

## **My novel**

Before I start the novel, I feel that I have to explain some certain things.

When I started working (many years ago) the company sent me down to Amsterdam where I was trained in computing, microfilm, duplicating etc. The course was 2 weeks long, so I asked my company if I could take my car down to Netherlands instead of flying. Then I could drive around and have a look around the surroundings of Amsterdam. So I came to the town Delft and bought a vase made of Delft porcelain. Also visiting museums in Haag and looked at famous paintings of dutch painters.

Also I like a swedish composer and rocksinger named Ulf Lundell. He has done many records during 40 years and might be a "swedish Bruce Springsteen". And one song is

"And we walk for a while on earth" (Och vi går en stund på jorden)

These things are ingredients in the novel.

## **To the novel .....**

### **And we play our games**

He had tangled through the Kiel Canal and reached Brunsbüttel. It was late in the evening of August 15, 2014 and he had become 64 years old. Had just connected to Facebook where he told about the journey through the channel. Said he would continue to penetrate Europe. First to Holland. Wanted to stay outside the North Sea and English Channel as far as possible, a little afraid of the open sea. Like "Tigger" in Winnie the Pooh. Finally he had got a tattoo on the left upper arm with Tigger. Thought it suited him. Wanted to exude courage and strength, but was basically a little careful on the verge of anxious. And it would be a very nice trip on the channels down to Amsterdam according to different articles. So it suited him. Even further down to Rotterdam.

Suddenly the computer sounded and the chat opened. It was her. SHE! He became astonished! He was very fond of her. Actually for many years. Had tried a few times to get in touch with her, but it had not gone well. But, as said, deep inside his heart, she had her own room. He was simply expressed incredibly fascinated by her. Beloved!

- How are you, sailor?

His heart jumped up one level and he became nervous, as always when he chatted with her. Was sweaty and warm, but tried to keep cool. That is half "uninterested" and on a normal level. Common! Mate talk! Though his heart was full of love and desire!

- Damn, fucking crap! The engine went too warm in the canal, so now I'm laying on my stomach trying to find the fault. In addition, it is windy, raining and semi-cold. Not a swede

in the harbor either, otherwise it's fine! And you?

- Calmly! Is home in Stockholm now. Checking your page on Facebook.

Oh, what the hell! What should I write? How? Shit!

Before he had any chance to answer , then .....

- Have you met any females yet then?

- No, I keep away. Do not have the time either. May wait for Amsterdam's red light district. Hehe. And Michelle Pfeiffer can not arrive until 2 weeks. Movie recording has been delayed, so it feels too bad!

- Hahaha!

- But they say the weather is going to be the great the next few days, and slipping through the Netherlands on the channels is supposed to be damn fine? Do you wanna join on the trip down to Amsterdam? I may need a guest that helps me keep the beer glass still so I do not drop anything of the precious and famous wheat beer. Plus someone who keeps all little dolphins from jumping into the cockpit. They are so cute when they begging food from you.

- You are stupid! There are no dolphins in the channels!

Liked to chat with her. Just seeing the little picture of her in the chat pleased him and he got warm inside. In love. Knew it. But at the same time .....

- OK OK! But as I said. Here is room for someone who wants to see other views for a while. Get down on a week's vacation to Amsterdam and to the other little villages here. Do you know someone who is interested?

- Well, I would need to getaway for a while! You know, as usual, unrequited love. Need new air and thinking.

- Well, unrequited love, I do'nt know! What is that?

Oh God! Hell! Make her come down here. Damned, how warm I am. I sweat like an animal and it flows rivers down everywhere on my body. Faster than the ice melts on the northpole.

- Oh, not! How was it with your ex then?

- You have to pretend that you are cracked, so the ex thinks you are mourning. Strengthens her self-esteem. Got to help your friends, even your ex friends? Well, of course, you are welcome a week on the boat. I stand for the food. 8 cans of Ravioli and 3 kilos of fast-paced macaroni should be enough.

- When do you want to come then?

- Now! Actually!

No this is not true! My hands are so sweaty and the fingers slap over the keyboard. Writes error, gets back, overwrites, writes error again. Satan! Can not finish writing before the next one comes. Wipes out what he started when he read hers.

- How do you sleep in your boat then?
- Is it big enough and has several bedrooms?
- My finest heart! You get the Captains Cabin. I'm sleeping in the forehead. I assemble locks on the door and double chains so you can sleep safely. Do you have money for flights then or? You may borrow by me otherwise. At a reasonable rate of about 10% per month?

So nervous so he was nearly breaking apart!. Quickly picked up a 1.5 liter charcoal water and drank half of it at once. Waited tensed at her next. He had no f-n door at Captains Cabin at all. No doors anywhere else either. Just to the toilet. Everywhere else it was drapes..

- You are nice! But thank you! I have money myself. I'll fix flights and come sometime tomorrow night then. The food attracts me so!

Shaking! His whole body shook, had to light a cigarette. It just did not work. Quit smoking three years ago, but had occasionally taken some cigarettes on festive occasions. And had succeeded without starting to smoke regular. Smoke very rarely and kept up well. But now. Forced. Had a package lying in the boat. Had had it for a few months without cheating on it. Except for now then!

- But do you know where to go? Should I pick you up at any airport? And luggage? Do you know what clothes and stuff you should wear on a sailboat?
- Yes, you say you're in Brunsbüttel. You wrote it on the website as well. I have looked at Google maps where it is located. I'll get there! Flight to Hamburg since 6-7 miles by bus or train. It will be fine. I've been traveling on my own earlier. Around Asia and so on.
- Okay, but luggage then. Girls usually pack at least two big suitcases with everything in. From pants, skis and ski clothes to party dresses and high leather boots and 15 different handbags and anything else that might be good to have. That is not good on a sailing boat.
- No! And what shall I have then?
- Sweetheart! You only need the absolute minimum of your needs for life.
- Meaning? What?
- All you need is a white strap holder, a pair of white socks in thinnest silk with reinforcement at the top of the strap holders. That's it! Toothbrush too!
- Panties and bra then?
- Category: Not necessary for the necessity of life!

- You are crazy! I'll be there tomorrow night sometime. I will tell you about the times and the travel plan. Nothing you need from here?

- Yes, but it's not that important! Come down shining with your usual smile. I rent a car and pick you up at the airport. I will try to cheer up your mind. Waiting for your email! Hug!

Fell back to the couch and just lay so. Did not think it was true. Nothing else was important. It was she who was the most important on earth. She with big S! Started crying when the tension dropped and the shaking ceased.

### **Shit happen the very next day!**

It happened already the second day. After breakfast, he stood and washed the dishes, while she was sitting at the computer and wrote. Tapped into [www.sr.se](http://www.sr.se) to hear a little news from Sweden. Out streamed "And we walk for a while on Earth" with Ulf Lundell. She clicked it away and he turned around.

- No, take it back. I love that particular song. Please!

She clicked back and he started singing along. With the dish towel in one hand and one plate in the other. Turned around and looked at her "graciously" every now and then when the text fit. Singing extra high

- And if you want to dance waltz, there is no barrier at all, because I hear accordion there, and I hold you so dear, and we walk for a while on earth

- And we paint as we like, because life is play and game, and we play our games, and we walk for a while on earth

She looked smiling at him and when the song ended, she asked

- Do you play a game?

He dropped the plate to the floor.

- Shit, how lucky it is of plastic! What did you say?

- You heard! Come on now! You said you liked that song and I ask if you play a game!

- I do not just like that song, I like all Ulf Lundell's songs.

- Well, you said you loved that song.

He sat down on the other side of the table and looked at her sadly.

- Yes, I'll do it, but do not all do that. Do not you?

- Yes, I sometimes do, but I do not feel well. I do not want to play a game against you. And I do not want you as you are now and have been the last year. Not even as a friend. You are not the one I've been chatting with. I want you back as you were on the chat. As you were at the beginning.

He sucked deeply and looked at her, but could not just get over his lips what he really wanted to say. He sat nervously and twisted the towel between his fingers.

- I understand and I'm so sorry, but I'll try to explain. I have for many years thought you are a wonderful and lovely girl and you cannot guess what I really was longing for. You can ask my brother. But at the same time I have had such fear and anxiety that I would bump you away from me. Did not know if I was anything for you! Just like if I first wanted to know from you before I could open myself to you.

- But did you not got signals from me? That I liked you and so?

- Well, I thought and hoping it was, but I dared not believe them. Wanted more evidence in some way.

- I like you a lot. You are fine. But stop acting. I do not think so and I do not like it. And I'm not in love with you and we'll never get together. But I enjoy being with you and talking. You are an intelligent and charming man whom I like to hang out with. You're a crook in French and a lot of other things too, but you have other good qualities and that's the ones I like. You have good humor and that's a good thing. But be honest with me and stop playing. Then I enjoy staying with you. Do you promise? Then maybe I stay two weeks instead of one.

He felt like leaning over the table and kiss her, but realized that it was completely wrong. Got up slowly, smiled with the whole body, threw the towel over one shoulder, looked at her and said slowly, almost quietly

- "OK",

and then he sang to her

- But I love you so sincere, and we walk for a while on earth

She smiled.

It felt nice that she knew he was in love with her. The sensual feelings and his nervousness calmed down. Almost disappeared. He could say everything he wanted to her. Not exaggerate and get stuck in such kind of behavior, it should not happen. Just the knowledge that he could now say what he felt and thought was far enough for him. Then it did not matter that she did not love him and could never imagine a love relationship with him. Almost so that it also helped ease his anxiety. It was clear message, but did nothing. She knew where he stood and they were friends. He had not scared her away. They lived together and enjoyed each other anyway. And he did not have to play a game anymore but could be himself.

The rest of the two weeks he was walking in a dream, it felt. They walked around the countryside and in the small villages along the canals. Ate and drank on small neighborhood hooks. Laughed and muted with each other. She got better on handling the boat and had to

drive the boat herself on the canal. With her hair fluttering in the morning breeze. They rented a car and visited porcelain factories in Delft, she bought a small vase and placed on top of the kitchenfan. Picked flowers together and put in the vase. In the morning when she was cleaning the dish she was only wearing panties and a t-shirt and told about her life. About her relationships over the years and what she did and what she missed. He listened and only loved what he heard. It did not troubled him when she talked about her ex, what and where they had done, and even how. He just enjoyed being there. With him. And that he got to know her innermost thoughts.

When they were at a museum in The Hague and stood in front of "Girl with a pearl earring" of Vermeer, then ...

- How beautiful she is! he smiled humorously.
- Yes, unbelievable!

But then she looked up at him and

- Who do you mean by the way?
- She over there. The girl standing over there!

She looked at the young woman who was standing and looking at the same picture as they were. She was handsome, young and beautiful, nothing to discuss about that. Looked at him again, took a step closer to him, shook a little lightly on her upper body.

- What about me?

While her little tight tits tried to swing sideways.

He smiled at her but said nothing. She laughed back and pushed her arm under his, leaning her head against his shoulder. When they came out, they walked toward the city, holding hands in each other. People who passed them believed probably they were a couple.

The day approached when it was time for her to go home. At the airport they held each other and she said

- It has been very nice and I've been so well with you. You are wonderful to have as a friend. If I would like to come down more times, would you allow me coming?

In the past, he would have been kidding about it. Something like

- Nja, Julia Roberts and Michelle Pfeiffer will soon come. I have also heard rumors that Gisele Bündchen is on her way. May be a bit tricky! You must check at least one month before it is available.

But now!

- I only want you to come back. You know! You are my absolute best girlfriend and I enjoy every moment with you. Also over your sex positions with Alex! He added at the end! Could

not completely stop kidding.

They kissed each other on the cheek, and also a kiss on the lips, before she disappeared up the escalator. It was the first time he had got a kiss on his lips from her..

She did not turn around, he noted.

He waited and looked at her plane as it lifted and disappeared into the clouds.

**End of novel.**



The song is famous in Sweden and so are also Ulf Lundell. If you have Spotify then

<https://open.spotify.com/track/0LiEQ2qgOZA6loykPF508W>

In Youtube (but its live and the actual recording is the best)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=MGYE4cBOYCM>

## The lyrics

Kom så åker vi upp  
I Kaknästornet  
Och sliter sönder molnen  
Jag sa: Kom så åker vi upp  
I Kaknästornet  
Och sliter sönder molnen  
Och sen dricker vi en flaska vin  
Som säkert smakar terpentin  
Men vad gör det oss  
Vi åker ner igen  
Och går en stund på jorden  
Och går en stund på jorden

Här har vi evigheten  
Runt omkring oss  
Det är bara att ta för sej.  
Jag sa: Här har vi evigheten  
Runt omkring oss  
Det är bara att ta för sej.  
Och har du lust att dansa vals  
Så finns det inget hinder alls  
För jag hör dragspel där  
Och jag har dej kär  
Och vi går en stund på jorden  
Ja, vi går en stund på jorden.

Swing it Boys!

Kom så ger vi  
Fan i debatten om  
Betydelsen i konsten.  
Jag sa: Kom så ger vi  
Fan i debatten om  
Betydelsen i konsten.  
Här har vi penslar och färg  
Det räcker till  
Och vi målar liksom som vi vill.  
För livet är lek och spel  
Och vi leker våra spel  
Och går en stund på jorden  
Ja, vi går en stund på jorden.

Come on, we'll get up  
In the Kaknestornet  
And tearing the clouds apart  
I said, Come on, get up  
In the Kaknestornet  
And tearing the clouds apart  
And then we drink a bottle of wine  
Which certainly tastes turpentine  
But what does it matter to us?  
We go down again  
And walk for a while on earth  
And walk for a while on earth

Here we have eternity  
All around us  
It's just to do what we want  
I said: Here we have eternity  
All around us  
It's just to do what we want.  
And do you want to dance waltz  
So there is no barrier at all  
Because I hear accordion there  
And I'm in love with you  
And we walk for a while on earth  
Yes, we walk for a while on earth.

Swing it Boys!

Come and lets give the  
fuck in the debate about  
The Importance in art.  
I said, Come and give the  
fuck in the debate about  
The Importance in art.  
Here we have brushes and paint  
That is enough  
And we paint as we like.  
For life is a play and game  
And we play our games  
And walk for a while on earth  
Yes, we walk for a while on earth.