. She did not say anything just smiled and held out her hand as if to greet me, but I saw that she had a piece of paper between her fingers. I took it and she pressed my hand. There on the note it said "call me on Saturday morning," and a phone number. Friday night, difficulty sleeping, though I have not taken anything. Had "Friday cozy" with mom, movie, soda, chips and candy. Woke too early on Saturday, when can I call her, not now in any case, it was only half past eight. Began dialing the number several times, took a bath, thinking of her. Mom came into the bathroom just when I thought best, lucky that there were lots of bubble bath in the water. So at ten o'clock, I dialed the whole number and pressed the call button. She said she thought about me and what I said, of course, the same. She wanted to do something. I said that I and Arman had planned to go on amusement park Gröna Lund, did she want to come along? She said, "I would love to, though I have almost no money." "It's okay," I said, "We have plenty of money." She laughed and I did too. I called Arman and told about the plan, Grönan sounded great fun, he thought, though it was not something we had talked about before, I just came up with it about in the same time that I said it to Janina. So just before twelve Arman rang on my doorbell, I took my jacket and we went down to the closed grill bar where we would meet. In my pocket I had a bag with powder. Pretty much powder in fact, at least a few grams. First, we stood there outside the grill bar, just the two of us, Arman and I. So after a while she came. She looked happy and hugged me and Arman, but to me she said "kiss" as we stood there with our arms around each other. Cool, what if someone saw it. A guy in seventh grade who kisses a girl in ninth grade, a girl who even is beautiful. She asked if we had something. "Sure", I said "let's take a little bit?"

Arman wanted some too, so we went into the woods behind the CP-home. Now we had no

chocolate milk or something so we just took some in our hands and sucked into our nostrils. It tickled a little, though none of us began to sneeze, cough, jump on one leg or something else strange. I felt some tension in my cheeks muscles, that I'm used to now, but it surely had effect. We walked down the hill towards the center. Janina in the middle, we held hands. As if she did not care if we were seen. About halfway she took Arman's hand also, do not know if I was more happy than sad about it, but Arman obviously liked it anyway. None of us had tickets for the commuter train, but cared about that when we were like floating in happiness and the north exit, as usual, was unmanned. They even had dismantled the ticket kiosk. The only tricky thing was that Janina did not dare jump over the entrance carousel. Me and Janina stood on one side and Arman on the other while we tried to help her to climb over. She got stuck with one leg in between the sticks and we laughed like hell. On the train Janina said it was pretty embarrassing that we talked so childish. I thought we talked just like anyone, but she and Arman talked like newcomers, I thought. Arman said that they did certainly not, but I talked like my mom, like I was from Scania. We decided that in the city, we must talk like Stockholmers. "How do they talk then?" Said Janina and we had great fun when we tried to talk like they do on the TV news. Our conversation must have sounded pretty weird when we tried to talk like news commentators. A lady who happened to sit next to Janina and thus opposite Arman, got tired and changed seat. Arman pretended to read a news story about young drug addicts on their way to invade Stockholm and it was almost too good, what if someone realized that we were stoned. I tried to block him with a news story about football and Janina almost shouted out a news story about the spring flowers. Though I was pretty aware of what was happening around us, because I saw that the far end of the train came a few guys who talked to everyone.

- Shit, ticket inspectors, I said, they go around and check the tickets. It felt as if my voice was cool like I almost whispered, but some guys a few seats away looked strangely at me.

Arman, was also nervous, but Janina did not really understand. The inspectors came closer and closer. They were holding something in their hands. They came up to us, placed something on the seat next to me. A paper, it said something about sick children, but I didn't read it really. What, why does the inspectors distribute paper about sick children? I asked Arman, he thought that perhaps it was some kind of campaign. Janina had a good laugh and the rest of the cart also seemed to laugh at us, what the hell!

I didn't stand it any longer, "we just need to get off", I thought, by the way maybe they would come back again and ask for tickets. The train stopped and I ran towards the exit. Arman hung on, but Janina was not as fast. We had to press back the doors while shouting at her that she must get off.

It turned out that we got off at South Station, in the city then, but where is Gröna Lund? Janina did not care, she was so busy laughing at me, and Arman, she said, we had got inspector madness just because it came a few beggars. When we realized that we laughed as hell. We went out on the street, the sun was shining and it was warm. All were wearing thin clothes and you could see the legs of all the girls, life was wonderful. We just went without thinking about the direction, feeling like adults. It did not matter if we approached Grönan or not, just to be in town. No one recognized us, thought we were small, childish or booed when Janina kissed me. I was hungry, the others too, we came to Burger King, just such a thing. We had no Burger King in Tumba. I do not even know that I had eaten there before, but their burgers are a hundred times better than on McDonald, according to Eivy anyway. She may have exaggerated a bit, but it was definitely tastier. I ordered first, I said "hamburger", she at

the counter said "Whopper", I said "yes," she said, "meal", I said "yes," Arman said, "I, too, but chicken" because he had read the menu. I looked at Janina as if I were a grown man who could afford to pay for her, she said "Whopper menu," the cashier said "what do you want to drink," and some other questions that I do not remember. I said yes to most of her questions even though I don't what they were about, after every question she added something in a bag. I said nothing, took the bag-paid and we got out to a very cozy square with lots of people. There were some big wide stairs there, perfect, and underneath a lot of pigeons begging. They did even eat the French fries we threw at them. Contempt with full stomachs' we went on. Arman said he knew the way. For me it did not matter, but Janina thought we should ask how to get to Grönan. We decided on a compromise so Arman walked ahead, I went in between and Janina stayed and asked around. It was quite lucky for Arman went in the wrong direction. At Slussen someone said that we would take a boat. Boat, it felt really weird, Gröna Lund is situated in the town, though in a park. Though the guy was certain, so we tried. When we were on the boat, it felt like it did not matter if we came to Grönan or not because it was so amazingly cool, sun, sparkling waves and some small splashes in the face. We went back and forth a few times to use the opportunity to go on a boat trip. Arman tried to reach the water with his hand, and I had to hold him so he did not fall in, but then someone came and said that we had to get off. Luckily, the next stop was Gröna Lund.

- Now bastards we must shape up so that we can enter, Arman said.

- What, I'm focused aren't you Janina?

- Do not know if I think that you are like that super focused, you appear a bit blurry. She thought.

- But clean your sunglasses then, they are well too fatty as you had them as a head band!

I myself thought it was a pretty funny comment, and I laughed a little. But Janina became acidic. My first woman and the first time she got mad at me, isn't that adult points?

We continued to joke with each other, while we tried to make to walk normally. How do you normally walk really? I realized that I never have thought about that, none of the others either. Instead of just walking, we moved really weird, first seriously, then it became like a joke. We came closer to the entrance, the guards would soon see us. Luckily it was quite a long queue, so we did have to walk in front of them. Instead we had to struggle to stand normally, but it did not feel as difficult. We were standing there all three with our legs crossed, just like girls. Arman arrived first and he paid for all three, I thought. But he had not done it and Janina had not even money enough to pay for her. It was for me to pay again, which made me a little mad at Arman. He said sorry then, though he moaned about why he should pay for Janina when it should be my problem and what he ate at Burger King must have costed less than what a ticket to Grönan costs.

- What do we do now? I said then when Arman came with type an excuse.

- Rollercoaster, said Arman.

- Tunnel of Love, said Janina.

Both sounded ok to me. Rollercoaster's are definitely more fun than love tunnels, but at the same time, it would be the special thing going on it with a girl. To make everybody happy, I said:

- How about starting with the bumper cars.

- Great, they thought.

It was a blast. We had a car each and collided as hell with each other. Though both Janina and Arman was just hooked on colliding with me all the time, so in the end it was a bit tough, I

did not even get around a full lap.

Janina thought it was okay that we went with the rollercoaster then. Cool, I was not even scared, like I have always been since I was little. It felt like that now I actually trusted that it would not brake. Though we yelled like hell and had a lot of lovely butterflies in the stomach. Moreover, Janina squeezed my hand very hard as if I was an adult and that made her feel safe. We took all the others rollercoasters also, even the one for kids. We were just crazy, ran between them as if Grönan was closing and we penetrated the queues as much as we could. It went pretty well for most people seemed not to care. Surely someone stomped my foot and Arman got an elbow which I believe was intentional, though we tried all the rollercoasters in less than an hour. It costed us quit some money, however, and thus at the last rollercoaster we tried to sneak in through the back door where people were supposed go out when the run was finished. It almost worked. Janina and I sat in a carriage and Arman were to get into another. But then there were three others who did not get a place and they told it to the guy who would go around and lock the carts. He shouted something and people pointed at us. Hell, we had to go off and stand in the queue. Then we were pretty done with rollercoasters and thirsty too. It was a bar next to the last rollercoaster. They had seats over the water. There sat a lot of kids drinking beer. Absolutely incredible, did they have special at Gröna Lund, or what? Janina thought that was the case. They had some sort of dispensation to sell beer to youngsters. We went, off course there, and Arman offered three beers. We sat at a table where there already were a bunch of guys, but it was right on the water. Really cool, lots of adult points. The first time I drink beer, I said. Arman said he never tasted even light beer, not Janina either. Not very good, we thought, but awesome. But little exciting and we surely felt the effects of the alcohol. That in any case, Arman and Janina said. After a while Janina realize something about the guys next to us, she whispered in my ear that they laughed at us. I was angry, but did not dare show it to them, since they were much bigger. Instead, I listened a bit on what they talked about and realized that we were on a light beer bar. Arman and Janina also realized that and we started laughing. The guys noticed that we had understood, and everyone laughed and toasted. It was quite fun though, and my first restaurant visit, many adult points today. When my beer was empty Janina said it ought to be her turn to decide and she still wanted to go in the love tunnel. I looked sternly at Arman and he said "Okay then." Arman went in the Swan in front of us and we started, of course, to kiss as soon as we got into the tunnel. With one eye I see how Arman stands up and pulls down his fly. Hell, I thought, what if it splashes on us. At the same time, I did not yell at him for maybe Janina did not see it and that would be good. But when we came out there were some guards who grabbed him and said that now he would be thrown out. He moaned a little and looked at me as if I should help him, but I could not think of anything to say. They had apparently seen in the surveillance cameras that he peed and maybe if we argued they would find out worse things. In my pocket I felt the little bag with powder. What if they found it. Best to keep quiet, I thought, and Janina seemed to think it was pretty embarrassing, she did not even want to hold my hand. We followed Arman and the guards out through the gates. Then Arman asked sourly why I didn't help him. We almost started to quarrel, but we were so fully charged with joy to that small things like that did not have any real effect, we were happy anyway.

We walked a little and came to a lawn where there were a lot of people who had picnics. Janina wanted to sunbathe and it felt quite okay for me. We just lay there in the grass and watched the clouds, heard sounds from the people and from the water. It spun around in my head, little things, not just for me but for the others too I think. We laughed a lot and Janina

began singing. Arman guessed what it was and he sang another song. It sounded damn good though I know he tends to be lousy at singing, I guessed and went with one of my favorite songs. Both Janina and Arman got it almost instantly. So we kept on until it came a lot of clouds and started drizzling. It was cold and not as much fun anymore, we might as well go home.

On Wednesday we had sold powder for two thousand crowns, thousands to me and thousands to Arman. He was going to buy computer stuff. I myself had no idea, but it should not be a major problem, soon it would be summer and a whole lot of time to spend, then some money would come in handy, I thought. But at night, when I lay in bed and tried to read in the history book about the French Revolution, Janina called, she wanted to meet.

- Now? I said as if I had been asleep.

- Yes, now tonight! Longing, may well come when my mom has gone to sleep?

Shit, I thought, longing!! Very happy of course, but what if mom comes in. Must clean also, change the sheets and everything else whizzed past the head. But luckily the mouth said:

- Great fun, just open the door, it's unlocked. But do not come before ten, because then maybe mother is awake.

She even said kiss before we hung up, so I said "kiss and hug", regretted that I did not say anything about that I also longed for her. But at the same time I had a feeling that her interest was not for real, she just wanted to meet me for my magic powder.

When we had hung up, I checked the bed and it was very lucky for mom had made it with my Spiderman duvet. At half past nine when my mom came in to say good night, I was already in bed with my pajamas. When she had said good night and gone to her room, I slipped up and switched to some of her bedding with flowers on. To avoid issues, I poured some juice on my duvet cover, could have happened a little accident. So I thought a little and poured as little even in my pajamas before I put everything in the laundry basket. But why had I been drinking juice in the evening after brushing my teeth even though I am not allowed to do so? Though I could have gotten hungry and then you are allowed to take a sandwich if you brush your teeth again. And to the sandwich you must have something to wash it down with.

Then I lay in bed and looked at the history book, it was a pain in the ass, the words refused to go into my head. Checked on the net if there was a film about the French Revolution. It worked much better, because all of a sudden she was just there in my room. She was so sweet and she smiled. She laughed quietly when she saw what I did. So she usually do also, she said. Then we kissed. The computer was about to fall to the floor, but she gently placed it on my desk.

- You, Peter, can't we take a little sniff?

- Sure, but you know that we will not be able to sleep then?

- No, I have noticed that! But who wants to sleep? When she said it, I almost came. I lay on my back and she lay on top of me it felt like Willie would break. But who dares to complain in that situation? Please can't you sit on the chair instead of lying here and cuddle with me since you hurt my dick. Never, I do not in any case. At the time I thought about it, I tried to think of an answer. It felt as if there was quiet for several minutes. Finally, I felt compelled to say yes, even though I knew that I would feel crappy tomorrow afternoon. Which would be especially bad, because then we would have the history test at one o'clock. I blocked the fears and said:

- Not me, not when you are here, and I get so horny of it that we probably can go on all night. She laughed, and it infected me, though I was worried that my mother would hear.

I got up to go to the desk, without thinking that my underwear looked like a tent. She laughed even more and I was a little ashamed. She saw it and said:

- I see that you are happy to see me!

- Yes, and he is even happier, I said.

- How cute he is, she said, and caressed the outside of my underwear.

- He does not like that you say that he's cute. He wants to be big and dangerous.

- Oh sorry nasty beast! Shall we kiss a little?

Then she pulled down my underwear and kissed the dick head.

Had washed the penis? Well, probably. So I pressed a little against her mouth and she gasped. I felt her teeth against my penis and it actually hurt. Luckily I had masturbated a few times before she came for otherwise it would have come right away. She pulled away her head and smiled at me, with anticipation in her eyes. I tried to go up to the desk with the underwear down at the knees, because I thought that perhaps it would be indelicate of me to pull them up. Moreover, it is not so nice to have underwear on the location when in that condition. I knew from all the times I've gone to the bathroom in the morning without having time to wait for it to fold. But it wasn't easy to walk like that, especially as it was not so bright. I nearly fell on her jacket that lay like a pile on the floor. Instead of doing something really embarrassing or perhaps noisy which woke the mother, I pulled off my underwear completely and went to the desk and looked for the box in my drawer. It lay under a pile of paper, just in case if my mother would get the idea to snoop around. Then I took the first book I found and poured out a little bit on it, in addition, I took an Post-it note from the desktop. When I turned around to go back, I saw that she was naked. She sat on the blanket completely naked and looked at me. I began to tremble. Typically, begin to tremble with the powder of the book. In order not to risk anything, I went extremely carefully, with the book in both hands.

We sat opposite each other on the bed, completely naked. "Ladies first," I said and handed her the rolled Post-it note.

- But shouldn't we make a string each, otherwise it can be unfair?

- Nah, take as much as you want, I have more!

She took a sniff in each nostril and began, of course, to sneeze. Though now I was prepared on it so I took the book away before she could blow off the powder, and she held her nose, so it did not sound so much. I took a couple of small sniffs without sneezing a bit. We laughed and kissed now with our tongues. She rooted around with her tongue inside my mouth so that I almost came again. So she lay stretched out and said "come". I understood what she meant, and this time it went pretty smoothly. First, I tried to find the right spot using my hand, but she took it away and guided him in herself. I came in a little with the head, and then it was as stop. Instead of pressing on, I waited a little. It proved to be a good method, even though I really made the most of avoiding to come. I collapsed on top of her and wondered if I should say sorry. But she said, go on! And it was no problem, it did not soften even after the second spatter.

We kept on for so long that maybe she got tired, for as we were doing it, she interrupted and said that maybe we could lie and talk a little. We were whispering to each other about life, what she would like to do and what I wanted. Not that our dreams in any way were consistent, but who cares? When she told me about how she came to Sweden I caressed her breasts.

When she told me something about her father, I kissed her nipples. She seemed at first not have anything against it, but after a while she began to cry. I stopped and looked her in the eye. They were shiny with tears.

- What is it, are you sad?
- I do not know, it just came.
- Tell me!
- I can't, do not know what it is.
- Is it about Dad? What is it?
- He is dead.
- Oh sorry, I did not know it.

She continued to cry, quietly, and I just listened, without daring to ask anything. She lay with her head on my arm and looked up at the ceiling. Her skin against mine, cozy as hell, indefinitely, even though she was crying, perhaps because the crying was not directed towards me. Instead, it seemed as if I was a comfort in some way, or someone she dared to open up to. Not that she opened more than some body parts, but still. We had sex again, this time somehow both hotter and calmer in the same time. Mom went up and did what she usually does in the morning. Just before she goes she usually opens the door and looks a little bit at me without waking me, for I do not need to up until an hour later. Soon it was time for the daily peek. Janina was as anxious as I was, not to be seen. We shoveled her clothes and my underwear under the bed and she lay down behind me with whole body under the covers, it must have been hot as hell, because I had to have one leg and arm outside for cooling. Mom opened the door, I pretended to sleep, and she shut it again without a word. As soon as the door was locked, she lifted the blanket and gasped. I rushed up and out into the hall to fart. Janina laughed at first, but said "Yikes" When I came back to bed.

- Breakfast?
- Gladly, really hungry!
- Tea, coffee, juice, porridge, hot chocolate, scones, toast, what do you want?
- What, have you all that?
- Nah, I do not think so, I usually only eat a few sandwiches with hot chocolate, but I can fix tea or coffee.
- I'll would like to have your special chocolate milk it was super! And the sandwiches are great with cheese.
- Cheese is best, though we also have ham!
- Not ham, just cheese, preferably with cucumber.

Wondering if it could be that we had cucumber, probably not, possibly pickles, so I said:

- Pickles?
- Just cheese will be good!

I brought a little powder and we went into the kitchen, completely naked. Fortunately, it is no house on the other side, you have to stand on the hill in the forest to look into our kitchen, but it is not often anyone does.

We sat for a while there in the kitchen, listening to the radio and chatting. School was completely suppressed until the time was, like, twenty minutes past eight.

- Shit, I have to go, my lessons begin half.
- Can't we forget about school, my grades are set already, she thought.
- Yes, but I have two years left.
- But are you rather in school than with me, by the way, it is Valborg today and then it will be spring parties, you know?
- Yes, of course, but I will get problems if I don't come to school. They will call mom and then she will be pissed off, she knows I have exams today.

- But why don't you call them and say that you are sick.
 - But I can't do that, it must be the mom who calls.
 - I know, but that one can fake.
 - It's easy for you as a girl.
 - I can pretend to be your mother if you want?
 - What to say then? And where do you call?
 - Don't worry, I'll fix that. What's your mom's name? Shall I tell them you have stomach problems? I usually say that, because then it is no chance that you can go to school.
- So she did. Janina phoned and she played really great. Afterward, I hugged her and said:
- Thanks mom. Instantly became the penis hard and we kissed.
 - But what now, do you think I'm a pedophile or is this how you and your mom usually do?
- She had a finger in her mouth when she said it. As if she sucked on it, then she did it. Pulled her mouth up and down over the finger. At the same time, she looked at me with huge eyes. They sparkled and I got shaky.

We laughed and went back to bed.

Afterwards I lay there all warm, especially in the places where Janina's body pressed against mine, though we had no duvet or anything on. But regardless of how nice it was, with her skin against mine, I wanted to do something anyway.

- You Janina.
- Well, what is it?
- Shouldn't we do something?
- Like what?
- Do not know, are you tired?
- No not at all, but what can we do?
- Do not know, do puzzles, play cards, watch a movie?
- Film, not the Smurfs or something, do you have any action movie or so?
- Want to see the Smurfs, do not know if I have it, maybe Teletubbies.

We both laughed and talked about old children's movies we've seen, as to which of Astrid Lindgren's stuff we thought was the best. From Astrid Lindgren we came strangely into porn. She first said that she had never seen any, and then I said that I haven't either. She then said that maybe she had been watching the trailers that can be seen on Private and then I said "but hey, you have to promise that you are over 18 years to come into their site." We laughed and tried if we could get in even though we are not 18 years old and it went as it usually does. Though none of us pretend that we had been there before. It was awesome to look together with a girl. Although we did not look very long, instead we did it for real. I think she tried to do a bit of that in the trailer, she groaned and talked a lot as the girls had done. It was pretty cool actually, even though it did not feel like it was for real.

The time passed twelve before we got tired of checking at various trailers and stuff. I was a little hungry and asked her if maybe we would cook some food. She wanted pizza and it is never wrong I said.

- Can't we drink wine? It would be awesome, she thought.
- Wine, oh well, it would probably be awesome, but we have no wine at home and we'll not allowed to buy that stuff? Or you can shop?
- Of course I can't, you have to ask someone who is over twenty.
- Do you know anyone then?
- No, but my friend has asked some beggars before and it has worked.

- Okay, lets try that then, I said, and started to get dressed.
- But, are you really having these clothes, then I do not know if I want to go with you!
- What, it's well my ordinary clothes, that's Adidas pants.
- Yes, they are common training pants, yes, but not drink wine and party pants.
- What, everyone use them.
- What everyone. Have you seen someone on TV who go around in workout pants in town.
- Yes, I have, plenty.
- Who?
- Yes Arman for example.
- When was he on TV then? Come on, you have no jeans?
- Of course I have, select the one you like then, for me it does not matter. But Adidas pants are more comfortable.
- Comfortable and warm, it's not about that, do you think we girls have a short skirt on May Day because it's so damn comfortable?
- Why do you then?
- Short skirts are sexy, don't you think?

She dressed and I lay in bed to watch. First the panties, they were black, yet almost translucent. Then the bra, it looked somewhat like the panties and pushed up her breasts so they appeared larger and rounder. I got horny again. Though she continued with her stockings. They were not like the ones mom use to have, these were much glossier and furthermore black. On top of all a black dress with short sleeves and there was a large opening in front so you could see the top of her breasts. She probably saw how I kind of drooled and she smiled in happily. Then she would choose clothes to me. I took out a pair of jeans from the closet, she said:

- Nah, don't you have anything better?

I took another pair, and then yet another, becoming a little nervous that none of my trousers would do, finally I just had one pair left. The last pair was well good enough, she thought, for me they were ordinary blue jeans with a hole on one knee. She thought they were okay if I had them far down, perhaps with a black t-shirt. I did not even know if I had a black t-shirt, but she found one in the box after picking out type half the content on the floor.

So we went out, took the long way down to the center, the one that goes on the bike paths. It was Janina's idea because she did not think we'd meet someone she knows. Then I walk up to a guy who was sitting outside the entrance to the center with a hundred crowns bill in my hand. Janina was standing a few meters behind me, but I was petrified. The guy looked questioningly at me and he was about to take the bill, when Janina came forward and said:

- Stop, you must buy a one-liter box with white whine to us, you can keep the rest, okay?
- What? He said.

Janina explained again and an old lady stopped to listen. She looked angry and the guy shook his head, as if he did not understand what we wanted. With the next beggar we tried on, worked better. He went into the shopping mall with the money and we watched his stuff. After a while he came back with a wine box. No one seemed to understand what it was about and the guy was happy, we too. Pizzas were a minor problem. I bought two with shrimps on, in the Yellow villa where none of us have ever been before, so we were not even worried about meeting someone we know, as a teacher or something. For safety's sake, we bought some Coke, too, because what if we could not drink the wine. We came home to me and I fetched our pizza cutter. Janina opened the boxes and poured out the salad on top of the pizzas,

strange, I thought without saying anything. Instead, I took out two of mother's glasses.

The wine tasted sour.

- What do you think?

- Acid, she said, but fine glassware, it is like we were adults.

- Yes adult felling, but not good, beer is better.

- Have you been drinking beer, except the light beer on Grönan? She looked at me suspiciously.

I thought for a bit and I had actually. So without even lying, I could say yes and tell her about our little adventure.

She had however only drunk wine before, and then it was mixed with ice. It makes it easier to drink it, 'she said. We ought to have some ice, so I checked the ice cube tray in the freezer.

The wine got a bit better when the ice had melted a little and the drink was a bit chilled, though good?

- But pour in Coke then, if you want a beverage for children!

Do not know if she was joking or serious, but it was actually much better with a little coke.

She tasted my drink and did the same. She wanted to taste my pizza too and it was much tastier, she said, though we took the same. I said that her was tastier. We changed, but then it was not as good anymore. We switched back and laughed.

We sat in the kitchen drunk and very happy. It felt in a different way than with amphetamine. I was more like a change in the head. Happy and like a bit dizzy at the same time. Besides, I was hot and it was very hot in the kitchen. Janina was probably even warmer as she aired her dress and wanted us to take a bath.

I was horny and thought that taking a bath ought to mean to fuck. Moreover I was probably sweaty too, so forget about if we would barely fit in the bathtub. I was about to say "damn, off course we bathe," when I came to think about Mom. What if she ends early today because it is May Day. Would she, had she said something? It was completely blank in my head. Probably she thought I was sitting there as the worst jerk without knowing what I wanted, because she got tired of waiting and pulled off her dress, right over her head and onto the floor.

- Come on, Peter, if you take off the shirt, you take a sip of wine, then it's my turn if I take off my bra, okay?

I had to let go off the question about whether mother would come or not, pulled off my t-shirt and took a sip. She did the same with the bra and soon we were naked and out of wine. I had a hard on, though she did not see it as we sat opposite each other at the kitchen table. Then she looked under the table. I spread my legs and she laughed. Then she crawled under the table and spread my legs even more. It almost went for me immediately when she started, so I pulled back and took her hand.

Perhaps out of habit, I locked the door to the bathroom and she sat on down on her knees and continued. It came. Though just in that moment, she pulled out my penis and held it in front of her mouth, just like in a porn movie. We laughed, she wanted to kiss, I said "nah", she wanted to kiss anyway, as if she was teasing me. In the end, she hugged me and rubbed semen on my cheek. I said "hell", though I was not really angry and that she saw enough. Now it really felt like time for a bath and I was looking for the bath plug. Where was it? We would usually just take a shower, so mom used to have the plug in a cabinet. But which one. Fuck it, I began to fill the tub. Janina wanted bath foam, but were did we have that? "It works with anything," she said, so I poured the soap in the water until it was empty, then I poured shampoo.

We jumped in at the same time. I sat down at the tap and there it was really hot and the beam

burned against the back, while Janina, who sat on the other side, said it was crap cold. We changed place and then it was really cold. Though then there was more pleasant for me, but too hot for Janina. She changed the setting. There where lots of foam and soon the water was too cold and she changed again. In the end it was quite okay and we sunk down as much as possible with our bodies and legs mixed together, but then the water ran over. She turned off and it was pretty good for a while. We threw foam at each other and laughed. After a while, it was cold again and it turned out that it was only foam left in the tub. We laughed more and Janina began showering me, her and the entire bathroom. When everything was wet and there was plenty of water on the floor, she came to think of that she were going to meet some friends, they would party and go to the fire, could she maybe have some party powder?

"Sure," I said, though I felt like the worst sugar daddy. Strangely, can one be sugar daddy though you are younger than the girl? Of course I said nothing about it, but instead I went nude and semi-wet into my room to pour a bag. When I was almost done, I heard someone at the door. I got scared shitless, what if it was mom who had crept in, but it was Janina and she was fully clothed. She even had the jacket on and her lips were red. They were new painted, she said, so she did not want to kiss, she had to hurry, her friends had called.

I got a bit sad, but at the same time I felt happy and like I was an adult. Lay down on the bed, felt cool and relaxed. It was not like I was dizzy anymore or so, just peaceful. Probably I fell asleep, since my thought were so strange. Even so, I heard someone fixing with the lock. Hell, Mom! What should I do? The wine in the kitchen, that was the worst. Soaking wet in the bathroom and I naked, what have I been doing. The clothes on the kitchen floor, so what I undressed in the kitchen, weird, but. Pizza cartons ... me and Arman have had a May Day party. When I passed the hall running towards the kitchen, the door was opened.

- But hey Peter! Why are you naked?

- Hey mom, I've bathed and then I have dried on the bed, it was really nice, how was your day?

That one I regretted. Why ask about it when I never do it otherwise. Though she seemed happy for the question, she began to tell something about a cake. I interrupted.

- Mom, I'm sorry, I'll just get my clothes.

So I continued towards the kitchen and raked up the clothes on the floor. The wine box I put at the bottom of the pile. Then mother came in.

- But Peter, why did you take off your clothes in the kitchen? Have you eaten pizza, didn't you eat in school, there have been others here and why are wine glasses taken out?

- Mom, it was half day today, we stopped before lunch, so I and Arman have eaten pizza. Can't we use your wine glasses, it got a little more festive drinking Coke out of them and it's May Day.

- Yeah, but why did you take off your clothes in the kitchen, did Arman also take a bath or what?

I laughed to show how crazy it sounded, or because I was nervous, did not come on anything to say, instead I went into the bathroom to dress me and wipe the best I could, using all the towels until they where soaking wet. Mom knocked on the door and wondered what I was doing. I said that I cleaned the bathtub. The wine box I hid in the laundry basket, put down the wettest towels as well, and took out some new ones.

Mom stood outside and looked puzzled, as if she wanted answers.

- But, Mom, off course I have not bathed by Arman, but when he had gone I fell asleep on the chair and happened to pour Coke over me.

- Is that why you have those clothes on?
 - Exactly, the other ones are in the laundry basket. By the way, I'm still a little tired so I go to bed now. When do we eat, will we have something special tonight?
 - Yes, we're going to my sister, you haven't forgotten, we will look at the fire as usual, you do know that well? Cotton candy, fish pond and everything as usual!
 - Mom, I'm thirteen years old and soon I will be fourteen, you can't go to the fish pond then. It is probalby a fucking age limit on that, that's for small kids.
 - Do not swear, you know!
 - Excuse me then, but can't we buy some candy instead?
 - Why, by the way, do you wear your old pants, it's a hole in them, I had planned to throw them away, then you can definitely not wear when we go away, and pull them up too, half of your butt is visible!
 - But hey mom, came to the 2010s! I think they're good looking, you want me to have anything else you may well buy something, but I want to choose.
- Mom grunted a little, though she said nothing more and I got to have my pants on all night. And everything really was just like usual. Aunt and her boyfriend invited us for grilled meat, and we sat and froze on their patio. I went in as fast as I could to watch TV. They remained outside and drank beer. A little later we watched the fire and I got some money for lotteries and stuff. I didn't buy anything though, instead I was searching for sticks and branches to throw on the fire. There were some other guys who did the same and it was like a competition. Part of the competition was to avoid all the guards who tried to stop us. I do not believe that I won in the case that anyone had been counting, but I threw on a bush that was crackling a lot.
- We slept over at my aunt. Me and mother in the same room. Not that I was asleep, instead a lay reading some Tintin albums that I had borrowed from them. Mom came in to lie down and got pissed that I was awake. But she was too drunk to argue, she just turned off the light. After a few minutes she was asleep, do not even think she had brushed her teeth. Then I went up to watch some TV. Everyone slept and on the table stood a bunch of beer cans, some bottles of wine and a bottle of whiskey. I checked all the cans and bottles and found that it was a little beer left in a couple of cans. They were lukewarm, but pretty okay anyway, in any case, I became happier. Put the TV on, took out a glass, poured what was left of the wine, it was about a half a glass, filled in with a little whiskey, it tasted piss, looked in the fridge, found a Fanta bottle, poured until the glass became fully, much better and also fairly cold. Felt pretty good there with the TV and my first real drink. Watched a movie on Netflix and mixed another drink. Probably fell asleep before the movie was over, when mother shook me in the morning, I did not even remember what it was about.
- While she stood bent over me and wondered why I was there and I said something about that I had not been able to sleep, I tried to look between her legs on the table, to see if I had emptied my drink. Yes the glass was empty, thus there were no evidence!
- The rest of the weekend and until Tuesday nothing special happened. But then, on the way to gym class, some guys from the ninth grade came up to me, do not even know what they're called. One of them grabbed my arm and said, "Hey you we need to talk." Then he pulled me away to the forest. Shit, nobody saw it, I was alone. He pushed me up against a tree, he was angry.
- Give us, otherwise you will be beaten.
 - What are you talking about?

- You know, fix for us otherwise!

- No, I do not know!

- Come on, dope dammit!

- Well, is that what you meant. Sure, maybe I can fix, but it costs.

He pushed me harder and higher. The others came closer.

Suddenly someone else came up behind him and grabbed his jacket. It was Timo, he was angry:

- What the hell are you doing? I said you could buy from him, nothing else. It is a nice guy, don't mess with him!

The guy released the grip.

- Okay, can you sell some to us?

I said my price, and they wanted ten grams, shit 1500 crowns, as soon as I had the opportunity, I whispered to Arman what had happened, he laughed, 750 crowns each just like that.

The day after, when I had handed over the powder to the guys and we got the money, without any discussion or problem, Janina came up to me. It appeared like she tried to pretend that she did not know me but just want to ask about, like, the way to downtown. Though really, she asked if she could get some powder. Only in the end she added that she thought we had a great time when we met the last time and maybe we could do something again, if she got a little powder that is. When she said the last and I just looked at her without saying anything, she perhaps thought that I was angry or something, because then she licked her finger and smiled at me. She could not know that I was quiet just because I didn't knew what to say, that what I most of all wanted to say she might not want to hear, not there in the schoolyard in anyway. It was probably pretty good that I did not say anything, she seemed to perceive it as I was cool, which forced her to do something, she leaned toward my ear and whispered:

- You can't we meet in the toilet at the gym half past seven tomorrow, so we can have some fun too?

- Gladly fun, but why half past seven, I do not start until quarter past?

- But we're going on a trip to Lida, and then it would be cool to be a little high, don't you agree?

So the day after at half past seven I stood there outside the toilet with a bag of powder in my pocket. It was completely empty there because it wouldn't be no gym classes until half past eight. She came, smiling at me, opened the toilet door, entered, opens up even more as to let me in, put her arms around my neck, we kissed, she took off her clothes and I did the same, she bended down against my dick, kisses it and then she sat with legs apart on the sink.

Afterwards I gave her the bag with powder. She poured out some in the palm of her hand to soak up the nostrils. At the same time she complains that it tickles in her nose, what if she sneezes out everything. "Yes, but drink it then instead," I said and took a plastic cup. She scraped off what was in her hand in the cup, licked away the rest, poured water into the cup and drank. So she dressed, kissed me and went out. "Wait a bit before you go, please," she said before she unlocked.

On the Friday after said the headmaster said in the speakers that everyone should gather in the auditorium for an important message. When we got there she stood up front with the school nurse and some other adults who turns out to be from the police and someone from the municipality. The headmaster began by saying that we have serious problems in school, it's about drugs. Then she talked about how some students, without going into details, had been

caught under the influence of drugs during school hours. I do not remember any details since it just spun in the head. She handed over to one of the policemen who talked about how dangerous it is and how seriously society looks upon drug trafficking. I looked nervously at Arman and he looked scared shitless, though he mostly sat with his head between his hands as if he was tired, so perhaps no one else noticed. They kept on talking about it for a while I think. But it was apparently not only about drugs there was something about harassment and also that some students have been expelled since they had harassed a girl at Lida the day before. "Janina, Janina shit", I thought, and almost started crying. I had of course looked after her when we went in, but she was not here, although everyone would be here, and everybody was so curious that they really wanted to hear what it was that was so serious that the whole school should gather in the auditorium.

Just then I heard her name, from some guys who sat behind me and whispered. She had apparently jumped into the water at Lida in only bra and panties and got into a fight with some guys, or if they had thrown her into the water, some teachers had come and tried to investigate what happened, the school nurse and the headmaster went there and they had apparently realized that Janina and two of the guys were stoned. The school nurse and the headmaster had taken them to some kind of detoxification center in the city. There where a lot of talk about drugs and stuff in class after that, both during the breaks and during the lessons, but no one seemed to suspect me or Arman for something and we said nothing. We both pretended like "dope shit that's really dangerous." I also heard several versions of what happened out there at Lida, but I do not know what was true. Jarri called Janina for "the whore in the 9th grade," I got furious, of course, but did not dare say anything, even less I dared beating him. But Arman dared. He pushed him into a desk and shouted that "that you do not say about anyone." I, off course, was grateful and at the same time glad that he did not say something like "don't say that about my best friend's girl." Jarri looked crap surprised and would perhaps have pushed back if not the teacher had arrived and yelled at them. Later when we came home, we tried to talk about what had happened, but it was so hard that we talked about completely different things instead. We did not even met during the weekend, I thought about calling Janina all the time, but I did not dare. Instead, I mostly lay in bed, played and felt scared, sad and tired especially at night when I could not sleep even though I felt so tired. On Monday they had arranged a special theme day, so all regular classes were canceled. It was, of course, positive, but it was the only thing that was good. They showed pictures of addicts who had no teeth and looked absolutely disgusting though they were just, like 25 years old. It came two guys who looked about as awful and told us how miserable it is to be a junkie. It was extra much dope on the market now, they said, it could be bought on something called "dark net" a special kind of Internet that was dangerous. We should not go there, they said. There it was just dope and misery. Alexandra, who strangely enough had been very calm, apparently could not hold back any longer, she just need to know how to get there. One guy told us some until the other looked hard at him and finally pushed him in the side. They went around to all the classes and the school counselor followed them around. They talked about how they had been deceived by peers to start using drugs and how everything just gone to hell. It felt too damn miserable, what if I made Janina into one of those, and what if I also become one too. Arman also, my best, and maybe only, friend that I tricked into the shit. I felt quite red in the face all day, but no one seemed to notice anything. No did not say anything either, nor did she call or made any other attempted to contact me. And there was no one I could ask about her, no one who knew her knew that I also knew her. Besides maybe her

friends, those who were there at Joe's apartment. Though they were not even in our school, had no idea what they were called besides Lina and Terja. Several days passed without me talking to Arman and not with anyone else either. Not more than the usual talk that comes when waiting for a lesson to start and stuff. There was no one who wanted to buy anything. When I met Jocke or Timo they just nodded to me, not more. Mom asked me if I knew anything about drugs, I did not answer, and furthermore, I probably looked pretty guilty in my attempt to look like "what the hell are you talking about, do you really think that I"

I was feeling crappy and got a stomach ache. Worst at nights, it just spun around about that Janina and I were addicts, and what if she, or anyone else, told the police where they got it from. On Thursday felt as if I was about to explode, just needed to talk to someone, went up to Arman and rang the doorbell. He was not mad at me or something, it seemed rather as if he thought I was mad at him. We sat down on his bed and talked quietly. He had been as upset as I on Monday, but same as me he did not want to talk about it then. As if everything would disappear a little if we did not talk about it. After a while we came in on what we should do.

- Shit, we can't keep on like this, I can't.

- No shit, that is. But what do we do, we'll just forget about the dope?

- Yes, we put it back.

- But, it's worth a lot of money, and what if someone else finds it. And all the fun we could have with it this summer.

- Are you crazy, it's crap dangerous, you saw that didn't you.

- You can't we check out that "dark net".

- How, by the way, we're not googling it from our computers, they can be traced?

- If we do it in school, it maybe can't be traced to us, let's do it on the computers in the library.

- Okay, maybe, but what should we google on?

- What did the guy say, we does as he said, tomorrow during the lunch break.

So we did and that was when we came in contact with that guy Mofte. It was he who asked us actually, he emailed to a gmail account that we created, I really don't know how he got hold of us, maybe because of something we wrote on a chat about drugs. He wanted k-meth he wrote. We did not know what it is and we replied that we could not fix it, but perhaps amphetamine. Then it was just as they described at the trial, though we knew nothing until the police arrived at that gym. They took us and we got to sit in the juvenile detention center in a few weeks. It was without doubt the worst thing I have experienced. Understand that people kill themselves in detention centers, I had probably also made if I only knew how. There were a lot of other guys there too, but not Arman because he was in another place. And it was not directly the kind of types that you talked to just to pass some time. Several of them looked as if they just waited to give me a slap, though it was luckily not so easy because there were always a lot of adults there who guarded so no one did anything.

The only positive thing was that with time I became less and less concerned that someone at school would tell the police what we had supplied them with drugs away and it was never any adults who linked it to us. The only thing I heard about Janina I got from her friend, Terja she who was there at Joes apartment, I met her at the center the week before we got caught. She told me that her mother sends her to a relative and she had taken away her phone.

The whole time, even after the trial, Mom really sorry and I constantly had a lot of questions and stuff. Fucking mother, imagine that I wanted to marry her when I was smaller. Arman's parents were also angry but still they were forced to go to Turkey on a family thing. An uncle

and some cousins to Arman had fled there from Syria. Luckily it was already summer holiday and in the autumn perhaps the little thing that we were away from school for two weeks, is forgotten, we hoped. However, Our stay in custody wasn't completely unnoticed. Somehow, at least one neighbor had understood something for when I, a few days after we were set free, was heading out the door, two guys comes up behind me. They are adults, it seems big and nasty judging from the little I could see. They got really close to me and one twists my right arm on the back and sais "Come on you bastard." We go to all the way down to the parking lot where they press me into the back seat of a car. The other guy put himself in the driver's seat and drives away. Self I thought about such a ridiculous thing like if I should put on my seat belt or not. They had no belts, so then I didn't use mine either. We might be stopped by the police and it might be good. The guy next to me says:

- Where are our drugs?

- What?

- Hey, buddy, you heard well, where is our amphetamine?

- I do not know, how could I know? I think it sounded believable. Off course I sounded pretty weird and my voice was more childish than usual, but it isn't strange in that situation, regardless of how innocent I am.

- You know enough. He pressed a fist against my chin.

- No, I do not know what you mean?

- Where did you get the drugs you sold then?

- From the Internet, we bought online!

- Sure, why would such a little shit like you deal online. You stole our drugs admit it.

- No I have not!

- Come on, if we get it back we will go easy on you, understand? Though you do not deserve it, okay?

He released the grip to take something out of his pocket. The car came to the main intersection before the center. I opens the door and begins to run on the bike path, towards the center. He comes after me, but he has run around the car, so he is a bit behind, in addition, I see in the corner of my eye how he is forced to stop for a few cars that has started running. I run everything I can to the center, then up the stairs at the bus station and further across the footbridge back towards Storvreten. But I realize that it might not be so smart to run home, so I turn onto the walkway towards Skäcklinge instead, the little that goes behind the villas, climbs up on a small mountain, calls Arman, he gets scared shitless and promises to come immediately.

- I know, we sleep over at my dad and thinking a little bit.

- Okay, but I'm not sure I can do that.

- Come on, I call him, I said, and picked up the phone.

- Hey, Dad, can I and Arman sleep over a few days it would be fun, we would like to swim in the lake and use your boat, it's our summer vacation.

- Hi Peter, nice to hear from you, it was a long time ago. What did you say you wanted?

- Dad, I miss you, can't we come and visit you, I have met a girl!

- Great, congratulations, you will probably be a Don Juan. It would be great to meet you and your girl too, but not now, unfortunately. Another time, I'm a little busy, it would be terribly helpful if you could call me a little in advance.

- But please dad!

- Listen, I'm busy, but off course I want to meet you! Can't we decide to meet the next week,

or next weekend. You can come over next weekend!

Damn, damn, I thought. What do we do now? Got an idea:

- You Dad!

- Yes what is it? I'm a little busy, you understand.

- Well I'd like to be with my girl tonight, but dare not ask mom for permission. Can't you text her and say that I sleep with you this weekend, please?

- Ha, ha you little rascal, sure I guess I can do that, one has to have some secrets.

- What the hell, said Arman when I hung off, what are you going to do?

- What are we going to do? They wanted to kill me or something. Even if we give them the drugs they'll be pissed off at us, right? We've taken a lot. I escaped from them all right? They are probably looking for me now and maybe you too.

- But my parents then? What will they think?

- Aren't they in Turkey with your little sister, can't you just say to your brother that we're going camping or something?

- Camping, when did we get interested in that, come on now! Hell!

- I know. Say you're going with me and my mother to visit my second aunt in Gothenburg, we are going to visit the amusement park Liseberg. He is not likely to care or check it or so.

- But then I might just well say that I am also at your father's place. For otherwise, if your mother meets my brother and he just, "Oh, aren't you in Gothenburg with Peter and Arman".

- Did not think about it, of course!

It turned out it was no problem really, Arman phoned his brother, trying to sound calm, said he was heading to my dad, packed and ready, he had just forgotten to put a note on the table. The conversation was short, and after he was finished, he said that it seemed as if his brother cared at all, as if he was happy that Arman would not be home in a few days.

- But now? What do we do now, when we can't go to your father?

- Do not know, but I don't dare to go home. They know where we live. We have to find something else.

- Damn, I can't stand this, you do not happen to have a little powder?

- No, hell, I don't, but I would also like to have some. Though I dare not go to the house and fetch it. Can't you go and take some of the bike room. Bring some jackets too!

- Well, so then I go back home. What if my brother is at home then?

- But does it matter, you can say that you forget your toothbrush or something.

- Okay then, but it feels scary!

- Cool, but do not go on the main road if they use it, go through the back door.

- But won't you come along?

- No, it would just increase the risk.

I lay down on the warm rock and closed my eyes, what the hell would we do, dammit. And Mom was already mad like hell at me for what happened. Thought about calling Janina just to talk to someone, though it wouldn't been such a good idea. By the way, she had no phone any longer. It felt, however, a little better when I thought about her, got a bit warmer as well. It felt so cozy so I fell asleep, amazingly enough, Arman woke me and laughed at me asleep with my hand in my pants.

We took some powder, just to get a little cooler, so I thought anyway. After a few minutes I felt better, the worries were not as big anymore, as if it was just an adventure again. We even laughed.

- Here, brother, take a sandwich, you're hungry? He handed me a double sandwich, it tasted

absolutely superb.

- Nice, brother!

- Sure, you want some water, too?

It was getting dark, maybe around eight. We walked the bike path down towards the center, across the footbridge, continue under the railway, to the other side of the valley. We just kept walking, it felt good in some way to go rather than sit still. After a while we came to the Tullinge Lake and began to walk along the beach. We passed the raft right where we left it in the rushes. Arman thought we should use it, maybe to get to the other side and I thought it sounded great. We found some large branches which we used them to push out the raft from the rushes and it we could even paddle with them. But it was hard. The other side of the lake seemed very far away. Arman lay down on his back. It looked cozy. It was hot, the raft bobbed a little and it was quiet. We talked a little bit about what we would do and about what happened, about Janina, Arman's parents, and other things. I closed my eyes a little, checked where we were and we were back in the rushes, closed my eyes again, it got darker, but still not cold. It must have been quite late, for it was barely lit in any of the houses on the hills on the other side of the lake. We must do something, I said it to Arman and we decided that we would see if we could maybe borrow a boat at the boat club. So we pushed the raft towards the fence and pulled us out to where it ended, paddled over to the piers and I jumped on one of them. Arman went ashore and checked if there was a boat that could be suitable. There was a huge boat, which Arman that we should try first. "Are you crazy," I said, that we can't drive, how do you even start the engine? "We checked it out anyway, though it was locked with a big chain and a padlock. The boat beside on the other hand, was quite small, but yet it seemed possible to sleep in it and it had an outboard motor. Dad's boat has got an outboard motor too, so it will be perfectly well I thought. Moreover, it did not seem to be locked, so Arman said "okay then!"

I climbed aboard and looked around a bit. Found that it was already fixed with a hose for petrol to the engine, but how do we start it? On my father's boat, you just pull a cord and so you control the gas with a stick attached to the engine. This seemed to have no cord and no stick, either. It had a steering wheel and besides the wheel there was a lock, but no key. We had to look ahead and the only thing we found was kind of a rowing boat with motor and a tiny deck up ahead, perhaps enough to tuck your head in, but no more. A good thing was, in any case, that it had a pair of oars, and it was not locked. We pushed us out of the dock and started to row with one oar each. Not that I can row so good, but Arman rowed quite catastrophically bad. Sometimes he put the oar in so that it just glided through the water like a knife. Obviously the whole boat just spun around. "You get to look out," I said, "and I row all by myself instead." It worked even though it was hard work, but we at least got a bit away from the boat club. I showed Arman how to do, and he tried a bit and it actually worked even for him. Self I examined the engine. There was no tank, hell! We can't escape by rowing, this is shit, I thought. We decided to row to the nearest possible spot on the other side of the lake and then we would be in another world, in Tullinge. There, at the first possible spot was another small boat. It was locked, but on the floor beside the engine was a gas tank. I held the boat while Arman climbed over and picked it up. It had hose that fitted perfectly on our engine. Arman held the other boat while I started tugging on the cord. It started right away and roared loudly. We laughed, Arman dropped the other boat and we headed towards Lake Mälaren. Not that any of us were familiar with it or even had any idea on where we were going, but there is only one road and we thought it was fun. Arman also tried to run the boat,

then he did not want stop. We got a bit out on Lake Malaren before the motor stopped.

- Shit we are out of gasoline! I said.

- Hell, said Arman.

- We have to fix more gasoline.

- Where?

- Don't know, let's check all the boats we see.

- There maybe, Arman pointed a short distance away where there seemed to be a pier to a small house.

I rowed that way, and when come closer it was obvious that there was a pier with several boats. Arman took over as a rower and I climbed up to the pier. There were two small boats and a large one, but no gas tank.

- You, check the house.

- But I do not dare, what if someone lives there.

- Come on, there is probably no one who lives there. Look the big house. He pointed and sure enough, it did not look as if they needed to stay in this little shank.

- Can't you follow me then?

- Okay, but then you must help me to tie the boat, I do not know how to it.

It did not either, but instead we made several knots on the string, just in case. It turned out that the little house was locked. Should we try to break it up? With what, oars or? No, into the boat again, and the next pier. There, in one of the boats was a gas tank. But then, the problem was that when Arman tried to take it a giant dog came rushing and it barked a lot. Arman was so funky that he just jumped over to our boat. But I got scared and had let go of the other boat, so Arman fell in the water. The dog was standing on the pier, Arman was in the water and we had no gasoline. What if someone comes down to check out what was happening. In the house where above a lamp was lit, Arman took hold of our boat. He hung on the edge of the boat so that it leaned a lot. I rowed all that I could to get behind some trees a short distance away.

Arman came up and said he was freezing and we had no gasoline. Moreover we saw no more boats, dammit! Then I remembered that my father used to have his tank in the center bench, where you sit and row. And certainly there was a tank and it was heavy. Up with it, disconnect the old one, in with the under bench, pump some in the hose and start attempt. It worked!

When Arman drove, I looked around a little more what was in the boat and found a rubber ring, a box with some canned food, an alcohol stove, a torch and some other stuff. The rubber ring we should be able to do something fun with Arman said, he had seen on TV how people goes in those behind a boat. I was pretty hesitant, but he was very much on. "Okay, then jump in," I said. He took off his clothes, except his underwear. I said, "but do you want your underwear to be wet?" "Fuck you, come on!" He said, and jumped into the water. It was pretty cold, he said, though he had to be in the water for a good moment since I was busy blowing up the ring. In addition, the boat floated away and was about to collide with a tree, so I was forced to stop blowing it up. Arman wondered what the hell I was doing. "Blame yourself!". In the end it was inflated, in fact it was relatively large, much larger than a normal bathing ring. The line we had was, however, not that long and it became even shorter when I tied it in the boat. At last I could throttle up and start crisscrossing. In a cross-curve the bounced against a pier, it looked pretty scary, but what could I do. As soon as I could I turned off the gas and checked if he was injured. But he did not appear at all. It was rather dark, but one ought to see him anyway for the moon shined brightly. I rowed slowly toward the pier, shouting "Arman" little half high. No reply, no lifeless body, nothing. Maybe he was lying

under the pier? Nah, he was gone. Something splashed and a hand grabbed the edge of the boat. He laughed, "Were you worried?"

Now I would try, he thought. The water was pretty cold, but it was fun too, tingling in the stomach, especially in the curves. Arman ran on like hell, the worst curves, I was about to go into a stone and almost in a boat that someone had anchored in a small cove. A light came on in the boat and someone shouted, "What the hell are you doing in the middle of the night?" None of us responded, but Arman picked me up and we went away. It was almost daybreak. Maybe soon the sun would warm a little and it would be nice because we froze a bit, though we had our jackets on. The engine hacked again, went for a while and then stopped completely. The tank was empty and there was no boat nearby. We rowed to shore, tied the boat to a tree and lay down on the floor, close together. It was cozy despite the cold and the boat rocking. I fell asleep. When I woke up the sun shined, but I was wet all over. The boat was not rocking any more, something was wrong. We have to be stuck on the ground. Arman looked half awake, so I asked:

- Are you awake?

- A little.

- You the boat seems to be stuck at the bottom and water is coming in.

- And we have no gasoline.

- And I'm wet.

- Me too.

- So, should we get going?

- Gladly, but let's take the grub and flashlight with us.

A little further away saw a lawn and some sand, a beach. We went there. The grass was wet, so we put my jacket on the grass and used Arman's jacket as a cover. It got warmer than on the boat, but still too cold. We fell asleep anyway, and slept until there was really hot instead. Then we swam and sunbathed. Arman opened the can with meat sauce and drank about half of it.

- Is it good?

- Nah, maybe if it had been hot, but what do you do, I'm starving, do you want some?

- Obviously, the second half is mine.

He was right, not good, but better than nothing at all.

Then it started to rain. Hell, what do we do? We were, like, in the middle of nowhere. Strange that it could be so much nowhere, so close to Stockholm? The only house that appeared was a barn, so we went there. It was just a barn with a forest road. No one seemed to stay nearby or anything. It was not even locked. Inside it was some old gadgets, seemed to be things that farmers used before. It smelled as if nobody had been there for ages. And several times I went right into big spider webs. It was a little exciting to look around there, maybe we could find something cool, like a veteran motorcycle or something, though we did not. There was a second floor over part of the barn, and we climbed the staircase. Up there was a lot of old hay. It smelled really old, though maybe we could lay in it anyway. In any case, until it had stopped raining. It was quite cozy, the rain pattered and we watched some spiders which were fixing with their webs. A car or maybe tractor came, someone opened the door, went in, shouted "hello", brought in something and went out again.

There, in the hay, it felt like my brain might cope with talking about the events and what we should do. Though we heard that the guy drove off again and therefore could not possibly hear us, we whispered:

- Peter, what the hell are we doing?
- Here we can't stay anyway. Mom will of course wonder tonight, or tomorrow at the latest and then she then will call Dad.
- I know, but what should we do. I do not want to be squashed by some fucking gangsters.
- I do not either, we'll call the police then?
- Hell no, then we must admit that we had much more powder and what have we done with it and so.
- But you, if we put the powder back in the cellar and if they take us again, we say what, we don't know, why don't you go looking for your drugs instead of harassing us.
- Then they of course notice that there is less powder compared to before. Moreover they probably have been looking like hell.
- But what do we do?
- Okay, we put the powder back, though we put it in some way that it looks like some of the powder has fallen down on the floor, and the package dropped a bit strange so that it is not visible.
- Right, so we make a hole in the bag, so they think that part has dropped out, maybe we'll even pour some of it out on the floor as well so it becomes obvious.

Enough of planning, time to go home. It did not matter anymore that it was still raining a little. We wanted to go home, in addition, we must have food. Hell, the guy had bolted the door from outside. We tried to pull, push, and as twisting the door. The least bad was pressing it outwards. Then there was a gap in the bottom. The gap was enough that we were able to squeeze us out, but we got all red in the back. Once out, it was nothing to do but walk and walk, we followed the dirt road, came to a little bigger dirt road, followed it and came to a paved road. Which way should we go on? No clue. I thought left and Arman felt right. We flipped a coin and I won. It seemed impossibly far, where we were going. Every time we saw a car coming into, we showed our thumbs, but they did not seem to care. One guy stopped though he did not want take us up because we were so wet. He said that if we were going to town, we went in the wrong direction, the direction that we went would lead us to the ferry that runs to Slagsta. Slagsta, it is the perfect, almost home, in each case, it is Botkyrka. He thought maybe it was three kilometers to there. Three kilometers away, that's pretty much, but not impossible. It felt much easier and in the end we actually arrived at the ferry. When we arrived there was no ferry there, but it was clear where it would stay and some cars were waiting. We sat on a bench and soon the ferry came. It was just to step onboard, no one seemed to care about us. In Slagsta we found a kebab joint and a shop selling used gadgets and clothes. Perfect, we needed disguises and, in addition, we were still soaked. Otherwise, I hate to buy clothes, but now it was a bit exciting, no mom who had her views upon what to wear and what I was able to get together for the five hundred crowns I had left. However, it was not so easy to know what was in my size for there were different kinds of numbers on different pants and what was it I had? It was the same thing for Arman. We raked together some trousers, a few T-shirts and caps. A guy showed us to the dressing cabins and we jumped into the same one. There were a couple of nice Lee jeans that fitted perfectly on me and a t-shirt from J Lindberg, it was certainly a nice brand said Arman. But shit, my money was not enough. I peeled off the price tags and changed with cheaper ones from other clothes, so now my clothes would not cost no more than 250 kronor. Arman did the same with the jeans, he found, though his t-shirt was so cheap anyway. The same with the caps, they cost no more than twenty crowns each. The only annoying thing was that just as we were doing it with the

new price tags, we heard someone come to our cabin, we did not get time to more than release the tags before a girl looked in and wondered how it went. "Oh great," we said, "We will soon be ready." We sat there in our underwear, and probably looked pretty guilty, but she just "oh well, hope you find something that fits." Arman did not really want to go away, he sat and held in a pair of leather pants, he looked like he was in love.

- But buy them then, they're cool!

- Sure they are, but Dad would be pissed, not only that I am a junkie for him, then I would be gay too.

We laughed and I understood him, my mother would probably not be so happy either. And what would everyone else say?

The guy at the counter noticed nothing, we just put the clothes on the counter. He asked if I wanted a bag and when I said I was going to take them on since my old ones were wet, but maybe a bag of my old clothes.

When we came out I felt like a new man with cool tight pants. Too bad they smelled a little weird, though who would smell us. We even had money for sweets and taxi home. In the grocery store next door we picked a bag of candy and the kind of plastic bags and such tape that sat around the drug package from the start. That taxi was perhaps a little unnecessary, but at the same time it felt cool and adult and I had never ridden in a taxi without any adults before, barely even with Mom. The same said Arman, so only it was an experience and in addition we were completely exhausted. We asked the taxi to turn onto the side road that comes after the house where we live and so we walked the path home. Mom was thrilled when I opened the door. She must have been drinking, I thought when she hugged me and almost got teary-eyed and sure she smelled of wine. She said it was so funny that I visited dad for once and she was really hoping that we would meet again soon. Strange, I thought that she did not want me to meet him. When she had stood there holding me for a while, she backed off to check out my clothes.

- What are you wearing? Have dad bought them for you?

- Uh, yes, he thought I needed some new clothes.

- It was good, but why has he bought girl pants? Not like you to walk around in girl pants, they will tease you if you wear them you know. What do you think Eivy or Alexandra will say about them there, they might get jealous?

- What are they girls' pants, I think they are beautiful and they fit so nicely.

- That's right, it's because there are girls' pants, it is stretch in them.

- So I can't have them then?

- If you want to look like a fag, it's up to you. Are you hungry anyway?

- Nah, I just want to take a bath, feeling a little cold.

- Frozen, it's summer, but sure. Should I make a little chocolate milk for you and a sandwich then?

It was the best welcome I have had in a long time, I took off my clothes, buried my old wet clothes in the laundry basket and poured in lots of shampoo in the bath water. She came with the sandwiches, it was both cheese, ham and cucumber on them and they went down smoothly. At about twelve o'clock I slipped out, the flashlight we stole was in my jacket pocket together with a knife, wipes and what we bought. Arman stood outside, he showed the bag with rubber gloves that he brought. We went down to the basement, locked up without turning on any light other than the flashlight. First we looked at the place where we found the bag. It had been on two tubes up at the ceiling. Just where the pipes divide so that they both

continue along the roof and go up through it. Maybe we could push the bag between the pipes. But had it really looked like that? The bag would have been clearly visible even if we pushed it between the pipes. Nah thought Arman, it was probably somewhere else. We followed the tubes and I shone on them with the flashlight, so I ran into something that stood in the way. "Over there," said Arman, pointing to a place where the pipes went into the wall. Yes there it was, perhaps. In any case, it should be easier to hide there. If we pushed it between the pipes there, it should be quite invisible. And it may just be that it had fallen down and therefore not being discovered by the gangsters. Or then maybe it was not where they put the bag, and then they might think that they were looking in the wrong place. We went into the bike room, took out the package, put on our rubber gloves and dried, for safety's sake, it off with a wet wipe. Then we removed the broken outer bag and wiped the inner bag. When it was done, we put the package in a new outer bag and put the new tape around it. Finally, we wiped the finished package with a new wet wipe. It was quite tricky to put tape around the package and it was probably not quite the same as from the beginning, but they can't well remember how the tape was set? Arman, who is taller than me, was standing on tiptoe to reach to tuck the bag in between the pipes in the hole in the wall. It looked good, you had to look very carefully to see it. At least now when we only shone on it with the flashlight. Arman wanted us to test even with the proper lights on. I got pretty nervous, but said okay anyway.

The package was still not visible and no one came. We had the lights on for like ten seconds, and I gave him the knife. He made a hole in the bag and some powder ran down on the floor. Perfect, I felt much calmer. We went back home and I slept pretty well that night. Did not really to go out the day after. Instead, I played with my computer all day, quite nice and it felt like it was a thousand years ago since I made it the last time.

The day after, when I eat breakfast, the doorbell rings. There are some police officers, I am shit scared. They see it and laugh.

- You do not worry, we're not looking mischievous young boys this time. Nah now we wonder if you know anything about the drugs in the basement.

- What, no, what, are there drugs in the basement?

- Okay, then it was nothing else then. You can say to your parents that they should contact us if they know anything.

- Yeah.

- Here.

One police handed me a note that it was the police and a bunch of other things. I took the note and pretended to read, but really I was too jittery to do it. As soon as they passed, I flushed down the note in the toilet. Then I called Arman, he came over and we had some breakfast and talked about what might have happened. Somehow, someone must have found the bag anyway. What would happen now, would the gangsters leave us alone, or become even angrier? We could not know which. For safety's sake, we stayed inside all day and Arman fetched his computer so we could play together. The following day, a Saturday, my mother said that she had read on one of the tabloids webpage that someone found a big bag with dope in our basement. Probably the gangsters read it also because I heard nothing more from them. We fixed the moped, with help from Arman's cousin, and ran around like hell with it in Lida forest, so it was a fun summer anyway. When the fall semester began, it was like normal. No one came up to us and wanted to buy dope and the class was as messy as before. Janina did not come back to our school and I heard no more from her either.

Beyond the standard deviation

I do not know what the oldest event in my life that I still remember is. Maybe it was when Mom, Dad and I camped in the north, or was it when we went sailing with dad's friend. But it has no bearing on what would happen later, so I'm not going to speculate more in that matter. The first thing that is relevant for what then happened was probably when they would close down the factory where my dad worked. It was in the spring, I was ten years old. We lived in a little village with a small centre, a few shops, a gas station, a school and factory. The factory made paper. I had been to the factory many times, everybody in my school had. Perhaps with their parents, or they had been there on the big family day organized by the company each year.

I remember how he sat on the couch and staring into the wall like a maniac. He seemed not to have noticed that I came home or even in the room.

- Dad, can I take an ice cream?

He did not hear, or at least he did not seem to react.

- Dad, can I take an ice cream?

- What, what did you say?

- Can I have an ice cream, what's wrong with you anyway?

- Uh, yeah, of course.

They said that the factory was doing well. Everyone got upset. The whole school marched. They talked about it several times on the television news. I remember one time when they interviewed one of the senior managers, he was from Finland, I think. He said they have to close the factory because it was not profitable. Someone asked if they did not care about all the people who worked there and the guy replied:

- Sure we do, but do you think we should close factories in Finland instead and make the people there unemployed, is that better?

I don't remember any more of what they said. I will however remember how my father suffered when he saw the story. Mom was of course also sad, everyone in the village was very sad, but Dad was probably the saddest of them all. From being the world's happiest, he was like a wet jacket. As all the other kids I wanted to be proud of my parents. And my dad was really something to be proud of. He used to play a lot with me and my brother. If any of us had friends at home, he usually came in and asked what we were doing. Sometimes he asked if he could join in and then he was not that daddy like at all. He suggested sometimes even worse mischief than we had been able to find up ourselves. Moreover, he was some sort of manager at the paper mill. Though he was none of those bosses that people dislike, because they decide what others should do. He was some kind of financial manager, so I did not have to be bored, as some of the other heads children were.

One day, a few weeks later, I happen to hear when Dad tells Mom that he received orders that he would buy the paper pulp at a much higher price than what he used to do before. The pulp was purchased from the same company, but another part of it. He said the Finns wanted the mill to appear less profitable. He had a pretty big pay rise and something that I later understood was a golden parachute, but he promised not to say anything.

Stupid as I was I told that to my best friend. He promised not to say anything, but then it turned out that he said it to someone else anyway and just a few days later when I came to school I was stopped in the schoolyard by a guy in a parallel class.

- It was your fucking dad who fixed this.
- What, what do you mean by that?
- What. He pursed his mouth and disguised his voice, as to mimic me. Though I did not sound a bit like that. There was nothing that I could do about it. It was just spinning in my head. Ideally, I wanted to run. But there were more guys, buddies to him.

They stood around me now.

- Didn't you hear what I said? Now it was almost as if he screamed.

I just mumbled something, don't know what. Looked around to see if there were some my friends there who could help me. A short distance away beside the stairs stood Palle and Tomas. They lived on the same street as me, and we had been buddies since we were kids. But now it looked like they did not want to know me, they just stood there and looked at the stairs. Then it got worse. No one talked to me the whole day and at lunchtime I got beaten up again by some other guys. It was a teacher who saw it and he got really angry. He took me to the school nurse. She wiped away the blood around my mouth and said she would call my mom. It jumped in my stomach when she said that. Then the father would be even sadder. I begged her several times not to do it. I even said that I was the one who started the fight. It seemed as if she believed me. But then when I got home mom knew about it. She perhaps saw that I had bruises in my face. Though I had planned to say that I had fallen off the bike. Now did not I say it because she was waiting for me and she began to comfort me before I even had time to say hello. She said that we needed to move away from the village as soon as possible. I would not have to go to school any more, she had talked to the principal. A weep passed. I was at home reading books. Then my mother said that she had got hold of a flat in Stockholm. We would move immediately and dad would come after as soon as he could.

The days before we moved were absolutely terrible. One time I woke up in the night since someone threw stones at the windows in the kitchen and living room. Additionally they destroyed the tires on my bike and on dad's car. I do not know so much more, but I think it was more that happened. The terrible days ended with that my uncle came and got me, mom and my brother in his car and drove us to Stockholm.

A friend of my uncle was a journalist. He called me and asked a lot about what it was that happened to me in school. He said he would write about it and about how the company manipulated the economy to be able to put down the mill. He would talk about how unfair it was that we got blamed for it. He said he talked to my dad and got the whole story from him. He said he promised my father to write about it so that the source would not be relieved. But he did not, he did not write a word about it. I do not know why, maybe it was not interesting since it was a private company.

Instead of starting ninth grade in Sweden I fulfilled my biggest dream and went to the U.S. to live with a family and go to their school. The family lived in Austin, Texas, which was a big hit, since already then I did not like winter. Sure there was a lot that was strange and different, but I got used to it surprisingly quickly, and then it felt pretty much like the ordinary life. The mother woke me up in the morning, by knocking on the door. It was not so long actually, until I said "yes" in English even though I barely even had time to wake up. To show my good intentions, I got up as soon as she knocked. Although I love to stay in bed in the mornings. At home, I usually start with a shower, but the family did not appreciate that I went to the bathroom in just my underwear. In addition, I went up so fast that my morning erection did not have time to fold. This meant that instead I took a shower in the evening when the mother and father watched TV and did not see that I was walking around in my underwear only.

Additionally their small children were already asleep then, so there was no one to scare. Thus, I began my day with putting my clothes on, pee and sit at the breakfast table. The father had usually already eaten and gone. The smallest boy poked in his scrambled eggs and the little older one watched TV. The mother sat with a cup of coffee. At my place, it was always a plate with scrambled eggs, bacon and a fried tomato. The first few days I started to eat like you usually do at home. But I soon learned, however, to pray first. It was actually not so surprising really. My grandmother did that too. In addition, they had written about it in one of the letters that I received before I got there. Nothing else was strange either. The mother drove me and the older boy to school. In school, I learned things like conversation, American history, and how to hold a speech. The first speech I held was about Småland. Everyone said it was good, but actually it was probably bad. This was a big difference compared to Sweden by the way. Everybody always said how good you were.

In Sweden we almost only praise the food, but then we almost do that independently of whether it is good or not.

I do not know if I think it was so good, the way they do it in the United States. Because I pretty soon lost the belief that they ever found anything good in what I did.

In the evening we ate dinner and watched TV. At first I thought it was great fun to watch with them. There were so many programs to choose between. Though it was just the father who had to choose and I soon realized that we didn't have the same taste. At first I thought, however, kind like "okay now he looks at American wrestling, but then he might want to see a real feature film," but so it almost never went. After the wrestling he switched to a show or the news. Now that was not news like the ones at home, it was absolutely disgusting news on a news program that I think was called Fox News. Everything that was said was extremely biased. As about the textile workers at a factory in Boston who nearly forced the poor entrepreneur bankruptcy because they demanded so much money in compensation for that he put down the factory and moved the production to China. There was a TV in the kitchen as well, after a few weeks I dared to look at it instead. As I watched the mother came in now and then, to check what I watched. But I could almost always timely turn over from a violent movie to a sports channel. Pretty soon I realized that the best about staying with them was the food. It was delicious and it was always a lot, not like at home in Småland. When we ate pizza, for instance, it was huge pizzas with lots of toppings and a comprehensive cheese layer on top. If it was pancakes, we all had a huge stack and a tasty sweet sauce. And to it were always huge jars with Coca-Cola. Everywhere, in school, at home or at the bowling we got giant jars with Coca-Cola.

Every Sunday we went to church. It was not like going to church in Sweden. This church looked like a cross over between a theatre and a church. The best thing about it was that the chairs were quite comfortable. Or at least it was not three hundred years old wooden benches as at home. Before the service began, the father and mother went around and talked to a lot of people. The first time they took me with them when they went around, but later I got to sit with the other children in what I think probably was a Sunday school.

It was not so fun, but better than to walk around and greet people. Then rang an old man in a bell and we formed a queue to enter. At the front of the stage, there used to be two men in suits. The thickest of them usually talked.

Now and then the other one read some text from the Bible. In between, we sang different songs. Then the thin one collected money and then we took communion. They said that it was optional and I would rather have avoided it, but the mother said she wanted me to do it. After

that we had soft drinks and coffee, after that we went home.

One Saturday there was a family day at the oil company where the father worked. It was almost the same as going on a church service. First, we mingled and ate canapés. Then we had to go into a big room with a bunch of chairs, it also looked like a movie theatre. At the front, it was a guy talking about how great the company is and everyone cheered now and then. After that, we were served a lot of food and soft drinks. They offered beer also on that family day. Sure, I had seen the father drinking beer before, but until now I had never seen him drunk. When we got home, he takes out some beer and a giant bag of crisps. So he offers me a beer. It was probably my first beer. It was not that very delicious, but I was still happy and a little drunk too, I think. He offered me a couple of beers and then I was definitely drunk. I had never dared to question any of what happened at the church services, but now with a few beers in my body I dared to at least ask a little bit about what that guy said. At home usually all complains about the managers and it's like okay to do so. So I thought that it ought to be the same here. But it was not. I asked why it is so important for the company to ensure that all have such huge cars. He said that it is important for them to be able to sell more oil. I said that the smaller cars, the longer their oil would last, and the longer the company will exist. It seemed like he got upset, but he just shook his head as if the discussion was over. To really highlight it, he raised the sound on the TV.

Another Saturday night when the father offered me some beers, when the mother had gone to bed, I ask him why they had invited me, he did not in any way become upset about that I asked. Instead, he said cheerfully:

- To spread God's message.
- What is God's message?
- Love.
- Do you live after that?
- Yes, absolutely, that you can see well.
- Yes, of course you pray and stuff, but why do you think it's okay to kill people.
- I do not.
- But you're happy every time someone is executed.
- But those who are executed, it is just scum.
- So it is justified to kill some people.
- Yes, and I believe that you have had a little too much beer. You should probably go to bed I think.

It was noticeable that he was angry at me for what I said and I regret that I said it, because afterwards he was not as kind to me. Isn't it strange how people can turn quickly, just because you say one little thing. But on the other hand, I stayed not long after that since just a few days later, my mother called. She cried into the phone. She cried for several minutes, even though she always otherwise used to be brief because of the high cost for overseas phone calls. Eventually, she said that dad had hung himself and she wanted me to come home. I was of course very sad and I went from pretty homesick to longing for home terribly much. The mother and father said they understood that I wanted to go home, but they said they were very sad that I was leaving them. But I do not think they really thought so. The only one who seemed sincerely sorry was their smallest son. He started crying when he heard it and then came running to me and hugged me. Then he clung on me all evening.

It was very tough days until I got home. I wanted so much to talk about why he did what he did. Sure, I could talk on the phone with my mom, but it was just stressful for the whole time

I was thinking that maybe mom was worried about the high phone cost. Instead, I lay a lot on my bed, thinking. I think my father suffered a lot from being unemployed.

He used to say that he who does not work shall not eat either. Or that it was time to be useful after he had rested for a moment on the couch after dinner. Though what was the real benefit from that he waxed the car or trimmed the hedge.

It's not like making food, heat or something else vital for our lives.

Most of the really important work, such as bringing water, heat and electricity, is made by machines. I tried to tell my father before I went to the United States. I told him he did not need to have any bad conscience if he did not work for he did not live on somebody else anyway. He lived on what generations before him had built up in the form of roads and everything and on all the machines that are working for us, as the paper machines at the mill. They are our slaves.

But Dad wanted to create something lasting, something he could be proud of. But instead he died and I do not think anyone except his brother, my mom, my brother and I will remember him, or something he accomplished. Why couldn't he drop the idea of creating something permanent. He had, after all, no joy of it when he died. And because he constantly strove to create it, instead of living, he had certainly no benefit from it during life. He didn't live that much, he lived to be immortalized in the form of what he created. Damn Dad, what if I had been able to explain this to you.

At the end of summer vacation after the last year of high school, I started my first real job. It was at McDonald's, though it did not last long. Since after just a few days the manager saw how a homeless guy came to the counter just as I walked past it. The homeless guy asked me if I could give him something to eat. I was a coward, I did not dare. While I did not want to make him sad either. I tried to explain in a friendly way that I could not give him any food. But as I said it, I realized that we just then had a campaign that everyone who bought a menu during lunch time had a cup of coffee for free. It would be not so bad. There were even some customers who bought a menu that didn't want coffee, so we had a lot of coffee. The homeless guy was thrilled, but the manager was furious.

- What are you doing? You steal our coffee?

- But now we are giving away the coffee.

- There is a huge difference, when we give it to our customers.

I was quiet, I wanted to think of something to respond. I knew there were answers, they were just not in my brain, not there, not then. I've thought a lot about it afterwards. I understand that they might not want to invite all the homeless on coffee since it might not be so fun for the customers. But at the same time it's really the homeless that would need coffee. Also, I think that they feel unwanted by everyone and then they feel it's no use in trying. If instead all were a little kind to them, maybe they would start to care a little about how they smell and stuff. Then I thought, what the hell am I doing? Why should everybody go around and smell "beauty care body lotion" and stuff. It's damn no human scents. What if everyone went around and smelled humans instead, it would certainly be an important step on the road to that we would dare to be ourselves. Another thing that I thought about in the same time was to say that all those who live off the crumbs of society is anti-social and those who have too much are considered to be social. But it ought to be the opposite.

Later that day told the manager told me to throw away a few burgers that had been too long. I was hungry, so I ate one of them while I was standing at the steak table and fried new ones.

She saw it and came up to me. It looked as if she wanted to beat me.

- What the hell are you doing? You were supposed to throw them away not to eat them.

I think everyone heard what she said, but no one responded. I even think that there might be some customers who heard, though the manager pulled me away to the pause room.

- But I'm hungry.

- Your break is half past two.

- But I took no break, I ate the burger while I stood at the steak table.

- You stole a hamburger.

- I did not, you told me to throw it away.

- Well if I tell you to do something. Then you should just obey, understand!

- I did. I threw away all the burgers except the one I ate.

- Do you hear lousy. Throw away all the hamburgers, means that you should throw all the hamburgers away.

- But isn't it quite sick. It's better that we eat them up so that they come to use. Is it better than they are thrown away and you have a hungry and grumpy staff.

- Maybe. But now it is me who is boss, so you must obey me, otherwise you will get fired.

It was the last straw for me. I was hungry and her arrogant attitude made me mad, so I said:

- Okay you can go to hell, but first I want to have my staff meal.

That last, I shouted so that everyone in the restaurant must have heard it. Then I took with me two quarter pounder cheese, poured a cola and took a pie. I was so stressed that I shook. To sit in the pause room was just not possible. I went to the dressing room, changed my clothes and walked away, I went to the nearest park, sat on a bench and ate. When I sat there eating, I probably looked quite sad, for it is a girl who sits down next to me.

Not exactly besides me, she sits the furthest away at the other end of the bench. Though it seems like she wants to say something, or get in touch, because she looks at me. When I look at her, she opens her mouth, as if to say something.

But she doesn't, instead she closes her mouth and looks a bit shyly on the ground. We then look good while on each other. She is quite pretty, though pretty old. She is perhaps over thirty years. Strange that someone so old is shy. I chew very carefully on my hamburger eager not to drop something on the jacket and frantically thinking about what to say to her. The only thing that comes on my mind is to offer her something to eat. Though what if she is a vegetarian or do not like hamburgers. She might feel compelled to eat just because she does not dare to say no. Finally, I take up the pie and hold it towards her.

- Here, do you want an apple pie?

She smiles and shakes her head.

- Thanks, but I'm not hungry, but you seem hungry.

When she answered, I heard that she had a dialect similar to the one I have, so then I found out something more to say:

- Are you also from Småland.

- Yes from Jönköping and you?

- Silver valley.

- Silver valley, nice name, wasn't it where the paper mill was?

The memories struck me when she said it.

- Right, my dad worked there.

- There, I've almost been once. In any case, I think that I have passed through it. Does the place still exist at all?

- I do not know we moved from there, and I haven't gone back.

- Where did you move then?

- To Stockholm. What about you, do you still live in Jönköping?

- Nah, I studied in Gothenburg and since then I have lived there.

Now, I was hesitating about if I should ask what she was studying and thus get a boring career conversation or ask if she was here on vacation. The last thing would be more fun, but maybe she wanted me to ask her about what she was studying. People usually talk about that kind of stuff. I took a chance and asked if she was here on vacation. She nodded and said she almost never been to Stockholm before, so now she would be here for a whole week. We continued talking and after a while we anyway got into the subject education and a little later we came in on what she was doing for her living. She was an engineer and she designed machines.

- What kind of machines?

- Machines that is moving things.

- What are they needed for?

Because if you buy one of those, you don't need any staff to do all the moving.

- Well, but then a lot of people will get unemployed.

- Then what. It is just good that such boring jobs disappear.

- Well some would actually like to have such jobs.

- But is it really something that they have dreamed about, you think? Don't you think that they dreamed of doing something else but just ended up there.

- In any case there are people who want to feed a machine. That what, at least, my dad said.

- Yes, but then it is maybe because they from the beginning just ended up there, maybe because it was the only job that was available. Then, the longer they stay, the less they think they can do any other job.

- But don't you think that they will be sad if they lose their job, then, also they become unemployed and it is not fun?

- Certainly, those who are unemployed have probably not so fun, mostly because it is considered so shameful, I think. For the society as a whole it must, however, be better if that machine with an operator produces as much as four workers did before. And if only one of them would get a new job, Sweden has, overall, benefited from the deal. The only ones who lose are those who stayed in unemployment. But if the unemployed instead did something that they thought was funny, they too would surely win on it. The problem is in most cases that they get so much less money when they are unemployed.

Moreover, one can only get unemployment benefits for a limited time, afterwards it's even tougher. To top it off they have to go around and feel ashamed that they are unemployed.

- Damn crazy. The fact that some of us suffer because we do things that really are improvements.

- Agree. Progress is good, but it is the view on the unemployed that is crazy. What if we invented machines that did all the boring work. It would be really good, but if all those who gets unemployed promptly have to work anyway, it would mean that even more unnecessary things are produced.

- But they would probably be able to work with the things that make it nice on the streets or to take care of old people or something.

- Agree, though that's the things that society cuts down.

- But Sweden earns a lot of money on all the machines and stuff.

- Though it does not give the society any money.

- Those who work in the company are paying tax and the company pays taxes.
- But hey, if those who work in the factories are fewer there will be fewer people paying tax and the company can get around paying taxes with depreciation and stuff.
- It's too bad. When we do something that is really good, so many people lose on it.
- It's really, our approach is crazy. And then some people work like hell. Where I work, there are two guys who work every night. First, they work all day, then they continue in the evening. They are there to nine every night.
- Why?
- They seem to think that it's cool, but when I ask, they say that they have so much to do. It seems to me as they have no other life. One of the guys says he's saving for a new car. Weird huh? Working throughout all the time awake, just to afford a new car.
- It sounds a bit sad, I think. Are they really allowed to work so much?
- I do not think so, but the manager said it's okay. Though it must cost the company a lot of money in overtime.
- Think it would better if people dared to be unemployed at times. Then they would be able to try some different jobs and also someone would get the chance to try their job. Everybody would gain on it. Those who otherwise works as hell would be a little unemployed and could take it easy for a while or try something they dreamed about doing and those who have no jobs would be ... well you know.
- We are probably completely fixated on working in this country. There is certainly some sort of relic from the days when everyone had to work as hell just to survive.
- Exactly, though people have not realized that those times are over.
- But it is quite unfair. Some have a fun job that is also well-paid while others have very tedious job, which are also poorly paid. Everyone should be able to have a little fun at the job, now that we have it so good, right?
- Sure, I agree. I remember my first job, after I had graduated as an engineer. I had no engineering job so I started working at a factory that packed anchovies in cans. Not only that it was extremely boring and we destroyed our hands, because we had to have rubber gloves. Moreover, we really had to work all the time. So it is not at all as an engineer, now I can talk on the phone with my friends, take long coffee breaks and surf on the net at times and I also have a much higher salary.

When I heard that, I thought that I should certainly become an engineer or some other nice job. It seems completely given to go for the white collar jobs. Sure, I have thought about it before, but these arguments, I had never heard, though they sounded credible. McDonald's was probably quite similar to a fish factory. But I think dad had quite long coffee breaks. He used even to read the newspaper on the job. It was far from possible to do that on McDonald's.

It feels like we had emptied the subject. I was also tired of talking politics. I would love to talk about something more personal, or maybe show her the town. So I ask if she would like to have a personal guide. She shines up and I think she nods. I get up and go to the bin. She rises also and catches up with me next to it. There, she takes my hand, like a little child. It feels strange, after all, she is the oldest. We walk down the street to the city. On Hötorget I stops and looks around me. There ought to be something to tell you about this place, but I realize that I don't know very much about it. I say, a bit lame, while I'm pointing on the Concert Hall "concert hall". Then I continue with my finger to the department store on the other side and say "Pub". She however points and Kungshallen and says "cocktails". Then she

looks me in the eyes, no, she looks at my hat, smiling even more and takes it off me without saying anything. But I understand what she means. We place ourselves in the first bar we see and she orders two drinks. I get a little worried when I hear her order. I do not think I could afford to buy even one of them. But while the bartender prepare the them she leans towards me and says:

- Do not worry, I'll pay.

We stand there and sip on our drinks chatting about what we should do in Stockholm. It almost felt a bit like I was a tourist too. I came up with things I would like to see, things I've thought about seeing, plans that not yet have been realized. We would travel by ferry to Djurgården. Where would we go to Skansen and look at Wasa. In the evening we would go to the amusement park Gröna Lund. We kept ourselves to just plan the day after, but it sounded on her as if she wanted to plan their entire week with me. While neither she nor I realized something more to fill tomorrow with, she came into politics again. She had voted several times, she said. The first time she had voted for the Social democrats since then she had voted for the Green party in two elections. I said, as it is, I did not vote at all, because I had forgotten about it. Then she became a little sour. I do not know if it was for real, but it almost seemed so. There is a guy standing next to her. He listen a little on us, and when he hears what she was voting on, he begins to interfere.

- I vote for the Conservatives.

She turns to him and says, "oh well" in an obviously irritated manner. As anyone should understand means "and who have asked you really". But he did not understand it, he just went on:

- I want lower taxes!

She looks even more annoyed at him, but she asks anyway:

- Why?

- Since I pay so much in taxes, unfairly much, at least twenty thousand a month. I have to support other people who are on sick leave just because they are too lazy to go to work.

- But you then probably gain unfairly much.

- What unfairly? The world isn't fair. Some are beautiful, healthy and smart, while others are ugly, sick and stupid.

- But the most important thing is if you are happy. One can be stylish, fresh and smart, but still be unhappy. The sick, ugly and stupid guy might be a lot happier. By the way, it's nothing that society can do much about, apart from having good education and health care. But society can't do good looking people uglier but it can at least take some more of those who earn more.

Even if they pay more in taxes they still have, after all, more left than that those who earn a little. It is not even true that those who earn more work more, or contribute in a better way. I also think that many largely want to earn a lot of money just because it gives more prestige.

- Nah, I want to make a lot of money to buy cool gadgets.

- Exactly, and it's well prestige, isn't it?

- Nah, I think it is fun with gadgets.

She did not stop talking to him, although it seemed so obvious that she was annoyed. I was pretty angry on him but I could not think of anything to say. Instead, I drank the drink, chewed on ice cubes so it crunched really loud. Eventually she turns anyway completely against me and ask if we should go.

"Where to?" Said I, "my hotel," she said. "Sure," I said, "taxi", she said. We did not say much

in the taxi. She mostly sat and seemed annoyed at the guy she was talking to. But I remember she said one thing: "If you have certain jobs, like mine, it's easy to never be on sick leave. Because they are not very energy consuming and also quite fun, and you get to decide pretty much yourself. But at other jobs, such as when I packed anchovies, I had no chance to take it easy and I did not decide about anything. Then it was not so strange that I was on sick leave sometimes."

I nodded and said something grunting, because I did not really understand what she meant. I think I had too little experience of working.

Her hotel was on Kungsholmen. Not that I knew where we were in any way, but the day after when we went with the subway, I saw on the subway map that we were on Kungsholmen. I had hardly been in any hotel before, besides tourist hotels in Spain. But this was a real hotel. The room was very luxurious. There was a small refrigerator. In it there were sweets, beer and small bottles of alcohol. I could choose what I wanted, so I took a can of beer and a bottle of whisky. She did the same thing, I think. Luckily, there was only one chair in the room, so we lay on the bed. I would, of course, love to kiss her, but I did not dare. But she did. We did not even drink our whisky. It was not my first intercourse, but definitely the best. Just that I could keep myself so long that I actually penetrated her.

The day after we did almost as we had planned. We went by boat to Djurgården and there we walked to Skansen. But we did not stay so long and we were definitely not on the Gröna Lund, for we were both very keen on getting back to the hotel. We were together all week. She stood for everything, except for the breakfasts since it was included in the price for the room. We did see both the Vasa Museum and Gröna Lund, though perhaps not much more. Well we did go around a lot in town, but I do not really know where. None of us were talking about the future, it was just here and now. She had her life down in Gothenburg and I do not think she wanted to involve me in it. Though I never really asked her either. I do not know if I was in love or just horny, but anyway it was a wonderful week. The last day was the most romantic day I have ever had. It was as if the knowledge that we would be separated made it like a movie. The whole week was by the way a bit like a movie. I was not at all in real life. The usual things, like that I should call mom or look for a job, were just gone.

Mom phoned me once, but she asked nothing special. She was with her boyfriend in Umeå and did just call to say "hello".

I talked of course with my brother too, but he was probably just happy that I was not at home. It was obvious by the way, since when I came home it was messier than ever. And everything edible was gone from the refrigerator, everything including the mustard bottle, though he doesn't even like mustard. He was not home when I arrived. Maybe it was a shame for him, because when I got home I was still full of her. I was not at all upset about the little mundane things like that he had ignored all housework what so ever.

Then when he came home, I had become very hungry and I was not nearly as full of her, so he got a really good scolding. It did not do any good because he still had no money to buy food for and neither had I.

Hunger drove me at least to grab my life and go to the employment office. But first, I ate lunch at the school where my brother goes. I had not much experience in employment services, so I was not even surprised that I almost immediately got to meet a guy who would help me. Before I met him I had time anyway browse and almost vomit on an interior design magazine that someone must have forgotten there. Every single page of the magazine was about to admire or consume. Strange that someone spend money on a decor magazine when

not having a job. Or why we even think about consuming extremely expensive toasters and stuff. I did not think about so much more than that I thought that it's amazingly sad that so many people use their surplus to buy new expensive gadgets that actually does exactly the same thing as the old stuff, instead of using the excess to get more spare time. But that's the way the society wants it to be. The more everyone works the better for the country. And the more people consume the better for the companies. State and capital are holding hands. I think that it is a relatively new phenomenon, for it was not so long ago that people only consumed the bare essentials plus tiny bit more. As I sat there and thought about it, a guy came out, looked at me and beckoned me to him. He told me to sit on a chair, then he began to ask:

- What would you like to do then?

- Don't know.

- What do you do?

- Computer games, hockey and stuff.

- Sure like all the guys in your age, but you have to work too. You will not go here just to get money, right?

- No, I want to work. By the way, I get no money from you, but I figured I could get it now.

The guy starts laughing. When he had laughed for a moment, he says:

- Forget it, first you must have been working for at least six months, but you can get money from the social services. Money like I have slaved for, so you can sit and play computer games all day.

- But what the hell do you think. Of course I want a job. By the way, what do you mean living on others? What do you do? It's not exactly that you are out in the woods hunting or guarding the flock, gather food or anything else vital. You also live on the work of others. Besides all who is not fully self-supported lives more or less on the work of others. And there's not many that are self-supported, except they wild animals and plants. But in our society that we have built for generations, we help each other. Some fixes food, others decide, while I'm unemployed, so that the wages can be kept down. By the way, most real work is made by machines actually and most things you need is already built.

The guy opposite me sat as dumbfounded. Alternatively, he was so engrossed in browsing through the jobs on his computer that he did not hear me. I was quite annoyed that it seemed as if he did not hear me, so I continued.

- Actually, I have no desire to go to work. I think I contribute better through developing my thinking and maybe find something great and good that humanity really needs. Instead of doing something completely unnecessary, that someone has come up with just to make me happy, quiet and consuming.

The guy did still not respond. But when I did not say anything for a while, he turned to me with a look which to me meant "okay, you are finished with your bullshit, so we can talk jobs".

When he had sat like that for a while, he opened his mouth:

- Okay, I have a job here that might suit you. He even smiled when he said it. I said nothing and did not even flinch.

- There is a company in Kista. It's called "Game Wizard". They are looking for trainees as game programmers.

- But I can't program.

- Don't worry about it, you will learn it quickly. They need lots of people, who are colouring

the landscape, add rocks, roads and stuff. I know because I have sent people there who actually can make programs. They were about to vomit.

- But trainee, isn't that really nice?

- In theory, yes, but here it just means that you become a low paid slave programmer, but it's a good start. And it certainly is a funny bunch, with many boys and girls in your age. And I really hope you go there and not keep on living in the social system.

- I'm not getting any money from the social services actually and of course I want to try. What should I do?

He went off to a printer. Took a paper, sat down at his desk again and pulled out a yellow highlighter. He stroked over a few lines and handed me the paper.

- Call this guy. He pointed to one of the stroked lines.

I replied something meaningless.

- Okay good luck now!

I nodded and started to get up from the chair. Before I had left the room, he said:

- Look, I agree with you about what you said. That about that it is the machines that do all the necessary work. But if I were you, I would not go around talking about it.

It was as he said. He whom I talked to on the phone asked a bit about who I was, and then he said that I should get there. The interview went quickly as well. I met two guys.

The person I talked to on the phone did all the talking. He almost started with saying that they applied a trainee concept with project employment and progressive salary scale.

He looked at my grades and asked about which games I usually play. Then he asked if I like war movies. I nodded and tried to look very enthusiastic, because I realized that it probably was important in this job. Then he asked if I like to compete. It was probably an even more important issue for it seemed almost as if he held his breath while he waited for my answer. It felt anyway so and luckily I replied that I love to compete. Now is not exactly true, though it might be true if it was a competition in something that I am good in. Otherwise most contests have meant that someone else has gotten happy on my expense, but that I didn't tell them.

When I had answered that question, it was as if it was ready. When I finally told them a little about my life and said that I have lived in the U.S. I was definitely employed. The other guy, who would be my boss and apparently was named Håkan, said:

- Perfect we put you in the chat group.

Then he got up, made a sign, and I understood that I would follow him. We walked for a while until we came to a fairly small room with a bunch of portable walls. Between the walls there were desks with computers on. There was someone at every computer except one. At first it looked as if there were three guys, but later I noticed that there was another guy in the back too. He was so quiet that he was hardly noticed. I believe that I barely noticed him for the whole time I worked there. Sure, he greeted me and he also came out occasionally and drank a Coke, but not much more. Håkan stayed in the doorway and said in a loud voice, as he pointed at me, "this is Anders he will work in this group."

I was a little surprised because he had not made it clear to me that I had got the job, but foremost I was happy of course. He introduced the others who sat in the room, besides the guy in the back. I shook hands with them and one guy asked when I would start. I looked questioningly at Håkan and he looked at me in the same way. Then he asked if I could start at once. "Sure," I said and then I was going. The introduction contained that my boss pointed at my chair and my PC. Then he showed where the toilet was and then he took me to a guy who would give me a username and password. I got it at once, and so it was time for me to be

useful. But I felt hesitant about whether I would find the way back to my room. Håkan appeared to be busy getting to a meeting, so I asked my way forward. It was not that easy because I had forgotten the other guy's names. And to describe them turned out to be pretty useless, since my description included almost everyone who worked there. Three young boys, one that is quite tall and two regular. All three have normal clothes and one had a beard. I realized how in vain the question was, pretty quickly. Instead, I went around everywhere. It looked very much alike. Larger and smaller rooms with computers, guys and portable walls. Here and there, it was printers and the like. There seemed to be three pause rooms. All pause rooms had soft drinks, coffee and candy machines standing next to each other. The walls were more or less covered with posters that advertised for different games.

I eventually found the room. When I got in there, it looked like time had stood still. Certainly I had not been gone long, but it was as if the guys had not even moved. He that sat next to me, Tomas, looked up when I arrived. Then he looked at his screen again. It seemed like they worked like crazy. I started my computer and looked at what happened on the screen. I did not even get to the desktop image until Tomas screamed:

- Coffee break!

I heard the sounds of headphones that landed on the desks, chairs that creaked and people who stood up. The closest pause room was right outside our from where we were. There were some guys there already. Tomas and Fredric went to the soda machine. John went to the coffee machine and I just stood on the floor felling perplexed. I did not have any money.

Tomas asked if I would not have something.

- Nah.

- Free.

- Okay, coke.

After this, I was evidently supposed to take candy. Tomas took a chocolate ball, Fredric a coconut ball and I had a KitCat. We sat around the nearest table.

- So, what do you think about this then?

It was Frederic who asked and the question was directed to me.

- It looks great. You get to create computer games and you get soft drinks and salary too, unbelievable.

The others nodded, but I do not know if they really agreed with me on that it was so amazing.

I think Tomas and John liked it, but it was doubtful whether Frederic was so enthusiastic.

Frederic said he came from Umeå, though he did not know my mom's boyfriend. Tomas said he was from Enköping, then he pointed at John and said "Vallentuna". I had not heard of either Enköping or Vallentuna. On the other hand, however, none of them had even heard of Silver valley. But that they thought, was not so strange. Tomas said that it should be mandatory to know where Vallentuna and Enköping are, no matter from where you come.

- Okay, we surf to some American chat site and ask how many there are who know about Enköping.

They actually laughed a little. Then I asked what it was meant that I should do. Tomas replied that I should add background talk.

- What's the talking, and by the way, what's the game we do?

- It's called "Terror Mission". It was John who said it. It's probably the first thing I heard him say. I looked at him and asked him to tell me more.

- It is a game in which you control a commando group fighting against various terrorists.

- Americans?

- Of course, Navy Seals.
- Special Unit?
- Type.
- The terrorists then? Arabs?
- Of course, although they are not called Arabs in the game, they are just called terrorists. He was quite serious when he said it. Tomas said:
- Let's go and get them bastards."
- Yeah, go for it man, said Frederic.

They sounded a bit like computer voices, especially Tomas. I soon came to understand that it was like a thing in this group to try to sound like the voices we created. Furthermore, I understood at once that it was the signal that the coffee break was over. When we got back to the room Tomas rolled over his chair to my cubicle, plugged his headphones into my computer and showed me how the job was done. It was not that hard. It went into what I think he called the game's pseudo-code, then I used a program called "Verbal manager". In verbal manager I made sentences. The program created code that I copied into the pseudo-code. Tomas said we had to decide for ourselves on what to say and who should say it. This as long as it was only U.S. movie comments, like "go for it man" or "well done boy". Tomas sat with me for hours. Then I got my own part of the game to work with. It was a mission that took place in what appeared to be a jungle country. The command would track down drug gangs and eliminate them. When we had worked for a few hours, he asked if I was hungry. I looked at the clock and realized that it was past eight in the evening. But it seems not to be anyone who cared about it, so I said nothing more than "yes". He got up and took me out in the pause room. There were already Frederic and some others.

They ate small pizza slices. Tomas opened the freezer and took out a few pieces, turned to me and asked what flavours I wanted. He did not wait for my answer, instead he let the door stay open so that I could check myself.

They must have thought that I had never seen a microwave before, since when it was my turn to warm pizza slices I happened to use a little too much force when I turned the time knob. I heard a crash sound as when plastic breaks down, then I stood with the knob in my hand. Tomas said, a little sour, though I do not think he was really mad at me:

- What, you destroy our microwave.

Frederic responded:

- What our, that's the company's and you own no shares in it?

Another guy said:

- It is not our firms micro, it is the landlord's, they were here when we moved in.
- But when it's my microwave, the house is owned by the Vasakronan and it's the governments property company. Thus, it is my microwave oven. It was Tomas who said it, he looked quite happy. I do not think it was that he realized that he owned a micro part of the oven, but because he got right in the end. Frederic wanted probably get him down a little, or maybe he just wanted to continue to fuss:
- You own a micro part yes, it's not so much.
- Yes, but it's more than what I do in Ericsson, although I have shares in that company.
- Perhaps, but then, you can at least go to the annual meeting and decide a bit.
- However I can vote in Sweden too.

They continued with the discussion, but I did not hear it because I went off to look for something to turn the knob with. For safety's sake, I took the pizza slices with me, if I would

find another microwave. As I went around looking I thought about ownership. The discussion gave me like a wake-up call that it is pretty much that one might regard as yours though it is not. And there are other things that you consider as others though they really are yours. Rental apartments for example, a rented apartment owned by a commercial company may feel much more like your own than all the apartments in another building owned by the municipality and thus by the citizens. Or they shares which I inherited from my grandfather, those who make me a co-owner of Atlas Copco. I do not the least bit feel that I own Atlas Copco. I hardly know what they're doing. But I promised Grandpa to never sell them, since he had been given them when he had worked fifty years in the company. However, he must surely really have felt that Atlas Copco was his business, even before he got those shares. I believe that most shareholders feels about the same as me. They don't feel like it is their business, unlike those who work in there, they will probably really feel that it is theirs. It's no wonder then that those who own shares do not care so much about the companies really. By the way, the biggest shareholders are often mutual funds and stuff, and then it's like no one owns the shares. I mean people who work on the fund companies owns nothing. And those who have saved money in them, don't care about what the fund owns as long as it gives a good interest. Eventually I found a microwave, but when I came back with the hot bits the others were already gone. I brought the pieces to my desk and ate while I began to try working on my own. The results were mixed, a little tomato sauce on the desk and a couple of comments composed. It felt a little scary to put in the very first. Imagine that people all over the world would hear it. However this feeling I dropped pretty soon. We worked like that to about ten in the evening, then a Securitas guard entered the room and said it was time to go home for now he would activate the alarm.

The next day started whit that I saw that I got an email from Håkan. In the email, there was a small audio file. I clicked on it and heard a voice shouting in commando style English, or American "save women and children". The email said that I would put it a little here and there in the game, every time the command goes to into a house that had been destroyed by the terrorists. I listened to the text again. Then I listened again. Damn that's crazy. Are you allowed to say like that?. It's like it does not matter how many men die as long as the women get rescued. I went to the boss and said it:

- But we men then? Why should we not be rescued, are we less worthy or what?
- What the hell are you talking about?
- I'm talking about victimization. I was quite proud of myself because of that I actually knew what it was called.

But it did not help, since the manager had certainly never heard of it, he only said:

- Take your bullshit and stuff it up, then when you're done with that you put on the message.
- Just before I went out of his room, he said:

- By the way they say that everywhere. Have you ever watched the news on TV and they can't say offensive things on TV huh.

I felt a little uncomfortable about it. I had kind of just tried to come up with something good, something that may have saved us from the risk of getting crap afterwards, though he had not understood that. Just to avenge I looked up the point in the game where I put my very first sentences.

At that point, there are some civilians who come out of a house that has been blown up by a dope league. The house is burning and two guy's jumps off the roof. First I put it in the "save women and children", then I let out one of the soldiers say, "But they are men". So the

commander says: "Then kill the bastards." If the player shoots down them, the commander says: "Good boy, if you can't rape them, kill them." At first I thought I would take it away as soon as I got into a better mood again. But I forgot about it, or maybe it was that I wanted deep down that the comments would be left.

The metro station at home was completely empty, except for a girl who was waiting for the train into town. She seemed to be pretty sweet and in my age so I looked a little more closely on her when I passed. When I got a few feet away from her, she looked at me and I saw that it was Ninni. She went in the same class as me in seventh and eighth grade, which was before I went to the United States. She recognized me too. I stopped opposite her and looked at her eyes. It appeared as if she was happy to see me. She smiled with both her mouth and eyes. The feelings I once had for her filled me and I felt an intense desire to do any of the things that I once dreamed of doing with her. My arms were stretched out towards her and she stepped into them. But instead of the intimate hug I hoped for it was a quick hug, as if to get it over with. It felt her breath and it showed on her teeth that she had been drinking red wine. I wanted my mouth to take command and ask her if we could have a beer or maybe a little more red wine at the pizzeria. But it obeyed the brain and asked if she wanted to go to the movies. She did, and it suited her to do it the very next day. We changed numbers and decided location. And it was amazingly lucky that she could not that night because I still had no money, but now my mother was home so I could borrow a couple of hundred.

The day was long, even though I left before six. I did much the same things as before, though my mind was almost constantly with her. I had to redo part because I mixed up who was who in the game. When the others sat and ate pizza out there in the pause room, I took my pieces and sat and surfed on movies. It didn't go that well.

I hesitated so much between different movies that I almost got mad. But I could not dilly-dally so long, since the others came in and started working.

I arrived in time for our meeting, but she was even more in time, she was already there. The hug was much longer, and warmer. We stood for a while embraced before she released me and turned around. We walked randomly and I think we were both waiting for the question: "What do we see then?" She was the one who said it. I answered hesitantly:

- Do not know, maybe ...

I was going to say that we might see something romantic, but then I thought that maybe it would appear as I was a little too eager, so I did not continue the sentence.

She suggested, without waiting for my answer, "Tomb Raider".

I said, "swell." Though I suspected that I wouldn't like it.

We were not that far from the multi scene theatre and we were lucky. There were tickets and it was only an hour left until it would start. We had a piece of pizza and talked about what had happened in our lives. She seemed a bit interested in what happened to me actually, especially what happened in the U.S. She told me about school and about her job.

She had gone to a high school for tourist jobs in Wilhelmina, which explains why I had not seen her since elementary school. Now she worked at a hotel on Östermalm. As she told about herself I tried to say a nice comment for everything she said. While I almost prayed to God that she would not say type "then I met Pelle and now we live together." She did not. She mentioned nothing about any guys and I did not dare ask. She did not ask me about girls either. Though I hoped that her thoughts were going the same way as mine.

The film was as American films tend to be, and I felt that it was perhaps not my thing, really. Sadly, because when I was younger, I loved American movies. It was an important reason for

why I wanted to go there. Now I found myself annoyed by all the impossible things that happened and that everyone was so good at everything. Additionally I was annoyed over myself since I annoyed me on that instead of thinking about the most important thing. Or perhaps I was annoyed to avoid having to think about the most important thing. There she sat next to me. Sometimes I looked at her and a few times it seemed as if she looked back and smiled. She had her right hand on the seat, as ready to rip my left one, but I did not dare. Laura Croft is obviously the best at everything and also she is gorgeous and she is wearing very sexy clothes. Why is it always so? Does really the fat and semi failed average Americans want to feel even more unsuccessful. Or do they want to live in a dream world for a while? The movies anyway make me feel quite unsuccessful. It does not matter if I am clever and stylish, since I would never be as beautiful and talented as Laura Croft. And I definitely not say as perfect comments. In the real world, where I live, things often fail. Is it that companies want us to strive for perfection. American film companies in any case seem to want that, and then speak about American advertising. As I recall, everything in American advertising was perfect, happy, and everything was beautiful. It's like a corporate plot to make us believe that there are people who are absolutely perfect. And if we only consume more and more expensive things we will end up there too. Doesn't that make us hate ourselves as we are, or worse, that we despise those who are even more unsuccessful than us? Speaking of failure, all the date was a complete failure, for almost immediately after she said how great she thought the movie was, she said "thanks for me now I have to go home, otherwise my guy gets mad."

I was sorry, but tried to act happy. As if I thought it was fun to meet her, but she meant nothing to me. I hope that she didn't see my displeasure. As revenge, I thought that all the damn companies that sell us a lot of expensive things with flashy advertising, should certainly have it. And I thought I knew how to do it.

When I came to work the next day, I started to check out some scenes of the game from the database and open them with a drawing program. Then I looked up the logo for McDonald's on the Internet. Then I reduced it and put it onto a terrorist's jacket. It looked very tidy indeed. You had to look carefully to see it and I knew that no one would have time to do so. By the way I put it in a sequence that was already approved and ready. It was quite fun actually, so I went on to add the Nike logo on another terrorist's shirt. It was also neat, so I continued with Coca Cola and Ford, as well as some other American brands that I have forgotten.

Just as I was about the best, completely soaked into what I did. I heard a sound behind me. As if there is someone behind my back. Horrified, I turn my head. It was Tomas. He smiles a little, but still seems serious.

- What are you doing?
- Nothing.
- Why do you use graphics program then?
- Playing a bit only.
- But that's not the intention, you should add comments.
- Wanted to take a break only.
- Just remember to not check in the sequences afterwards, because they may be wrong.
- Sure, we'll eat soon?
- Maybe, but you can eat whenever you want.
- Waiting for you.

When we had our evening pizzas Tomas asked if we should go out for a beer after work.

"Gladly," I said, and others said similar stuff. All of us was pretty eager to get a beer for already at nine o'clock Frederic stood up and said in a loud voice "beer, beer."

All said after him in chorus, then we went before I even had time to turn off my computer.

We went to the place across the street and talked about a lot of things that had to do with the job. They told me, for example, how long they had worked there. I went to the bathroom.

When I got back Tomas was gone. Fredric and John were leaning forward against each other.

They seemed to talk eagerly. I heard Frederic say:

- The most important thing is the ideology. Conservative ideology says that there are those who are the brains and those who are hands. If you let those with brains control things it will be best for everyone.

- But it sounds crazy.

- I do not know. It has its good points. If everyone decided it would just be chaos.

- But are there really conservatives who really think so. I know several conservatives and they're nice people.

- Of course they are, but that's their ideology.

- But not today?

- Well look at their policies. Lower taxes so that people with high salaries gets more money left, then there will be less money for health care and stuff, but it is solved with private health insurances and private schools.

- But how would it benefit society?

- If there are many benefits of prosperous there will be more people who want to be prosperous. And then we all, even those who are not so talented will have a better life.

- It sounds reasonable, but everyone can't have the good jobs.

- Exactly, that's the problem. Everyone else will just feel more worthless and then they do not want to help at all. Besides, there is a lot more that will feel like losers and that's not a good social strategy, although it certainly is good for all who feel like winners. Moreover, it is not exactly optimal, because it's not certain that the children who attend the finest schools are the ones who are really the best suited for the fanciest job. Maybe they would rather be artisans or something.

- Yeah it must of course be a lot of really smart people who attend poor schools who never get the chance.

- Exactly.

John looked like he was thinking so it creaked, after a while he said:

- By the way, do you really need not so much encouragement in the form of higher wages and lower taxes to get people to the fine jobs. It's probably a lot of people who would like to become a doctor or manager and stuff. There ought to be more difficult to get hold of people who want to be in a factory or sweeping the streets. Frederic nodded and replied:

- It ought to be so, yet it is not so for any reason.

Then they sat silent, so I took the chance.

- Maybe, I said eagerly, perhaps it is so because they have too few schools.

- Sure it explains some. For example, it is difficult to get hold of a doctor. But for most fine job is not enough with just education. You have to have contacts too.

- When it comes to contacts, then it is not so that it will be the right man in the right place.

Then it's more of: good buddy gives good place.

- Yes, it's quite right.

John did not want to continue. So I asked a little tentative:

- But what does your ideology say then Frederic?
- It says that everyone should have the same chance, but it is up to each person to take it or not.
- What does that mean?
- Don't you hear that?
- Well, maybe, but doesn't it anyway result in that there are a lot of people who gets excluded. All those who did not know that they had a chance, or those who could not manage to take it.
- Yes it is true, but our ideology says that everyone can contribute in their own way, and all contributions are needed. Sweden will be better if everyone can live on their job.

Now John woke up and said:

- But it still does not explain why we should have un-employment benefits. Sure it's good if it helps people who lose their jobs. But there are those who use it and we earn nothing on that, right?

Frederic was silent for a moment before he replied:

- Un-employment benefits makes people feel safer. They dare to challenge a bit and that is needed.

- How?

- There are a lot of examples of how important inventions came from people who have thought differently and dared to stand up for themselves. If they would not have dared to stand...

- Mention one?

- Take Nokia's mobile phones for instance. They would probably never have had any cell phones if it weren't for a guy who, against the management's order, ran a small project with digital telephone exchanges. Then, we have a lot of stupid decisions taken by managers that did not dare to criticize. If you survive even if you lose your job it may make people dare a little more ...

There Tomas came back and said something that I can't remember. We went back to talking about video games and stuff. After a few hours I went home.

The day after, I heard that Tomas said something to Frederic. Frederic said something back and rolled over to Tomas desk. I felt a bit tired and also a little off, so I lay down my headphones and went there as well.

Frederic said:

- Just because you are successful it does not mean that you deserves to have a good life while others do not.

I understood that he alluded to what Håkan said when he came in and talked to us a while ago.

- Yes, Tomas said, but he smiled when he said it. Perhaps as if to show that he was not entirely serious, though I do not know.

- But that's different. You want to be successful because it gives you a kick, right?

- Yes, but I want to get something out of it financially too.

- I understand that and you get well paid too, I guess. But if only the successful people had a good life, then it would not be so good. What if no one wanted to get involved with regular any jobs. Instead all trained to become things like doctors and programmers. Then it would not be as fun for you. In addition, all things would become very expensive. Then we would get a lot of unemployed programmers. So it is better for Sweden that people can survive even on less fine jobs.

- Exactly, and that is precisely what the Conservatives want, that people can live on their job

without a lot of extra premium.

- And how do you get it together? If they lower taxes they must reasonably cut down on something right? And if they lower taxes mostly for the rich, they get reasonably favoured the on the poor's expense, right?

- Though they have actually chosen it themselves. They could also have studied.

- It's true, and they clearly have to partly pay for it. But politics are about making society as good as possible with the conditions given.

- It is we who work in the industry, who brings in all the money. Money for those to live on that work for the community or live on unemployment benefits. But I think it's okay, as long as we just get more than them.

- But isn't it pretty unfair if only we who work in business and those who own it receives a portion of all the efficiency improvements that have been made. Since the whole community has helped them. And with efficiency improvements a lot of jobs have disappeared from the industry.

I was so glad to hear what he said. That's exactly what I had been thinking about. But when I tabbed out my thoughts, I did it so fast and compressed, just to not take up so much of their time, that I think they didn't understand what I meant. Instead they got silent.

So I went back to my cubicle and started work.

It was lucky that I did it, because shortly afterward Håkan came in and said we should go to the conference room for the company's president had something to say:

I've never been in the conference room before, but I followed the others. We speculated a bit of what it might be about, but no one seemed to have any clear idea. The conference room was quite a large room filled with chairs. Only now I saw all the employees once. The man behind the pulpit, I guess was our president. He asked us to sit.

Then he said in a serious voice:

- As you all probably have heard, two planes had flown into the World Trade Centre.

"As you all know, I thought, at least I did not know." It seems like several others were surprised, too. At first I thought he meant the World Trade Centre in Stockholm. Then I was very worried, since my uncle works there. But soon I realized that he meant in New York.

The president continued after a moment of silence:

- It is said to be Arab terrorists. Then he was silent for a while again, as for it to sink in. Let us honour the victims with a minute of silence. When the minute was over, he said with a small smile:

- Now you have to really work hard, because we really should use this opportunity. All must really be all in, no more half-time jobs. Whoever goes home before ten in the evening is a slouch right?

He held out his arms, turned his palms up and lifted his hands slowly. Just like the pastor of the Baptist church. There it was a sign for us to rejoice.

It was apparently so that we should cheer now. First the heads cheered, and soon everyone else followed behind. He let us rejoice for a moment before he called for silence.

- And just to show you how much you mean to us we will offer you lovely pies from Fröding and ice cream from GB. But then it's up to you. Come on now! Are you with us or what? We will do it in four weeks huh! Can you do it we promise you a bonus, there you are. A fat bonus in time for that the Christmas shopping begins.

All cheered a lot, everyone except me who just cheered a little, so that it would not look as if I just did not want to take part in it.

It did not happen so much more in my life the following weeks. It was just work all the time. One day I got my salary. I thought I had worked all the time, I did not even get a whole month's salary. Sure, it had passed a few days in September before I started. But I had been working a lot of overtime. There was nothing about it and in the box for overtime hours, it was a zero. I asked Thomas, and he laughed. It sounded a little nasty. He said I do not get any overtime pay because I have such a good salary. But I thought it was just heads and stuff that did not receive overtime pay. By the way, I earned less than many of my friends who worked as salesmen and they still had overtime, I think. I decided that I would not work until the Securitas guard came anymore. I would never go home after nine. Just as Frederic did, though I didn't stand up to my promise even that day. Because when the clock was nine, I had not even done half of what I was supposed to do. As a small compensation I put in that the commander said "fight to the end, to secure freedom and income for American companies," when they stormed a building with a bunch of Arabs in.

When I came to work one day in early October, I was told by Tomas that the Yanks had attacked Afghanistan. Then I started almost shaking with rage. They bomb a whole country just because some people may have come from there, driving a few aircraft in a couple of American houses.

Why is it okay to do so? The most likely answer is probably that the strongest can do as they please and the weaker ones are forced to abide. It has probably always been like that. The strongest country conquers neighbouring countries. They stronger groups in society, which nowadays often is society itself, determine the conditions for the others. Though it is well at least better than it was when it was the richest in charge, no matter how crazy they were. The weirdest thing about this is that you are taught that it is the other way around. Like when my brother did something stupid, then maybe I punished him a little. But it was usually not a good idea, because it almost always ended with that he ran to mom or dad and then they yelled at me and said that I would not beat someone who is smaller than me. Though the few times I fought with someone who was bigger than me, it just ended with me getting beaten. I remember one time when a guy a few classes above me took my bike, he just took it away from me. I told him that he would get off it. Then I got a slap in the face. At first I was really surprised. Then I hit back. Then he stepped off the bike, threw it on the ground and started boxing at me. He hit so hard that it started bleeding. Then he kicked the rear wheel of the bike so it was warped. When I told my father, he got very angry.

To defend myself I brought up the notion that I have done exactly as they said I would do. That I would just fight with guys that are bigger than me, then it seemed like he was ashamed. But now I have a chance to fight back, I thought. Now I'm going to give them hell. Now I do not care, I put in all the viciousness I can think of.

I thought, however, that I would never save the changes, but I then forgot about it. I mean I was going to make changes without checking in the modified sequences in the database. I came on a little fun thing that I put in the sequence that I was doing. The sequence was that United States has intervened and "liberated" a country from their leaders and now "helped" their police to maintain order.

The command's mission was to track down and kill those evil terrorists who tried to scare the American soldiers with bombs.

It felt good to play around a bit with it, since what is the logic in that those who live in the country are terrorists and those who attack it are good.

The thing I did was that I changed a bit in the scoring program so that it yielded points every

time a player shot an American soldier besides them in their own command. It was even so that you got ten times more points if you shoot an American soldier than if you shot a "terrorist." Whoever shot a U.S. officer got up to a hundred times more points. I did not think about it then, but it meant that I introduced the world's easiest shortcut to achieving gold points, thus becoming the world's best counterterrorist. Which rendered a medal from the president.

I felt happy about it for a while, then I downloaded three sequences that I worked with and put in that someone says: "We've got to fight to defend our freedom to exploit the whole world" here and there. Then I put in: "We defend our freedom to over consume the natural resources of the world." In some other sequences I put in: "I love the smell of burning Islamists." Then I think there was a lot of other comments too that I do not remember. After a few hours I felt in much better mood. Then someone rang on my cell phone and tried to peddle me a new phone subscription. I turned him down rather terse and had a tremendous desire to throw down the handset on the table, as you did before when there were regular phones. Now I limited myself to press the red button and, at a moderately low altitude, drop the phone on the table. The conversation reminded me of the notion that we should choose everything nowadays and it made me once again inspired. I wished to heckle it in some way. I mean I wanted to heckle this that we now have ten schools where there formerly were three. And the students are lured to choose from a lot of strange courses such as media strategists, after which there is not a chance to get a job. As the program that I participated in, it was called the promotional communications program. Honestly I do not know what it good for.

Or that it nowadays comes two postmen one after the other to deliver my letters. Or that there are three mobile phone networks that cover the same area. It just doesn't make sense, economically speaking. It just has to be more expensive for the society.

Wouldn't it be better to spend our resources on something where it does not matter if there are several suppliers, as more doctors for example. Unfortunately, I did not come up with any really good comments so I had to make comments like:

"Defend the poor people's freedom to choose between Coke and Pepsi."

That day I went home as the last one, so I took the opportunity to steal some candy and a couple of pizza slices. I thought it might be a little right actually. I mean what does it cost for the company, compared with that I sat there all night and worked for free.

A few days passed. I think I put in a bit more nasty texts. For example, in one sequence at a time when there is a woman with a stroller in front of the command. Anyone who shoots her get minus points, but I put in that the boss says: "Shoot that bitch!" One of the enlisted men in the group replies: "But it is a woman with a child." The officer replies: "Newer mind, a dead Muslim is a good Muslim." If the player then shoots her, he of course still gets minus points, but then the head says: "You killed her you jerk." One of the privates replies, "But you told us to do so." The officer then reply: "It was a joke."

Just days before the game was to be released, Håkan calls on my phone and ask me to come into his office. I suddenly got very nervous. When I see my boss, I get even more nervous. First, he asks me to sit down, then he starts talking about that the game is almost finished. Then he talks a little generally about that we have done a good job. Then he said that there is no job for me after the deadline to check in sequences is passed.

The deadline would be on Thursday, but he would make sure I got paid even for Friday. Then everyone would get sandwich cake and the president would hold a speech. After that it was thanks and goodbye. He said I was of course welcome to the big release party the week after.

I just hoped that he would be ready with that, but he was not. He asked a little tentative about why I had been inside finished and approved sequences of the game and made changes. He didn't even finish the sentence until I started shaking. I tried to casually drop my hands in my lap, so it should not be seen as much. Then I said, "What do you mean?" Just to buy some time.

Håkan answered:

- Systems department has mailed me a list of those who have been inside them finished sequences and changed and you are one of them.

Then he leans forward over the desk, looking me in the eye and says:

- Didn't you know that you can't do it?

- Nah, I don't think so. I do not think anyone has said that to me. By the way, I looked just a bit I changed nothing.

- Strange for in the email it says that you have added several kilobytes in several different sequences. What is it that you have done?

What the hell should I say. I agree and say something vague that I saw some incorrect expressions. I am, after all, pretty good at English, so perhaps it could work. But then I found out a better explanation:

- I went in to see if there were any places where I could add "Save women and children", which you asked me to do. But then I also found some inappropriate expressions that I changed. As you know, I'm pretty good in American.

Håkan looks first with a little suspicion at me. Then he leans back and smiles.

- Good job I had forgotten. Well then, it was nothing more, I think. We will contact you when we need people in the next project.

but we were actually not really ready with adding chatter to all sequences, so we had to jump over long periods of time in order to succeed to catch at least a little chatter here and there before the deadline.

The sandwich cake was pretty good and we could take as much as we wanted. I noticed, however, that it is quite easy to go over to a vomit feeling when eating too much salmon, pate and mayonnaise in the same mixture, though it was certainly easy to throw up.

Not that I wanted to vomit, but they gave us a lot of drinks as well, so I got very drunk. I was so drunk that I found myself suggesting a lot of things about my little trick. Someone asked what the hell I meant. Then I realized that it was time to leave. I checked one last time at my workplace. It did not seem like I forgot something. Why, by the way, should I have done that? I had never taken anything with me to there. Then I took a couple of cans of Coke from the vending machine. Said goodbye to the others in my group, including Håkan.

He said some words like that I was welcome back when they needed people to the next game and Frederic said it was sad that I would leave. Then it was over. Sure, I went to the release party, too, and it was about the same but then they gave us burgers and beer.

The president held a speech and talked about how good we were. Then the bastard smiled at us like a preacher. After he had smiled for a while he said:

- Still you missed the four weeks limit to get the fat bonus. But we think that you have been very good, so we've actually arranged a gift to each of you, as a sign of our appreciation. All applauded and some even cheered.

But they had probably not done that, if they have seen that the gift consisted of a gift box with every game the company made and an envelope with movie checks.

It was weekend and then unemployment. Although I did not feel like I was unemployed

during the weekend. It just felt like I was set free. I had several friends who were also free and they helped me to celebrate.

My mother was in Umeå again so we stayed the whole gang in our apartment. One of my friends had a lot of movies, we checked through at least ten. First, we looked seriously. But after four-five of them, we streamlined the whole thing by fast forwarding through all the boring scenes. Since he did not do much else than watched the movies, he was an expert at selecting the best scenes and in between telling what we missed. We also drank beer and baked pizzas. We had intended to go out, but it felt so hopelessly far from town. Moreover, we would probably still not get in, so we saw many more films. Then my friends wanted to play my game, so we did it the rest of the weekend. I taught them a lot about the tactics of the game, which I had picked up from time to time. I just had one control unit so we had to take turns. After a while we began to constantly play as a single player. It was like we were working in shift to manage the game. It went very well for us. After the weekend we had probably among the best scores in the world, only that was a little cool so no one wanted to stop. Each time when it was my turn, the game was just harder and harder. After a good long time, we came to the sequence in the Arab country with extreme scores if one shoots Americans. It really worked. It was actually a blast and the score was huge. We did not have to play for a long time until we got to meet the president. That was perhaps a little too good for every other assignment was then completely worthless. So we went back to the last save, and played as usual instead. Sometime on Monday, I realized that I had to go to the job centre. Anton and Emil hung on but Jonas stayed and managed the game. The guy I talked to earlier was not there and no one else had any time for me. I checked into one of the computers that were there instead. There was a whole list of jobs, but when I looked closer, it was probably not as many that I had a chance to get. To do something I printed out some ads, took their newspaper and went home. Then nothing happened in a few weeks until one morning, when the doorbell rang. I was sleeping. It rang several times. Finally I opened. Outside were four men. They said they were from the police and that I should come with them. I got dressed, but I did not have time to brush my teeth. They told me to bring a toothbrush and some clothes. I did as they said, as if I was in a trance. Without thinking, I picked up some of what I found. It felt like a big ball in the head, as if it just couldn't think. They asked me a lot, then they locked me in a room. Unlocked, came in with food, locked, unlocked, asked more things, locked. So they held on for a good while. I did not talk to anyone and they took my phone. Then, I think it was a few days later, I was driven to a detention centre in Södertälje. There it was exactly the same. I didn't know if mom or brother or anyone else knew where I was. Once, when the door opened there stood a guy with a book trolley. I was so sad that I figured I probably ought to be able to read a book. I picked some and looked at him.

He did not respond so I took a few more. When he still did not react, I took even a few more. Then he said, "not more than five, it should be enough for everybody." I think I had at least fifteen books in my hand. Five of them, it felt like a difficult decision. Stupid as I was, I chose the very thickest. But it only resulted in that I could not manage more than a few pages in any of them. A contributing factor to my lack of desire to read was of course all the thoughts that swirled around in my head.

Mostly, it was about my future, or rather concern about the future. But sometimes I actually thought otherwise, that this freedom of choice. What's the good thing about this damn choice? It gives just a lot of anxiety.

If you have a whole lot of alternative schools, telephone subscriptions, hospitals,

kindergartens, etc., that you can choose from, it benefits only some smart guys that fixes it for themselves. The rest will just get a lot of anxiety and believe that they have chosen wrong. Though probably everybody will talk about how good choices they have made just to try to convince themselves that they are, after all, the winners. Which will make the listeners feel even more like losers, though it ultimately will result in just minimal differences. Or take this with individual salaries. One can take any workplace.

People go and feel unfairly treated since they think they get less salary regardless of whether it is true or not. So does certainly many around me feel. It is even so that they may be jealous of each other. Whoever gets that extra one hundred crowns may feel a bit ostracized because he or she believes that others think he is greasing the boss or something.

Or then maybe he feels that he must always be the best or smartest just to justify the extra money. Then there are a lot of other systems to make people feel like winners. Grades, for example, those who are good at school feel even better (though they probably felt pretty good right from the start). And those who are poor will feel even worse and they might even give up. And what have we won then? Nothing, but we have created yet another person who will feel and behave like a loser. To top it off, we have things like advertising that continually excites us to dream of becoming a winner. Even the government is on course with that. They have a gaming company that wants us to burn the last of our money on various games and their commercials brag about all the great benefits, the road to happiness.

Over time I got a little used to sit there. After a while, someone said that they had lifted my restrictions, which obviously meant that I could see my mother, read newspapers and watch TV. Mom was of course upset, but I was afraid it would be worse. I really had dreaded for what she would say. When I met her she talked mostly only about practical things, like who had called and stuff. Then she showed newspaper clippings about me.

In one paper, I think it was Expressen they described me as an unusual guy, a bit of a loner. There were a lot of pictures, one on our house, one on the company and one in jail where I was sitting. They've found out quite a few things about me actually. As that my dad committed suicide and that I lived in the U.S. They had interviewed a psychologist as well. He said that my behaviour is unusual because it was thought out and refined, even though I did not seem to have done so in any organized form or for profit. He said that the behaviour is beyond the standard deviation of subversive behaviour. I did not understand what it meant, had to ask mom. She did not understand either, but she promised to check with my uncle. She brought with her an article in Dagens Industri, too. On it sat a sticky note with a greeting from Uncle. It said "Good luck to Anders, I think it was brave and well done of you!" It really warmed to read it because I've always admired him. He is as always so wise. He knows the answers to everything, has such a nice car and all that. The article said that the Game Wizard been sued by the U.S. government and a number of companies for defamation of their brands.

One of those who worked in the jail asked if I'd like that some other criminal sat with me for a couple of hours. I asked why and then he said that I would have someone to talk to.

I said yes and he let in an old guy in who seemed to be a junkie. He said his name was Roger, held out his hand and asked for my name. Then he began to tell me about his life while he smoked a lot. He did not ask me for permission, or if I had an ashtray, he just smoked. But still, it was pretty fun to hear about his life, even if it felt a little uncomfortable to be locked up with him. It was also a pain that he always hinted that I was a crook, by saying things like "between us thieves" and so on. When he asked why I was sitting there, he could not believe

what I had done or why I did it. He was a little uncomfortable, began to suggest things like that I got a lot of money to do it.

I tried to explain that I think it's very dangerous that Americans just attack anyone they do not like. And I do not like that there are a lot of corporations that are taking over the world and our feelings. That we are deceived into working more and more, though we do not need it, only to then squander all that money on expensive branded gadgets.

He still did not understand, but of course he was not exactly in that type of business. When he had left and the guard came in and asks if I want more company I said no.

After a few months it was a trial. My lawyer said I should be glad it was trial so quickly then I will not have to sit in custody for much longer. He said he struggled a lot to get me out of jail and that it was be against the law that I had to sit in custody, because it was not considered to be no risk that I would be able to destroy any evidence.

Which of course was quite obvious, since the game was sold in several million copies worldwide. The lawyer said it was probably the Americans that were behind both the detention and the quick trial.

I do not remember much of the trial actually. There were several people from my job there that got questioned, including Tomas and Håkan. They told both of them that they did not have a clue about what I've done and that they indeed had instructed me exactly according to the company rules. But Tomas nodded anyway at me, as a greeting.

When the trial was over, I got to go home, but my mother said it probably was not a good idea, so I went with her to Umeå instead. In Umeå, it did not happen so much except that her boyfriend had a lot old videos that I watched the entire days. My brother called after a week and told me that I received a letter saying that I was sentenced to one year in prison for something called "faithlessness against the principal," which as far as I understood, in practice meant that you had disobeyed the boss. So now I'm sitting here.

- What will you do then, when you get out?

- Do not know, maybe something with the media, and you?

- What the fuck do you think? I am of course completely fucked on the labour market. It is simply to continue to do drugs, so you do not realize you do not have a chance even if you tried.

I did not answer because I suspected that maybe he was right, or was it because I was afraid that I saw myself, in like five or ten years.

Small and big crimes is an anthology of five short novels by Elisabeth Nilsson. The first is about a young woman who, in like her own words, describes life after high school, during the great boom in the late nineteen-eighties. A time when ordinary people still had neither computers nor cell phones, but instead it was very easy to get a job, in almost any sector. The main character, Elizabeth, is shaped by an over-protected upbringing in one of Stockholm's suburbs. Although she does not believe it herself, others think that she is pretty. Unwittingly, she attracts people to try to take care of her, with both more and less successful results. In part II Elisabeth's adventures continue before the upcoming recession.

"Mia and Stefan," is about a young couple on a road trip in Germany. The text describes first how Mia and then how Stefan perceives the events up to the impending separation.

Time or no time is about two boys that find a pretty large package with amphetamine and what they do with it.

The last story is about a frustrated young man and his way to being classified as a criminal.