

# **The Last Greenland Viking**

**by**

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# The Last Greenland Viking

— a novel —

by Far Severö Sapirico

## Synopsis

*The Last Greenland Viking* is, on the surface, the story of how an isolated community of Vikings in fourteenth-century Greenland endures the rigors of life in the Little Ice Age, which from around 1300 to 1870 gripped much of Europe in much colder winters, withering away at harvests and human relationships alike. It ostensibly chronicles how this community sees its awareness of self-identity slip away, while in fact telling the story of how the Spirit of Place does battle with the relentless force of nonexistence and fate.

The protagonist-narrator, Thodutu—each syllable of which alludes to “you” in some language (i.e. an abbreviated English *thou*, the German *du*, the French *tu*)—is a parish clerk who tries to mediate as tensions arise among community members. On the one hand, there are those people who yearn to resettle in their version of Paris, what to them represents human civilization and culture. To some this means Reykjavik, in Iceland; others would head straight to Scandinavia. On the other hand, yet others would sail for the New World, the relatively warm climate of Vinland (along the east coast of modern-day Canada), to conquer this uncultured land. Indeed, in the world of this novel the Greenland Vikings have for centuries become such a part of that world that they not only understand the Native Americans’ languages, and vice-versa, but have regularly sent their children back and forth between Vinland and Greenland.

Where to resettle causes friction even within individual Viking families, just as those natives who have “consorted” with the Vikings engage in mighty struggles with those tribes that oppose coexistence with the Vikings.

Betrayal, duplicity, fragmentation of characters, and deceit—all these occur on the surface in no small measure. But toward the end of the book—as Thodatu and the other Vikings left behind on Greenland must face off against attacking Eskimos who outnumber them—it turns out that the novel has virtually nothing to do with the story that has seemingly unfolded to this point. Instead, it was a vehicle to show what it is like when pulsating life begins to slacken, and the “right hand” of Existence—the Cosmos—begins to strangle the Spirit of Place.

The fate of the Cosmos is entropy, degradation, disintegration, as per the expression oft-used in Hungarian (in which this novel was written) “*eszi az idő vasfoga*” (eaten by the iron tooth of time). The Cosmos has “cancer” if occupied by Life, for Life “wants” order, which is antithetical to cosmic entropy.

As fewer and fewer Vikings inhabit Greenland—where at one time people could farm in short sleeves, and livestock breeding flourished—the Spirit of Place emerges and familiarizes them with that method of knocking rocks together, drumming on haircloth, and extrasensory perception revealed if we read Far Severö Sapirico’s *The Last Greenland Viking*.

Through richly developed characters living amid brutal circumstances, through the interplay of delusions and of truths, we come to learn what heroism is, what endurance is, what it is for a person to resign himself to that which he deems irrevocable, and what it is for him to want to create a new world.

The situations related by the narrator are timeless, calling our attention to the importance of universal human values. We will be better for having read the story Thodutu tells.

What can the outcome be if a finite power does battle with infinity? Where are Honor, Recognition, and Comprehension, and what trials are these subjected to with Time?

Thodutu’s character embraces both life and Death at once, and “perpendicular” to this “axis” is a circle comprising that character—as the vibrating Forms that precede the creation of the world in Plato’s Laws, which Werner Heisenberg built his antiatom theory on—that was a benchmark for ancient peoples: Strength and Self-Discipline, Good Judgment and Justness. They felt that only if these were in balance could Virtue arise, and if this virtue was present, that could in turn give rise to happiness.

Sapirico’s characters live far from these pleasant things so Mediterranean in mood, not knowing a thing about them, and they live they do, just like that.

But the triad of Faith-Hope-Love penetrates their world.

And then, so too does Fate.

## LATOR AJÁNLÁS FORDÍTGATÁS

The Last Viking is an unusual, disturbing, oppressive, yet uplifting book. A novel, but only at first glance. Perhaps a historical novel, or perhaps a whimsical, historical look back.

Whatever the case, we sense that while it is a not systematic, scholarly work, there is broad historical knowledge behind it. Its author may even have been a historian or an inventive philologist. But if we pay closer attention, we may come to suspect that the history, the events of the past, are only the substratum for something different. We may well suspect that it is a very personal but also a profoundly philosophical view of the world, connected to many things and drawing on many sources.

Our narrator claims that his work is a death diary. It is the life history of a man who seeks to find eternal truths in his fate. It is an odd, astonishing formal invention: the narrative is bound to a place and time, and to smaller and larger communities, yet we sense that it is tale about our fates, everyone's fate, and everyone's death, and about a being who promises another possible world. And this death diary, in its form, together with its various archaic elements, bears meanings that are contemporary in every sense.

But I would add, however metaphysical and ontological this writing may be, it is not purely theoretical or philosophical in nature. The descriptions are captivating. The way in which the narrative evokes an object, a body, a scene is tangible. F. S. Saporico very clearly loves and has a talent for dramatic, often tragic situations, as well as stirring, increasingly dense detail. There is even a touch of primal cruelty to the settings he crafts, as well as violence, murder, and even torture.

How interesting it would be if readers from other lands, readers of other languages were to discover this strikingly distinctive book. Perhaps the Scandinavians would best sense the tremors of the past in its pages.

Lator László, 2014

Page 1

My name is Thodutu. I have resolv'd to write down the matters of our green land community for those who may yet come. If they come.

The last flickering sparks of our dying settlement and the faltering, staggering half-proofs of acts moved me to commit my sentiments to writing. It has been few years that the last ship from Iceland left and took my beloved with it from this god-forsaken lump of mud into the light and the splendor and the magic of Iceland, the world of one thousand miracles.

Page 2

There were ones who pledged themselves and the whole family into a lifetime of servitude to the Icelandier if he would take them from here. There were brawls among the last who remained over who would find place on the overcrowded ships. And who knows what has since become of those who were allowed on board. Were they thrown into the sea? Was winner pleased to be kicked off in Eisstribygg? Possible. Such things happen.

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Page 3

The court has issued a ruling this year too. On the feast day of fresh barley it became known that someone had slaughtered a hen. Sigurson, our oberman, put it to a vote, and the accused, who had stolen from Ragnarsson and his family, was sentenced to lose two of his four limbs or his life. The dorp decided to remove his left foot and his left hand and to give the meat to the swine, but Eddar fled and found refuge among the natives. His wife and children had to be slain by the laws of Erik the Black, which I thought regretful.

Farmarson held a mass for the dead in secret. With me.

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14 horses 33 cows and bulls, 92 swine and 211 hens. Not one died in the winter and at new year's we sacrificed one swine and two

Page 4

hens. Everyone but six was given some of the fare, and 2 native Innuits. Would have been 3 but we suspected the third of eating one of our dogs with his friends, raw as with seals.

The day after the drinking of wine and beer the men's worship ceremony numbered 58 and the women's 49. Farmason said we are in the world of Christ, and any evil in this world comes from impurity within us. When evening came, he and I drank wine from Meadowland, Vinland at Fippelissar's. He says this year too the number of adult penitents making confession has gone down. He said this when the wife of the smith stepped out to tend to her business.

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Page 5

I spoke with the warden of the forest, Arnarsson, who was chosen last year. He said it in a grinning tone is good to become young in this position because he can have the wife or a daughter of a wood thief who he has caught stealing wood.

Again today I did not play my fiddle.

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After the work today, we had fun on the lands. Best, 8-10 of our girls danced in the Big Room under the sway of the wine left over from last year. There was more of the Vinland drink because there were more cases of wrongdoing and the sons of the obman closely guarded the barrels which had been buried in the soil. The dance lasted longer than one tenth of the day.

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In the evening, Fippelissar brought wine allotted him by the community to Farmason's dwelling . I sang and they played the harmonium with Farmason. Later, Ragnar came by with beer but the lack of his string instrument was very bad because there are only two strings left on it. We save them for the few remaining worship ceremonies.

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In a few days, Hellgor's swine will drop its whelp.

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Today, while I was cleaning the soil of stones Mannarakattha-la and her two little children came by. She complained about how cold it is here, said no one could ever possibly get used to it, but that a woman should bear it, no? I told

Page 7

her that Pervjö was lucky, for my woman left me here for good, and that was years ago, and that she had come here from Vinland to be a faithful and honest wife to Pervjö. She said nothing, just stared with her sad, dark eyes, stared and knew that no news comes from There. She asked whether I thought that God had forsaken me. I sent her away.

No one came by in the evening.

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Today, 3 Skraelings fought. Can't tell who with whom or against whom. Fight began over the price of an iron hook, how many walruses and who will pay how much or get how much or how should I know. In the end, one of the younger men, Totslova, put an end to it in a damnable way. A few times he has

Page 8

taken unfair advantage of the fact that he is son of old man named Illiuk, the chief hunter of their tribe. Illiuk has come to worship ceremony a few times. Hard to write on the leaves of these papyrus-like plants, but good that our sailors like me and when they come back with the wine they purchase with furs from here they bring me writing things, and I go to their dwellings and play my fiddle. Strange, music ensures my writing a future. And my breakdown.

I hope they don't someday run out, for every time they return, they always number one or two heads less. Certain that it is not a bear who tears apart those who do not return.

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I would like someday to see for myself what the world is in Vinland but no room for me among sailors, for a useless man of arts, a notary, a church servant. Every year, they bring one or two native children from there and we give one for a year, and these children were a good idea of our oberman's great-great-grandfather. Our sent children learn three languages, one more than Vinland children or the Skraelings here.

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In their land, they say one can stay outside in the night too and in the winter they do not need to wear clothes as warm as we wear here. With the beauty there, no need of culture, and there are only a few stone houses that we built with them for ourselves. Mannarakattha-la, who hails from among us, says their beliefs are simple, no characters, no stories, and their lives consist only of hunting, no tilling of soil, at most some gathering. They respect us out of fear, for though in the past 100 years of Our Lord there has been no talk of war, in times of yore they saw our swords shine and strike.

Yes. I had to write that. Though it is not true. In the dwellings of the whites ever more of us may live who not only are not torn apart by bears but who indeed live like a fish lives in the waters.

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Sometimes, a ship comes from Eistribygg, far to the south of us, and unloads barley and beer and then continues towards Meadowland and of ten we see maybe two or three on the voyage home. They return as well with their relatives. And then all trace of them is lost. As of everything.

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Like when you press your foot into the snow and there is a hole and you pull your foot out the snow covers it and nothing will remain. The Arabs said this to the Christians in words of vengeance, not of snow, but of sand. Blessed sand.

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They have a chief of their tribe who is always vanquished by one younger than he, and they have a sorcerer and that's it. All the others are merely people of the tribe. They hold women to be of no worth, and our Mannarakattha-la says that among us, she can laugh more chuckle more. She may have some sense that among us, everyone is of a different will and a different strength and of different goals, and she likes our seasonal celebrations for which everyone prepares. Such a thing would be unimaginable among them.

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Midyear upon us. One more month until the last hope of a ship throwing anchor nearby vanishes...

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The barley and rye is not as tall this year as last, in places by a finger's width, in places by the span of a hand.

Colder, everything colder.

In us too. More ill-will, less good. At anything. Hard to put to writing, but three swine disappeared. Obman announced that after the harvest the council would meet and we would determine the worth of one animal in men's heads. One cow would be worth 15 or 20 men. No decision on how many men a fathom of wood is worth. Totslova was there when the announcement was made, laughed and said that a man is worth the most and our men chased him off. He left in rage.

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No ship this year either. We are forgotten here. Though we pleaded with those who made it back

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to the promised land to tell kind things of us so that a ship would come from Iceland for us too. Not to mention Norway.

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Harvest over. Never has it been so poor. There may yet be a forced slaughter when winter comes, or perhaps spring, for there will not be enough oats and hay for the animals.

The day after tomorrow two of our three boats will leave for Vinland and they will take back little Szattrakintha-la, and two months later they will return with the wines,

Page 14

the furs, and little Knut. 21 men on board. How many will return?

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Many people say and most often my friend Fippelissar that we could even return to Iceland with these boats, but they are scoffed and howled at, and told that the little punts are far small for such journeys, and even so, if one were to talk of leaving, then surely for Vinland, where there are not many stones with which to build and the people are, well, not brilliant but at least there is hope.

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Hope! Yes, perhaps the last thing left to those here, as faith and love have slipped further.

Our second boat left today. 22 men aboard. I counted them. Four of us drank at my dwelling.

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Today, Totslova sought Sigurson to tell him that he would soon have a child and they wanted to celebrate with swine meat. He would give ten seals and one walrus by winter. Our alderman sent him away. Ragnar was there, the skraeling left, cursing. Ragnar said.

The council meets tomorrow to determine how many human lives must be paid to compensate for theft or slaughter if an animal should disappear.

Pervjö announced that his children learned from the skraeling children that a fight broke out between Totslova and his father on whether it was wise to ask for a swine from

Page 16

us, the white men. They say they fought bitterly. Today alas there was no work to be done, everyone did forced repairs while preparing for the evening council.

We strengthened the guards around the sheds where the wood is kept, the swine sties, and the barns for evening council meeting, and we changed guards every three hours so that everyone would hear what was underway in the Grand Chamber.

On the tables, there was seal meat made edible by magic with some of the spices brought from Meadowland, by it the meat of the seal is bearable, and we never give these spices to the innuit.

And there were fried eggs and some drab plants so that we eat something other than meat, unlike the skimos. It was nice to be able to sup among



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serious men, for they knew what we needed in order to remain men of the north and not to let ourselves become debased, debauched seal meat stuffing hogs. After long debate, a decision that if someone stole a horse and ate it, then he must be put to death alongside eight members of his family. If a cow, then fifteen of his kin must die. If a swine, then three or four, or in some cases five. For the theft and slaughter of a chicken, the family would pay with two maimed limbs.

Debated late into the night. Deathly silence outside.

How are the wines now in Vinland? I am curious to hear what little Knut will tell us of all he saw in the land beyond. What kinds of meat they will bring

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from the animal which is even bigger than our musk ox, what spices we will get and furs and wicks for our lanterns. There will be a change of regent there, and I am curious to hear of his speeches. There was trouble today at the worship ceremony because in the middle of the rites Totslava came in to take his father away. But Illiuk wasn't there. We are now considering putting a guard in front of the church.

It's cold.

The delivery should arrive this week, and our men. Nothing else today. They still have not come, though

Page 19

it is already Sunday. The worship ceremony went without trouble.

Monday, and at last they have come! Knut and Thor have returned, and they have brought a new little guest instead of the old one from here, but three fewer of them returned. They say again three of our kin fell prey to a bear. I must speak with Thor.

There is glint of something good in all bad news. When one of our kin disappears forever in Vinland, then there are more women among us for every man. Now there are perhaps 12 women for every 10 men. This slows flight, though as the weather cools more and more with every year, the women only improve things a hair.

And when there are 2 women in the house and their man is out on the land then they often enjoy each other's company, and this is good because there are fewer squabbles evenings around the hearth.

Two weeks have passed and I got together with Thor as planned. He is very withdrawn. Trivial matters, otherwise he says nothing.

Illiut was at the worship ceremony. I saw him myself.

From the little boy I know that he must put a bit in his mouth. I am so ashamed that

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I reached for something stronger than his abilities, for I do not like to win like that, and certainly not again a weaker foe. I told him that I think Arvidson must be garbed in fairly paltry clothes by now, the child sputtered that no, because he is wearing the attire from there, which is tested thing. I was careful not to give away that I knew that there are, among them there, kinsmen of ours who have fled. I changed the direction of the talk with a bit of fiddling. Here, after all, one cannot give a sweet fruit or anything that would whet a child's appetite.

How many of them are there?

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Page 21

We celebrated the filling of the storage sheds. As part of the celebration, everyone can have his friend's wife if his friend agrees. It usually goes within three or four or five families. I even got 2 lovely girls though they know that I cannot offer a woman. I am much loved, and that brings me great joy, because the village does not just toss me a few extra bones because they pity me as the village idiot but because I am a musician whom they hold in esteem, an artist among the hardworking tillers of the soil. Among these people with whom I live and whom I love, however,

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I am more doomed to death than even they.

I do not know what to do. Everyone agrees we must leave this place. They sense that like a flood of sludge, they are slipping into the chasm, and they try to scramble out while with every day they slip deeper in. There are those who say, with the smith at the forefront, that we must gather up everything we have and build a large ship and the most devoted should be allowed to board. Others say we should use our three boats and settle over to the wine lands gradually and use force to capture lands there

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and perhaps we would not even need violence. These latter say other things to: and who will have need of you in Iceland? I am useless in their eyes, much as the Icelanders who came from the old land are useless in their eyes. You have become no one, though you were the impassioned explorer, the path who you are. No one, not here and not there. And not anywhere.

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Thor threatened me, if I let anyone know that there are 29 of our kinsmen living there among them and that they live like fish in water, then he will slay me, but if I keep my mouth shut, then he will get more people to vote to let me go to the land of grapes next time.

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A native stole a hen. When he confessed to his kin, we took him from them and told them that we would cut off two of his limbs. There was a scuffle between them and us. In the end, we agreed that since our laws had not yet said how much each animal is worth, we will only cut off one limb. Illiuk, the chief hunter, says that this was not just, and we said that it was not just to steal. Out of respect for him, we said that they may choose, either we cut off one of the thief's limbs or they do, but they do so in our presence, to this he

Page 25

said better they than us. We took the thief with us. The day of punishment is tomorrow.

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Today there was a vicious battle as the skraelings sought to free their kin but our guards brought an end to it with their swords. Sigurson proclaimed that now we demand two limbs be removed but from two different skimos, and that the chief hunter of the Skraelings should decide from whom. When they did not give in, our kin slew five of theirs and then demanded another five limbs from five different men.

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The skimos were surrounded by us on all sides. Tried to flee, but when our kinsmen cut off Totslova's left hand, Totslova who spoke for them, they gave in and turned over five men of their tribe to us. Arnarsson and Ragnar cut off the five limbs, five arms, and they placed the limbs and the corpses into an ice pit so that later they could be given to the swine and the dogs.

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Part of the skraelings left. In exchange for beer, we learned that Totslova had taken them away. Fearing the worst, we held exercises for battle, even bringing in the women, and we took care that the natives around us not notice. Though it seems their numbers

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had dwindled too. Don't miss them in the slightest just their work. They were paid well. Every man has to do 100 pushups at home, women must learn the tricks of handling kitchenware. I am starting to get close to a woman my age by the name of Selmadottir. Not yet married.

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It was before new year's and it seemed as if three of the eaters of raw seal meat who had left had now come back. Not expecting anything good, went with those who had remained here too, and our relationship worsened since the autumn atrocities Sigurson gave the order to be prepared to do battle.

And he was right. And we avoided disaster

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by regularly sending Fippelissar's daughter and one of Pervjö's sons to the den of an arctic fox, always at the same time. The girl went first and the boy came after her, within earshot but quite far back. Arnarsson and five of his men were always hiding at the ready in a hollow in the snow where they were always brought food in the night. They were beginning to despise this life of idleness, of waiting, when after some two weeks they heard the boy give a cry and they leapt forth and saw six innuits surrounding the girl. Seeing us five of them vanished immediately as they do, but the sixth was Totslova himself, and he threw the girl he had taken hostage down

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and put a knife made of sharp whale bone under her little throat. We already knew well the knives and the needles that the native makes.

Two of our hunters went after the five who had fled and the other three surrounded Totslova. His strength was fading, and he was less and less able to hold the knife to the throat of the sobbing child as our three hunters drew nigh. What was said among them I do not know, but Fippelissar's daughter is now at home, faltering between this world and the next. Leif, one of the hunters, cut off Totslova's other hand

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and then they bound the savage and brought him to us. He was put in one of the dwellings under guard. I heard them ask him if he wanted to watch as our dogs eat his severed hand. He said no. Two of our hunters returned before midnight and told us of how they had executed four of the other five skraelings. One escaped.

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Sigurson and his men rounded up the skimos and our armed men surrounded them. Fippelissar said that the Skraelings who had already been slain would be served as fodder to our dogs and swine, and the same fate awaited Totslova if Illiuk, their chieftain, did not pay the price of his ransom, 10 skraelings who we would slay for our hounds and swine.

Ragnar also told him that he could choose. Either he would select the 10 Skraelings to be slain or we would. If we were to choose, naturally he would not be among them.

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There was great commotion among the eaters of raw seal meat and many of them wanted to flee, but we did not let them.

In this very moment, Olafsson ran among us and said that Fippelissan's daughter had perished, and our alderman asked what I thought, how many men should we demand in exchange for Totslova. I said 15, and a tremendous uproar broke out. And in this upheaval, Totslova fled with his right hand bleeding, and our kinsmen slaughtered every last Skraeling skimo anywhere near us with except for Illiuk and two others.

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The preparations for new year's went smoothly. Our kinsmen

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were put to keep watch at the most distance points but there was no movement, nothing, anywhere. There will be artic fox and artic hare and swine meat for new year's and enough for everyone though there is one swine less at the Olafsson dwelling but we cannot punish now. We must hold together.

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Indeed, I am supposed to claim that winter is passing much without incident, but it is not so, for our guards are growing listless from standing idle watch, from the colorless days. Their vigilance is waning much as I imagine it was when our three hunters

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surrounded Totslova and did nothing, just waited, and he grew ever wearier. And then did a foolish act much as our guards are ever more fatigued and ever more inattentive, unreliable. And thus this thick black deep winter is not without incident as we are quite out of ideas for changing the guard, ideas with which we keep them awake, alert.

With this in mind one could say we have become vulnerable, without defense.

In total 3 Innuits remain among us, but only because they were unable to flee.

Illiuk was the only native who came to worship ceremonies sometimes, and he

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does not go to Farmason.

In the meantime, our dogs and swine have eaten the remains of the slain skimos.

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Spring is coming. Outside and inside. Inside because now for some time Selmadrottir sleeps in my dwelling. She is neither cleverer nor dimmer than the others only uglier. But we have come to love each other.

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Two of the skraelings who live among us have had a child. They announced that tomorrow we will celebrate this with wine and beer but the next day they decided to kill it. And so they did.

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The weather is warming. Of course last year

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war warmer at this time. One of the Skraeling men has disappeared, and we can learn nothing from those who remained.

Otherwise nothing.

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The usual work, usual labors, nothing of interest.

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We have announced to our village that we shall be married, Selmadottir and I, Thodutu. The ceremony shall be 2 days after the feast day of spring. Or 3.

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Terrible things afoot.

On the spring festival of barley Selmadottir behaved so disgracefully that I fell out of love with her. I told this to Farmason, who was also sad because at the men's worship ceremony

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only 52 heads were counted and at the women's only 39. No births in an entire year and instead of 154 Vikings there are now 151. Several hundred he .....

And so it is.

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Slowly summer comes. Selmadottir lives again with her mother and father. The village, however, is preparing for a wedding but not me and not Selmadottir.

Barley oats and millet. Because of the cold the harvest will be even worse. And if it continues like this, we shall have nothing to feed our livestock.

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Raudesson and his family have disappeared, and their animals. They lived on the edge of the village, and their neighbors were enemies. We do not know

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where they could have vanished. To go among the skimos would be suicide nowadays and how might they have done so even to think that they were slaughtered is disquieting. And who would have done it?

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Voices grow stronger that several among us want to go harvest grapes when autumn comes, sail away from here, 42 heads total. After long debate the council gave permission to 17 heads and I

am one of them. Of our community, only four among the adults has never been to Vinland. Selmadottir is one of them, and she is remaining this time too.

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Every skraeling disappeared today. I miss Illiuk a bit.

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The harvest again is lean, and again there were terrible storms and the first summer snow came. We shall certainly have to slaughter a few of our hoofed livestock. Though they have names, each and every one!

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Our shrivel-breasted summer is past and I am preparing my bag for Meadowland. I shall take the things I need to write. The ship departs tomorrow!

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I have been vomited all day. Pervjö and Mannarakattha-la are getting a good laugh at me. But then they grew stern because Sigurson will only let them go if their children remain here. Sometimes a pale gray clouds their faces like the

#### Page 39

gray of the foam and waves and crests which splash and break on our boats sometimes . The trip is awful. The old saying is true, that there is no place like home. But if one has no home?

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To my astonishment, after two and a half dögres, we saw dryland but I was more amazed to think that I never had the foresight simply to ask how many days the voyage would take. So many, I thought, that it was not worth asking... ..... At the ice shore we turned left to the south and as we sailed along the shore my shipmates sang songs that were ever more bright with good cheer.

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We are now next to the Woodland. A few went ashore and felled a stag and a roe and the others, to whom this land is familiar,

#### Page 40

cooked spicy viands for the evening. After night fell, we made sacrifices by the fire to the gods of Valhalla in the customary manner. Tomorrow, we reach our Stone House in Leisbudir. At last I slept on dryland again and it was warm like when I was a boy.

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The next day we again unfurled the sails and continued on all day, just off shore, and we arrived that afternoon. A settlement of 60 or 70 souls, and I remembered some of them, that when I was a

boy they had spent a year among us in Greenland much as we had sent children from among us here for a year. They greeted me with...oy.

When they saw us, a swarm of children informed the leaders and by the time we had thrown anchor

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they were already waiting for us on the shore.

They have only dogs as pets and nothing else. And no houses, only tents, which are tall and easy to take down and put up. First and foremost, we went to the chief of their tribe, who welcomed us, Hatashal or something. I could not catch the name of the sorcerer either, some Kishfim. We gave them the items we had brought and then dined and drank with them. Some of their women did a dance around the fire to welcome us as guests, and then we went to bed early on the wooden beds in our Stone House. Or those for whom there was room, for this time we numbered many and there was not room enough for everyone. Tomorrow I will learn whether there are any among them who are from among

Page 42

our kin and who remained here without permission.

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This morning, we rose later. For breakfast, we had a flat, round bread thing fried in a spicy and bitter gravy. We ate together and apart from me, everyone spoke the language spoken here, just as the people here spoke ours.

It is striking that almost all the adults here drink wine every day and indeed this may be some show of rank. I wanted to learn as much as I could and I did not have to take part in the wine harvest, so I selected a small boy from the locals and with this child, Kepdo, I sought out the tribe's sorcerer, who received me.

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Our talk turned interesting. More light in the eyes of his withered, wrinkled face than the empty eyes here. To my utter amazement he said he had waited for me. I ask through my little interpreter why. He says because I have something which makes sound and I say this thing is a fiddle. He asks why do things of no use and I say things of no use sustain what is of use. He could make no sense of that but still worth noting that he said he had waited for me every autumn and had even told those returning to Greenland to ask that I come.

He is one of the few who notes his own age and the ages of others too. With his 42 he is one of the elders and he did not inherit rank. Rank is not passed from father to son among them. I ask him what he does.

That they drink wine and the tribes far from them don't is a big difference and they only survived in battle because the metal arrowheads made them mighty warriors,

Page 44

the arrowheads we bring them and swords and knives. That shocked me for I know that skraelings are forbidden to sell anything which could be used as a weapon.

But there is peace.

The old man was silent and I had to labor to get him to speak.

For it seems that Erikson lived somewhere here for 7 years and made a comfortable settlement and purchased boys soon to be men from other tribes to train them as defender

warriors.....but only..... and if I want he will even take me to his tent. Left his smelly tent and went to the stream far from the core of the tribe and there I saw Erik's very big tent. Only his wife was there, a woman from here much younger than he who I had saw once in greenland when she was a girl and had noticed

#### Page 45

that she sings beautifully she speaks a great deal about all things in Vinland and learned our language very quickly. Later I learned that she had already started learning our language here. Already in the year of his flight to this place Erik married Tuluassa-la I asked and how many white people of ours are there here and he looked at the old man and they exchanged a few words and then the sorcerer that we do not speak of this yet. This happened.

I asked where her man was she said hunting and that would return in 1 or 2 days. She showed me their 4 children and of course not 1 of them was in greenland. I asked why they would not send a single of their children to us for 1 year to which she replied she thinks they would harm her child to take revenge.

#### Page 46

that their father was remaining here without permission. I asked why she thinks this..... replied had seen the state among us and among the skraelings and when among us could hardly wait to return here. I said that among revenge is only taken within the family or at most between 2 families but Tuluassa-la said that we of pale face would number more and there would be war again as in times when our great-great-grandfathers came.

+++

Much warmer here than back home. I help them harvest the grapeberries or whatever they are. I decided that with my little interpreter I will speak of what is written in the new testament. I live in the stone house

#### Page 47

which was laid by the fortunate Leifs. There was talk that when we are not here the natives built another stone house using our knowledge. Hattaxall said they would speak of this but the iron tools are needed to grind the local stones.

+++

4 dögres have passed and tomorrow will be the common gathering and I will speak of rights 1 dögre later.

+++

No whites. Not one. Anywhere.

.....ate in the evening and I asked that they not serve wine today. some 25 skraelings bush-dwellers sat around me. almost all of them have been among us in greenland 1 year

#### Page 48

but someone that came twice or many times, no, not one.

First I asked them who had hopes for what but turned out and this took a very long time that they do not know what this thing called future is. I decided to spend a longer time among them because I want to teach them that they can know more than simply what has been and what is but also may yet come.



The most interesting was that were among them who sometimes laughed. No one could help me make sense of this.

+++

#### Page 49

With passing of some 20 dögres they look up to me. today the tribe leader came with Hattaxall and asked if I want a tent. I said yes. he asked if he could come over but is said among us one need not beg permission and he said that tomorrow I will have a tent of my own. I have seen none of ours I mean those who live here but who we think back home were ripped to pieces by a bear. Pervjö and Mannarakattha-la I forgot to write now have been I one tent for some 15 dögres one that is just theirs. Several of ours went to see them at the edge of the village. As it turned out.

+++

#### Page 50

News came the Erik returned from the hunt. I told him I would seek him out. but they asked that I wait 1 dögre. Then I wait. No doubt must rest from the hunt..... so when 1 dögre had passed I set out alone in the morning to their tent, Erik and Tuluassa-la. He was busy outside the tent. he wore the garb of the native skraelings and his face was painted. A description of his face.

His eye caught me from afar so by the time I arrived there was no surprise in his eyes. I was still in a state of surprise when I was near enough to him to speak and hear. Something peaceful in his eyes

#### Page 51

was the first thing I noticed. The other thing was distance, remaining far in spirit. These eyes I felt could fear three things and they were me, being forced to return home, and the war of principles. I saw a little anger in his look too but also that he was somehow more rested indeed as if he had grown another thumb's length over the years.

His shoulders were not as drooped as in greenland but he sometimes clenched his fists. His cold unfeeling calm gaze rested on me and in it a bow pulled taut. His eyes did not measure me up and down as one usually measures a new arrival. His indifference began to interest me though

#### Page 52

in greenland before he had never interested me much. Had rarely come to worship services and was only seen sometimes at the games. He stood holding a spear in his hand longer than a man is tall and looked at me as if he saw right through me as if I did not even exist and all this like the eye of the eagle does, squinting and not a single blink. Took not a step towards me and stood like a stone statue. Like a man guarding something. The smile at the joy of meeting froze from my face and nothing came of any embrace just the usual greeting slipped from my mouth and he gave no respons. Whether deliberately or it was just his way I could not decide. Then I too put a mask on and we stood long

#### Page 53

rudely face to face.

I thought I would see how could stand it longer. After a long time passed longer than people stand face to face we still stood. When I had withstood his gaze for a long time then it came to pass that

he began spying with his eyes into my soul. I felt his gaze pushing further into the narrower and ever more secret corners of my soul getting stuck and he thought he could leap over the little bars of my fence but he stepped again and again into the waterfilled ditches and can only make his way further more and more wearily. I saw the light glint more and more often

#### Page 54

in his eyes that you see in the eyes of men on the edge of a cliff of course just cloaked and small but still more oft.....the end may have given the push that he reeled and that the corner of my mouth began to curl mockingly. But these sparks had a form and it was not of the soul. It was of matter.

Yes.

You see this if your fire begins to die and you see the last small flame try to catch something to survive but know in secret that soon that it will soon be the despised embers.

Why did the corners of my mouth curl?

Let a man more idiot than I not scorn or swagger. Would have shown more in greenland ..... but no. Though he had time. From his eyes was missing the strength that comes of the miracle that for months on end in winter one lives through the darkness of night. And one thinks.

And after a time one does not even know that if one sits lonely on the edge of a greenland

#### Page 55

cliff looking and just looking at the starry sky and fathermoon and just looking and just looking at the lichen and shrubs and the warmth comes the warmth the warmth and night airs night winds winds winds and air air air and grass and shrubs and lichen and midnight a few puffins and then in the end one does not even know who is thinking what or what is thinking who.

And this when it matters not what time of day you are you are just there you are there and you are, you are, you.

And I am too. Except that now unfortunately here against a guard who is very

#### Page 56

clever and forceful and wants to be strong. Makes boundaries. Where there are no boundaries. This though it could even be good is not friendly and could not even be said to be int..... The spear man as I esteem him less and less my mouth became more and more mocking.

The spear man who slowly is cliff walked has begun to grow in esteem, and one sees that on his path seeing ever more ravines..... no fear in his face but his head sometimes moved and the little trembling motions started to take on life of their own and more and more often.

Now had to give order to get answer was he standing of his will deliberately in front of

#### Page 57

entrance to his tent. A little and I also felt that doubt or as they say in latin skepsis wormed into the commanding, searching wills. The question why he was standing there first the inner little twitches swept away the twitches that we can the cleansers of our thoughts and clearly at first they referred to laziness and later of being weary. Then these things who perhaps truly did come from sloth may have wormed into the most central part of the brain for the trembling of his hands grew.

I felt it though I my gaze the whole time stayed underneath his thick eyebrows. In him in the end the battle ended on the side of surrender that there was no

Page 58

sense to any of it.

Though friend I tell you that there was yes was sense to it that you stood guard here and of course the reason is harmful to me but do not give up be stronger. Only things hard are of any worth.

Now his eyes came alive. Looked at who is this welcoming his Charon stance with mockery. Then leaned little to me and said with forced friendliness to come inside..... don't know what he could have thought when I asked him if that was good for him if I did not ask does he not want to kill himself. He flared. I left him there.

+++

The number of those who have

Page 59

not returned to our groenland is several tens in this region alone but several hundreds if I look further. The leader of them here is Erik with whom I was able to meet. As the weeks pass..... slowly I have spoken to everyone here who was of greenland. Many from Eisstribygg I met them when the bishop sent me there from Reykjavik.

+++

They seek me out in my tent. Children who I speak to of the teachings of Jesus and the Ten Commandments. This morning Mannarakattha-la introduced me to her younger sister. Stubby nosed girl with impish laugh and hid her face from me modestly with a sort of kerchief. That we should get to know each other. Then good.

+++

With me the good thing

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good thing is that they don't really look on me as a man and so they let me work among the women sometimes. My little interpreter is with me too and our task is to gather twigs kindling. The girls whisper speak behind me laughing and Kvintunha-la sometimes tries to hush them laughing too. These little chickadees how they laugh at me!

+++

During a common lunch a half-blooded little boy sought me out who is the child here of an Arne once from Eisstribygg and asked me to seek out his father. Said in his tent, where I counted 8 children, to find the tribe chief because they see him together too often with my Kvittunha-la and that must be

Page 61

discussed. That he was from Eisstribygg surprised me. I asked how he ended here. Said that he has been here 17 years now from an old expedition and that he left his lands and wife of his household and the others agree some with joy some with sadness. And thus he stayed here.

And then at my request he said that a year later after he remained a ship came and 5 men went into the forest among the bush-dwellers but no one has heard word of them since though one

of them who was called Auge a warrior as great as Eric the Red had been himself. No sword had ever struck him nor word. There was of course talk that he was living with one of the tribes here and so and so and so. Says the autumn forest.

So that evening I sought him out. The old Hattaxall and took him a gift a candle. Received me with pipe and wine and sent his woman and children from the tent but ran to get Mannarakattha-la. She was my interpreter not little Kepdo. When Pervjö's wife brought to my knowledge that she did not find it good that I am with such a local girl who was never in greenland.

I asked what is the evil in that.

She said the evil for the village community is not that Kvittuntha-la is too young because the village sees that I would treat her with honor but something else.

That I do not have one language with her. That I chose one who understands my tongue.

+++

We brought a hatchet. I asked for one from Harald who laughed,

Page 62

but gave me his. I cut clean in the forest among the girls. They watched.

+++

I sought out the old man. He asked how I felt.

It all interests him

I said better than when I came.

That of course .....true cause my mood is better than when I came.

Asked how I came to conflict with the leader of the whites. Because Kvittunha-la's father is here who had not yet decided who he gives his daughter to. I ask who are there.

Says there is a man of foreign tribe now grown to man for us many of his tribe have been shot down with arrows and then there is the man of our kind of Erik who

Page 63

is a kind of record keeper and then I there is me.

Record keeper.

Says every step is dangerous and that yes I must gather friends around myself.

Same thing here. I gather friends around myself. My friend is my fiddle and that they threw me out of Rejkjavik.

Or neither.

+++

A boy named Tjodolf who is son of Armaldsur sought me out. Trouble again.

+++

I have been summoned to Hattaxall's.

+++

We work time passes.

+++

Page 64

Wander stray whisper stumble whispandjustwhisperingslowlow thinktwomoons here too. Here. Too.

+++

Yesterday Trakkhulattatta sought me when not right to seek.....  
pramtalakkarrulafismonn. With tidings of tidingstide .....

+++

.....  
..... return .....  
..... flown .....  
.....til nostro fathermoon.

+++

Kepdo comes. That how dare I speak to Kisfimokknemte. Our talk. S. S. S. S. S. Soon. Soon but later.

+++

Page 65

Kisfimokknemte will protect me from that foul little Olle who is the servant of Erik's left hand. Pushed me to the side at lunch. Many of us there. No one could have done so with me if I had come up with the cap I discovered later in greenland and gives that strange ability to see. Now years later waiting here for them to slaughter the remaining 4 of us now I know.

+++

Again insulted me at lunch. Olle pushed me again. I attacked. No one came to my aid so I almost was finished. At the far end of the raw form table the girls ate and saw. Was mistake to make table for them ..... and bring close.....er to us.

+++

Two talks.

Hattaxall said I should take Mannarakattha-la's other older sister for instance Trukkhavu-la she speaks the white man's language

Page 66

and admires me too. Then there will be no conflict between the white men and the bush dwellers. I saw I love Kvittunha-la. He says no trouble with this the trouble is that I wish to be with one in one house hearth who does not know my intentions. That I chose one who knows the white man's language.

+++

I do not go with the girls to weed the brush and gather kindling. Kvittunha-lá is colder. Colder colder and just colder.

+++

Today Kvittunha-la asked me to fell a stag for her. Said within 7 dögres. Seven.

+++

Page 67

Mannarakattha-la came in this morning with drink. Said sad that sad that I neglect her. Trukkhavu-la is her aunt.

I have nothing to do with them. Said bring some wine if they want solut.....

+++

Spoke with Kvittunha-la. Said I am no hunter.

+++

After many many many dögres this evening Olle came into my tent and pushed Kvittunha-la in whose dress and hair were tangled mess and face troubled. Olle grabbed her and forced open her mouth. The girl's two front canine teeth had been smashed and laughing Olle said

Page 68

something to the girl then pushed her in front of me. Eyes closed Kvittunha-la breathed on me and her breath stank of cum. Then he called her to him and grabbed her hair at nape her neck and laughing pushed her from my tent and left him too.

+++

Grape harvest coming to an end. There is new wine and many are already drunk. Evening Pervjö came and his wife and her aunt Trukkhavu-la. Pervjö said he leaves the two women here for the night for me and left with this.

They made me very happy. Every mite of skin. Sometimes both on their knees me standing and sometimes both riding me one here one there.

+++

Page 69

Today my friend Hattaxall summoned me and asked if I want to go back to the icy land with 2 of our ships. I said yes and if possible I take Trukkhavu-la with me who has already been among us once anyway. Asked what I would do if he says no. Said ever since the shattered teeth then in that case too I would sooner go back.

+++

Today asked Trukkhavu-la if she would come to greenland and she said no because here Pervjö and Mannarakattha-l and head of tribe can definitely defend us. Turned out then that Pervjö and Trukkhavu-la's little sister will stay here though they left their children in groenland. This shocked me on one hand and on one I wanted

Page 70

to know what she knew of who here threatens me. Besides Erik and Olle she said the name of the most muscular warrior among them who is much younger than I who Erik got for 5 years from some tribe with a name impossible to say. Against this Vakabla they can defend me if I stay. And she would be my wife with the consent of the head of tribe. I said I shall think. In the end I have no one. Nowhere.

+++

Today again I spoke to the children of morals. Some 20 of them sitting in front of my tent. Alas I could find no way to explain to them as I found no way in groenland that it is forbidden to steal. Though in my explanation I spoke

Page 71

of how what if one stole from the head of tribe or the sorcerer. They simply do not understand that we do not touch what belongs to someone else. They have morals of emotion: devotion to parents friends superiors. Nothing else. Just a shade more intelligent than our skraelings. Terrible.

+++

Trukkhavu-la cries I cannot make her tell me why.

+++

I learned from others than Kvittunha-la's father was given many furs and will receive wine because his daughter must regularly kneel in front of Olle's 6-8-10 men.

Why do I live?

+++

Am I Christian if I cannot forgive?

+++

#### Page 72

Pervjö brought much much wine with his wife who he leaves with me sometimes. Comes less and less often. I teach the children of how if they strike you then show them the other cheek. They don't understand that either. They don't understand anything these..... and perhaps that is best. I do not know.

Spoke with Kisfimokknemte. He said I should seek to return to the icy land with two boats because Vakabla and perhaps Olle too are working up terrible torments..... against me. Saw new furs in his tent not even dried out yet.....

+++

#### Page 73

Trukkhavu-la in the end was kept from me. But the number of children continues to drop. Though they were always happy with me.

+++

I know from Szattakintha-la the little girl was traveled greenland that the tribe sorcerer tells some parents they should not ..... their children to learn with me.....

+++

Less than 10 days left until departure. 8-10 white men among the recently come will stay here. Today Pervjö said I should live with them so for safety..... moved in with them.

+++

Today I learned that Vakabla beat Kvittunha-la badly because he still could not shove his life

#### Page 74

all the way down the girl's throat to her neck. Arvidson said. It is this bad everywhere?

+++

What was my tent they took down one evening no one says anything though they are chatterboxes all of them here.

+++

Our sorcerer asked am I sure I wish to return and while he asked he looked very penetrating into my eyes. I said yes and he left. I have never yet seen anyone outside the tent with the smoking rod in his mouth.

+++

Almost all the children flee from me. I do not know who said what.....

Page 75

Departure. 3 days yet Pervjö and Mannarakattha-la very desponded. No news of Kvittunha-la but I no longer care. I already know where my place in the other ship is.

No one will speak with me almost, as if I were sick. Though I have not caused anyone injury.

+++

1 day still. They have already packed up almost everything. Now Mannarakattha-ls says that with her husband they emptied a large chest and I should hide in it. I ask but why? No answer. Since I see that these two care for me and are going to remain here I do not wish to cause them grief..... so I climbed in in the night with their help into the big chest.....

Page 76

Already on the sea we were when they opened the chest I was in. Our kin our kind and a little girl native. A travel mate of mine from back then named Egin was the captain of the boat and he and 2 of our kind pulled out their swords and say either they cut me down or I swim back. Turns out they did a deal with Olle that they will return and bring from us a few horses and 2 cows whether our community wants it or not and in exchange they get a big tent here where my tent was. I asked then why did they not stay here if things were so well and they said they bring a few whites to settle and did not want to endanger their soon to be place in the field lands

Page 77

if it were to turn out that they had helped me escape. Svenson even said best if he cuts me down I can chose. Half dead but I swam to shore and collapsed in Pervjö's tent and lost consciousness.

When I awoke Vakabla's mocking cruel glare was fixed on me. Two of them and he spat on me. Said something but I did not understand. I was left alone in a place where I stood before sentence of death because I had crossed Erik of my kin our kin long ago.

But the situation was much worse than this. Would have been much better had Egin cut me down in the boat.

+++

They fed me salty meat and then Vakabla's 2 warriors half undressed made me step

Page 78

out of Pervjö's tent. A horrific sight awaited. Kvittunha-la naked on all fours a warrior kneeling into her between her knees and finishing in the girl who had been my girl with one hand pulling the groaning girl's hair the other holding an iron knife at her stretched throat. The warriors stood in a line in front of Kvittunha-la and finished themselves in the girl's face screaming terrible cries of war. 2 of them held me and made me watch. Some time later Erik came and furthermore on the back of the horse that I saw then for the first time here. Leapt off its back and I saw that he wore tribe chief garb taken from the head of tribe. Bowing greetings everyone surrounded.....

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While his warriors pleased themselves with my girl's body he said I would get no drink until I finished myself in her. In Kvittunha-la's face. I had to hear and see the ecstatic cries laughs of the many natives drunk with triumph their contented yells. Then Erik returned and said that the only bad thing was Vakabla stood on the girl's back and at the end pissed on her face. One of their



guards struck me again. I heard 20-30 triumph drunk grunts of ecstasy every dögre for one and a half days.

The end I gave in said ok I will. But by then Erik had vanished and only Olle remained. This pig who never once had set foot in church said that

#### Page 80

I only get water if I also spit on the girl's face because after a day and a half the price is higher. I was only willing after he showed me a skin full of cold water.

Kvittunha-la was on all fours but her knees had been pushed very far apart. 1-1 of the locals struck her between the knees with his foot with all the weight of his body a third finished himself in her from behind pulling the girl's braid with one hand holding an iron knife with the other on her throat. In front another native always finished in her face holding the poor girl's ears. I had to wait until they were done.

Was unbearable thirst.....

Once the back middle had finished pulled from the girl's body and

#### Page 81

switched places with one of the tormenters he pushed in between her knees with all his weight.

Four of them must have finished in her when 1 from the line stood on her back. The white man's knife many had held by her throat and 3 had pissed on the groaning girl's head by the time they pushed me in front of her. But me sorry I was only thinking of water drinking water. I stood in front of her.

Since for long no thing happened in the front she lifted her tousled head and pointed bewildered stare at me.

Her upper lip had been cut straight up to the nose and the lower to the chin. The wounds healed so that she had not 2 lips but 4. Some local with black paint painted under her nose to the end of her chin the pitch black fur of a womans genitals. Her hair and the skin on her face with spit urine and

#### Page 82

cum stank. Now that I was at her head Vakabla took back the knife from the back middle and the one that was standing between her knees and had finished in her said in our language which Kvittunha-la couldn't understand now I first

spit on her head and then said something to the girl that he translated then that the knife now wont be at her throat and if she bite off my life they leave her in peace for a time. I wanted that I die and thought she maybe better off after I die when with a broken and frail face she looked at me I jumped at Vakabla but he pushed me away and his two men started to hit me. When on the ground I got pissed on. And I remember that one warrior said in our language I either do it or on end this goes on without stop. Finally they got me stood up and I spat on Kvitunha-la's face and wildly she started laughing and her tongue went in and out. I could see that his two upper canines were not there had been knocked out with stone.

Then they forced me put my life in her mouth but I collapsed. Two dragged me to a trunk and propped my back against a pine tree. Very close they dragged the poor miserable creature grabbing her hair through the mud and when very close to me they got her on all fours but poor creature was so broke no one stood on her back at her back there always were three natives and not 1 in the front clearly so that i must see her suffering face.

For 2 dögre I had no water but they as soon the warrior finished in her drank lots of water in my presence drank from the goatskin holding the flask high above their heads pouring water on the ground so that I see it. No knife from then on under her tiny neck but they kept on pissing on her back her head. Of a sudden one came to me and said I better put end to this. I finally decided yes but the problem was I did not work anymore it did not rise. The hunter said no problem he get me a girl who help me with her head ... He left and the other men kept finishing themselves in Kvittunha-la screaming groaning moaning. Took a good while he brought a girl dragging her by the arm. New hunters came to finish in Kwittunha-la. The girl he forced on her knee and with her head she made me ready. Then she was lifted and I stood in front of my girl. The middle one said the other two leave and they stood aside. He finished into Kvittunha-la in the back and sometimes grab the poor thing's hair so to pull her head up up.

I spat on her. I hoped she end my life with her head but poor thing madly started to do the work of her raped being her raped existence. When I wanted to take it out from her mouth made to look like genitals I was pushed back and the warrior warned me how I can end the torture. I obeyed and when finished everybody laughed snorted. The one at her back finished himself in her while I drank up the whole goatskin.

Then one warrior lifted the girl held her under her arm and gave her to me. The cripple girl fell collapsed got up fell and I took her to one tent there held under her arm and dragged her in.

Her legs did not move and her 2 insteps drew lines in the dust. I too fell two times so we just lay there under one another for some time. As we fell on the bed we fell asleep. Don't know how long we slept. In the dusk I remember came an old woman and washed Kvittunha-la and gave her some warm soup blood and brains was in it then left.

It was after noon maybe when I left the tent. The girl was not with me any more. Then I had to see these bush-dwellers did not keep their word. As never did. They did not let go the girl but

#### Page 83

more hunters gathered and brought a trunk on that one sat and onto his life with her back to him sat poor Kvittunha-la whose one sin was she loved me. The one she sat on first pressed a knife to her stomach and the girl with two hands ate 1-1 men but the one she had to sit on after some time put the knife away. Two lines formed in front of the girl and the man under her changed to another man when he finished in her.

One hunter had already been to Greenland and he but badly spoke our language and asked do I think it is worse for her to eat the men when sitting on a man or when just sitting on the trunk. When I was ready with my terrible answer he was out of her and was like a guard changed. A man

#### Page 84

whose face showed he finished himself came in to guard me. He too spoke our language a little and said I don't get the girl's head any more because it is only for the most merciless warriors but if I want to I can go and sit on the trunk and Kvittunha-la sits on me because everybody wants her head. Then I could see her sit on the trunk alone and 3 men stood in front of her. All 3 kept putting their lives into her head and the two on the sides stood on her little feet with all their weight.

To help her somehow with her miserable lot I went outside and knew I could not flee fate from these savages I made her stand up sat down on the trunk and made my girl sit on my lap. Then only 1-2 hun-

Page 85

ters were at her head. Sometimes she got 1-2 slaps with the lives erect in front of her because she dozed off. From her head poured out everything thick as blood only it was white. When I could not hold her any more I got up from under her and so that she not tip over all they could do to her was let her lie. If someone needed to piss he pissed on her body.

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By dawn they all cleared off and I took Kvittunha-la or what was left of her in my arms and carried her into the tent where I woke.

She was like a dead body. Now I took a good look at her because when things were still going well back then we only kissed once on the rock. On her head her hair dried the slowly molding joy of the men. I lay next to her and

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could do anything her body gave no answer.

She just slept.

Sometimes she woke up and then I gave her water. Then once I woke up she was nowhere. I knew I just got some respite before my execution so I went

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to visit Pervjhö's family. But all three were gone. Half the village was gone. Arvidson's wife Torun said the warriors' guards said yesterday a big group of hostile forest-dwellers were trying to attack us from the tribe Vakala comes from but they don't yet know what it is like to fight against steel weapons. But then they are so many and both sides have very good arrows and so for a good while there will be no chance for close combat. I say will only me because they don't have this word here only was and is.

Arvidson was surprised to see me alive he thought Vakabla's men had long skinned me. From the whole village only the women were left here and the old but heknew nothing about Mannarakattha-la and Trukkhavu-la. I also asked him how come Erik

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could wear Hattaxall's clothes but Arvidson was also surprised I didn't know that the old man resigned in Erik's presence and from then on the horseman Erik is the leader who all accept.

Of course. How would I know it? I was locked up in a seaman's chest. Asked him what he knew about Kvittundha-la. Said he my girl was told by Olle and his lot if she bites just once her whole family is killed. Pervjö and Mannarakattha-la disappeared the day the 2 ships with their load returned to Vestribygg.

Vestribygg ! The word had an affectme like the name of the holy town has on a Catholic or Medina on a Muslim. All this I wrote down because I found my writing things.

+++

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Sixteen dögres later the warriors returned. Forty-eight were killed, among them Olle and Hattaxhall. Not one of their metal arms got in the hands of the enemy who all cleared off.

I though defence was the best attack and so I went to the white chief and said I knew for sure a way to defeat the enemy but if it didn't work I had a another method too. In return I only asked him not to hurt me and Pervjö's family.

He smiled at me and hit me on the back so I fell over and he said I might as well be executed later at least there is one less stroppe white man to deal with.

Next day he asked me into his boss's room and in his swivel chair he twirled to me and then to the screen of his machine and spill-

Page 91

-ed his Schwedenbittered coffee on his manager pants once a little.

Well what are your plans Thoudutu ? I tell him that because Vakabla comes from the rival tribe he should get a good beating on the head and he be sent back to his lot with false news which only come unstitched at some layers.

He said good good excellent but in the meantime the picture of that year's winner beauty queen appeared on the computer screen a picture we can will advertise foam bath with and I saw a slender waisted but bulging venus mounded woman in a bikini. On the bikini bottom a woman's head with an open mouth and on the top 4 nipples painted and the woman's head is Kvittunha-la's head after the operation. Guayanan this tim...

Page 92

... winner is the head constructor former BA game star from Orkney, a South-African named Svenkersdaans operated the extra pussies into Trotty's body.

He turned to me.

Well how shall we beat them?

I say first Vakabla need to pass a test of fidelity. Now I will smash your face I have you smashed by your boss. I say he is either faithful to you or not. I ask if we should test this. A little pause to think. I say he will only have credit among his kind if they see him and us enemies of each other. This Vakabla these clods will only take back into their tribe with their dim wit if they see from the scars on his face him and us are real enemies.

Page 93

Pause . But he's a good warrior of his. It's hard but I break through the goal is twofold. One that those who only left their shit here nothing else could not cross those walking on the veins of happenings on tiptoe and two that Erik must know indeed if his Vakabla is faithful to him. Pause. He says he will think about it and I just rest while he takes care of it.

What a pity me a flypaper.

+++

No news of my loved ones. Kepdo as the weather gets colder brings extra clothes. Once I came across Szattrakintha-la and her parents and from them I learnt Vakabla disappeared.

+++

With Kisfimokknemte I sometimes sp-

Page 94

eak. What I want to know is where shame blows from. They were old saints and well they hardly got no answer cause ..... and ..... sk him what feeling ashamed meant for them. Arne my translator is returned from the war. Almost nothing palpab ..... et I. Purposely I go back to him every day. He feels bad with me. Today he became nervous and sad and even grabbed a stick against me. The end I decid ..... on't argue against a weaker one. The angels help again. Again I have the Hop .....



I speak with Erik again. He likes my extra defence strategy. It is that we tie strings to the top of the trees the enemy comes with their arrows and we pull pull

Page 95

a twig and they shoot that way and give away where they are and then we ! I ask him where is Vakabla what happened with him ..... ays problem is my theory didn't work cause they didn't take bak that smashed faced Vakabla.

+++

No one knows whatever happened to Trukkhavu-la and her relatives with father and mother and speaking the language of Greenland I dare not ask. I will get a tent.



In four days the war will begi ..... ery brazen cause they lost the best of their soldiers to us but they know something they theses here don't only I do. But I will

Page 96

with Kepdom's help everything to the boss all my lies to strengthen my position.

+++

They feel sorry and I learnt so sometimes I dance with myself. In the old times they would despise this but now that we defeated Vakabla's people the situation is different. Hey . Hey no news of Trukkhavu-la and the other relatives. Nor of the girl.

+++

Our victory equals a defeat. I could give a speech saying so many precious people were lost so that these using up our oxygen disappear. But there are few of us. Those few are getting fe..... . It's hard to say what i .....

Page 97

Winter. Winter. Winter. Winter. Winter. Wish we had it like this at home. Cause we beat up so well those wanting to attack us no one on earth notices how few we are left. Stupid they are all. And Trukkhavu-la and Kvittunha-la seem to have disappeared without a trace .

+++

Erik has five wives. One of them is Kvittunha-la. As far as I can see it she has little respect in the eyes of the others with this head of hers .

+++

Colder and colder and I don't know when the year will have its end. Slow I become barbarian. I ask Armaldur if he

Page 98

minds not knowing what day of what years it is but he says no. He doesn't mind anything else either he says. Such i.....

+++

Through the grapevine it turned out Trukkhavu-la ended up in enemy hand. The enemy got really pissed with us when they fired at somewhere we had no people at and they lost more men than the enemies of Alexander the Great. I told Erik there was no point in sending a messenger to over there because the faggots will shoot our man right at the border whether the news is good or bad . Said this in spite the fact that we won the war with our tactical mind and I got a tent and a woman who speaks little

Page 99

with some white blood from the past few hundred years. Her name is Gudriditta-la. Shameful she spoke our language better than I did although she had never been to greenland. I got to love her a lot when I learnt she gave for women's clothes brought over from iceland the wine she spared from the men here. Her father was really killed by a bear her mother died normally. Who is here?



I feel we were long past new year's eve when I too gave up all hope that I would ever see Trukkhavu-la again when to our surprise we took someone captive from the enemy tribe. Luckily I had influence them enough not to kill someone not armed so he was brought to us.

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Kisfimokknemta was the officer in charge then. The half-blooded captive says in bad Icelandic we bury some hatchet or what because they too and we too have some among us who want this and that their Bear Killer will marry Trukkhavu-la.

In agreement with the sorcerer we sent them the message that we want it this way we first ask the kidnapped that is he and a messenger come across the border again and take from u..... two messengers and then four men go over to them and have a chat with the little wife closed fr.....



Some 30-31 or perhaps 32 dögres passed but no answer came from other

Page 101

side. Little Bear could not cause trouble their majesties were having a nap now. Sometimes people disappear at the border. Such i.....

+++

Teaching children again. Again there is talking about whether we can steal someone else's toy or an adult's food. Was hard but finally I got to asking if we are happy if we get mugged. Problem is they think with force and the power of the mind one can take what he can from the weak.

I had to explain this all winter when finally in the spring the children came to see that if one of them leaves his thing outside the tent and we pass in front of this tent then there is and must not be any taking

Page 102

it home with us. If the reader knew what arguments all those many children came up to me with until spring arrived. Suc .....  
.....  
.....  
..... and .....

Spring came a little late but there came 2 ships from Eisstribygg.

My jaw sagged. They went and they go their own way here with us more northerners who shed our blood knowing nothing about it ? I now realized what we whisper about in Vestribygg that the southerners trade in secret

Page 103

with the Meadowlanders and keep it a secret. And it's treachery cause we're brothers. And one speaks while the other one shuts up like a clam

But what kind of brotherhood can be torn in two by interest, what kind that you dare not die for? Grinskjell I knew from the part of Iceland that overlooks Norway but haven't seen his furs and haughty-laughing bigheaded valor for ages. When he saw me he was surprised and asked if I

wanted some free wheat in abundance or if he should leave the Vendish girl from Hamburg here for 1-2 seasons. When I told him I did not want it he asked me why my face was painted all colorful like most of the nobodies here. I told him I would keep an eye o.....

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..... isit me at home. He brought over two girls and some sort of dense alcohol. We were at Leif's ancient house. Erik and Armaldur checked them to see if they brought any odd stu

.....

Alas, we got drunk. The reason was that he said he regularly took walrus tusks to Bergen and he told the locals about a worl..... which even Reykjavik can't compare to.

Next day I and some Vikings talked about this is this man a normal tradesman with all his selfishness or he doesn't know he is just a hireling scou .....

+++

Page 105

The guard when he sees me going to Erik's tent steps aside. If this goes on much longer I'm going to ask him what's up with my ex-girlfriend.

+++

Is it right to take revenge? For I am Christian.

+++

Turned out quite a few times this Grimmskjell took people from here for good to work and this is why some wealthier locals have better clothes

Page 106

and some flasks too. Among us, Vestribygggers, it was forbidden by decree to give ironware and flasks to the savages and now it turns out that those living in the south and in much better conditions never negotiated this with us what is more.



Erik asked if I think we should take Grimskjells' all. Could have told him straight away yes alright but then I want Kvittunha-la back but I had a better idea. I tell him let's make a deal. If with some tricks and of course a bit of pay in kind we let them back and so they return with more ships which we seize and I sketched for him all the good chances we would have that



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guarantee we will have more gains if we let them back now, well, our income both morally and financially will be greater. This case we will have our Vinland fleet for the first time in our lives. We promised Grimskjell and his lot 70 savages for Bergen.

I don't know what he could have thought. Surely he wasn't so stupid to think there couldn't be that many more ships in rich Eisstribygg and even if there are they will come with armed guards and if there is a fight who will win I don't know. Will he be able to shoot down with his arrows his distant relations just to take away their ships or it will all go down the dra.....

I had something else on my mind. I sure wanted to go back from Vinland.

Back to Vestribygg back to the church back to my fiddle back to me codices back to my hopeless and more and more shivering reticent and nervous friends. Back. Back to.

I had something going on with at least two women here. One went crazy a walking dead at best and the other didn't want to come to a place with me that everyone wanted to leave sooner or later like leaving a sinking ship. Everything is sinking here.

All the children come to my classes. We're waiting for Grimskjell and his lot to return with goods and horses and cows in exchange for people after a whole season passed. Bear Killer in the other tribe married our Trukkhavu-la . Erik and I hushed our tribe said in the spring we will be much stronger what's more we will send presents to that foul tribe. Erik chose four strong women and arrows and these as presents

Page 108

we sent over very deceitful. Told the girls as soon as they can they should ask Trukkhavu-la what is going on there. Among the presents sent was an iron needle and the only reason the women didn't take wine was that it was freezing but we did promise wi.....

+++

Strange thing happened when the girls came returned. One was missing but two came over from them saying with the message in a year we can all ask back for ours. We got a lot of ground brown leaves that the savages smoke but no thanks for our presents.

+++

Some 12 dögres have passed

Page 109

maybe after we had discussed this strange message with our natives but no results. Our women came home and said they saw and they all said so that Trukkhavu-la was very happy and they laugh a lot over there but when they think of us then they are sad. As for Vakabla they couldn't get anything out of any one .....

+++

I decided I will have a talk with one of our women who returned. And so I sent my woman for her and later she came back with this girl I could fortunately speak with because she had been to our Greenland before. And there the sorcerer was not the original the first but some Auge of our tribe whose grandfather went amiss long before

Page 110

that I got from Seidisfjórdur to Vestribygg. Yes. We brought too few women. I thought long and hard about whether to tell this to the tribe chief.

+++

Says Erik he did know it happened that whites went over to other tribes throughout the centuries but whether they made it over there he didn't think so. All lame and none of them were good for anyth .....was the only one who become someone here and that was not so long ago. Soon I will ask about Kvittunha-la what happened to her. We're smoking the smoke in his tent.

+++

I'm thinking a lot if Grimskjell returns with his men and we kill them instead of selling our men as slaves who for pearls and other stu ..... what to do. Some 3 ships

Page 111

we expect. Guards soldiers. If we want defeat them we might need a trick. But I'm not cert..... because our soldiers are twice as many.

+++

And finally I asked how is the girl. For a long time no reply.

I told him I had quite a few things here besides teaching the natives not to steal or lie and what it means to give your word and that we triumphed over the other tribe and they gave up attacking us so at least I should get information.

Said he would answer me later.

True, for sixty – seve ..... rögs I have spoken to the children about conscience, one of the greatest lords of all

+++

Page 112

Unfortunately not one of the former greenlanders can even warn me that if I play all my cards Erik could have me executed like a needless. Most people here see not as far as their own noses. Look out for yourself !

Now that I have time to put all this down I put down that it seems it's 200 – 250 years since the vestribygggers always leave some whites behind here. I also noticed of course and not just here but in greenland already that the children sent every year are not all bush-dwellers but had some white

blood in them perhaps. What's more. Some didn't even seem like a half-blood. They didn't say nothing about it. Worst is that I had had quite a few summers in Vestribygg already and still thing is there was unity among them unity as in greenland they didn't speak didn't tal ..... . If I were still interested I would say I wonder if they talked with others of this secret thing

Page 113

and it was just me who they shut out or not. But I don't care about that thing any more. There is something much more interesting here. Secrets all over. Over all.

+++

Our guards spotted 3 ships. I write for it may be the last time I write. Though I think not.

+++

Grimskjell had too few men to have enough room for the slaves to take from here and they brought pleasing us all 11 calves and 2 horses. Now we have 4 horses and 11 calves. Was a little complicated that with 72 lads he play.....ill be slaves from tomorrow on and these 2 and all those extra flasks of wine made them so happy they forgot about protecting their stuff on their ships. While the southern greenlanders were having fun we took their all

Page 114

and next day they woke up Leif and his mates in their houses that had been renovated many times well then the 3 leaders had to go over the stream and when they learnt they had nothing but their lives whatsoever and wanted to negoti ..... were killed by our arrows. And then we had 3 ships and the 14 southern greenlanders will settle among us. Those of us who negotiated with them were not all blond and brown.

+++

Now that all my plans with Erik worked I start rack my brain how I get back to greenland. I went up to him cause I thought I'd drop dead if needs be haven't I done such terrible things so many I would deserve this fate .

Page 115

To my no small surprise he brought up Kvittunha-la. Erik he asked why I care about what happens to her. Said I love her. And he said we wait for the 2 ships of our people and knock them to the ground and then for my triumphs and for Kvittunha-la the 8-10 people I can get together can go back to Greenland. Because spring comes already.



They took me to Kvittunha-la. Never is she of clear mind though she is awake and washes clothes in the cold water of the stream and collects things like the other diligent women do. She cannot

peak. If I want to embrace kiss her when she is with the others she starts do things that I must stop her do. And the other women and girls leave.  
They killed her.

This foreign language I will easily

Page 116  
be able to find.

+++

We built 14 tents and in them accommodated 1-1 forcefully settled Eisstribyggers half of whom, as far as I could see, didn't much resist that from then on they would have to live there. They will each get a pair of piglets too and some wine. Erik had some 20 native girls lined up and they walked in front of the whites made to stand in front of their tents squeaking some ten times. Their task was, if one of them took a liking to a man, she had to enter or could enter the newcomer's tent and later learn.....from our.....cerer and could demand marriage. Apart from 1 all the newcomers were taken. It's not important.....how long it took them.

+++

Erik if I'm not mistaken wants to have 3 and 2 ships

Page 117  
but 1 of these for some reason he sends back to Vestribygg and I will be on it and also Kvittunhalla who went mad. I just don't understand why all this why.

+++

Autumn has begun. The 14 settled and mixed in well. They like that most of the native girls speak our northern language and that a man don't need to shed blood here to have a wife. On the contrary. It is allowed that some couples come together ever so oft.....  
The ceremony according to which they would wed, this only caused a little tension among us. 10 couples I wed and Kisfimokknemte wed 3.

I live in the tent at the edge of the village with Gudriditta-la and with the crazy girl who was now permitted to return to me. Vakabla disfigure all on his own. We are very curious to know what happened to him over there. Perhaps he was killed by his own people, or perhaps he gathers an army against us

Page 118  
and then there will be another war again. Long is the finger of fate in you. Great is the silence! Our tent by the way stands at the opposite side of our tribe, and at the far end. I hope there is no secret interest between the two tribes. Otherwise nothing and now the main task is collecting berries and fermenting them. Or as the Latin writes it fermentatio. Ha!

+++

I tell Erik it's not a good idea to take from his old friends even 1 ship. Because why would he? What matters is he understood.

+++

We're fermenting.

+++

There came from Vestribygg our ship, not 2 but 1. Arnarsson told us who comes every

Page 119

year that they would have come with 2 but Helga had to be repaired and Atlantor well it can't be used but this year at least three times they will go there and back with this new ship of ours if there are enough goods for there and back.

This trade I can see will cause great troubles. Our people can offer less and less for the wine and the wood, and even swine whelp is bigger here.

I could not stop the white chief asking him them what has become of Pervhjö and Mannarakatthala. The young man said all is well and they keep building their house. Erik asked him what they were saying of things here but the boy said..... they said it's not worth coming here because

Page 120

though it's much warmer here and everything is more abundant but there is chaos here. And because Erik could reply nothing I rushed to help him with a smile which made it possible for him to have his mouth pursed scornfully. All I achieved was that he felt it was beneath him to be asked any more questions and also that he generally fall silent.

It bothered me that Sigursson's son was not surprised that I was alive or dead. It must have been much like a dream for him. No boundaries, and even a man who has died lives on.

To this, to myself I could have replied..... I know it can happen that someone's seemingly alive.....

+++

Page 121

I asked Erik what to do for him in his old village. Just to be certain.....



Kjetil asked why we have 3 ships here. Erik cleverly said that 14 people wanted to settle here opposite their 3 bosses so now there are 14 of us more.. ..... the fourth ship from Eisstribygg went back with 16 people on board.

+++

Niels whose father has the most horses said he learnt from one of the squeakers that the southerners don't have 4 ships and that it was us who shot with our arrows Grimskjell and his 2 friends. I remember he didn't say ..... two men ..... with his two friends.

+++

Page 122

My friend Kjetil and his were shocked like swimming in the ice sea when they saw the Eistribyggars trading with us from Leifsbudir without ever informing anybody of this.



I told Erik strategically the best we could do is have 2 of our ships go along with the Vestribyggars ship with the most trustworthy men he chooses, and alongside the wine and honey beer it would also take a tamen..... amount of wood so the greenlanders would make us iron arms in return. We would need to send wood regularly so the smithy over there would be able to work well because the one here is useless. There will be huge attacks against us

Page 123

from the other bush dwellers so they could have their own horses iron arms swine seafaring vessels and wine. And if they don't attack us then let that be our littlest worry. If there is silence in wartime then there be great silence in wartime and then we shall grow stronger.

All we need for this is a huge amount of wood to send them, besides the wine. He agreed. I so much wanted to leave this black miserable dump behind but I couldn't yet. The 1 ship from Westribygg and the one stolen from Eistribygg were gone and I was in Kvittunha-la's tent.

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It was only later that I learnt that Erik didn't let our alderman's son Armaarsson back. Today I asked him did he want to go back and he said yes.

+++

The weather's is colder and colder but only so cold that we would have been happy to have seen this over there. They returned 20 dögres later our 2 ships stolen from the Eistribyggars but only these two. Tomorrow I will continue.....

+++

Sigursson sent a lot of knives and a few arrowheads. Not one sword. Wants his son back. Talking drinking and tomorrow I shall write.

+++

I asked Harald who fills Olle's role if the boss will allow back the old boss

Page 125

son or not. No reply for days. The people here collect the wine load the two ships with wood and herbs. They will send Kepdot back to Vestribygg and Arnarsson can't leave. They're asking for 4 or more swords and 5 spears. Message arrived that in the next round they'll get me and my girl. Off the ships go. My troubles.

+++

Nineteen sunrises later they returned. Little Kepdo interestingly didn't come back although he didn't like it much in Greenland. From the women though I learnt that Harald came back with the message our Sigursson wants his son back. In 2 days the 4 ships will go back to greenland loaded with goods

Page 126

and bearing Kvittunha-la and myself. Erik got some of the arms he sought from us.

+++

I made it back to Vestribygg. Tomorrow will write. All is well.

+++

Our journey back was shorter than the one here. Beside our men Thorsten also grabbed the paddle we brought him too back to Greenland. He said 10 more dögres and he would have begun killing whites, for a start. At Markland we pushed ourselves away from the mainland and in 2 dögres we were home.

When our people saw us they blew the horns and rushed to the harbor. First thing the alderman had to accept he wouldn't get his son back.

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Armed Harald and his men didn't get off the Eisstribygg's ships. This as I saw the faces of our people came as no surprise because they knew already how Erik got his ships.

They even asked to have their dinner there on the ship and Sigurson was about to go aboard the ship which Harald was on to discuss why he couldn't get his son back but Thorsten held him back. I suggested we go to the temple to Farnarson to discuss the matter et quod fecit. Thorsten immediately alerted our alderman to hide our smith away from Erik's men because they want to steal him. As soon as he got off the boat he yelled who's the alderman here then ran straight up to Sigurson and then whispered something to

Page 128

Eddar and I saw as Eddar, Hellgár and Thór led Fippelissar far away. Thorsten was quite agitated. Worked up he said all the might the people here have comes from having a smith of their own.

And it's this weapon that Erik wants to steal so he can have arms made for himself. Because there are too many weapons there already.

We drank and ate.

Then we went out to see what was going on. 2 of Erik's 3 ships sailed out but 1 halted one shout from the other 2. While the 4 of us discussed things the first ship unloaded all the wine and wood and our people worked together carrying the wood and herbs from the harbor. Later I also learnt that the seamen on the 3 ships stolen from the Eisstribygggers said to our people just leave their land and come with them to Leifsbudir where things are better.

Ragnar said it was very

Page 129

humiliating that the Vinlanders had sent a rooster too. I asked Ragnar how many men we had lost recently and he said it was 10 not counting others. I asked him what he meant not counting others but he answered he would tell me later.

Ragnar asked how many people there were in Leifsbudir and how many of them were ready for war and I said to all of them that the two commun .....

ximately the same number but because they were constantly at war with the bush-dwellers they are more ready for war. With this Thorsten agreed too though he wanted to entice our Sigurson to go to war. With this our alderman agreed too because he was right to say his son was taken from him and there will be blood.

Withdrawn a little we

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contemplated this and that Ragnar and me said to the sad father the two communities in a way needed each other. We need their goods they need the iron things and horses. I later suggested there was a factor working against us and that is that no one wants to come here but with each load our numbers drop and also that if they have more and more iron arms and more and more men then one day they will come here and steal from us our smith our crafter of weapons and then we may as well throw ourselves in the sea.

As we were walking back together the four of us watching the unloading back to the chapel there came running towards us Niels's smallest

+++

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son and asked why Kepdo was taken onto the back ship when he wanted to run a race with his long lost friendlet.

We returned to the vicarage and had roasted meat. Thorsten said the followings it's good we hid the smith but we must also surround the ship stolen from the Eisstribygggers lest some Vinlanders come out and steal our Fippelissar at night. That's good. But he also said we need to contact his people we have ships we must sisal there. We need to contact them and join forc

.....

+++



Us we had 3 ships now we have 2 and a half and they had no ship at all but today they have 3 bringing a rooster.

+++

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I need to give account of my private life as well.

As soon as Kvittunha-la and I got off ship my I immediately led my little one to my abode carrying the luggage on my back. Her face was covered with interesting colored rags and that surprised many. As I opened the door of my house there was in there Selmadottir's mother waiting for me with fire and food what is more with spicy hen soup she obtained who knows at what price a whole cauldron of it.

With a smile she greeted me but her smile faded when she spotted the girl her face all veiled. I told her my love spoke little of our language unlike Pervhjö's wife who is her aunt. She told me at the door as she was leaving that Selmadottir was waiting for me. As

Page 133

soon as she left my house there came running Mannarakattha-la and crying they embraced and finally my darling's face cover could fall to the ground. Then these two I left alone and went to seek out Pervhjö.



Turned out Raudesson and his family disappeared. Then there was nothing worth mentioning until the first ship arrived from Vinland and no one could find me on it. That mad me vary hap

.....

+++

Turned out as well once they caught a skraeling and for some wine he told them that Totslova hadn't lost his prestige when we cut both of his hands because he is Illiuk's son. Totslova it seemed will arrange attacks on us. This

Page 134

we laughed hard about because arms they didn't have just a few arrows harpoons. Selmadottir moved in to the house of Egin who was not much respected. You remember this name do you? And Fippelissar made a few extra swords. There was no more forbidden animal slaughters. While I was away many missed me so he said.

There were a few gatherings but no decision about whether a ship should leave for Eisstribygg or no. I asked why and the reply was that the most responsible of aldermen had to have a closed gathering to discuss how dangerous it is for us to go there. So there was a common gathering but further decis ..... was postponed. Sigurson said the leaders feared many a thing about such a trip to south greenland. He personally feared seeing the drop in our

Page 135

numbers that it's likely whosoever goes there will settle there because of better conditions. Farmason said it could be avoided if only the old men went there those whose family stay..... but even he was worried a little that ours would easily take our ships because elsewhere it's freer the air and there are fewer god-fearing people. And whether they would come back for the last group?

Ragnar said he had heard some rumors that the southerners wanted to go back to iceland. We asked Thorsten how often they went over to Meadowland without telling us. He pondered for a time and then replied they had 7 ships. 2 of them went to Vinland but never returned now 3 had been stolen by Erik

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and his lot so there were still 2 over ther. He knew nothing of no plans to go back to Iceland but he had told me this before in Meadowland so few of them wanted to settle in the new world compared to Iceland with all those inventions jol..... ograms and amusemen ..... that every one there planned to return to the old country.

Here us Vestrigygger boors we just looked at each other but then we told him that we also had plans to leave here leave the fall but unlike those northern boors well it's time he heard we rather thought mostly we would go to Vinland and there are fewer who wan.....venture back to Iceland but there are some families who at all cost

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want to stay here in Vestribygg because a Viking is a Viking. Under water and in Walhalla too.

+++

Tomorrow the 3 stolen ships wil return. We sent Erik a message that he won't get no arms from us til he sends back our alderman's son.

+++

Then as the ships left off for Meadowland with almost no load at all we sat down to discuss things. Thorsten we also invited.

There was a dispute. And that's good.

The following thoug ..... s came to us. Let's mend our 3 ships and the next summer with the extra arms we have let's demolish the rebels of Meadowland and bring Arnarsson back. This idea many opposed

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because many were friends with those over there and also many said we can't leave our families here defenseless when at any moment the skraelings could attack and take all we have and all they have not.

All this for a dubious military taking. And then again it turned out unfortunately they don't have much against the vinlanders.

There was a voice whi.....aid we should first send a messenger ship with Throsten on board who will then tell his people about whatever happened over there and after that we should somehow join forces with the eisstribygggers.

At this point we asked the Eisstribyggger if he thinks a hundred or so men over there have arms. He said when they return to Iceland we can all move into his left behind southern and warmer

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village ..... We knew we had half a year until summer. True this half a year all three communi ..... ad for themselves.

Knowing well that until summer the most that could happen is perhaps a Skraeling attack we kept the 3 lookouts only. We decided we let Thorsten go back home with one of our ships in a couple of days and in the early summer our ship returns and maybe other ships too in hope of the Vinland gains. I could if I wanted to go with them. Told them I'd think it over.

+++

Scandal upon scandal. During those few days almost all couples broke out in squabbles fights. The men as soon as they saw Kittunha-la's

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face besieged her with offers and gifts. First only her. Then me too and so many gifts I received I could have had a house bigger than Sigurson's if I had traded them. Egin for example gave Selmadottir a thrashing. Just 1 case of the many simil.....

Perhjö and the girls and I decided it's better if I make off for the time being with Kvittunha-la to Eisstribygg. The night before the journey was quite inconceivable.

In the evening there came with a bottle of honey wine Mannarakattha-la and another woman and so we were the three of us for my greatest bodily pleasure. Sometimes someone put some wood on the fire. Next morning I woke I was alone cold. I put on my clothes and went outside

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and saw that attentive hands had prepared my provisions for the journey. I still don't understand why I thought one of them was Trukkhavu-la although .....

Couldn't find Pervhjö anywhere nor Kvittunha-la's sister but she herself was aboard the ship with her face covered slumbering. Anyways the village's nitty and ..... there at the harbor. Selmadottir was sat next to the spice chest. Loaded with all kinds of mouth-watering goods among them many dried meat specialties from Vinland we set off. We could hardly see the last waving hand on the shore any more when I laid down beside Kvittunha-la. She greeted me with a crazy smile and

+++

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and smelt of many a man. I guess I pray too little to God. Why do you punish me so dear Lord? For I didn't harm anyone ever and I lead an exemplary life. We rowed slowly comfortably for 4 days and the others said if we had speeded up 3 days would have been enough it's only that some

strange weary fatigue feeling overwhelmed us. What on earth was the reason? Some unpleasant premonition of who we northern boors who trav..... here and there in hop ..... benefits and promises would find ourselves face to face with in lively Eisstribygg. Upset we rowed and no one said a word or so.

+++

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Lucky they packed some writing things for me because I do have something to write about. We finally arrived at Eisstribygg.

If only we hadn't. In the village not one soul we could coun ..... only stray skinn ..... nimals everywhere. And tasks left half done and noblemen's flats with wood wood wood wood wo .....

That's what Kjetil and Thorsten were talking about when they returned from their scouting mission. We unpacked butchered a stray piggy heated up 3 houses and until dawn the next day all the animals were in the hurdles. A Viking doesn't sleep.

+++

Kvittunha-la and I moved into the house of a man called Heraldson who once lived there which had everything even winter furcoats

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Thorsten and Niels stayed in Thorsten's old house while Kjetil Eddar and Thor with Selmadottir snuggled up in the huge estate of a former alderman and his family.

We asked Thorsten what his name was but he just spat each time we asked him and walked away. Meanwhile it was getting colder alright but we had a hefty amount of food. There was wine meat grain and for the livestock plenty of ha ..... ranaries. We lived like fish in the sea though we knew we would have to return north to our people in the summer and not use this all up. One day is like the other.

+++

Now that we're getting closer to

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the deepest point of the year I must say we hardly have a sober evening. Almost every day we have such a feast and we heat work eat drink and not think about anything for we know there is so much left here it could be enough for 10 lives of ours.

I know once Eddar asked Thorsten if he's afraid his people would come back to take revenge on us for having used up all their things here but Eddar got a smack from the last Eisstribygger and he didn't strike back.

+++

We work.

In the evening when we play dice and there are plenty of evenings here the sun only shines in Southern Europe all the time we discuss Thorsten's settlement.

+++

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One can tell seeing the objects and animals left behind that there must have been more loads. For sure. But then why are all these many things left here? Do they lead such a high life in Iceland that the things they left aren't worth one last foray?

We don't know.

+++

I found no instruments though.

+++

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Now that I have so much time in this ghost village with all this wine wine that will last who knows how long well then I shall write down how our Vestribygg community reacted to when Pervhjö and his friends returned to their Vestribygg they didn't find me on the other ship nor in the chest nor free on the deck.

When the wedded couple asked what do they know what has become of me then Svenson said they opened the chest at the beginning of the journey and saw me in it and I said I wanted to swim back to shore for some love reason and they were ready to turn the ship back with me lest I freeze in the cold water but had no chance in the wind for I jumped into the water and swam back to shore.

This the community believed for quite a while but then they brought over a bush-dweller girl from Meadowland who with many children living here and there could understand one another and she revealed there was yelling and violence when Egin noticed me. Our community learnt that I was thrown into the sea by Egin Svenson and one other man.

Then Sigurson sent for Egin to who said not a word of it was true who should one believe him or a dirty little skraeling from over there he has witnesses while all the other has is what children say. For long it seemed there would have been no problem with this, just then our aldermen were perplexed that Pervhjö and his friends told our alderman that the soil over there was beginning to burn under my soles and that indeed I wanted to come back very much so because my life was ruined by all the troubles and slough. Fippelissar asked why I was hidden in a chest and Mannarakattha-la told him I was that Erik's men not find me.

The whole thing got more suspicious for my Vertibygger friends when the little girl disappeared suddenly without a trace. And that was the end of the matter officially. Up until to Egin's great astonishment out of the blue I appeared in Vestribygg. When they saw I was alive they pounced on Helga's guard and forward guard and cut them down both poor things and then up and left with our splendid ship. So we had 2 ships left. If these went to Erik and his people which is quite likely then they have twice as many ships and twice as many armed men. And knowing how bloodthirsty they are over there well we'll have little left for us if we don't give them our smith. Everyone around me will die.

So this is one of the stories I still owed. 1-2 dögres after the day after tomorrow I shall write down what the Vinlander Arne from Eisstribygg and the Eisstribygger Thorsten were supposedly talking about in Leifsbudir. It will be edifying.

Arne had 8 children in vinland from a halfblood woman whose father had remained over there sometime from eisstribygg and whose mother was a nativ.

Arne was a humble simple soul with no wildness in his soul and there was some gentle imbecile indecisiveness about him which I liked a lot which here in the north in the wild nothingness is as rare as a hen's tooth. There was absolutely no fierce readiness for combat in his soul as if he felt no one's body and soul protected by God and taken care of by Nature could be tilted over. He was the kind of man who when a bear saw him it got on its hind legs and galumphed away. Ó

Arne was a farmhand of the soil and with his wife he did the same important thing as what he did back in Eisstribygg they baked flat bread. He was the one in Leifsbudir who never fought and who was always offered food. He got his children to eat as little meat as possible and much more grain and green vegetables.

In some complicated ways these he could stock in earthen pots so he still had a little in the deepest and coldest of months or later. Many learnt this method from him but because Arne was also a strict father and well the family members had no rights just to lay their hands on his stock for winter vegetables and berries without his permission just like that so when in other families in 50-60 dögres all the vegetables in stock were gone the nitty and gritty of the village were loitering in front of his house with downcast eyes for a little this and that.

So then this jolly man of ours had nothing either 20-30 dögres later but his smile.

When Grimskjell and his lot were in Meadowland he came across his kinsman Thorsten. It had been some 15 years since they last saw each other.

Thorsten told me when the two of us withdrew on that numb-black night like so many others and I made him cough in one of the houses in Eisstribygg left empty with that brown smoking rod that the more illustrious bush-dwellers smoke in vinland and that once Hattaxall gave as a gift when after long years he first saw Arne again but then he thinks he embraced Arne more happily than Arne embraced him.

All that wood made us half undress and we even had enough to burn a lamplight. While the others were gaggling-telling tales and discussing but hadn't got to making business yet those two went to see Arne. Thorsten as he said was rather shocked by the 6 tents close to one another and Arne's family had other things too. Farm animals apart from 1-2 dogs they didn't have but they possessed many an area land in which they grew who knows what. On these lands the bush-dweller whoknowswhatsortofmen worked said Thorsten some did this and that with their hands others hoed.

He could see his long-lost friend had found what he was looking for. Thorsten asked him where Arne got iron tools for tilling the soil in the first place. So he borrowed one first and worked all night with it often even till dawn. Then he met his wife who spoke our language well and they were lent two of those soil-tillers.

They paid with crops and later the locals lent them tools without them having to give crops in return.

Later they employed whites to work on their lands too. With the skraeling or who they had to be careful because often they needed Hattaxall's help to find out which native stole 1-1 of their hoes and the investigation wasn't for free of course. Thorsten said almost all the natives stole things and like the Arabs needed quite some time to learn with all those amputations going on that no stealing

is allowed these here would probably need thousands of years for this. At the beginning Arne and his family tried punishing those who stole

a tool by making them work an extra 4-5 years but this too fell flat because most bush-dwellers came to work laughing knowing the next day and as their chief ordered they had to go back to working in the tribe.

So in the end they had only a couple of bush-dwellers left who could have lunch dinner with them and who didn't steal. The tribe also got some vege-tables – and could put some away too and so they were respected everywhere.

Thorsten as he said ate vegetables enough for a year and then went back on his ship and brought them dried whale meat. This he said they wouldn't eat but sent it as something precious to the sorcerer and chief of the village each got half-half.

I asked my coughing-smoking viking mate what you take them for?

After some coughing drinking puffing drinking a pause then he sprung up on his feet and said this Arne is deceived.

I ask him why do you say so and he says a man is not a woman.

I say is the only way for man to Valhalla or to Heaven is to kill all the time?

He gave a very interesting answer. There shall be some blood streaking from man's both corner of the mouth and he shall drum in the sweltering heat of the day but also at very night on a raft that tows with invisible ropes a rowing galley with no one onboard because their gods have all long croaked and he begins to suspect now the sea is almost over there at the edge of the world all man can do is hang his leg over the edge but he just goes on goes on goes on to where even gods dared not go.

Now I too was standing.

The fire was slowly dying and we didn't touch it. Forgetting we locked the door behind us so when we step out of our abode the cold couldn't get in we just stood stood and watched the black sky with its stars which it hardly ever shows to the seaman watching the sparkling snow side by side and remained silent.

We should have been able to say something. Should have. Should have. But I couldn't. Part of my soul was Arne's and another part Thorsten's who died for his ideas because all he knew under ground and above ground and of course on the ground left him like an animal leaves its dung.

Just that man as he balances on the crest of religiosity so that he not slip neither here nor there but most importantly not to be but a mixtur who cannot choose neither irrevocably nor changing one path to another at an inscrutable speed until all is his but he is not theirs.

And then what of invisibility? And what of man being in a state in which he can seek and find the old spirits? Because they are always there the differences visible at the rim of your core. One is false-hearted here the other there. Of course they think you only serve as a stomach an eater or someone else's eats who can universally be made to get his best honest out of you and he smiles at you condescendingly.

Of course if man is in the middle of the moderate the question rises if it is a question of faith perhaps whether one path or the other can come out of you. Of course it's an ugly accusation cause we know that the middle exists by definition from equal distance from its edges.

We went back into the house and he restarted the fire. I saw in the dark that he liked that I liked what he spoke. Thorsten was like the Miraculous Deer galloping on the Milky Way.

As we were talking it became clear to me that when he left Arne's land at the edge of the village his soul came to be bound up by twofold if not manifold ropes of emotions.

He told me in the beginning it hurt him when he saw that the man who gives up the most important of things that his ancestors and maybe earlier himself too attested to does not die out but indeed carries on while that who carries on what he was destined to do well that man perishes. Later he felt even worse and he said it had little to do with how his fellow seamen sold themselves for the emotional pleasures of Leifsbudir no it was something much worse than that.

I asked what.

He said his problem with our way of living was not that there were 2 extremes one that you can be a survivor giving up your principles for a bit of sausage or a juicy bone and two one perishes because he has integrity that is integrity but his additional problem was that the part inbetween wasn't a bridge connecting the 2 extremes above but below them.

Such are these scandinavian nights! Or such they were until now. What wil come next I know not for perhaps those who return to Iceland not even the little children wil look up to saying what an ox fool man is and even if you are an organist at best you can work for them as a wainsman for you can't grasp anything at all of their well developed world. I can't remember any more what died earlier the lamplight or the fire.



There is one more evil I wish to report about but alas I don't have the strength. The diary reckons for sure it has something to do with Kvittunha-la. One day maybe I wil gather enough strength to grab the pen. I don't know.



Then a good one and a half year after I returned from the savages and the merry, Selmadottir gave birth. Her mother when I told her I had nothing to do with it she said that she wil bring grief on my head.

I said then dare be so bold. The aldermen of the village all those with a voice stood by me.

At first.

Before we were to leave for Eisstribygg I was to leave Kvittunha-la with her aunt at Pervhjõ's family but suddenly there was a terrible noise in the village it came fast like the wind when they saw her Face. I had to bring her with me and had to take a look Selmadottir's infant a child supposedly from me. After this I thought it better not to leave Kvittunha-la in Vestribygg but bring her here to Eisstribygg.

I found under the priest's bed 2 codexes but so bad is my knowledge of Latin now that I find no joy in reading them by candlelight. The sun only lingers a few dögres on the horizon and even then there is just a grim glow.....

Often I feel only like going on walks alone and writing. Only the 2 women, they are the only distraction now.



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Maybe if the isolation in this ghost village grows it will not be enough to decide who plays with the girls now, who later. The group can only hold together until early summer if the 2 women are no one's possessions. Otherwise blood will flow.

+++

Apart from me no one prays anymore, not Kjetil not Thor. The problem is the laws are beginning to disappear and their punishments. Our ability to restrain ourselves is leaving and more is allowed and less is forbidden.

So it goes.

+++

In all this dead time one changes a lot. If the outside world disappears where goes the soul where does it take its questions? Inward, inward. One comes to know

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oneself better.

+++

I think more and more about now that certain journeys happened and we found we could go to another place in 5, 6, 7, or 8 dögres why weren't these trips with the ships more frequent?

Only binding factor was when would the wine and herbs be ripe there and the metal products here. Somehow I felt as if one journey was one year and that's why it's so rare and I know almost everyone thinks or thought the same. Now it's like everyone is having a strange feeling and all is so fast like a galloping horse or the larva suddenly growing in the heat of a house on fire. It's like in every one of us there's a sense of som .....

+++

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Thorsten is starting to fall into gloomy despair. Less and less he speaks with us. I understand him. All those he had have left him and the most it hurts that not even his wife expecting a child waited for him. Niels who he lives with told him don't be mad no woman awaiting childbirth can stay alone in a village without people it's simply mad.

+++

The day before yesterday.

Eddar and Thor fell out about something in the Haradlson-house. Today Eddar moved into the Thorsten-house. To Niels's place who moved to Eddar's place in the Haraldson-house where Selmadottir lives now with Thor there are four of them again in there.

+++

Have to confess some think I am loony. They may have a point. In the evenings I sometimes saw

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kayaks. Or thought I saw. When I woke the others no one ever saw anything. Later I dared not see anything either and these days I dare not say that there appear some Skraeling kayaks sometimes and then disappear. And yet.

I see them today too. That much I managed with my terror stories that we put our ships in a safe place and made them impossible to move.

+++

Thorsten said when he was a child they had 1 blacksmith and he had many apprentices but now they had 2 blacksmith masters and 4 first-rate apprentices and 4-5 second-rate apprentices plus those who help out.

They had more of everything even more warm air and still they left here before us. For sure the final drop was that their

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last 4 ships were lost.

+++

Yesterday there was another meeting in the Heraldson house that Eddar didn't go to because he was sitting outside with Kvittunha-la in the bay and they were just staring to the west at the sea and I didn't go either because I was sitting on the mountaintop and just staring at the moon. I saw them too and the other 5 and that they went into the Heraldson house. I thought some fun after some work but they came out quite early and now Selmadottir well she made it clear that it was a kind of meeting I am either included in or excluded from.

+++

No one was excluded. I'm seeing spirits. A miracle?

+++

Thorsten suggested let's go to Iceland

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in the early summer. We gathered. I voted we sail back with lots of things of value and though they didn't have much right to vote we counted them in so Kvittunha-la Niels and Kjetil voted too. Naturally Thorsten Eddar Selmadottir voted Iceland and unnaturally Thor voted that too we all know he's been trying to please to seduce one of our girls for a while

I said I understand why Thorsten wants to go to Iceland but I say he waits 1 more round. By that I meant before the eyes of God we will take these animals here with us over there not leave them here no matter how many rounds it takes.

Then Thorsten asked what's the chance that he

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gets to Iceland. Niels said first it's our ship and no one can steal it from us and no one will be able to steal it from us and Kjetil added when we sail out at least 1 ship will aim at Icela .....

In the end we decided the Icelanders stay here with the animals and the 4 of us with all the animals and other things of value we can bring ..... oard sail up north to Vestribygg. Plus we bring the news too.

+++

Fights. Fights. Spring almost summer

+++

A couple of horses and two cows and the 4 Vestribyggers. Packages farewells rocking ship and 14 days of sailing. At the beginning everyone was happy how much we got

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from our southern brothers but when in the big hall I told them we brought it all from an empty village and that 3 of ours fled again they were woeful. I said we must immediately go back to Eissstribygg and with the 2 ships both and the community agreed to my greatest surprise. Tomorrow they sail out without me and Kvittunha-la. Niels and Kjetil will steer the ships and 20-25 sailors I don't know how many go with them.

+++

We do nice worship ceremonies, Farmasson and I. The 2 ships went 3 rounds and brought over almost everything they could move. I say almost because again we're 40 heads short. These

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souls confessed to me many had been to Eissstribygg before the weather is much nicer there so they would stay there. We let them go one group after another to be the owners of the animals that stayed there we said goodbye to them all. Couldn't keep them back. They could take whatever they wanted. So we are short again 40 people and 1 ship which ..... ew would never return but it doesn't matter let them have a ship too. And we have twice as many animals each of us.

Told them any one of them could come back to us any time gets food and a bed. In the harbor we were waving goodbye to the ship moving away even when it made no sense .....

We never saw a one of them again.

+++

Some 100 men. One third can be armed in no time 2 expected attacks seasons getting colder and all this at a place

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where our ancestors were the first to see ..... foot. Here collected all our ancestors flowers under the snow for the girls whose heart they wanted to win and she ran happily back to her girlfriends boasting she got a posy from Frans.

It was our people who first kissed here and we wrote poems and carved runes. Here died us all and here eat with us the ghosts of our ancestors every night by the fire or cheers under a snow cave when a baby is born or cheer for the warrior left behind in a running race.

Here you can tell them your sorrows and they listen to you and here the white bear eschews you. Here the sun never sets in the sea at night though he's tired too and would fall fall fall

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into bed but won't go down won't go down won't go down your ancestors nail the sunset onto the sky and it waits for you there forever.

+++

Ragnar said there were skraeling advance guards here but when one blabbed out that Totslova and his men want to take everything away from here especially our women then our men killed them both. It happened back in winter. Since then twice our guards saw advance guards in kayaks but they turned tail when the guard gave an alert with the bone whistle to the man who pulled the sledge to alert our boat with 4 men with bows and arrows in it.

Farmason said while I was away people's needs changed about who would stay and who would go and where.

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The biggest change was that since the relationship with those in Leifsbudir got this tense some families decided they didn't want to end up in Vinland but chose Island instead.

Then he added now that everyone got so rich fewer want to leave our village.

Now for most families the destination is the wonder island of volcanos.

Weathercock-peo .....

+++

Over time Mannarakattha-la cooked some mingle-mangle that takes long-long-long time to thicken. Now it was ready. Kvittunha-la drinks it all the time and just sleeps. When she wakes up her look

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is fuzzy maddened. But the hysterical and raging inside her is gone.

Mannarakattha-la went up to Papa Sigurson herself to ask him so I could teach the children in the evening on the main square about man's conduct and honor. I was the most astonished when one day our alderman came in and let me do it but he was also surprised by the request saying everyone is talking openly about what onl .....

+++

Now that there are only abo ..... two third of us as the kraeling and Vinlanders think we are

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me and Farmason too have to be on guard duty. Not at night. But the others go on night watch too.

Where? Where? For what ? for what ?

+++

Me?

+++

Me or you? My violin then!

+++

Colder and colder. Running out of everything. More and more persuasion is needed. For everything.

+++

They have three times as many ships and two times as many warriors, perhaps three. We must protect the blacksmith best we can.

+++

All these disputes what to use

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the wood for. Disputes between the men and the women. The women want us to heat. We have made barns for the cows and horses covered them with soil so we had a different idea. Wood is for making ships and for the blacksmith to make nails in his smithy. Otherwise we're stuck here. Otherwise we. We are here. I am here. I am.

+++

Arnarrsson's absence hurt his father a lot. Poor man doesn't know what to do. We only have one ship and over there our former people started to build the new ships for sure. How many ships how many boats do they have now? 5 or maybe more? The blacksmith over there is quite a deadbeat but even if the iron he uses is not too good it is good enough for making weapons against the bush-dwellers. Because one must know what to take out at what temperature. They don't know this there. There where where where

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even the sorcerer is some Greenlander who no thanks he doesn't (didn't) want to stick his nose out. Wouldn't be surprised if it turned out this Eisstribygger came from somewhere in Denmark the country where that Kroneborg is. Kroneborg it is. Indeed.

+++

It would surely kill us all if we just waited and waited for the barbarians the nobodies the weaklings and they wouldn't even deem us worthy of com .....

+++

Winter winter winter.

God knows how many already .

It's cold.

Our guards are unsuitable. That is, we are all. Our only ship is protected by two guards and thick ice. The best thing about us Vikings is that we don't

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cry.

This time of the year at the worship ceremonies Farmason talks about how hardship are our friends. What doesn't kill a Viking makes him stronger..

+++

Now that spring is coming or it should be coming because back then it was coming in the woods but not anymore so now the guard on the mountaintop reported on five double kayaks coming.

20 of our men ran to the harbor where these kayaks were going but to their greatest surprise they had to see that the 2 men rowing in the flagship were white. Some things you can't count on. This was one such thing.

The weapons in our hands went

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down as Oloffson and Henrik got out of the kayak. They said one of the ships taken from Grimskjell earlier was waiting for them about 1 day away and that they wanted to talk with us.

They saw our force. They saw that 1 ship we had. They saw our faces. They saw it all. For many reasons we couldn't just kill them all. One kayak turned back right away and the others with eskimos in them were waiting as their Viking leaders got out and came into our houses. Astounded silent shocked our people went with the two men to Sigurson. Our souls were broken.

+++

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While the two delegates were having talks with us Ragnar let the other four boats moor. Our men encircled them. They were bush-dwellers from Vinland in s kraeling leather boats. Our Hellgor led them into an empty house and told two women to stoke up and bring them whites something to eat. Freidis later told us that the visitors either all understood her and the other woman of ours or just some of them did but the strangest thing was that those were very well-dressed and didn't really want to sit down. So they had to be sat.

+++

Strike me Angels. I'm a rotten nobody. Wish I could be

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a nobody.

Wish to be dead and reach out my arms up through the frozen soil up and wish my fingers were moving. Wish people thought I am alive down there. Wish the Angels were confused about where to put me. Wish the gods of breezes turned to each another tell me what's going on here? Wish the god of the wind got confused and shouted down to one of the angels not dancing what's this? Suicidal dreams others dream would be nice if you could see tomorrow but you don't want to live. I am many lost wars. On my way to the lover's bed I choked in fire would you like to sink

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in ice ?

Unwritten me I'm writing on my palm. A message. Tell a tale of me or recite a poem of me my pen and condemn me. You're here to see it all and learn it all and fly up to the sky not fall in the dust. You're an unwritten book there's no one who will unravel your being here so that you understand the word and the writing you're here so that the hooves flicker brighter than the stars. Black love is merciful or merciless, But which one? The one coming from where? Most of the time man is a rivulet, a rill, a brook, a creek at best running down the hill

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nothing more.

But before I die I will run upwards. I won't just die not like Teuton's phoenix. Up on the top of a shining glowing pyramid I will sparkle myself away and even the thirsty birds' descendants thousands of years from now will mention there was a volcano once they didn't have to fly round because it didn't want to kill their tiny bird souls but gave them water during their long journey. And their bird brothers won't believe a word. The distance sound of an ancient insect is buzzing through.

But don't know that yet.

It's still a secret .

I won't tell you That.

+++

Page 170

As soon as we sat him down Henrik got out a brown smoking rod and a glass bottle.  
A bottle.

He said they found out a new way to ferment and so this drink is very very strong we should only drink a little.

It began to feel hotter and hotter and hotter in the house not heated for ages. When Farmason and i saw they were getting more and more cheerful and we're getting more and more drunk we stopped drinking. Was the right thing to do.

Turned out Per Oloffson and Henrik were more cheerful than we not because they

Page 171

were too starting to feel better but because they could see out of a state we didn't know. They would've won if our Viking brains hadn't knocked that alright that's enough. All the while we were talking about little things which is not usual at such elemental meetings. Says I who has never been there before.

Resisting temptation.

Passion.

Below and Heaven.

Birds birds birds bir

+++

ds.

Above you the sky rumbles dark.

Page 172

Sometime somehow Bear Killer cut down one of Vakabla's legs and their sorcerer saved him. He became one-legged.

So what.

The body is just a squirrely messenger. What's this dream what's this humming from afar to here? Below stars lies your body exploding ripping apart. Your perishing life that can still remember the great old memories.

Live up again.

You can't.

You're sinking.

Your past will be wiped out too

In vain you speak no one understands you.

There's nowhere to run back. There's no land behind you no country. No family. You are an outlander.

Page 173

We said we had 3 ships now but they are in Eisstribygg.

I woke up in another's body.

I'm watching myself.

Inside me a mad flame is glowing. Here I am an outlander.

The wind greets the trees and the Angels' wings.

I'd like to talk to them without words. With the heart only. I can feel they could do it but they were trained to do that specific ta .....

+++

Not the ones who cal ..... not the ones who wait for you not the ones you wait for. I'd write it down but have no word for ..... .

Page 174

who is it who comes in to you when you didn't call him saying he does want something from you. They are the ones who break the silence of the church.

What's this strange fragrance of the soul? What's this wanting to conquer you  
.....

+++

Above my heart swords are hanging.

They were just conversing cowardly. Got out what they had in their lives and the worst thing was they saw so little of us. Turned out later this was the better thing. At least they knew

Page 175

little about our depths.

Or who the hell knows.

Had they been stronger strong we could have settled it with a draw your swards! of the soul and the mind.

But sly and slimy suggestions and promises were all we got for our blacksmith.

+++

When you have little to do you rely on what you have.

Fippelissar Ragnar and learnt and taught some new ceremonies or what.

Winter is terrible. Half as big a space is what we have to put our live-

Page 176

stock and poultry in lest they should die.

Seal meat. Like more and more frequently in the past years.

No one visits us. No .....

+++

It's quite a fight if we should look at marvel at the animals or think unt .....

+++

I keep putting off writing about the women here and that the wine is all drunk up. By the spring the summer who knows how much we'll have left of what we could bring over from Eisstribyg. Who kno .....

+++

Kvittunha-la doesn't speak. Her crazy shrieks

Page 177

are gone and she would sit there in silent apathy if she were not regularly used by the men. Mannarakattha-la says she needs gradually to work on this to make her sister be with fewer and fewer men. It happened that the men offered their wives so that they could be with the girl whose head was transformed.

First i didn't realize it.



Later i didn't have the strength to stand up against all those men. Again everyone was pointing at themselves and the one standing next to them everyone was having fun rummaging between warm legs.

I say everyone because all those intoxicated months later well our women too got hooked on Kvittunha-la. Women and men too. Apart from that one Farmason.  
I don't even have to be on guard any more.

+++

Page 178

The calendar says spring is here but in fact winter stayed and so did the brown plant leaves Henrik brought some half a year ago to smoke. They took Kepdo with them so clearly they know we don't have 3 ships just 1.

They left knowing Erik wouldn't get our blacksmith in return for our alderman's son. Kvittunha-la is having someone's baby.

+++

Ragnar says he thinks this will be our last peaceful spring. If peaceful at all. If summer at all. Armed to the teeth they will come for Fippelissar and will steal him and his family. Blood will flow if we resist.

And they will take away our last remaining ship too. And then all will be lost.

+++

Page 179

Today Eddar came running he said he saw 3 ships. We swarmed outside all of us. The ships were coming from the north that is from Meadowland and were slowly rowing south right in front of us. Towards Eisstribygg.

We're not even good enough to be conquered.

I wonder if they will come ba ..... or row on to Iceland?

+++

Summer. Sometimes it makes our teeth chatter. I was thinking for long whether to try Kvittunha-la's mouth. In the end I decided I would. It happened like Hellgor's wife's head was hanging down from the bed and Kvittunha-la sat on it and Freidist Eddar was filling her with his life properly but holding Kvittunha-la's breasts. It was a wonderful feel-

Page 180

ing. As time goes by in our village there's not much more fun we can have ..... More and more I'm brooding over why the bad is good.

+++

But I must add that basically people are more interested in what's bad and that's not really negative as people are always interested more in what's scarcer. That people tend to look for the bad rather than the good shows that there is less bad and more good.

+++

At weekend worship ceremonies people brought up the question with Fippelissar taking the lead whether a man should be locked up in prison just because we fear for the interests of the community namely that others will kidnap him. Now this is what happens every day. In the outside world and

Page 181

inside the souls the minds confused and smoothed.

+++

This is just a question. As is what happens when it's not 1 man but more people think they are in prison here and they want to leave here?

Many suggested we should settle in the south in Eisstribygg there's more chance there we can go to Iceland. The Atlantor would go more rounds and of course we'd take the blacksmith there it's a safe place. Others who still hoped for moving to Meadowland said we should make peace somehow give them what they would take by force anyway that is our Fippelissar as they are stronger after all maybe we could have peace then. Our blacksmith who was tempted with many things over there is from Island but his wife and 2 daughters are from Vinland.

+++

Page 182

In fact I like when opinions differ. But I also like things to go smoothly. As the French say I will remember their names one day just let there be serene peace or empty forced quietness so like they say Alexander the Great could bring the two together brilliantly. The last man felt this and this feeling he had in his mind it didn't even have to become knowledge.

Alas the last one! Who's the last one? Who? The simple man who could feel everything? Why isn't the clever man the one who can

Page 183

insults him?

It's very difficult to make things go smoothly and also have the right to butt in.

+++

Days and weeks passed .

Passed. Passed.

Passed.

+++

Most people say in fact it's us everywhere, evrywher, ewriwher, ewrywher. Some say kidnapping Sigursón's son is not breaching of the law because maybe the community there who are in fact our people well they maybe fight for their lives with the bush-dwellers and can only continue the fight in the battles they win with iron weapons and

Page 184

ones they lose with the stone weapons they made if they cry cry cry and just cry for help like sailors on a sinking ship forcing themselves to sing or like a volcano at the bottom of the sea.

Our Ragnar himself told our Sigurson think it over would you have stolen an eisstribygger's son if you could protect your community with this from a possible series of Skraeling of Vinlander  
atta .....

I think i haven't seen a man cry since Island.

+++

I'm making music with Farmarson while Kvittunha-la is softening passyons somewhere

Page 185

most people are just loitering after they're done with the animals.

I asked our priest where he would go and he said he would test the savages to find out if they want the tenets of Jesus but also if he could learn something from them. It's been a dozen years or so since he was last over there and he wonders what the community is like now because instead of a native chief their chief is one of ours and also he wants to know why this sundry tribe is so feared by the other tribes.

Told him the colony there is quite strong now because they took young warriors from other tribes with cunning trade but the fights haven't yet stopped and

Page 186

nothing is certain only what has already happened that is it can happen any time that the bad forces surge forward and the lousy tribes will make an alliance with one other against our tribe.

Our tribe.

Our tribe. How strange .....

Ours?

+++

At noon it was darker than dark but we could see the 3 Vinlander ships were going away. They didn't even dock between Eisstribygg and Leifsbudir. That's how.

+++

The following day we gathered after lunch to talk about the ships.

Because it's winter we decided not to look around at our people's in the south with the Atlantor before summer. Also we had to see

Page 187

that our alderman no longer has a say in things. Perhaps from the next summer on no one will live here.

Only the ghosts.

+++

Knowing that this would be our last year made us consume more. Some said we could eat as much as we wanted after all we can't take all the animals with us. Others argued we have the Atlantor to go as many rounds to Eisstribygg with those aboard who wanted to leave in fear of fights with Vinland as needed.

After all we have 2 ships for this and that 1-2 warm weather should be enough ..... for this .

They accepted Sigurson's suggestion that

+++

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they first arrange things for those going to south Greenland. First the Atlantor will go without animals and only unmarried men will go. Then we'll see. As the blind say.

+++

Like the larva opening when the house is on fire, that's what we're like. There are hardly a few servants who can contain themselves. Farmason and I say but it's no use that we should think about

what happens if there's no place for us in the new settlement. If it's taken by foreigners. If they don't like us dthere. If all dthere's left is abandoned ruins and somethin scary and some

Page 189

silence makes way for a terrible storm.

Because it's not if am killed. Because if dthere's one thing a Viking doesn't care about it's being killed. What's horrifying is what happens if the snow covers all for good if the frost of outer space blows through your soul if someone asks about you from the Gods they will say that your name never was and no one dthere did such things that the man asks about you and in vain he grins over from the neighborhood if the demons of the gray nothing are jumping quicker and quicker above your numb dead spirit and while dthey're jumping

Page 190

their knees are higher and higher and dthey're higer and higer and higer and their arms too are fluttering more and more, and they all and all of dthem dance dtheir danse macabre faster and faster their guffawing grinning danse macabre above you above the moldering dust of your family and your deeds.

But it's not a man who it terrorizes. The real man is who rises from this. Who knows perhaps that Auge in that enemy tribe enemies with Erik and his lot became a sorcerer because he became a spontaneously flammable light. Perhaps he needed these savages to create the ghosts that the rot of oblivion has no

Page 191

power over.

If dthoes who go to Eisstribygg what wil they see? A community which grew stronger and re-inhabited the ruins which in its numbers are not the same it was before or the empty nothingnes? In this case will they come back only to tell us the bad news or deceiving us and not trusting God and the gods they flee to Iceland?

And what will happen to those who want to leave because of the colder cold to live in dangers? Will it be enough if the Atlantor width a few men like question-

Page 192

ers we send ahe ..... ?

+++

Vinter night nights and nights come and go. I wanted to write about this a long time ago but didn't want to be rambli ..... so only now I put do .....

What happens is that more and more often we make drums and collect many many stones. With these and my fiddle and led by Fippelissar Ragnar Farmason Mannarakattha-la and Freidis somethin extremely interestin happened.

Somethin told us we ..... ance and play musi ..... It all started when Ragnar and I were knocking stones and I played my fiddle and then Eddar and Ragnar started

Page 193

playing the drums more and better.

Stones sto ..... stones stones and drums drums drums from the deep woods blunt and slowly erecting.

Because you need to know dthat the drum or drums take you in after a while. This is why one is enough at the beginning. It's like a princess preening herself whose favors you have to wi ..... hen if you mattch the secret glance of her eyes she is willing a little but only very slowly giving in to the volcanos breaking laws that forbid and to some star in the sky breaking into the earth that is she gives in to the force and makes you believe you're beginning to win

Page 194

her but then you have to realize you're just a little boy.

Little.

Then you lose yourself nice and slow.

You're not any longer .

Only the drums! Only the drums exist. Only the drums. De drums. Nothing else.

At first only Mannarakattha-la started singing then some days later as the warming up was over and the air got hotter and hotter and just hotter and hotter and gloving and gloving and glowing even more and even the sun finds us too hot

And he runs away

And it runs just sprints

And you are you again

Page 195

You rule over all

Now they are Villing to serve you drum sieve and stones nocked together

And the Universe !

Now there is no law any mor just the spinning and whirling more and more and sometimes the sinking the sinking that fools the End.

Because you come again. Again. And the knocking of the stones wil be louder and louder and soon even those will grab a stone who never before believed he would get in touch with the earth one day in connecti ..... rowing stone and catchi .....

My fiddle has become something very interesting. It showed my things about itself which

Page 196

before it kept in secret so no one knew about it.

And now it dances raves and sings more and more.

And some strange music-like unknown somethin comes out of our throats.

Your throat.

Your head

Your body

+++

I put a funnel inside my fiddle to amplify the sounds and novadays we use it to chase the silence away even more.

+++

In the past 3 years we only had 4 christenings. I told my people that some southern greenlanders got married in Leifsbudir. People here are not too keen on these natives not to mention

Page 197  
the skraeling

+++

Last night as we were dancing drumming and stoning we hardly noticed that the dogs were barking loud. In the end Hellgor and Kjetil went out and then Hellgor ran back because it was not a bear but the footprints of skraelingz on the sand of our bay. When he shouted Skraeling! we grabbed our weapons immediately and ran down to the shore but couldn't find anyone there. In Kjetil's left thigh the arrow of one of those lousy skraelings went in but luckily it only touched flesh. All this just made us more certain that we needed to take the watch more seriously. And also it's true that Ragnar listerized the wounds with the Meadowlander bush-dweller

Page 198  
skraeling method.

+++

There are a hundred and one of us not including our beloved moo-cows and dogs. Unfortunately the bear cubs turned out to be too uppish to make them our friends.

Fleetin is the time .

Before spring came something new began in our souls that Farmason and I never saw before. When at night we're out of control then we are terribly sava ..... but during the day we are possessed by an unknown feeling. At first Sigurson thought it was a sign it's the last time we see each other before summer.

Later

Page 199  
though we could see when there was dead time well then some men's face lost color and turned stiff. Still don't know what it was.

+++

What I wrote in the winter. That loss of color in the face. I have seen it before. Once when I was a child on Iceland I saw it on another child some Tjodolfsson or whatshisname. A walrus bit off one of his arms. They saved him, his life and a good half a year passed when I saw that sometimes his parents' face lost color. Now I understand that sometimes the heart and the mind move at different speeds.

+++

The worship ceremonies have changed so much. The thing ..... is that peo-

Page 200  
ple speak more and more about where and where what they want to do. The nights are growing shorter and the list of plans longer. Longer, sorry. Wrote it wrong. So we'll first deal with those who want to go to Eisstribygg then Sigurson will lead the last lot back home here. In the end our men will all be men who want to stay here or in Meadowland. Only 2-3 people will want to stay

here at most. Kvittunha-la and I wish to Eisstribygg. From there to Island or perhaps the green Emerald country. Time is short.

+++

Today at the worship ceremony Farmason suggested why don't we join forces and sow so much land here in Vestribyggben that

Page 201

the few people who don't leave they will have plentiful of everything here.

The community voted there will be enough left for 10 people for those 2-3 people.

In some 150 dögres the Atlantor will set off on her first journey to South Greenland. Of course it needs some mending because this winter surrounded it in ice thicker than we thought.

+++

It was very strange this last celebration we had to welcome the new year that is Saint Sylvester. We pulled down a barn and burnt up some of it. The women they slit a horse's throat again and cooked the meat with spices. It was a very sad end-of-the-year celebration. There was chicken soup and some wine for all of us.

Must have been very sad for the ghost of this place to see there were some who thought it was better to move to a god knows why empty but more southern village than stay here and also that the others too are going to the new world.

We were sad too. This was the last year that we were this many. Then we will melt away like snow.

+++

Shivering with cold because the ship needs iron nails and the smithy needs wood for that.

Everything on board!

Soon I'll be a sailor too.



First there will be 24 people and animals and stuff and 10 people will row back.

Page 202

+++

Hugs at the harbor guards on the sides. Ship vanishes.

+++

Had to wait 17 dörger for our ship to come back with the 10 people. They found Eisstribygg deserted. No sign of attack. Probably they all live in Island now. Moske

+++

Off it sailed our rickety but still good for journeys like this Atlantor to Eisstribygg again with the next freight. People plants plans daydreams. And hopes. We're fewer and fewer.

+++

The ship went three rounds already and almost sank on the way back. Must be mended really well but it

Page 203

takes so much wood that those who intend to stay will have no firewood no more. But when do you stop being a skimo? We have letters and music instruments poems schools with things difficult to understand and we grow plants and cook the meat and trade with faraway countries for spices. All they do is stuff their faces with the raw meat of killed seals and can't even think. All they have is the animalistic things binging and begetting. And anger and craving. No one wants to sink back to the level where our ancestors were 1000 and 1000 years earlier.

+++

Woke up to the sound of shouting today. I ran out to the harbor and saw 5 ships were going from north to south clearly from Vinland to Eisstribygg . To our

Page 204

greatest astonishment again they didn't stop to take our smith by force. We had a dispute to decide what to do Fippelissar said they must think he is already in Eisstribygg others added it doesn't matter anymore and all that matters is that they take us there in Vinland. Meanwhile it turned out no one wants to stay here in Vestribygg any longer only an old couple the Ivars and the wrinkly Frans.

This terrible for me because no more ship will go from us to Eisstribygg and in Leifsbudir Erik will surely kill me. The Farmarsons surely expect me to go with my fiddle over there in Eisstribygg but I can't leave here no more.

Page 205

Not with Kvittunha-la nor without her.

+++

Lunch at Pervhjös with Kvittunha-la today. We asked my girlfriend if she wants to stay here with me and three old people. She did not reply for a time. In the end she shook her head just. I only write down her reply because you my dear diary would surely think she said the other reply. Well no her reply was no.



+++

It is officially spring now but our plants don't know that.  
Sigurson and the others without any animals only themselves people will set sail one of these days  
and will leave here probably for good. I have a few days left with Kvittunha-la and the rest of my  
friends and my fellow villagers. Then I'm do-

Page 206  
ne.

+++

In those final days there was less and less dancing playing music together although we found out  
a whole new thing. Or no. We discovered a whole new thing. Or no. A think it would be better to  
say that SOMETHING found us.

SOMETHING found u.....

That SOMETHING didn't ask what the rank of this or that person was and it forged together those  
who didn't get on very well before. It just emerged here as we felt that we were sliding

into the cold ocean naked A NEW COMMUNITY FORMED . It was not love that connected us.  
A strange and cold blue green beaming force it was which was last

Page 207

felt by the very ancient Greek when they put Fate above Zeus. What terrified  
existence! What atheism!

The only thing I don't understand is  
this chosenness. Whom does fate want? Why  
the splendid Greek and with them us stonehard on the outside mjölnired us who cry inside. That  
force sapped our existence  
with this weather getting colder and we thought that  
the reason the SUN was getting colder so slowly was to give  
us scums time a lot of lot of lot of time to have a good talk so that every member of the family sees  
who and what we sacrifice. Arguing for equal rights or

Page 208

under pressure. Pervhjö, Sigurson and I talked a lot about it for nights. That's why I didn't go to  
Europe after I graduated. There are no Real Deep And Long Nights there. There it is a mistake if  
the locals what they consider as thoroughne..... You can't be thorough if by the  
time you realize something you already have to stop thinking that thought deeply because the  
rooster crows at dawn..... I saw Teutons in Iceland more than one and none of them  
was so deep thinking nor was it force. Apart from one.

They don't even know what they're doing. Of course these Teutons know what's going on and it  
is very rare compared to other peoples but they could have done better if their ni-

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ghts had lasted longer because then they could have found out why they do what they do and they would have asked were they predestined by God to do that or for something else only that place was not enough for them for some reason? And they were are looking for a new one somewhere where they will always be seen as strangers. But back to changes in spirit in the past few days. As our community in Vestribygg was spiritually sinking slowly into the deadly water of the sea now quite the opposite was starting to show. Common was our destiny so far but this new feeling was something different. Unknown. Of course before many of us believed we had a friend but

Page 210

until then we thought a friend is someone who helps in trouble or in need.

But as we raved danced played music collapsed and moaned drummed and shrieked around the fire that brought out something completely different from us.

I dread to write down that that SOMETHING that evolved was a state in which no one needed anything.

Nor a partner nor religion nor place nor time nor goals nor oneself any more. No need for the creative power any more.

As I mentioned the next day those people found themselves in a totally new relationship with their old peers and from then on they spoke fished courted the girls differently and laughed differently.

We laughed more. Like sick animals. We were like that.

But where did this let's drum come from?

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Then in a few days as we got to know each other better because we got closer to each other well a completely new relationship was formed. We got to the edge of a whole new world. Again.

We were free to choose the others to be around us.

We found out that the other is a huge unknown strangeness and that on another level

dthat we were slowly getting to possess I think that is the best word to use here so I'll write that level so people can connect on another level too.

We didn't even know there was Some-dthing we had in common that goes way back to before our Viking past where we were hairy and could hardly speak and wore rags when it got cold.

And we didn't even know the fir.....

We found out that at dthese old-new points too we can conect to each other but also that

when we enter such a drumming shrieking dance with our individual will then everyone else will become one with the others.

As days passed we saw that the starts were getting less individual  
and more collec..... Community or not I was getting  
more and more suspicious. Nothing is good enough for me.  
Is this why death takes them all around me?  
Perhaps this DTHING wasn't so strange for our Viking spirit after all.  
I talked a lot about dthis with Fippelissar and Sigurson .  
First I thought it was just that we had this huge  
palace formed around us  
because we began to be interested in the same petty things but then it started to dawn  
o..... that maybe it's something

Page 212

else.

Then I realized that we created SomeDthing.

Later I admitted that this creator's game of ours  
was not entirely Viking because  
there were also two girls from Vinland in it.

The few of us that remained well we were joined by a  
spirit.

My view was confirmed by Mannarakattha-la who said that  
in their village Hattaxall let some boys in on some Spirit calling thing  
some boys told here back there.

Only we didn't know if this Spirit that favored us had a certain  
future assigned to us and secondly what role

Fate

assigned to the Spirit whether the spirit wanted

Page 213

follow the path Fate set forth for it or not?

That freedom felt interesting and strange.

Although people's future didn't

look too bright everyone was possessed by  
some fatal calmness.

From then on they

knew Ariadne's thread was not entirely in their  
hands.

Everyone was quite calm despite actually being left  
without

wood peace and a secure future.

Everyone became calm but

for Thoudutu.

I'll write down one more thing by the  
light of my lamp.

The mood.

Something very strange weighed heavily on our mood.

Expectation disappeared and among these expectations  
our expectations for great things. The dancing shrie-

Page 214

king playing music mixed a new fatigue of  
the Spirit with the divine scene and  
peace that that certain Spirit gifted us with.

+++

I wonder if our poor priest can hold masses in Island? Will they let him? Will the bishop hold him  
in high esteem or quite the opposite? Will he live will he die? Will I meet him in existence over  
here or only over Dthere? God kno .....

+++

Two more days and our people will leave for Vinland for good. Of course it doesn't mean that we  
will see no white man no more. I hope I'll see one of our ships mooring here again. I must hold on!  
Maybe there'll be someone who takes me to Island as his load. After my scanty breakfast of fish  
and water

Page 215

and sweet lichen i will go to the old childless couple and then to the wrinkly Frans.

+++

They will leave tomorrow.

I've been to the old folks. The old man Ivar said they were too old only had about 5 winters left  
when they will kill animals if they want we want that little fodder to be enough for the other animals.  
We'd better keep the pigs and the hens because they can live on waste.

As there will be fewer and fewer animals we can pull down the barns and use the wood for heating.  
It'll be warm they said.

So i have a few more years left. Our people left all the wine and the precious furry coats and  
weapons enough for 5-6 people. Then i went over to the wrinkly Frans's

Page 216

house. The old man who by the way also eagerly attended Farmason's classes was on the same  
opinion about these things. Said he thinks we won't survive for that many years because Totslova  
and his men will surely attack us one night stealing quickly and silently and we can be happy if we  
die without much torture. Said Sigurson gave him plenty of wine and Pervhjö gave him that brown  
plant giving off smoke in your mouth the name of which i can never remember with that  
mouthpiece that goes with it.

What fine prospects.

+++

As I said it was  
that we danced  
for nights and collapsed and  
didn't care much about  
anything no friends no post no

Page 217  
family no  
God but I didn't say that when we had  
a break  
between  
2 such raves  
some of us noticed  
he saw the world more cleverly and  
aware.

Me I started to think about why Farmason never left after all to be a missionary among the savages half-savages when those already spoke our northern language. I instantly felt it was not the lights that pulled him back to Island. I had a feeling this Man got to like the differences the manycolordnes ..... can't remember that Latin word now tha ..... obviously something inside him told him not to do away with the bush-dwellers' nature-based religion.

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It is of course very very very very hard to hold yourself back and not spread your clever ideas to those who are not that clever. But if you believe in God deeply then you know God will take care of this the best way possible and you don't quibble interfere with God's business.  
Hee hee !  
And imagine when we tell the Islandic lords about Vinland! Of course it won't be completely new to them over there because when i was just a little child I heard about the land with all the vine in Islandic although it sounded nightmarish. Black devils live there they said and some of them are one-legged and they are so quick in drawing their bows that their arrow is alrea-

Page 219  
dy in you before we could get our arrows ready. What vill they do if they find out from Farmason's words that for many many decades we have been sending kids from here to there and having kids from there to here for holiday? What if they find out that ours mixed with theirs and the children play together? What vill the say if they find out that the chief of the main tribe is Erik from Vestribygg? And what vill they say if they fin..... that the sorcerer of the neighboring tribe is a Viking too?  
Is it worth telling them over there all these after all?  
Often we have to lie so we can cover others. Like we cover a small child at night when he kicked off the blanket.

+++

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I apologize I haven't shown up for so long but all those many seeds our community sowed and in fact I should have written our former community so our community sowed a great many seeds so that the four of us would have plenty to live on.

In fact we don't have much time to think because we're all working for two. It's important because winter is near.

There's plenty of food. For us. But not for our horses and moo-cows. My heart sinks when I think about their future.

So that I wouldn't have to heat that much I moved in with Mister Frans. He's a great man. Although because of his age he didn't take part in the throwing of stones

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at the dance at night but sometimes he

came to loo ..... and I could see he

had nothing against it. Before that I didn't

speak much with him and now that we live under

the same roof as he says his ancestors used this word so now

I'm getting to know him better. I ask questions fr .....

..... im and sometimes he answer with his eyes looking at

nothing sadly and other times he answers with a

naughty smile mentioning something we

wanted to do

when young but dared not. Before the community building power of our dances it seemed

inimaginab ..... to have such an

intimate familiar relationship between

two people so different from each other

that is between us. Before that there was too much work fights

against the weather and the sinking of the Spiri ..... to sit down

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to be able to sit down to

play the Teuton's skat and

open up to each other. He's a great man.

+++

So that we could do finish all we finished it all.

That's how it goes. You're a Viking.

+++

Time flies.

The Ivars came over for a little party. That never happened before! Told them we need to discuss what to do when the skraeling scouts come. Told them let's not discuss it today because it's not worthy to talk about what just came up but on the contrary let's talk about it the day after tomorr..... til then our spirits have enough time to prepare for the topi .....

+++

#### Page 223

Frans was the last and youngest child in his family. What happens is that for some peculiar reasons ..... people favor the youngest ones but in his family the custom was that his elder brothers beat up and laughed at the little one. His parents didn't care much about him and his only grandparent he could remember ..... died early.

Once his mates beat him up really badly because it turned out .....he knew 8-10 letters but the worst thing was that his brother didn't take Revenge.

They often let him be the prey and they did so even when he grew up and they didn't fight ..... any more. He often heard his parents too say leave it my son you can't anyway and as much as I could make it out from the old man's words what happened was that the people around him slowly took away his self-

#### Page 224

confidence. He became a man whose whole life was about not to find out how he could be enough for others but how to hide away from them. This is the less bad choice of the two bad choices because if you're not around others that much then your mind gets enough room to imagine. And if you can imagine it's always better.

+++

His imaginings saved him. And worst is they saved him from his family too if you can call that a family. He figured out in fact that he would imitate the howl of wolves on the edge of the village. So first they all thought he was crazy. Then it turned out that when they met him in this state of howling like a wolf then they could say many things about him but not that he was meek beaten up and reclusive or servile.

I can almost see it! I'm right there!

At night he broke into the center of the village and kicked in some doors. Later people put out some food in front of their doors lest he should enter. He said laughing that at first there were some who wanted to benefit from this so they crept out at night to the streets to eat freely from the food that was put out for him but then they were fewer and fewer as he started to be with them. What was going on between the other cunning men and between him he wouldn't tell me. Although.....

.....th.....wi.....  
.....ng.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

Today at nightfall we sat down on his favorite rock with 1-1 piece of meat. He asked how i felt back then when Sigurson sailed out with my girlfriend seemingly for good.

In the old times I would have given him some evasive reply but now that I was a new man because of that ancient dance-like rave my mind began to think. The answer first ask-

#### Page 225

ed itself if it was allowed to be. After a positive reply it jumped head first into the tar and there it swam hard as steel forward then up and it came out and appeared.

Don't know how much time passed until i answered the question if there are levels of politeness in this case then the answer surely kept the questioner his partner waiting for impolitely too long and i'd be put in a box with that answer.

The first thing i groaned because the mind attacked first tries to ploy to get rid of the questioner so that this peace felt would not be disturbed so then someone inside me asked why are you interested in this why the Atlantor sailed out months quite a few months ago.

I started to eat somewhat turning towards him but also to not reveal that i be-

#### Page 226

gan to read his face.

I was unmasked. I could feel it. He had the upper hand like real hermits do those who have an extensive and active social life on the one hand because the adults do visit the recluse ever so often and tell them about problems at home. And not for financial gain because what can you take snatch from an old hermit? What's more, dthey would rather bring him this and that on the other hand if we are always together with the others we keep putting off discussing some important questions. In the old times when i was a child i often asked myself the question doesn't an old man like this live much better than we do?

On the other hand. Some parents forbid their children to visit such old men and consequ ..... dthere are scared rumors among the children that dthis man is a bogeyman and a sorcerer and if he gets ofended by a child then he vill easily turn the child into some ani-

#### Page 227

mal . But after a while the smarter ones do start spying on these old men and start talking to these old men and then miracles happn. You fly up to a world among the clouds and gradually everyone around you become dwarfs even your parents but not the hermit man.

Then the old man vill let those 2-3 boys closer to him and together they walk laugh and eat in a neverending round forest and then they compete who got bigger smacks at home for not having helped out around the hou .....

Then one day you can't find the Old Man. No more smacks from your father and ponding with a sweep from your mother and they al fall silent and only years later do you find out that your real Father was killed by a you-

#### Page 228

ng man. And you dare not you don't want to find out who killed the Sorcerer because then the killings would never end and one day you would notice that al three of you left their families. You went to school the other became a greengrocer the third a blacksmith. Time pulls you apart and the 3 dots are blown farther and farther from each other. But the old man him you never ever forget



and one day when you have children you will tell them about all those miracles while hunting weaving fishing or building a barn.

Uncle Frans replied that he was interested in it before wanted to know what was going on in my head-

Page 229

right when I saw my defaced girl leave me for some reason but he didn't want to ask me until we spent much time together.

I think silence fell again. It's very bad when you can't live up to your own expectations and even worse when you can't even solve the tiniest of problems.

You're just like that .

I told him I felt dumbfounded. Then he stayed silent then asked me what Kivittunha-la replied to my question why she was leaving. Told him she was made insane and she couldn't really reply. Mister Frans said he heard it all about it but that's not what he asked he asked what I knew about it what made her go there where they did that to her because-

Page 230

use she must have felt my love. Told him I feel it's my Cross.

We remained silent for a long time. At the Crucifixion . . . . .

+++

Today I visited Ivar and his wife. Before all I knew about them was that they were god-fearing people until a whale killed their elder son then the younger one killed himself two years later because of something we never found out.

By the time I arrived in Greenland they were already living at the edge of the village. They didn't talk much to anyone and if anyone wanted to talk to them they often got rid of that person in a very not nice way. Needless to say in those last years they didn't take part in our common joys not in anything ever.

Not even the celebrations when we said goodbye to winter.

Since their presence made no difference-

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rence I wanted to know first what they live for.

I took them some wine. They sat me down by the poor fire but didn't drink from the wine.

The first few minutes were awkward.

Not them but the minutes didn't know what to do with themselves.

Of course because they were still puppies.

Before me they didn't have many

visitors because no one could stand the Ivars

with their hollow behavior and keeping themselves to themselves.

But in fact now that everyone left  
all their emotions had to change.  
It made them more open or rather more curious. Perhaps even the  
emotion in them was sur-

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prised about itself by this.

Our emotions were in a wait state and obviously this blocked the old couple. I thought I'd take  
advantage of this gap. Hell no it wasn't me. It was something inside of me.

So my inside didn't start off with a stupid question but with a question that they could only  
reply to with yes or no so we can warm to each other more easily than something inside me  
prepared to ask questions that would be more difficult ..... answer.

Is it easier now ?

They were shocked. It hit. The woman went over to the chimney nook to bring some wood they  
put aside for the frosty days and I cou-

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He'd see that something got started in the old man something to tell the woman off why are you  
wasting all that wood but that something immediately stopped him short because the woman's  
something made him fulfil his duty and answer the question. They drew their swords.

I put down the vine on the stone table. A long awkward time passed because the inside of the old  
man forgot how to answer questions or more exactly real questions and I could feel that he was  
asked a real question.

The words came out of him slowly like large clouds roll down when the rain washes away the soil  
beneath them on the ridge . And there's

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nothing else they can do . They start rolling .

It's much easier now. We're on the right track. We're running forward and around us the evil forces  
and barrows keep lashing us and Fate makes sure none of those lashes make deep wounds so that  
our death could be slow. The woman cut in said the angels also do their fair share of the work  
because this way you have time to think over how rude you were to so many. The old man continued  
the problem is not with man because the demons around him are perishing and the devils are  
falling behind there is no problem with that but

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the problem is that the road is going down and those who were killed will resurrect and will slowly  
catch up with the man who slipped away. And they will eat him away.

I tell him I don't understand.

Roast meat.

He says you have to die nicely. We didn't speak for quite a while. I was thinking about how Erik  
or that Bear-killer or even Totslova and his father would understand this if they could understand  
this. Then I mused about who are those who wouldn't even grasp well not the question because  
they would certainly grasp that but the depth of the question those you had a jolly good time with  
grunting but would now be dumbfounded.

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For a man to die with dignity there needs to be enough strength and many live in a totally different direction. All they care about is to live entirely in some bubble where they are surrounded by acknowledgement from their grandchildren and their surroundings. But they can't die the way a birch tree dies when its living trunk is cut up to the leaves by cruel people or like a wounded whale that manages to swim through a group of sharks.

Ivar said for many people it would be best to cut up their own stomach to a certain degree and work like that.

I began to feel the beneficial effect of the fire. Much to my shame

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I tasted the wine I brought for my hosts. I asked do you think the goal of living is death but he firmly refused the idea. He said that life indeed could be fulfilled like in a fairy tale but he doesn't know much of that because everybody lies all the time. His woman cut in and said that priests don't lie but Ivar then said that they do too but they do it for educational purposes not because they are ill-willed it's also in the Old Testament. Then the woman added that there is no lie in the New Testament not even due to good intentions because back then when she still believed in the goodness of God she saw in this Testament

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That what makes it good is that such a thing wasn't written before and the New Testament was misunderstood because they believed that sinfulness came from where it came from in the Old Testament but not true.

The old man was just humming so I asked the old woman what she meant by that. She said what she liked about the New Testament was that there sinfulness began with swindling. If someone killed someone it was a sin before that too but it was Jesus who taught people that swindling is also a sin if we deceive the other rob the other from its precious things from the pockets of his spirits if we cheat who or whatever we love even if it's just a plant not water-

Page 239

ed because betrayal was a sin like doubt ..... standards and deceiving and stringing someone along.

The old man seemed to want ..... but he didn't say a word. I could feel that inside him his old self and new self were fighting but I didn't want to take advantage of that. There were two deaths between the two. They burnt up wood enough for many many days. I said goodbye politely and ask ..... if I could come the next day. They said sure. I left with volcanoes sunk beneath icy waters in my soul. At our place the fire was about to burn out .

+++

I was am walking among the few animals we had left . And I will walk. I'm looking at their eyes and trying to make out if they know-

Page 240

ow that their days are numbered if they stay in Leifsbudir or leave for Eisstribygg. Quite inscrutable ..... At least for me. Of course there are 1-2 horses who look at me with such power that even my stupid soul can somewhat grasp it. No problem my little master I'll be pulling your cart in Valhalla too.  
I don't want to meet any people !

+++

Mister Frans doesn't seem to be broken by me not talking to him on those pitch black days either. As if I could see some deep and naughty feeling in him saying what's up kid are you riping riping riping

Page 241

like an apple? It's hard, huh? Says to me the grow up. Says to me who can write and play the fiddle. Absurdity! Off to sleep!

+++

One dawn when in fear of the cold Mister Frans and i started to puff away in our house with some little light from the embers. Sometimes we only knew where the other ..... as because of where the sound came from.  
He asks me what do i mean by Cross.  
Told him i couldn't precisely tell him that ..... feel i'm no saint either. He asked me if i caused any big trouble but i said no. Then we were talking about if it's fair if because of a lot of tiny

Page 242

things you get 1 big trouble. He then replied they mete it out one when one is standing in front of The End and that one must say thank you for it because in that case we can work off our sins when we are still alive. Because they say over there we can't do that.  
He asked me to go through the alphabet with him. I started to finish the writing ..... should write penmanship instead.  
Sooner or later there will be another man here who can read and write .....

+++

I don't know whom i'm writing to.  
I don't know even if any man will ever read it. Or any devil. And I also don't know if he will know what it feels like to walk alone in a pitch black place only by your-

Page 243

self. Perhaps the Teutons could do such a thing because but with one great difference because their night forests are full of bandits.

It's different here.

There is no animal

no plant

no life

no death

no ugly no

nice things and

no fallible and

no complete.

Big is everything here.

Big is the lonely world and

all your steps grow big.

That is, there is a third party too and it play such music screams roaring and raging like an ethereal smile spreads on a beautiful woman's face and other times it scolds you with a surly cry. You must have got it it's the Wind. It is the instrument between the Universe and your solitude.

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Of course basically the wind too lines up among the empty and numb ask him in a thousand ways and it won't reply.

Nor does your inside of course.

And that's the most beautiful thing. That's what it must feel like walking on the surface of stars.

Only the silent darkness

And that nothing wants you

Then where's the need for the acrid smile

+++

What a pity I can't ride a horse. Only the best can ride. Surely horses don't throw me off either and I have 2 saddles but it's like angling. The beginners hardly catch anything.

I would love to gallop on King. Hide

Page 245

my face in its mane and the glowing Sun. Stretch out one of my arms while galloping reaching out to the Sun and challenging it laughing-grinning.

+++

Once as i walked King and we had our little conversation i led it back to our black world its black stable i felt eyes piercing my back.

It was the old Ivar. I think his inside might have wanted some naughty smile mixed with some pity and all bundled up with some helpfulness but it could no longer shine through his cracked and tanned soul. What his material let through was a mocking and disprizing look

Page 246

but could sense that behind that the other emotions were dthere too because this whole thing only lasted a short while and i could see a flash of patronizing and permissive smile-like something in the corner of his mouth. Who knows how many years passed since a smile or something like that appeared in the part of his soul that came before his look ?

Horse-riding ?

He started to teach me hov to ride. On that day i didn't give a writing homework for Mister Frans. Hee hee.

+++

I teach until lunch.

I'm taught after lunch.

Often one day feels like 2 years then other times it's not enough for that day.

+++

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All is going fine. But i cannot dare not ask a question from the Ivars about the children and Mister Frans can't ask me about why i guess God punishes me like this.

I hope they won't die around me like around that man from Kronenburg.

+++

Ivar's woman Fryda looks at us proudly as her husband and i ride our horses into nothingness. It's good against the cold. Loving and horse-riding. Horse-riding and loving. King is a miracle.

+++

Eating at Ivar's. They talk more now. Houw old the children would be now compared to

Page 248

me i still don't know.

But as we eat after dthey lay the table and here I must mention that Fryda always lays the table vith such precision as if Sigurson was coming to eat so as we started to eat today she suddenly said dhat soon i vill be riding like Edgar.

I ask him who is Edgar. Silence. I don't ask it again.

I won't. what we need is and I think it's important that we don't hassle each other. If she wants to say something it's up to her. And if not then not.  
But she did something she never does she asked me how is Mister Frans getting on with writing.  
I say fine.

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Does he really have to write. I say yes and now i make him write down in as few words as possible what his first meeting with the hermit was like but he can't write more than 12 words.

What matters is that although Ivar and his wife don't belong to those who often use their brains well instead of telling me what the hell all this and that is for there was a curious expectation for things in their eyes. They said he should also come over tomorrow. Perhaps tomorrow i can get them to drink something

+++

Must be very curious about what old Frans wrote down about that day in the life of young Frans.  
He wrote down these words:

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FEARR

PULING TWIGS

PAIN

THOSANDS RUNING

TWOO CAVESS

HE

AND

I

IN PURPEL

+++

He said only some of his parents and grandparents came to Greenland for the love of adventure.  
In the evening they will come over. We'll have fine food! Doesn't matter how much we eat up.  
We only live once.

Time flies .

I'm going with Mister Frans he will teach me some snow-bath-

Page 251

ing. At least I will be clear ..... it's about time

+++

I don't know anything about when was the last time Ivar and his wife came over to anyone. We didn't even ask them. We were burning two candles! They didn't bring anything and looked like they were only popping in incidentally.

Me however I waited for them with lavish food. Frans wrought out the neck of one poor hen and I cooked soup with some greens. I didn't add any seal meat. The conversation started quite slowly because neither the old couple nor my old friend were the asking questions type

.....

In the end the woman kicked it off with a ve-

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ry hard question namely why is it so that Frans didn't sail to Leifsbudir nor to Eisstribygg. Grave .

Since even the humming of mosquitos could ..... I heard I went to fetch the vine saved for celebrations and poured it out for the four of us. If you knew of what we drank!

He told her those places were not interesting. As I guessed the other 2 broke down ones didn't plague me with more questions. I laid the table and we started eat. Me as host I asked 1-2 questions of everyone about the past few black days but the conversation didn't really begin until Frans asked Ivar

Page 253

that if they moved to one of the edges of our village then how is it that he years earlier still looked around Meadowland in the new world .

We are such as stones. Slowly slowly slowly we change information .

Slow slowly we begin to sip sip drink .

Slowly slow we became pebbles.

Slowly stones we became

stones

beating

laughing

pieces of stone

we became stones

who make wild music

and knowing no thing of any thing

and not even realizing things

which are around us inside

our souls wuther

like wolves of the ice caps



We resembled the evenings of  
beating  
shouting  
dancing with  
their stones  
which people struck and beat together  
just now not people anymore because  
we were the stones                      now the Winds are not enough .

Ivar said that he went to Leifsbudir because he wanted to meet the father of a girl named Augedottir there.  
And in me this struck the wall in part because I know that there this man has vanished, later new was he became a sorcerer by the name Auge and in the other tribe because I had to forbid my face. Frans wanted to know who this girl was and who her father .  
And just silence again .

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Says that their Edgar attacked the whale back then because this girl before all this had been one year among the bush-dwellers and she had heard from them of this trick a trick to catch whales and she had shared this with their Edgar. Edgar then went with two others to the largest whale in the area and the two others they returned 11 dögr after but Edgar no. A few days after the talk among their son and the girl Augedottir and the father went with those sailing for Leifsbudir and Edgar that he died Ivar wanted to know why the blond girl with the big bosom told their son the whale trap trick in the first place and wanted simply to meet her.

I knew nothing of any of this and true I had no need to know anything of who went to Vestribygg and who returned and in what year. As the thing was beginning to interest me, now I began to ask how after all

#### Page 255

he had managed to meet with the girl there. The old man said that everyone over there said that there was a father and a girl like this, but something must have come to pass with them, for they had disappeared and he had waited for the very end of the berry harvest and then had come home immediately as fare.

The thing was beginning to interest me. There is a father who hears what his daughter says to a not local boy about of a local way of hunting whales which are not of the place and then the boy dies and the father and the daughter step down as one says step down even though among the locals there is no talk of revenge for the father of the dead boy against the girl and her parents indeed on the contrary they are of the view that one must admire the heroic death but at the very first chance they step down I mean they disappear. Someone sees them in Leifsbudir and then no trace of them there either.

As they say there. No trace. Not a trace... not a trace.

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trace.

How good would it be to write of this a story even if it didn't happen! Now i stop for i have run out of ink exceptionaly i vill continue tomorrow morning. Lucky Good that i have a heap of wick. So they say round here, heap of, a heap of.

+++

I am back again.

So dthen i decided i would tell that the father and the girl left the community there too and he became the sorcerer among a bush-dweller tribe. And tell it i did. Not just for it is the truth but also for i wanted to ease their sorrows. If the oppressor is big, very, the sorrow is smaller. And now i had something to pay with for the horse riding lessons and old woman Inge's friendly look.

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Then i asked the old question if we see skraeling scouts should we kill them. Takes little brains to know they want all we have. Dthey have come to know us well enough to know how to use our tools and that dthey can't make these dthemselves so their value was far more unimaginably more for them dthan they could have thought at first glance for even if dthey didn't know what the future was even their primitive minds understood that if an object that we made were broken no one among dthem make a new one or fix it.

In dthis case they vill bring us down width their arrows one day or another when we are asleep because their messengers took the message to their tribe or

Page 258

vhat that the goodmeat animals and the iron tools are guarded not by a hundred men but only as many as the fingers on their hand if they counted them. Dthey could count to 10 or 15 or some even to 20 but they could only subtract under 10 and at best only Illiuk could multiply on a very simple level.

I always mention this. If you go to be among the savages, ask them to count and then you learn who dthey are.

To tell the truth i myself know not vhat i would have replied to the question shall we kil their scouts or not before dtheir lot attack us but because i was the fourth to answer and i saw that dthey had all given up so i too said alright then let us let them be go be

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gone.

The old Frans said what's most important is to hide those writings .... that i have written so far to a place no one can see them not even from the top of any mountain.

+++

So what's a day like here. From the fall to the spring. The sky become a litle brighter a litle before the Sun reaches its peak and then a litle later it goes down already behind some icy mountaintop. But we don't vant this pale light at all these crumbs of light that's al we get: we see its other face is the blackest black night and pitch black sunless day too. Just imagine. Everithing is black

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hardly a sound. Just the rough breathing of an animal or two now they know there's not much left to live they don't have to follow their mates long gone. Somewhere over there where there are no colors either but perhaps

but perhaps

but perhaps

but

but per

haps all pain will be gone for good. Of course an animal can't commit suicide of course an animal doesn't know that it is the only act of freedom in this world.

+++

One more thing.

Try walking into a forest and

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blindfold yourself. Completely. Just listening to the sounds.

+++

So what's really awful here is that it's not worth getting used to being here. Nor to yourself.

+++

King will have something to eat for the next 2 or 3 years to come. If need be some of my foods.

+++

This morning I say morning but ridiculous because everything is black we can only feel that in summer this would be morning so this morning after eating the fish and warming ourselves up a little with some exercise after the freezing in the night I told Frans let's find out why after the death of the Ivar son Auge and his daughter left Vestribygg

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then Leifsbudir too. The crash from above of what cruel deep nights and mornings of limitless freedom could they sense? For the first time I saw him laugh a laugh of ah, that was it. And some sense of relief about me. But I am not sure of this. I mean he did have it in him but even if he had it in him I'm not sure I was potent enough to comprehend it.

Ah.

What does that mean?

Simple. Dhat who is ahead of you must now face that you have finally found something who knows owing to your own abilities.

I told him alright let us discuss dhis and dhat is what we did. We

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went outside freezing despite the fur we wore to the bay to get in a boat and check the nets and our low tide fish traps. The old Frans asked what shall we figure out? Dhat the father wanted them to leave or the girrl? I said that's a good order and let's play out both ways and i asked who shall he start widh in the first round? So he was left with Auge but i said you start widh this person and then i continue widh the girl and dhen i start with Auge and then you continue widh the Augedottir. Then I rode for hours on King with a lightened saddle. At best i could make a slow gallop because the sky we have here is

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coal black. And the snow and the stones are gray and even grayer .

+++

Now that i ride a lot with Ivar I am more tight-lipped than usual. I don't want to get him to tel me how his other child committed suicide. I don't want to mix up the two stories which I either have to find out or discover the truth about the conection with Auge and his daughter.

+++

Something made me come up widh an idea about another thing. I thought if everything is nearly black and there is a little light at around noon I will go for rides with my eyes

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almost completely covered up with rags so that i could see like i could see earlier but only with a little light seeping in at the edge of my vision. I wonder vhat vill come of it.

+++

These days I ride widh this Strange Hat on.

+++

Ivar says i'm slowly becoming a real horse rider.

+++

I've been riding like this for a couple of days now. I suppose i vill not need a saddle any more. I'm riding a horse! Ri-dingahorse!

+++

I have the feeling that i need fewer and fewer clothes when siting on King's back. I don't

Page 266

know why i'm not cold nowadays when al i wear is a thin layer of clodthes and it's enough though it's winter-spring.

+++

I notice more and more light. Ivar says imagin .....

And I also realized I do not need that much food any mo .....

+++

The old Frans and I have begun to fantasize. I ask do you know how many colors there are in the night? I do but I can not name them because nor parents and nor teachers taught me the names. Some mineral lilac rhodochrosite a lotta darker and lighter brown and all that bluish

Page 267

black a lotta purple and in the end everything glows in fiery red everything that you can see through. You see through. Like catfish wise embers on flighty fire children. But let's go back to our talk widh the old Frans yesterday and the day before. I'm sorry but now that i'm wearing Dhis Strange Hat and can only see at the edges of my sight i cannot express my thoughts so clearl... So. i don't know when i speak with him and King rides with me. So. Beg pardon lord. Lord. The hell you are not my lord lord. So. He started and with Auge. Old lord Frans suggested then what if we start with

Page 268

the girl going to the father and saying she vill only be the son's if he kills that certain whale in the manner people are talking about in Leifsbudir. Then Auge the father agrees because he stil believes that if they over there can do it then his future son-in-law can do it too. Then it turns out says the old Frans that it takes many many years for the bush-dwellers to figure out how to kil such a huge animal and with no experience one surely dies and they believe it certain that Edgar shall die during in the quest for the girl's hand.

And vhat happens next i ask. Well the old man says vhat happens is that Auge

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breaks down. He realizes he was irresponsible so he decides to go into hiding not only from the village which is in fact too stupid to confront him about this but mostly from his self here and the journey to Leifsbudir comes in handy and so he signs up for the journey.

Should the daughter go with him I askk ..... Dhat you Thoudutu shall decide i continue.  
So Auge travels to Meadowland. With the help of interpreters he gets learns of the method of catching whales.

Turns out this is a well-known thing but is damn difficult. So no bush-dwellers wanted to

Page 270

kill any northern whites.

Auge tries to learn the thing over the years so if he dies he works off his irresponsibility and nature decides that indeed it shall come to pass on the first try.

Alright.

Poor thing if he knew that Auge became the brains of the sometimes friendly sometimes envious tribe next to the people in Leifsbudir.

+++

There is one problem with Dhis Hat slowly it makes me want to ride the horse without any clothes on.

No. I have a head on shoulders. I know i would freeze. I would do better to try to swim even as far as Bergen.

After a few days of not meeting Ivar

Page 271

asked why i think Auge left the whites there and went to live with the bush-dwellers.

I said i think the local tribe where Erik is the chief didn't know the answer to how to catch a whale and to ..... dhis he had to go to another tribe.

What happened ..... where we don't know but for sure he became the sorcerer there. Luckily he didn't askk ..... how one becomes the

Page 272

sorcerer of the wild things.

On the other hand he praised me for riding the horse worthy of a hunter chasing hunters. Me. Me.

+++

That night it was my turn. The old Frans as we were eating our meat-fish dinner by candle light and he was shivering in his warm clothes said sneeringly raising his eyebrows but also laughing a little now it's your turn to become Augendottir. Very much.

Alright then .

But could he be the father and I be the girl?

He said go on.

Father do you remember remem remem remember I told I told

Page 273

so I told Edgar that he could besot the whale with that spicy bait fish and then it's easier to cut the cord of its life.

I remember of course i remem .....

Well father my future husband died. I don't have a groom any lon .....

Surprising short silence FELL.

Lasted for about one-twelfth of a dögre. Or even worse.

My daughter I must work to pay off for my mistake. We must go to those over dhere who told me this idea they told me to try it.

But fadther you can't do that you are not that young any .....

Page 274

more.

No problem it's my fault that you vill not have a happy marriage and many many children with him. I am not that o .....

And we don't belong here anymore father.

My man died.

We grow silent.

We're just grow .....

Alright my daughter we vill move on and surely we can improve our fates some some.

You heard what they sai ..... We'll discuss it tomor .....

.....

.....

You know father i don't know if besotting a whale with that spicy thing only a litle only a shy one

Page 275

if dhat is true or just a childish dream. Dhat's what i don't kn .....

I have finished for today.

+++

For me horse-riding is like when God is sliding on clouds like snakes on each other or two snakes in the oceans surging more and more dhan dthey would vant it to and meanwhile I hear sounds dhat only tiny bugs can hear. When summer comes like it never comes no more i swear i'm going to ride King without my clothes on.

I made the dark middle part on the hat bigger and still i can see bett .....

+++

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Ivar's wife said as i met her in the barn that i ride like a warior.

+++

Ivar said he went out to pee last night and in the moonlight he saw three kayaks on the black waters.  
I knew there wasn't much left.

And that's the better.

Who is going to finish our fantasi .....

+++

The Ivars came over. I suppose they hadn't done such a thing for ages. Just so, without announcement.

Before i could finish the story of Augendottir.

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Dhey just came in and dhey were dhere. By then i had already told the old Frans what i heard from Ivar in the barn. Thy came in and dhey fell silent.

Blackness.

Blackness and

silence.

Are we hell and punishment for simple people? And meanwhile the good ones have their meadows of abundance with girls singing and dancing in a circle with swaying hips and men with the calmness of angles sitting in the grass playing instruments as servants of music and nothing else?

But are we poor devils then?

No

No.

One riding at full gallop is a forgetter and the other one won't but could leave her husband so dhat he couldn't keep

Page 278

his children and the third is an outcast who can't get even with himself and then dhere is me.

That's what i am thinking. Thinking. Dhey are sitting here not asking for anything again.

I can see dhat dhere are two old men who can hardly wait to be killed but dhey don't give in because Vikings fight.

But fight for vhat if Death is not an enemy and dhere's another Order over dhere for us? Dhey are helpless but Dhey also know they cannot fight the living.

Automatically i get two more place settings and even the old Frans knows not how much of dhis is hospitality and

Page 279

how much is momentary confus.....

We quickly cook up something for them and lie that we've already eaten our hens. I feel dhey are simple enough to believe it.

Later i thank the Angels dhat it's either true or luckili or perhaps luckili for my conscience i don't notice dhat it's not true.



Sometimes and dhat's the problem i look at the two of dhem from under my eyelashes dhat i'm lifting my eyelids from somewher very low and that's how i look at them. And that i'm ashamed of.

I don't know what makes me like this. but i can feel dhat SOMEDTHING is doing us deep wrong.

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I know dhat if dthis Whatdyoucall weren't with ITS many-facedness then everithing would be simpler.

But better ?!

The old Frans helps me out. He who can't ride a horse. Like no one else just me. Me. I can. He asks them how they feel.

Dhey ask me do you think dhere were people back then who vere as tall as the tallest pine trees?

I say some may say so but i think it's just as stupid as talking about one legged creatures.

Oddly. Dhey looked at me very oddly. Til the end .

The old Frans asks vhere does this question come from? and they say maybe they didn't act out of malice

Page 281

when they killed their child because something must have told bush-dwellers over there that there is such power in man as ten hundred houses on top of each other. And then one kilns a whale like you kil a mouse. But then dhey forgot the whole thing vhat and how and al dhey remembered was dhat it could be done.

Silence.

Such from parents .....

+++

I'm horse-riding. I know i have to continue it widh the old Frans. I'm Auge's daughter. Problem is i vant to do it vell but somehow I feel

Page 282

all I care about is Riding in my Hat. And exercising to build muscles. But alright. I am Augedottir. Be it.

So we are at the point where it's possible that the bush-dwellers in Leifsbudir didn't seriously think they could besot a whale. That's when we decided we both go over there.

Well my daughter vill you ask them over dhere about it straight away? Hearing the tone of your voice father i know the answer has to be no i say to the old Frans.

Yes but why.

With great difficulty i say because perhaps dhere's some secret deep dow .....

Alright so let's jump ahead in time

Page 283

and say a long time has passed and now we can ask what to do.

The daddy so that i ask the young if dhat kind of hunting really exists and you Papa ask the adults. great says the father and that's what they do.

So in the end we find that the other tribe living further in knows the solution at least that's what I learn from father. We children in fact we figured out that this spicy bait must be some hogwash told to children.

Come to think of it. Hogwash. Tomorrow we will kill another cow. I won't be there but I'm going to be in church continuously pray..... Alright says Papa the only question is if it's worth going over to the other tribe which is mostly hostile

Page 284

and when they are not it's because someone bought them. At times it happens that they ask back a boy bought from them whom Erik and his men have turned into a warrior.

I would like to go with you Papa I say.

Frans says he wouldn't let me.

At this point I asked my partner not to go on that day because I had no idea how to go on with this.

+++

Yesterday when I went to sleep I kicked off the blanket although we have no heating of course. Today the Ivars slaughtered one of the cows and I was praying in Church all the way through the killing. When my riding turned out to be quite different. I'll try to

Page 285

explain in what ways. Since I go horse-riding and do exercise I find it more and more hard to formulate my thoughts clearly. There is of course another and all kinds of ..... positive side to my thinking now. But I can't tell what it is.

Not yet.

I made drums from some of the sieves left here and the cow's skin. My heart was heavy. But at least it had the least bad fate possible. I used the method of stretching that the savages use in Meadowland.

We will have drums

We'll turn into drums

And all will gallop

Through star-gates

And the antlered animal will become a horse

A horse

We will too

I miss the girls' folk songs singing flirtatious laughter when they saw a boy. It can't be replaced. It would be nice to hide in each other's shadow.

But

+++

Spring is coming and we were not attached.....  
There is less and less fodder.

+++

We go on with the girl and the father thing in connection with their leaving the half-white

Page 286

group. I tell Papa i talked to a woman named Torun about this besotting the prey and she said they knew nothing about any besotted kiling and then i stoped and told the old Frans now tell me you heard something different from a half-native girl called Gudritta-la. Frans asks me who is Gudritta-la. I say a woman born there but our blood in half and that's why she was in Vestribygg once and that Erik assigned her to me once after Kvittunha-la. On the other hand he should know Gudritta-la because she was here with us once.

Dhis was brutal to say and i immediately regreted it when it turned out that the old Frans never once learned that the woman came to the old country. I'm

Page 287

sorry but since i ride with that Sight Blocker that actually increases my Sigh..... and my hat it seems i have lost the final crumbs of politeness and good manner i had.

I hurt him.

Now i won't wear Dhat Hat for a while.

Dhat Hat somehow makes me a sensuous animal. Some kind of snake crawling on trees at night and around shark kings under water at day so that they don't know what to think or if they think anything at all. It turns me into something that doesn't need eyes anymore.

Into something Dhat hates people.

But i want to be human because my dignity lies in preserving it. Because God didn't make me a medusa or some giant ice man.

It also feels bad dhat dhey so easily forgave me for hurting another. Poor Frans was forced into the role of a clever but reserved middle-aged woman he didn't know.

When I remembered how Alexander the Great's second wife who was Memnon of Rhodes's wife behaved with Megas Alexandros, who defeated her husband, when the young man married her I told

Page 288

the old man a few things about the woman with the wise face so that he know how she could be with Auge. What a pity dhere's no more vine left! The skraeling get tipsy on some fermented sea weed in the stomach of poor young seals. Sometimes i think being an animal would be better.

Although we're running out of food i somehow feel I'm getting stronger. Somehow there came to be two people inside of me. The old one i knew. That was me. The new one is a black horseman who makes the black snow and sky look gray. And he doesn't ask anything like ancient fish. I should think. Think. Leave me King.

I try to enter the old Frans through some secret back door. I begin

Page 289

softly and gradually. I tel him imagine a woman who is cleverer than any other woman. Imagine one that doesn't speak much because she is a woman not a man. She has long crossed every line that a woman mustn't cross but the dorp people don't take revenge because they have long known dhat the advice she gives outweigh the inconveniences of her strangeness. Of course they punish her though. The dorp and fate alike. She has no husband or children.

She is a fading flower.

Dhat struck deep i can see. The old man sees himself in her. He begins to realize dhat he had really seen this dark woman among us. I have made another mistake.

I ask

Page 290

him have you ever talked to this woman. I hurt my friend.

Dhis is some kind of progress though. People around me don't die anymore some actually thrive since i've created my Darkening Hat. The only trouble I caused vas making my friend feel ashamed.

Frans said he had never had any contact widh the half-blooded woman here. I could tel he was lying.

Then i came up with another idea. I asked my friend if he wanted to be the father travelling continents or the taciturn woman he visited in the end. We left the girl out of this role-play.

Because i had to wait long for his reply I suggested he be the father and I be the strange woman.

Page 291

I wnote here now i just realized that the old Frans and Ivar vere vegetating in the two farthest ends of Vestribygg.

How can I help you sir, asked Gudriditta-la. I rose from my bed and offered her a seat. When we vere both siting i stood up and sat back and she said the threads led to me as one of the cleverest ones and she vanted to know whether i think it true dhat dhere is a way to besot whales with

Page 292

some plant and bait.

You know Mister Auge i said i've heard these rumors among the Beotakks although they have a smaller part of the sea to themselves but they should be asked about the exact details. But anyway, i add, how interesting dhat you are not the first one to ask about this.

Auge asks who and vhen asked about it. The woman replies

and i say to the old Frans let's do it like he notices how the women's eyes blurred and she lowers her head and starts speaking slowly very slowly. Then i tell my roommate and soulmate

first came Arne not from Auge's tribe then Thor from Auge's tribe who gave her fur spats as a gift after making her promise she would not tel anyone he was there but she can tell now because Thor is no more. Here swallowe ..... Dhen

Page 293

Gudriditta-la vas sought out by a woman named Freidis which is strange because it's like a man asking about how to bake brea ..... and she even came twice. Dhen dhere came the quite intriguing husband wife couple Torun and Arvidson.

Dhen Arne asked her again this time about harvesti ..... and finally Olle came up to her and asked her who had asked her about all this.  
I stirred it up alright. Goodnight candle put out.

+++

It's so good really so good when at dawn which is of course noon you go outside to the cliff and stand on the edge and do nothing but really nothing. The Vind is blowing at you and sometimes you feel

Page 294

a warm current of air has come to tousle your hair above the forehead a little. The Vind in your hair. Not much. Just so. Just as much as they think it should be. But are those currents of air really coming?

+++

I talked Ivar. Later we talked together. We vere talking about if we are hoping a ship will come and if it comes who is that good for.

Dhen dhey said it's only me who wants to leave here and we discussed how many years they should make preparations for. Thick questions in a thin world

+++

During one of my rides pretty far away I found the corpse of a seal carved up by the skraelings. I informed

Page 295

the others. I can't decide any more if it's apathy or that other Greek word I should use to describe dheir ans.....

+++

Aha. Ataraksia. I rode my head off strukhhifok

+++

Yes , surely .

I haven't given up yet. I would love to get to Eisstribygg because it's warmer and closer to Iceland. I should be able to remember my most important teacher much better. But as time passes what is left is his name and most of vhat he said. What is gone is the floridity of thoughts dhose beautiful and superfluous wonders.

Page 296

The essence has remained of course. The mindset.

+++

During those rides at dawn noon day it enters my mind more and mor strongly if there was a ship to take me to a better place what would happen to King? And the dogs? And dhose fermenting miracles or vhat?

These guzzlers would eat it up alive. All life here. If life let them do so. And dhey would say finaly some variety. And they would remember for as long as dhe have a child or two born. The they would forg..... Dhat's how it goes.

+++

Old Frans lord says let's go on. But me fallen into a pit

+++

I haven't writtn for some days. So. I decided i wouldn't let King

Page 297

and the plants and the other animals be slaughtered by these kayakers. One of them is worth more than all of those or us. Of course widh dhis last word I waited a great deal to see vhat vill I have got to write.

+++

The drums have dried out. I'm going to play the dr.....

+++

We're playing the drums like madmen. We are like that small suicidal animal back home which rushes into the sea. What's it called? I keep forge..... ything. I couldn't remember the name of Memnon's wife either. Vhat's it cal..... at hairy little vole? Doesn't matter.

+++

Page 298

Vhat does however matter is that the three old friends vill not fight for the animals here. Of course i know when the skimos attack Ivar the Viking vill burst out of him like a last spark of life and he vill fight for his wife and his land but it vill be a mock fight because he vill know dhey will be slaughtered he and his wife. So it has been predestined. He knows dhis. And still he vill go against all predestination. And this is why i love being a Viking. This is why it vill be a mock fight. Because physically it vill be the fight of all fights. Dhey vill need about 3-4 skraelings to defeat the stooped bearded blonde. Widh lord Frans they vill have a tough time because he von't resist. And then dheir twinges

Page 299

of conscience shall come later. Dhey come for everyone.

+++

Of course maybe dthese nobodies never have that. Like fish. But maybe dhey do but nature made sure so that they wouldn't live unhappily dhat the selfish fish eater would attack you at night on the sly and then their inside which is of course not ego vill tell its master dhat vas hell of a night hunt bub.

It's like dhat.

+++

So the Ivars and I will fight yes fight.

Dhey vill fight for honor which is the honor of a Viki ..... and I will

Page 300

fight for the honor of the north.

+++

Yesterday i went a bit ahead ahead on the outside. Now you'll get my inside.

Many are so so keen on the south. But what is the south? It means they are tired. And who are we?

We are who vill once create something from earth that makes the nightless Teuton plop down in his generator room. Of course later dhey vill give him a feminine word like dhis is not a Viking room but something idunno what the hell we are cleverer dhan the snow-eaters. But time vill prove us right. And lichens too. Question is if lichens

Page 301

have a God?

+++

I would like to write something about our dogs. You sure know what it's like to really loathe something. It was the same with me and dogs. They would always betray me to their masters.

Cats never do that.

Often i thought dhey would just help. Then it turned out and the old Frans and i had a good hearty laugh because we realized that we made the same realization dhat with cats dhere's no ..... hel ..... us but dhey simply let us in sometimes. Like a great warrior lets in a tiny servant.

But i got on much better with the dogs than the lord Frans. I

Page 302

thought highly of dheir faithfulness but not him. In fact my soul vas longing for a mate who is loyal but if not dhen not and not and i could not have dhat God kno..... hy.

I could have loved them though but I had dogs set on me quite a few times. The old Frans felt the same way or even more so. But he never longed for their friendship for snuggling up to them in slimy snowy rain for burying his face in a puppy's fur.

But he didn't like cats either or if he did then not as much as i did. Dhey eat up all the food. I didn't want to don't want to judge him. Surely i had more to eat at school dhan he did. And of course it's not about which of us had how much to eat but

Page 303

my problem is in the first place that the stomach has this strange growl when it comes to who i like or who the old Frans likes.

Especially here in the north it is difficult to silence the growling stomach.

+++

One more thing to add before i put out the light. So what's really strange is that somehow it's the stomach that makes the hair-wind at dawn so enjoyable alas .....

Nothingwhatsoever peculiar about this but dhen why doesn't the old Viking spirit lean in so it's not my head that feels dhose winds but my self?

Dhat would be so fine fine i'll continue tomorrow after breakfast. So what i wanted to say is dhat

Page 304

it would be so fine if vhat you feel as the Wind you would not feel as wind but as a hurricane of sounds. In the innermost part of your inside.

True no dog or cat or horse could fit in there. Only Bucephalus.

+++

Over the course or long long years our little friends were all boldly kiled by the skimos. The human brain lured the hungry animals to them then nets here and clubs there and now you have one less dog and they have a bit more variety in food.

It came in handy for them that they stumbled upon us natives who dhey could steal animals from. Which again raises the question I raised before the killing of one animal dhis or that animal

Page 305

equals the lives of how many people. I have already written of how much a farm animal not a predator is worth in people but not about how our faithful dogs even if dhey remind the two of us of our chasers in the past dhey guarded our land faithfully and i think we must say it out loud now dhat we should finally put an end to this that skraelings should never ever eat our friends again as a dog is human too.



Page 305

And these these ho have never planted so much as one plant or raised one animal and could do nothing but take and take and leave their feces filth behind so vhat then in the case of these people? If say a horse is worth the life of 15 people then how big is this number

Page 306

if ve even out with the lives of skimos?

Ve have not a single dog left. Do you wish to know how they finished with them? At the cost of many human lives each night they took 1 each night 1 until there was not 1 left. A little roast. So it is.

+++

For it seems not that we shall remain alive long because they already kno everything about us they know only 4 men are guarding the place well I urged the Old Frans to act out how Father Auge and his daughter left Hattaxall's tribe.

And one more thing, a more important thing. It is that I asked Ivar

Page 307

and the old Frans to carve some inscription say their names on the rock on top of the hil nearby. Or anything.

+++

Ve are sharpening the swords. Ve shall protect our woman. And our little animals. They are my darlings all of them. And we are carving. In these three dögres I carved in the rock MY STAR

+++

It is geting warmer.

Ve teach each other sword fight and shooting arrows. In the evenings we play the drums and interestingly what we play is something slow and sweet.

+++

I carved in the third and fourth words and they were FLIGHT OVER Tomorrow I shall begin

Page 308

the second line too. It will be GIV ME THY HAND.

Ivar asked me hov to vrite a woman's name a woman but not his wife's. I did not ask him who vas the bearer of the name and vhat did his wife our woman say about it I just showed him what to carve in.

I found out he also asked the old Frans was it right what I showed him? Because in the meantime the old Frans learned to write outstandingly and I there is nothing for me to correct for him. Perhaps nou that death is upon us he vill also start writing something. Ho knouws.

Ivar also carves the letters runes very nicely. What the old Frans carves and vhere because it is not vhere

Page 309

we carve I don't know. But the old man is smiling. And if this whole thing didn't make any sense well then it still made some sense because the old Frans is smiling.

+++

I carved in the first word of the second line and it was GIV.

Sowing the seeds and King.

The Ironhammer is now merciful. we are alive. And we do what you could say is not our duty to do.

After dinner the old Frans and I sat down on the grayish green nakkrathiluzz greenish rock and talked about Auge. We are so mixed up here on the edge that we don't even know who is next and who is who. He says now I should be Gudritta-la.

Page 310

I say good for I know many things from over there and I don't realize that the old Frans's eyes go dim what is more I can see disdain in them. Damn such a roommate.

+++

Yesterday we were where? That Auge asked and what is up with the whale-dazing. The woman asking permission to smoke a pipe in the tent says this is not really important. The old Frans insists he wants to know about the habits of peoples. I try to diminish the importance of this matter. But I see he is staunch he keeps returning to the same question again and again

Page 311

so I as Gudritta-la give in. Turns out he found all this coming and coming very strange ..... and it made him curious. At first he didn't take it seriously but when he could get Thor to reveal there was some secret plan among the leaders of Vestribygg he started to show more interest. He wanted to know how the stupidity of the little boys of the neighboring bush-dweller dorp could cause such trouble ..... Then it turned out it was about a secret journey to the south. But what does it have to do with dazing whales asked the old Frans. Well I think at first seems it has something to do with keeping the warriors fed at sea. Alright but then why did Arne go

Page 312.

asked the old Frans dipping the bread in the fat and with the light of the candle dancing on his face. Well I think because perhaps he could sniff out in the secret something ..... and wanted to gain advantage.

But what could that plan be? I say Sigurson and his men wanted to connect north and south.

The old man clapped his hand laughing and I know in other lands people would fill each other's glasses now. That's just it!

And the wedding couple? They may have been people for whom nothing is ever enough here either. Ultravikings. The old man is humming. And what is it with Olle Erik's right hand?

Now that is much more risk ..... and more complicated. Let's say I say Erik

Page 313

learns through a man called Harald who lives in the same house as Arne so he learns from Kisfimokknef the sorcerer that Thor must have had an important discussion with Hattaxal because he got nickknacks and milk cheese and butter.

At this point the old Frans whom of course I told of my time moment to moment in Meadowland says Erik finds the time has come to overthrow the local chief and the sorcerer with the help of the soldiers now only obedient to him so that Sigurson and the other Greenlanders would have to deal with him

Page 314

for the fat bones.

And that's when I clapped my hands together and whether wanting or not I turned back into Thoudutu.

So that's why he kidnapped the greatest chief's son and not because he wanted to get hold of Fippelissar!

That was the last thing he wanted then said the old man.

We were quiet. Outside the deadly silence and wait inside the trembling light of the candle.

After a while the old man asked me why the lonely woman visited me. Told me I should come up with something hot and womanly that would keep him up at night.

In our minds we were drinking.

I made Gudritta-la think.

Page 315

In the end I did come up with something sweet something mean. Just you wait .....

So this Freidis was famous in Leifsbudir for escaping here from Vestribygg locked in a chest as a child so she was not easy to get. She didn't come to me in her own interest but because she wanted to know where better men could be found.

Had enough of the ones here ... One kept running to his wife the other kept running away from the father's stick so she wanted men who would have the courage to run at whales even. Because she heard there were such men in the other tribe and she thought she would go to those men. Maybe they were not such milksop sissies. And also

Page 316

she never met them before.

We laughed hard at poor Freidis. I pretended she was still young and the old Frans was alright with it. Though she was a crookback old woman when I saw her and she told me and others told me too that when she was a young girl before she escaped to Leifsbudir she stole one of the four codices with the psalms from Farmarson's predecessor. For that matter no one knew why. After all her community was religio .....

+++

Then when we put out the lantern after our evening prayer I couldn't fall asleep for long time. I was thinking if such characteristics come up then where is my own free

Page 317

will? Nowhere of course because the two elusive nymphs that is imagination and art gave it a lotus flower.

I had strange dreams but we both woke up alright and celebrated the previous night with an egg. Ate it all up!

Now I am going horse riding and taking care of the animals so they feel fine while they are alive God bless them. What a pity they will never grow old.

But we will die hard all of us.

+++

Do you know what it's like to wash yourself in the morning in greenland? No? Well

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while you wash yourself you sure learn what hope is. When you are done the hope is gone.

I mean if you are a man. If you are a woman I don't know. I have never been a woman.

+++

I carved the second word of the second line in the rock and it was THY .

+++

All we have been doing these past few days is sow. At long last the third word of the second line made it onto the rock. It was HAND . Today when horse riding with Ivar we somehow turned to the subject of his two children's death and where his faith was. He said no way there are no gods and sure as hell there is no Christian God either. May exist somewhere but never been round here. So to believe in it is to be blind.

+++

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The old Frans has learned to write and compose very well. And he enjoys it. I have to force him to go outside. Hee hee!

+++

The first word of my third line is ready and it is the word DAWNING . Today Ivar asked me to see what he has carved so far. He rode the horse to a rather faraway place. I was shocked by what I saw. I will write about it later.

+++

I ask my roommate while shoveling straw where and what he carves for the times when we are gone slaughtered but he doesn't rep a ..... ust smiles. I tell him Ivar stoped carving a woman's name in the rock and did a very strange figure

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instead. He wil go see it tomorrou.

+++

It's a mild summer. We graze and hum little songs and sometimes play the drums in the evenings. In the meantime I carved the second word of the third line in the rock and it was the word AN . The old Frans just looked and looked at the strange bird Ivar carved in the rock. It has four heads, the second on its tail and two more at the wing tips. What is more these are all some kind of scythes so together they look like a vheel turning in one direction. We don't understand it nor do we recognize half of the voman's name he carved in.

All these things we don't understand. Or the world here is too rich for my ..... and how boring

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all the varmer and richer worlds are! Al we have in common is that tose in Iceland and Vinland know nothing of that real depth that tears you up each second where you ar and tears its mouth apart with its fingers and you scream so loud that those who hear you all run away and you ache with some mocking cry and so they get even more scared and so you don't knou something. But you are now in the center. I mean in Gronland there there you can't be.

+++

Ivar came over tonight. Said he saw one of our ships sailing from Eisstribygg towards Meadowland without putting in and ve are cursing the skimos skreallings! They have no arch of moral code and still some of us got

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the ship which means life as a gift and yet are incapable of sailing towards Vestribygg .....

One more thing happened today it vas that after shoveling dung I carved in the third word of the third line and it was OTHER .

+++

Ve are sick of al this uncooked food. Almost ran out of spices fffittazzuskytrohh. The worst dthing is ve don't knou how long ve should try to save them for. Hov many more years do ve have?

I should be interested in so many dthings. Have Erik Kvittunha-la Bear Killer gone from Eisstribygg to Iceland Reykjavík and have people become happier in this realy realy bad year? Wouldn't it have been better if I drowned in the sea

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when they threw me in?

The harvest will be even worse than it was last year.

I carved in the last word of the third line and it was FOGWAY .

+++

Last night the Ivars invited us two over. Sunday clothes 8 candles and warmth that is warm chicken soup with spices.

The old Frans and I have been trying for ages to find out what's the role of the clever-stupid friends in the book of Job we got scared.

Later we got frightened because no announcement came from their ..... mmtkksu. Worst of all was the silence. Of course we tried to ease it with some stupid little things here and there some silliness like when you are a guest

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and things get awkward but they mocked our efforts because of course we meet every day and it's like acting out with your roommate that he came from another island.

Ouch.

I have never been in such an embarrassing situation ever. It happened to me that one of my students lied he wasn't allowed to come to the morning mass and Farmason and I competed how and who should or shouldn't look the kid in the eye or that I had to forgive someone in my mind someone who drove someone crazy but of course I never forgave him and it was embarrassing to realize there was not one but two people living inside of me and it was also embarrassing when it turned out that

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there were some back in Vestribygg who I thought were simpler than I and then it turned out that man had even more people living inside of him than me who was just a neat little gardener plain dullness myself seigneur or when I had to face the truth that sometimes uncivilized peoples had more than 1 man living inside of them.

Once there was theft of the bible out of sheer goodwill and I won't detail now under what complicated circumstances I had to steal it back and how embarrassed I was back then when young and that I prayed that they wouldn't notice me breaking into their house and stealing the codex back. But this was something completely different

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because without the old Frans and me talking discussing about of awkward visit we already knew that the two were ready.

I guess none of us knew what to do to cause them less harm. If we let them know we noticed it or if we pretend we didn't notice anything.

As we were eating the delicious soup with millet bread poor Frans asked them to what do we owe ..... this pleasure? They said to nothing. No reason.

There are you are.

Awkvard silence again ve vere quiet very quiet. Then I asked Fryda vhat she thinks of one of the horses but this shred of talk

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didn't last long either. Silence only again. Then the old Frans asked the voman vhat are their favorite animals but after she answered dog and horses dat damn silence fell on the room like Mjölnir. They asked nothing from us or I could say they asked nothing from us no more.

Silence again and no matter hov slovly ve ate although the smell of dat nice cooked food made us so terribly hungry ve could have eaten it all up in a split second so no mater how slovly we ate we soon caught a glance of the bottom of the cauldron.

Dtey gave us all dtey had.

And then I was struck with a wondrous brilliant idea. I would gladly recommend it to anyone if I live long enough. But

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if perhaps it well be well as is, as is. I'll tel you. I asked Ivar if he could tel us hov dthey had met. And that helped us make it throug the evening. The white lie the old Frans told also helped he said he was tired and vanted to valk to the nearby bay the next morning because he couldn't ride a horse anymore and so everything turned out alright. That night ve said a friendly and thankful goodbye who knows perhaps the last 4 people of Gronland.

+++

Didn't carve in any words today just rode in my sight improving hat again. Vhen I do that I don't think of anything at al and somehov I'm the horse and the earth beneath me too. Of course

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my duties which are peasant's duties I did not neglect.

That night ve gathered again and drummed for a time.

+++

Today I vas thinking about if a teuton would like it here vith hardly anything here but much so much to think about or woud he go crazy? Or wander off not to go crazy. I think if they ever settle they will start thinking or become humble wanderers around the world. The old Frans had such an ancestor in Iceland. That's why he has this red hair.

So I talked to him if he agreed dthat a long long time ago our ancestors sailed along the vestern coast of Greenland to incredible heights as far

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as nature allowed north of Vestribygg. Vhen they reached tis place they called Upernavík they were so sad they carved runes in the rocks and I asked if he thought it vas a reasonable deed. He replied exactly vhat I thought before asking him. Tis is a man's job not the presence.

+++

He won't tell me where he is when I do the carving or ride King. What could he possibly carve write himself?

And I'm curious to know if he ever met Gudrítta-la because that strange woman came over here in Vestribygg four times. I could actually ask Fryda if she knew something.

+++

Slowly harvest time! Soak up !

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One night making my roommate believe I was going for a pee I put on my transformed hat but in a way that I reversed it so the covered up holes were at the back and so I was completely blind. Just to see if I could ride blind. And I could. I could get to all the doors blind. To all the houses where no one lives stays anymore.

My hearing is like that of bear hunters. Yesterday I didn't write anything but since then I carved in the first two words of the fourth line and these are GIV THY. The next ..... word will obviously ..... HAND .



I looked around in Farmason's room. The empty church. All those eyes wide open were glowing in me those eyes I saw beyond the eyes of my meagre fiddle

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back then in the pews I could see how hard the boys tried to understand what they heard from our priest comparing what they heard with our Viking sagas.

Which left us if in the old times some of us sometimes went back to Iceland or Bergen and the people there were willing to have a few words. If. We ate seals and they brushed their teeth in the evening. And the new faith which doesn't even know about us here under all this snow. Anyway Frans said that I know too that religions do not deal with people with different wrinkles on their forehead and people different in their brokenness collapsing onto rocks but with people in general but it hurts me that there

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has never been a religion that would deal with you precisely solely. Because then it would be something that is beyond art.

Truth is I was unfair the day before yesterday and I must prove as an apology that what I demanded from God even if small was impossible to be granted. There was a case and because of that my village heads had to send me here even though I was too young then. And truth is there were others younger than me when the bishop sent me over here.

So.



Why did the church position become vacant here? I had a predecessor. This proves that art is more powerful than the forces of nature.  
He was found frozen to death. On a cliff

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he was sitting with his frozen fiddle in his hand and the strings of his bow broken. This made nature her ladyship so shit scared that not even her winds could push the body with the fiddle off the .....

And they say this is not the place for a man! I stood up and said I'm going. Everyone remained silent at the conferentia but I was already up. The bishop told me off and said wait wait wait. When no one volunteered I told him if he doesn't delegate me I will either curse or quote from the lives of Viking gods. The others were relieved ..... elegated me .  
So.

Why did I peep into our annaleses ? I was trying to find the most

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insignificant man in it. I'll write down later why. Now I need to lie down and avoid conversation with the old man tonight because I know I will hardly be able to put myself to sleep to make me able to have that conversation tomorrow with Fryda or with Ivar about why the old Frans's eyes go dim each time I ask him if he really met Gudritta-la or what he thinks about that strange bush-dweller woman whose opinion was so important for everyone .....

+++

I carved the words THY HAND and now the fifth line

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can come. I decided I had no right to pry into the old man's secrets. All day long again I had something to think about. We worked on the fields like I don't know who so like those who are forced to work twice as much as you. Dead tired we fell into bed. I am lucky. I'm like an animal. I hardly dress hardly eat and drink and still I am stronger since I have been wearing the blinding hat. If I didn't have my writing I wouldn't know what I had decided some days ago.

+++

We work so much we're hardly alive. But. We're alive.  
whatever the stars and the graspless skies want from us.  
Many times I would like to know

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whose side his lordship death in on. Because if I was the poor Angel who was given the unpleasant task of having to cut the thread of good men's life well then I would appreciate that the Viking is the only man who doesn't split in front of me.  
I wouldn't even know what to do if I had to kill a Viking. Because before that we would surely have tea – coffee together and I would show him some African music which first he wouldn't understand

and then of course his offsprings would when they are old lying in their graves that the music of black-skinned souls is about the peace of the world and of course they would never find out why my boss gave music to these people

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of all people. I like Vikings not because the amount of brains that they have but because they know they don't have enough brains to understand the Whole .....

So I would be in grave trouble if I had to kill a Viking. And the Lord would surely tell me off for going against him. And I would tell him a Viking who thinks too much who is killed by his ox that broke loose because the poor animal was not predestined to know that its owner was secretly thinking about what his offsprings would later do so that he shouldn't be in bondage so I would tell That Lord Whom I shouldn't ask questions so I would tell

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the Lord if I really have to do such a foul filthy job although I don't know who then wouldn't it be possible not to kill that peasant but his offsprings much much later? Question is would I be scared to ask if I could kill someone from another people if I really had to kill someone because just I lost the card game I started in the other world.

Question is did the punishment really have to be this big? What is good if being living man is no good and being Death is no good?

+++

A little horse-riding. Much much harvesting. I'm returning to the

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Pen.

You need not hurt death. Poor thing. For you are the stronger.

And leave this land ? No ! All morning as I was riding something struck me. I was trying hard not to forget it and write it down.

And I forgot it. Now I can finally remember. In that wouldntwishitonmyworstenemy evening the old Frans and I ate the dontwishtoyourenemi and now I simply cannot recall what I wante .....

+++

Still cannot recall it. I will ride less.

+++

Now I can remember. I wanted to look up the most insignificant man in the annaleses of Vestribygg. I had to go back three times to the abandoned parish before

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I decided the most insignificant man would be a parish clerk called Gunar Fridrikson because he was the one who had the least written about him. Now to his name stood: Gunar Fridrikson born in the 1241 year of our Lord. Served from 1262. Service ended in 1263. Service began in 1264. Died in the year 1276 of our Lord.

I will tell you what it is for me because whoever ..... The old Frans tells me I shouldn't go over the top and read too much into things. Funny he should say that. Funny?

I want to say something very important so I will write about it

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tomorrow.

+++

The songs we sang last night were inappropriate. I covered one ear not to hear them. We kept on singing happily.

It's like that girls !

+++

I'm writing in the morning.

I will tell you why this Gunar is so interesting. Imagine the things he would do.

Much less than you. And these little things which are nothing compared to your things that can be made real can be a bridge like your present to the seemingly futureless but still future giving future. which of course dear reader you know nothing about.

Just like I know nothing about

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Why those people who went to the northernmost lands of the earth not for reputation and got stuck because of no food and the cold and the hole in the ship so why they carved those words into the rock instead of gathering all their strength there was left and trying to get their broken bones back home.

It's like that.

But of course the little devil keeps bothering you. Only it has no effect on you when riding. Keeps asking what has happened to what you lost as uninteresting in dead time.

And the old man keeps laughing.

Odd. Our death is near and

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this just keeps laughing and laughing. Surely it must be hard for poor Death! If I was death I would hang myself on something valuable lest I should kill a Viki .....

+++

Yesterday I rode King at full gallop hunting for a hare with my spear like dog eaters and killed the poor hare before it knew it.

Straight on I vent to Fryda so that she would cook it ddirrbetkhelatuk siuffkbulddee for dinner. It was kind of nice when her husband came back from work on the fields dead tired and noted roguishly well well he's here alright.

Fate helped me out because then I

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didn't ask the woman first what she knew had there been a relationship between the old Frans and Gudritta-la because the husband harried right after me. When Ivar arrived I felt ashamed because it occurred to me again that I was prying into my friend's secret past without him knowing.

So cunnbajjotvos I said I would like them to cook the hare. When they started cooking it I went for Frans. I couldn't find him anywhere.

Not leaving anything there I went back to Ivar's to hare here.

Because he didn't come and because there is always this awkward silence when I visit Ivar

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I brought home a few delicious bites for the old Frans. Who was not home.

As I was getting ready to go to bed I was tinkering and I was tinkering on my way back home too about the reason why there is always awkward silence between the Ivars' and me when we are alone together perhaps they take one step back because they think I am cleverer. And they can take that one step back nicely because they have a nice family life complete despite the 2 dramas they had had. Tsotte ..... and I am just a dead street they know that they have seen that a million

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times. But that is an advantage to them and it means that they don't submit to the clever and educated and widely traveled parish clerk who was once respected and renowned.

I was asleep when my newly found animal self woke me up someone was coming. It was the old Frans. I didn't need to light the candle. I could see and smell he was dejected. His sweat gave away all the work he did.

For the second time that day I knew not all questions needed to be asked. Today when I woke up I had to realize it was not a dream that Frans had got up and left before I woke up. He must be busy carving.

I have a feeling this carving had to have to will mean something to him.

.....  
.....  
.....  
.....  
.....

+++

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Two more weeks and it is harvest time. We know we won't have enough muscles and good enough weather to finish it up. It makes no sense but we'll do what we can and of course by that I mean we'll do much more than we are abl .....

+++

We horsed Embers with King. It was the day when the last people of Greenland losing all hope drank their last sips of wine.

And oh I almost forgot to tel you that I had carved in the first word of the fifth line and it was GODS.

+++

I don't knou vho wil read vhat I write or hov much dthey wil understand or vat dthey woud think about if I had kiled

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4 skraelings. Vould Thoudutu start vith I kiled four skimos today or he wouldn't start with that but sit down in the evening and start vriting slowly one primitive sentence after the odher about vhat hapened on that day and after a vwhile vould get to the point when he vould write about the kilings. Dthen the vashing up. Dinner. Vriting. Lights out.

See? I learned something new again. I learned I don't knou some of the most fundamental dhings. It's sad. I hardly knou anything. Imagine vhat the other are like then. Vhat is more the dhings I vrite about are somewhere below me .....

Just sprang to my mind vhat is so good about knouing dhat this man called Gunar existed. It's not that it gives you an opportunity to imagine vhat

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he possibly did to be sent away from service for a year just to be taken back but dhat this knowledg cannot be converted to currency.

And now I'm going to tel you hov I became a murderer. And dhat I don't vant to be a church clerk any more. Because the priest vent to vhere he could serve the others and all dhere vas left in the church vas the mice and me and no people just the ghosts of people long gone the ghosts ghosts ghosts gho ..... ts ..... ost ..... sts are coming and touching me every day think of me and I'll be vith you whether I knou you or I knou about you from gossips. And after al vho needs me? Dhere are only a handful vho need me and it's even worse to knou

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that I am klever enough to be able to create a situate in vvhich dthey vould betray me too.

Or vhat is even worse. The earth the rocks the vinds the vaves don't like me either. Dhey only hav a predestined relationship vith me vvhich dthey cannot end just like the fox is bound to catch the hare and the hare is bound to run away from it.

To love to hate it is to overcome an oful distance.

Nou that I killed 4 skraelings today I've become a completeli diferent person. A dam broke. Whether it was a klever or a stupid thing to do I don't knou yet.

Hav you noticed that the color of my ink changed? I am vriting the vords you are reading with the blood of the

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skimos.

It's like that.

The old Frans vas sleeping snoring when I had a feeling that our animals vere in danger. Just as I vas I left the house. If I had had shoes on I woud have taken them off but of course you don't sleep in shoes so there was nothing to take off. I embelished my nudity vith a fine dagger in my left hand a sword in my right hand and a knife in my mouth.

With soft but giant leaps that animals today cannot take no more I was swishingswishingswishing on the thin gras which al fell silent .

Because I vas coming from an open space dhere vas nothing

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I could hide behin ..... o those bastards spotted me straight away.

Dhey were by the cow shed right at the edge of our settlement. The four skraelings thought they could steal a cow from us at night.

I stoped half a stone's throw away from them and started yelling rumpling louder than volcanos. Dhere vere no laws I tired al laws out. I am subdued my blood is pure in it the veins of the earth not red moldy snot. I began to saw the air with my arms just like a superior being vould if for him kiling and any of its parts

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wouldn't matter at al. Dhat I don't knou vhat says come if you are somebody. The three men behind the guard did come out and for a split second they froze when they spotted me in the blackness of the moon in my cheese-colored body. Me.

Oposite us dhere is the farmer in his underwear running at us but as soon as he sees there are four of us who broke into his land he stops. And just twitches. Of course the boss sends two of his men to get him. One of dhem is me. The odher one gets dhere first and you can feel that both of you without conspir ..... asks you is it dear to you is it dear

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to you your life is it dear vHITE man and dhen I can see dhat the other one who is older and bigger than me gets close to the naked bearded raging raging but still strangeli strangeli standing man first. Ve are valking pretty slowly vith a disdainful smile on our face tovards him my more experienced brother gets his club and vhen he is only a few kayaks away he rushes him raging pounces at dhis man vith the stupid hair and protecting his property. I do the same. One blow and before brother Kuliottkilakk coud react he fell on his knee because the big man cut off both his legs with his sword.

I'll kill you ! I have my own harpoon

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and net! I throw my net over him but the snou-white man dodges so fast the fastest I've ever seen and the net is gone. He slowly steps on the net spits out the knife laughs sneeringly veri sneeringly

humiliating our people. He beckons me over with his sword. I stop short looking at my brother both legs cut off wallowing in his own blood then back at my father and young brother. They are not moving my father nods go ahead attack the white guy with your stone-tipped wooden spear. He is sending me to my death. I want to turn back but my father snarls at me to go run at the owner of the property. There's nothing else I can do but to run at him. He jumps aside hits me on the head with the blade of his sword I tilt a little and he jumps aside again stomps on foot in the back of my knee and my body starts to fall and with a

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sudden sword blow he cuts my harpoon in half then throws away his sword jumps on my back and I fall forward right into the knife he is holding in front of me. The knife goes right into my heart and the last thing I see with my eyes is my father and little brother just standing around and then I die. Then the white man picks up his sword and steps on my dead body. I can see him thumping his chest. Then my father urges my little brother to run at my murderer but he wants to run away but father slaps him so he is coming our way slowly with his big stone knife and a net. He manages to throw the net over my opponent the snow-white bloodied man falls silent and my brother doesn't know yet that he's running to certain death. As soon as he gets close to the white man the deadly iron knife cuts through the net and cuts Kattallokkakk's throat wide open. Soon he is here with

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me. My poor elder brother it takes a long time for him to bleed out. Kattallokkakk collapses the killer climbs out of the net throws away the sword and slowly starts to move towards my father with the knife in his mouth all the while thumping his chest and roaring.

Father throws everything away and tries to turn into a rabbit but the snow-white raging farmer is after him. He catches our poor cowardly father and throws himself at him. Father tries to wrestle him with his weak muscles but the gurgling man strips him half naked lays him on his back and our poor father gets one fist blow after the other on the head and 42 more and he'll be up here with us but no no way. He sinks his sharp white teeth into my father's throat who then opens his eyes but only to wake up to his

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death. It would be nice to ask him up here why he never said we should attack the man all four of us at once just like we killed that white family on the fringe of the village for their animals but you can't ask any questions here of course.

The murderer of our bodies now walks up to my brother still alive and wees on him.

Meanwhile the noise makes two more white people come out then a third one.

Though I couldn't understand their words then it's all clear now. They would feed us to the dogs but we have stolen their dogs so they can only feed us to the swine. So they strip my father my little brother and me naked and carry us to the sty.

And so many nice boars! I remember once Totslova stole a swine and a white man was punished instead of him. Its meat was lovely and they said it was even better when roasted. Now

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I see my young brother is put aside and my father is fed to the pigs. I can sense the pig leader doesn't like my father's flesh as much as the second leader does and the third biggest sow likes it the most. And they discuss it among themselves .....

The snow-white man goes to wash himself at the well and 2 of the 3 men drag my half alive half dead brother what is his name I cannot remember less and less here so they drag my brother into the sty.

I said that already. But why did I say that? Have they carried other people in there before?

And how am I? There is the three of us here hugging each other. I can feel some kind of a relief. The others can feel it too. But nothing else. We do have one more feeling though and that is waiting. Don't know what for. I have a feeling that

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that will be the last one. Like some currents when they cool down that's what we are like. Then there is more of us because a fourth someone has arrived to come along with us and he is still screaming red-faced and says he'll go back. Go back where? He isn't settled yet but lovable. Poor soul.

+++

Although it's summer cold winds have thrust themselves among me. I was stretching myself quite comfortably above my cold mountains as I arrived from the southern parts of the ocean when suddenly a cold rush of air sneaked into me so I will think twice whether I should stay here stretched over Greenland.

I brought some sound snatches though for the people here albeit soft and suggestive. Still I brought along people's laughter

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the things they whisper giggling the crackling of their shoes the flickering of their fire.

How many people lived here last year! What a happy noise the children made! How the thick waisted mothers were running after their children to smack them with a bundle of clothes if they deserved it! I could see wagons with draft animals sweating swearing farmers and I could hear as I was galloping in on the grains of wind the secrets and the whispers of evil plans and saw the priest wiping his forehead and having lost all hope and young people kicking the table and a full-dressed girl in sitting on the cliff waiting for some ship to arrive and a small child weeping at the edge of the village.

Now the sighs and warm breaths of but a few fly up to me.

I can only count 4 people below me. They are calm like the fall that

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death will come with winter .

I'm trying to spread all my warmth on these few abandoned people.

But it gets more and more difficult year by year to be here and even if I am here I can stay for less and less long.



+++

It's like that.

We destroyed dheir kayaks. Dhey won't be able to take the news back to their people for sure. Ivar said dhat before the one vith the legs cut off died I should have asked dhem where the others vere. I told him I had better thin .....

+++

Each day I asked my soul how it vas. I must admit I don't feel the slightest of remorse. They vere rioters vho came together to steal in the night.

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And no need no need for men untrue!

Even when they had dtheir chance to run away 2 came at me with their weapons and culd hav killed me. Next time it happens I wil do the same. But that is not the point. The point is that 4 people are scything from dawn till dthey drop.

Luckily, we overworked ourselves in the spring too and sowed more than enough for 4 and now it is time we that is the forgotten ones reaped vhat we had sowed.

This year has been colder again and so tdis year the spikes are shorter again and the seeds are shoddier.

Embers is pregnant.

+++

Not much time to go until total harvest-

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ing and then we mill and pick the herbs. We are peasants nou.

+++

The fall is here. It is a cold fall. Very cold. Dose who left were wise to leave. I wonder if dthere are any people left in Eistribygg. They don't even hav to be afraid of skraeling attacks there. I wish we culd get over dthere with all our animals!

Soon all the jobs we do vith plants wil be done.

+++

As we agreed we wil celebrate the harvesting of feed and crops by kiling one of the animals. Luckily it wil be not my job to do but Ivar's. I culd never kil a meek little calf or a piggy.

+++

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Ivar finished carving dthat strange woman's name into the rock. It is Enikö. I asked him what happens if Fryda sees it but the old man just gave a daft sickly smile and didn't say a vord. meanwhile I couldn't help asking the old Frans about where he is carving. In the end he told me he is vriting with the parocian pen that is his way of carving.

I was taken aback. We both vrite? I ask him show me some of your writings but he just laughs no way no. If it had made sens to ask him so vhat are you vriting bub I wuld have asked him.

+++

I forgot to say dhat sometimes I did carve 1-1 word into the black surface. The second word of the fifth line COFFINS was ready but for 1 letter. Hav

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You thought about vhat the sculptor feels Sir and thinks while .....

Vhat we are doing is a momentum. Where palm trees live is a momentum

Dthis is a sculpture-thought a stoned bell-anger the embodied feeling dhat is sacred.

And you don't even need ofering sacrifice immolation for that

The sun stil comes up but each tomorrow brings frost. Al dhat vas byutiful al dhat stil awaits is already inside us. We are the Gunar Fridriksons of time. A major task lies ahead dhose who wish to unravel the smiles of our dead ghosts in the first blush of dawn in the red dark red sunlight glinting on the rim of frost-covered leav .....

+++

Page 368

We eat roast with a thick layer of fat. Yes we are cold but at least we are us.

+++

The true Greenland weather is coming. If we had visitors dhey wuld travel back home now.

I like this gloomy misty damp weadther it is the best weadher to reach yourself. The weadher grumbles like the man vho is not as good in bed as he used to be in his glory days but vho knouws al dhere is to know.

King and I are outside up on the cliff of the little mountain and I am annoyed by how little he cares about his son's birth.

That's how it goes

+++

I finished the word COFFINS and the last word of the fifth line which is THRU. That's hov dhis too goes

+++

Page 369

Our mood is carefree though slackening. Sometimes at our place sometimes at theirs. We even discussed dhat stones and drums should only be kept in one of the houses. Indeed! Dhat's how it goes

+++

The foal is born!

It's a filly a little girl will be a big girl a mare a mare mom. Alright then. The next one will be a little boy. Carving time!

+++

Nouw dhat i come to think of it we have a bull among our cows but we dare not mate them because of the feed because we don't want the calves or the girls to starve. Nor the daddy. Dthese little cows are the most stable points

Page 370

of our lives. We love them more than we love ourselves but one by one we will have to kill some of them ..... and keep the 2-3 girls we can still feed

I need to mention here dhat for the sake of our animals I got my friends to practice combat a bit more so that they too could kill more than 1 skimo if they attack us for our animals. They agreed to it. Faaavtisakkramatthali .

i guess you can guess dhat the sixth line will be the same as the second and the fourth one. Dhat's how it goes too.

+++

Flamy is growing so fast but we don't show her to the girls. So they wouldn't be sad. A frolic little filly she is!

Page 371

And how she jumps!

Sometimes she jumps like our little goats dhat don't exist any more but I had the chance to see back then. Sometimes she jumps with all four of her little legs thin like fingers and when these thin little legs push her up from the ground they are in all four directions up in the air.

And how she runs around! Poor cows I hope they can't see her. A new little life. Do you understand? Of course we are very happy about the chicken and the newborn piggies but you know Flamy is Flamy. I feel ashamed for dhat matter but I can't do anything against it so it would be better if I could love her the same as I love the other animals .....

+++

Page 372

The day before yesterdai we discussed our future. I wil vrite that down later

+++

The letters of the first word of the sixth line is ready and it is GIV.

The odher day we discussed if dhere may be an attack on us and if yes then vhen.

We agreed we are a goldmine for dhose who pine for vhat we hav and we knew dhere is something even worse dhan dhat which is vhat it is our kind whou don't vant us whou don't think we are important to dhem at least we are important to the skraelings.

I'l tel thou vhat it may mean for the skimos. Surely they carefully mapped vhat their lords had left and since everyone has their interests they have their interests.

Page 373

So back home surely they had a big fight over vho vil get vhat of our dead bodies and produces and objects. Ivar said we can't be sure because maybe Illiuk orders them vho gets vhat. Or maybe not Illiuk but his no-handed son Totslova.

Come on then!

+++

vinter is here. It came earlier dhan usual and chased away or friends the quirky wind-girls and boys. It was gross. The second word of the sixth linea which I carved in is THY and see it's just occurred to me this Latin word so there is only the word HAND that is missing from this line. dhese

Page 374

days dhis is vhat I vill focus on because my self in the hat let me knouw dhere is not much left from this life.

+++

Frans scribes god knouws vhat. I keep carving into nothingness and neither of us knouws vhat Ivar vho we think is the simplest one of us left behind carved in the rock. Into his past that is only his or into the future we can' be sure if it is or was written in for the stars.

The sixth line is ready. It is again GIV THY HAND.

+++

yesterdai Frans announced he had a litle surprise. Surprise for us is like Christmas which everyone is too shy to talk about.

+++

Page 375

So yesterdai he said if we breathe fast we vil feel stunned.  
So did w

+++

So we did. And vil do today. I'l go do some carving nou.

+++

We eat dhese splendid meats with herbs though raw. and dhere is dhis ultrafast breathing.

+++

Tdhe begining of the seventh line is ready. It is I GET THOU. We hid the two skraeling kayaks and the 3 men covered the tracks.  
Dhere is something about dhis disloyalty dhat stil wounds me

Page 376

and on dhis at least we agreed easily. vhat hurts us is dhat our former people the last cultured people here knowingly left us here to die. Dhey didn't just forget about us.  
Dhey only cared about themselves vhen Dhey left to eat their roasts in a nice and warm place.

+++

It also hurts dhat our animals are so meek dhey let anyone close to dhemselves and don't get scared and alarm us. Our horses are like that too.  
It wuld be so nice to stroke a dog and when it goes to sleep to cuddle up vith it and press my head to its neck. It vouldn't matter what kind of puppi. It would bark a little out of sheer

Page 377

happiness because it is not with a man who just uses it. Man for a dog is like fate to me. And fate by the way is not God.

+++

I could write about how we kill our animals one by one now that it is only the 4 of us and there is no hope left that those who ran away from Eistribygg or Leifsbudir we will accommodate again and give them food and warmth. But I won't write about it. You can figure it all out.

In the little time left when I am we are still alive I can only write about if I have the chance at all to put a full stop at the end of the last sentence

Page 378

what happened that I think is connected to the spirit of this place. Genius loci. You see? Although we do the fast-breathing getting stunned every evening. And yet it entered my mind. Though I do ride much less than I did in the summer

+++

Fryda figured out how to make this getting stunned even more exciting. We breathe in fast the scent of a herb brought over from Meadowland and growing freely here. Great!

I keep on carving and I already have completed the seventh line with the word UNDERBLACK .

+++

The old Frans figured out how to make days pass more quickly until summer comes. We experience each 3 days in

Page 379

three different ways. On one day we play the drums on the second day we get stoned with the quick breathing and on the third day we are like common people everymen. I know this is not too good in case we need to defend ourselves.

Question is if we want the days to pass more quickly on Greenland or not

+++

What we needed we milled and we saved the rest as seeds. I don't know why but we didn't name the filly.

+++

Carving? I only have the final eighth line left which vil be the same as the second line and the fourth line and

Page 380  
the sixth line.

+++

The skimos killed Fryda.

+++

And Embers.

+++

We must not get stunned. Running away is cowardice. Dhat is how dhey culd attack us. We were al at our place. Dhey culd have kiled us easily by locking the door and setting fire to the house. But dhey wuld have needed some brains for that. And to knoww how to make fire. vhat vas the name of Memnon's wife that miracle? I am becoming an animal  
Dhat night dhat is for a few good nights the old Frans and I did the fast breathing vith that smelly herb from the new world. We came to our senses vhen we heard wailing. Pretty fast we

Page 381  
got our act together and ran towards the stable. It vas a litle after midnight I think.  
Some 8-10 skraelings were about to lead our five cows and the bull away. I suddenli stopped the old Frans and told him to go behind their back jump on 1-1 horse and strike back. And so we did. A horrible sight awaited us in the stable. Inside there were about 5 skraelings and one of them was in the middle of stabbing Embers on the chest. I howled and they got scared and apart from 2 they ran away. I immediately stabbed them though they were two against me. Then I jumped back on King and went after them while Frans

Page 382  
stayed in the stable to keep an eye on the other horses especially the filly. These three instead of running in three directions ran towards the water one by one vhere I didn't count but there were over 10 kayaks.  
I hit two on the neck so fast that they didn't notice they died but the third bastard managed to get to his boat. They vere so stupid they didn't even leave any guards behind. The one vho stabbed Embers for food started rowing at an incredible speed. I also jumped into a kayak and although I have never sat in such a sea sledge of the primitives before now

Page 383

I did what they did and went after him fast as lightning. In the pitch black night on the pitch black sea the only light was the light of the stars glittering on the waves soon I caught up with the eater of raw seal meat and hit his head with my paddle so hard that he instantly fell into the water. Somehow I could sense he didn't die although he didn't come up to the surface for quite a while. But then he did and I put the dagger in my mouth and jumped into the ice cold waters. Soon I caught up with him grabbed the dagger out of my mouth then I stopped in the water in front of him with the distance of one arm and I rose myself up in the water in the height of my navel then I lowered myself up to neck then I rose myself again up to my navel again then back then up again then down and then up and then down then up and down in the icy water.

Page 384

He looked horrified because he didn't know when his life would end. I swam closer and did something I don't really understand now sitting in the heated room. Now I would just stab him and wouldn't even jump ..... into the ice cold sea to get him. But the Hat that gave me that strange vision and that I used to wear so often made me jump on him and pierce his eyes then spin the screaming head and body around and around and around then I swam off. In my eyes King could see that the raw seal meat eater started to swim in a random direction into the midnight black ocean and I neighed into the

Page 385

the ocean.

I swam to the shore not feeling cold. As I couldn't see King nor any weapon I could have used I went back to the stable. Our clever little cows were standing outside and I found Frans inside he gave me clothes and his sword. I quickly got on Treasure and galloped to Ivar's house.

It was a short ride and along the way from between Sigurson's and Armarsson's house four skraelings jumped out with their nets and wanted to throw their nets on me but when I cut off one of the skimos's head they started running in all directions. Since I didn't know who was in greater danger Frans or Ivar and his wife I rode back

Page 386

for Frans. Somehow he managed to cut off a large piece of wood and was about to get on the horse so I was relieved unless 3-4 eaters of raw seal meat jump off the roof with nets and harpoons to get him there is a fat chance he could kill them making them to our pigs so I left him there. I rushed headlong to Ivar's house. King I couldn't find anywhere When I reached Ivar's house I saw the most horrifying scene. Three must have attacked him and one lay there in front of the door with his skull split in. The candles were still burning and two bastards were about to take his life. I screamed and they stopped killing

Page 387

the old man and turned to me with a vicious smile and started to walk up to me. Then the old man stabbed one of them in the back surely that was too stupid to think he would be attacked from the back

But I could hear more were coming from behind. They threw a net on me so Ivar's attacker could stab me with a spear or what. I could feel a terrible pain between my ribs and stumbled back but



culd still throw over my shoulder the one who threw the net on me. I recognized him. It was Totslova whose both hands we cut off. Luckily I had enough strength in

Page 388

that moment to throw it on them and screaming they were trying to wriggle out from under the net they threw on me and now I threw on them.

I had just enough strength to get on the horse. They managed to free themselves and were running at me

But then the head of the eater of raw meat there in the back split in two after one sword stroke by Ivar who could even say well tut-tut and then there was Totslova between us with no hands but with backup.

Totslova kept yelling something I don't know what but we could sense he wasn't

Page 389

begging for mercy but swearing in anger. Ivar was just about to stab the raving man from the back when I told him don't.

My side really hurt. Really. I don't know why but I waved at Totslova I waved bug off. I wouldn't do that now for sure. He did bug off shaking his arms and then we decided to find Mammi Fryda. The old man was walking by my side my side was bleeding we were walking to the old Frans he knew how to bind wounds.

By the time we got back home I almost fell off the horse but Ivar helped me in. Luckily Frans was at home with his sword and they put me to bed. I said

Page 390

go find the woman but Frans said maybe Fryda hid somewhere and is fine but I need help. Ivar left and the two of us stayed.

He bound my wounds.

Then for 2-3 days I had fever and nightmares but also a warm room and warm chicken soup. When I felt a bit better I asked Frans what happened but he just said in his ancestors' tongue *bald* which I didn't understand.

Where are they?

No answer.

Both of them? Both?

No answer.

Which one?

No answer.

Page 391

Ivar ?

No answer.

The woman, then?

He nodded.

What happened to her how did she die?

Ivar was looking for her everywhere after he had left his eyes furious his knees trembling like those of old men faltering and falling but standing up each time like a true man of the north Eventually he found his wife's truncated deadth body in the faraway harbor..  
Vhat do you mean truncated? Wel dhere were bites al over her naked upper body like bites by arctic wolves her neck bit through bloodi and otdher bites everywhere on the poor thing.  
I remember he told me this

Page 392

in small parts

Dhey have eaten Mammi Fryda alive until she died.

Ivar buried his wife but didn't put up a cross just a lot of stones in a heap and in the middle a huge spear he carved from the paddle of a Skraeling kayak reaching for the sky. Ones said.

+++

It took me days to recccover. Dhen one day the aged man building a new ship visited us. He said let's celebrate tomorrow dhat Thor let us be together in peace for these long yearz because in a few days he wil finish building the Death Child. Vith this ship he wil find Totslova whose

Page 393

torn necklace he found by Mammi Fryda's dead body.

Three candles were burning by the fire. I culd see Frans kneel down in front of him and kiss his furry feet. Ivar was crying and i regreted dat i hadn't died. The folowing night he came over dressed in nice clothes. We hardly spoke and the old Frans packed him meat fried in fat and dried fish.

It was the last time we had seen Ivar smile and problem is i rode the horse too much in my vision hat. I stil don't knoww how to describe vhat I saw in his dumb smile. Some slackening for sure. Constraint none at all. He

Page 394

said he didn't need this much food we should eat it because either he comes back soon with Totslova's head and then he won't need food enough for 1000 years or he will be killed too and then he won't need a southerners' feast because ones don't eat in Valhalla. He didn't say what's the use of all that fine food in those stomachs.

Southerner' feast. That's vhat he said. Can't remember the last time vhen .....

Because of the two wounds I thought i kuld finally ask him. Why did his second son die? Vith a sad sad broken face he said he thinks he first thought his son jumped off that

Page 395

cliff because he kudn't become a good hunter.

Which is true. We tried to be good crop-growing Gallegos here and it was not iaggaskü to become a hunter. If a man vanted to impress a girl here he didn't brag about what a large animal he kiled. But if the young son hörd dhat sure you can have an iffy fight with a beast to be a hero then he had to become a skraeling first or should have become.

You can't go north and south at the same time  
Not for a while.

Silence was broken not by clinking glasses but by Frans saying it was not only us who met  
insurmountable obstacles

Page 396

but those young men too who were more sensitive than the others.

I said they stood a good chance because their parents were really something. The Old Frans told  
the old Ivar that at least he had a family.

Now that smile I could recognize the smile on Ivar's face hearing Frans' remark.

A wry smile.

+++

He was gone.

At dawn Frans slipped out to take the food Ivar deliberately left here to the boat with a polar bear's  
skull at the front but by the time he got with all that stuff to the big harbor the old Ivar had

Page 397

already left us. He vanished in the north.

+++

That we have here too.

It's freezing. Soon the last day of the year will come Saint Sylvester's Day. My recovery is very  
slow. Instead of writing in bed with God's help I can now write at the table.

We still have our animals. In a few days I will be able to visit Fryda's grave. Not even the blizzard  
can get at that.

+++

Wonder what happened to the old Ivar.

Who won? He? Those? Or Fate?

+++

We both write. I show him all my writings so far. There is only the two of us now.

Page 398

And of course our animals. Frans is fervently reading my old writings.

+++

And because Christmas Eve is coming we talk about how he celebrated it. Turns out he celebrated  
it not once but almost always in secret and could only tell the best ones with an eye wink about  
having celebrated Jesus's birth on that day.

This year again and perhaps for the last time he wil have a real Christmas. Only problem is the presents because the presents are about not forgetting but of course we have no future unless a deus ex m .....

+++

Tomorrow is Christmas. I already leave the house sometimes feed our animals.

Page 399

+++

Turns out his present for me is a psalm he sings and without knouwing I planned to interpret the same psalm for him as a present.

Because he was the first to start i was embarrassed. So i interpretid another psalm for him just the same filling the old Frans who saved my life with some happiness and joy of life. So we could chase sadness away for a day.

+++

Somehow King suggested I name her daughter. After thinking long and hard whether to name her Little King or Queen I decided I will carve the latter

Page 400

in wood above her nook but won't call her by that name until she grows up. Let there be no mistake. While I was in wound fever, my friends hid Embers' carcass and not one word was .....

+++

I can walk nouw with a stick but it's hard. Because dhere's not much left of our lives I regularly visit the rock. I took some stool dhere to sit on.

+++

Unfortunately it snows real hard. I carve in my fur coat. The first word of the eighth line is ready. It is GIV .

+++

Page 401

We carried al dhat feed over from the barn to the stable because it snows so hard. We eat wel. We tore down a roof and heat with it and eat warm food. Outside it snows hard inside we write. And read. Ask questions. Answer them. We are alive. Still.

+++

Dhere was a massive snowfall last night. Snow up to our hips. What a pity the wound on my rib still hurts when i shovel the snow.  
And as for Frans I don't know. He reads my old stuff like he were my pupil. But he has dhis deep long experience as dhey say if he had got luck at the first meeting he would be my father so

Page 402

as for his age he could be my master. If you read this guess if we laugh at that. Sometimes we do.  
The last two men in Greenland green? land?

+++

We coud hardly carve a narrow path to the stable. Every day the old Frans spends third of the day fourth of the day shoveling the snow so that it won't cover us entirely for good. I help him out though my wound partly opened today.

+++

He just realized my side hurt. Said he would do it alone. I should go finish up my poem THERE.  
I carved in the first letter of the second word of the eighth line.  
Dhat is T.  
Dhen I felt such a pain ..... went home. As always i left the stool there

Page 403

and it waited for someone to be there. For someone to be there.

+++

Frans can't take it much longer. The path to the stable is narrower and narro .....  
one can hardly get to the barns and the stable. Lucky I thought ahead and saved up enough feed.  
Litle by litle the snow is covering us ..... Like ships sunk into the seabed I guess.  
What could possibly be in dhem? But at least above dhem dhere is the wise mud and above it the sea dancing its spring circle dance with a hearty laugh and above dhis the splendor of the flora and fauna of the mainland and above them God's miracles out of reach but within sight

Page 404

the stars

But what is above us men of the north?  
Above us is All.

+++

We cudn't leave the house this morning. It seems dhat the only thing sticking out from under the thick layer of snow is the chimney. But for one of us to climb out dhere because we need to feed our animals we should put out the fire below the chimney. But then .....

+++

One can hardly see the roofs of the houses he says. Problem is if you slide down the roof all covered in snow you fall

Page 405

into more snow you suffocate. But then houw vill anyone feed our anim .....

+++

Even people finding dhemselves in a steep ravine filled vith snow kouldn't come up with vhat we did. Frans let himself down vith a strong rope tied to the chim ..... and a shovel in his hand carving his path to the bottom.

+++

Each night and each day I pray he won't end up like the well digger who went too deep .....  
During the day we put out the fire and we stil have enough food for a few dögres. My side is healing. Sometimes i find

Page 406

the hat I made. I can't stop thinking about whether to burn it or quite the opposite to wear it a lo .....

+++

Some of the animals were barely alive by the time Frans kuld finally take dhem some feed. The narrow snow corridor colapsed at least four times but he managed to get out each time. He cut down a pig and dragggged a joist to burn through the door we finally had again.  
Today we have varmth and a lot of meat.

+++

I am widening the narrow path. As I am shoveling the snow well above my head I can feel the pain of 1-1 skraeling spears in my side. It's so hard to be a Christian.

Page 407

+++

We managed to feed up our animals.

+++

We hav our ups and downs and deep deep downs. Then ups. Dhen going down. And downs again. That's how it goes.

+++

The old Frans has read al i wrote. We talked and talked and talked about vhat he thinks was right for me to do and vhat not so much.

God there's so much to do here. And so much stil to talk about in the future. And there is only the two of us.

+++

I really don't know. I wanted to burn my odd vision hat today but after lunch

Page 408

as i was about to burn it I made my mind otherwise

+++

For days we kept shoveling the snouw. And now dhere's some result! We are pretty tidy now. But we are also pretty sure about one thing. We can not protect ourselves.

+++

Who on earth culd Enikö be?

+++

Two dörge later I went out to one of our mountaintops. I kud remember from the days of my old and animalistic self those rocky cliffy ledges as I climbed up in the dark

Page 409

to the mountaintop ..... and took the knife i hav on me all the time. I stripped down to the waist and the winds knelt down in front of me and looked up to the sky and me.

I took the knife in my right hand and slid its blade on my skin from my nipples up to my face. Many times. Until my skin was scraped off. And even after that.

Cured it with fine snow.

+++

To freeze or to give birth.

+++

My problem is not in Passing away. It is not dhat I am not able to visit the graves of my loved ones and dhat nobody will cry above mine. dhis

Page 410  
may not be underst.....

+++

After I had made the old Frans read my writings we dug them. Not his writings yet. I asked him can i read what he wrote for the second time his face turned into a face I didn't know. It first hapened vhen I asked him about his relationship with Gudritta-la and dhis was the second time. His face turned blank or perhaps not blank as such but blank for me. And it remaind dhat way for a while. Then he replied . Look rider drummer boy. You don't realy have to read them. Realy don't. Of course you can read them any time

Page 411  
al that I wrote but you must know you don't want that realy.  
So. This is living to ..... togethör we live .

+++

Yesterday we had a new skraeling roommate.  
I will write about it later .

+++

He left. I will write!

+++

So vhat happend was that in the past few days we started to do our fast breathing getting stunned act again. Knowing all the while that if they defeat us dhen our defeaters vill beat down our animals.

Page 412  
But we simply kuldn't stand it any longer Frans and I . And it vent on for nights. We sat outside Chicken's Hill. One of us played the drums tdhe other knocked some stones together then the other way roun ..... For days on end.  
Dhen all of a sudden a smiling grinning skraeling appeared right in front of us unarmed alone and he brought brains in some sort of a box.



We kuld tel later he was not a spy because he smiled like someone who is taken to the girls.  
Frans ken hardly see him and I kuld hardly see him vith diffikalties only too if it hadn't been for  
valamttikkappelitta back in the days when I still wore Dthat Hat of me.

Page 413

But I don't care about tdhe hat anymore and i don't care about why Memnon fought on the side of  
the persians. Neither of us thought about vhat we vould think about after al these attacks and if  
sober

we just gave him some stones and we played the drums and sifted. Later this young skimo flew  
and dhat is why he was sent to us.

We got quit sweaty tired and vorn out by dawn. We took him in and taught him houw to breathe  
too much. Poor thing was realy knocked out. Perhaps not laugh ..... but pretti  
slackened we took him vith us. he fell felt fell felt fell. Et dthe beginning of dthe way vhen Frans

Page 414

and I were slowly gradually coming to we tried to eat his present. But by tdhen it had frozen. We  
brought the kid into our house. Frans put him in the guest bed and i heated up the room

Like i said we live like lords. But not because litle Thoudutu heats up. Even under the ice.

Lunch. He got vhat we were to eat. He gobbled it all up.

It was only after lunch tdhet he finaly drew closer to us. Step by step but got scared in the end.

He not understand our language and we not speak his al too complicated language so

Page 415

vhen our relationship started to grow cold by the light of the candles what is thought what helped?  
Smiles did.

Who knows where he is from

+++

At the begining we didn't even knouw how he got to be with the enemies. And what he will get  
vhen he returns to vhere he fled from.

As he pointed at our sieve drums and played the drums played a litle we thought he must have heard  
us and ran away from them to come to us.

Dear Lord.

Page 416

We not have known vhat to do. No that's a lie. I didn't know what to do. Frans said he vill show  
him the pupils of our animals. And he did.

It vasn't easy first. The man and the animal both had to be forcd to look each other in dthe eye.  
This tough training has taken fife whole days. Meanwhile he lived vith us and on the fifth day at  
dinner by the light of the candles he pointed at himself and said Nuuk.

He left the next morning after breakfast. He put one of his hands on his forehead and even

Page 417

took a bow then ran away. Writing. Writing. Writing.

+++

We bury our writings in many different places. All numbered.

+++

Days hav passed. It is hard to look King and little Queen princess in the Eye. But they had no problem with the skimo. Nor vith the otdher ones.

I should look after dhem more carefulli. One more reason to giv up this fast-breathing self-stunning so I kuld take care of dhese souls animals whose lifes depend on me. Now dhat i work

Page 418

as normal i can see dhis fast breathing eats away at my morals because it pushes me towards dthe easier way.

+++

We nouw have two skraelings here one of them is our Nuuk. Tomorrow

+++

I wil write more. Dhat is today. Dhey came at around lunchtime. Slap-bang. We vent outside unarmed. Waving.

Dhem and us too.

Dhey were carying something heavi. As dhey were approaching in the midday halfdarknes we kuld see they were carrying a dead seal.

When dhey were close enough the new skimo greeted us in our

Page 419

language and said dhey brought a present.

Nouw we were pretti sure dhat our enemies knew it al knew dhat the animals were protected by 2 white men only and we knew we only had a few days left. Dhe old Frans said yesterday Fate vants to kil us with spices.

We put down the seal at the door and invited them in.

In the varm room we could take off some clothes we needed out there in that bleak weath

.....

Illuittakk.

Dhat was the name of the older one.

He said each night back in their camp they listen to us play the drums and rattle the stones and sieves. All but two men

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liked it. I askd dhem how many are you and where. He answerd and showd on his hands and feet they were 15 left. Only 15 because although dhere was one more vhen dhey returned from the battle 2 disapeared and 2 were kiled by Totslova's men because dhey also liked the way we talkd to the Great Spirit with our drums

Silence fell upon us and it wouldn't leave. Illuittakk asked should he bring in the seal we kuld roast it and eat it.

We don't mind we said and dhey brought it in and started cutting it up in the kitchen. Of course they kuld not refrain from eating some of it

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raw and we lost our appetite.

Frans asked dhem do you know anything about Iva ..... but I kuld tell they were honest vhen they said no. I say honest though dhese people don't know be hypocritical or to pretend let alone know what these mean. We kuldn't even explain dhem. We didn't know what to think. It was quite shocking to realize dhat Totslova's men would have atacked us long ago if we hadn't playd the drums.

Dhey ate until dhey were full up and left the next morning bowing

+++

There was just the two of us left there but we said three. One of us said let's keep

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drummming the other one said vhy the hell should we. And should we fight. And should we stay by each other's side vith our weapons. In the end we agreed we wouldn't stray too far from each other and he will have his dagger on him and I will have my knife and truzzasuttevner my sword. I sharpened it just in case.

+++

They never came again.

+++

We carved paths into the snow. Unfortunately because of my wound the shovel is stil too heavi for me but i did shov .....

+++

Next morning I was waked by a horrible scream. Frans ran into the house frantically. Outside! Outside! Outside!

+++

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Outside dhere stood a harpoon vith the young boy Nuuk's head on it.

I had to hide the young head. Frans sank into himself. Does not say a word. Now that i am writing dhis at night he suddenli says i should have left for Leifbudir vith Gudritta-la.

I froze.

Wonder vhat dhat strange woman thought of the old Frans whom she surely askd around about in Meadowland? I didn't ask Frans i let him be. Dhen he said true she did not even invite me over. And dhen i asked can't the women over there invite anyone over? He said perhaps both of dhem were creatures of habit and he was a creature of pride too.

Poor old Frans! I knouw vhat it's like to think of dthe same thing day and night and dthe evil goes as far as to make you think she married someone else.

I kould not offer much consolation but perhaps a litle to my poor old friend and told him Gudritta-la also livd at the edge of the vilage like he did here in Vestribygg and she did not marry no one. Which at least for once was tru .....

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+++

Nouw Frans too can see what vill happen. We're getting ready for tomorrow. It's closer than it seems.

+++

Luckili i could reach the armory. I went down and brought up 2 bows and many many arrows. I blocked the entrance inside the buil .....

+++

Unfortunately Frans is even worse with bows and arrows dthan i am. Wel we are not some dogheads because dogheads are really great with bows and arrows

+++

Unfortunateli we can not stay up on the mountaintop al the time because we can't stand

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dthe cold. We hav to be in the house sometimes. We saw some of dthem but fewer than 15.

+++

The end is beginnnnnning.

Some 10 of dhem began to move towards us but with the bow i took down 2 and 1 of them died.

The battle took place on the main square. It was awful. Death rattle and screaming everywhere. We killed 5 or 6 when my enemies jumped on me. When I was helpless and kept down Totslova came up to me with a sly grin on his face and with the help of his men he chopped off both my hands and left me there bleeding. They also left their dead men behind and the old Frans bound my wounds although he was injured too

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because he was stabbed twice.

We crawled into the house and Frans has been writing ever since. He tied my arms up with some string tied to the ceiling not to bleed that much.

I keep on whining to him I say instead of looking after me he should ..... rig up a raft and row to Eistribygg. But he says he has a job to do here.

+++

Heavy snowfall again.

+++

We have just eaten the seal brains that poor kid Nuuk brought for us.

+++

Not much talking .

+++

Thoudutu is weaker and weaker although the bleeding is starting to slow.

+++

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He does not write what I am telling him to!

+++

What Thoudutu says is what will be written.

+++

Let me go to them let them kill me. I can not even wipe my behind anymore. I can not even eat.

I can not even row. Nor write. Nor play the fiddle. Nor tell a tale

Build a little boat and pull away to the south.

Frans just keeps shaking his head.

+++

Where could I possibly go? As all that black and gray snow fell on me in the brownish claret midday sun in the sooty sky as

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those heavy clutching arms settled on me the dragging the yelling as the wounds on my hands opened again and as they dragged my by the leg beat me kicked me hit me until I stepped out of my body and could see how repulsive I have become. The childish joy of my murderers their felicitous cheerfulness even didn't surprise me as they took the prey to their leader. Their chest expanded with anticipation and craving because everyone is happy knowing they will soon be ..... warded. And they deserved it because they were 4 but that huge deep snow did stretch their abilities test their

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diminishing strength. Once they stopped because they were tired and one of them went back in the dark to pick something up something lost. Aha, my Hat. He showed it to the others they were looking at it from left and right like we do in Iceland when we get some ornate unknown appliance from the East or when the women get some expensive clothes and are preening themselves just preening themselves preening but they don't get it they throw it away and after a short while they continue carrying me with childish joy like a bigger child carries the first seallet he killed to show his father.

With great difficulty they reach the camp.

Black soil black shore

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all that glitters is all that has an edge. There is lull and some respectful uncold. When the others hear us arrive they are leaving the bloody carcass of a walrus on the shore, and are running towards us. Such great happiness and even grater noise! Their leader I can't remember his name anymore ..... but he has no hands either I can still see that praises his 4 brave warriors.

They share all the clothes they could take off me, and I must say they were pretty good they took it all off not wasting anything not leaving anything behind for the arctic foxes.

I like that. I know it's a hungry little animal and nowadays more and more often it only has

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its own kind to eat because there is not one left from that little jumping about animal with the big ears.

That's how it goes.

I can still see they are singing a happy little song hugging and jumping in joy then they get in their boats dragging that huge animal and disappear in the black waters.

I like that too.

But it's quite hard to figure out why. Then it begins to dawn on me that there is one more man down there one more sufferer someone I knew and loved.

Aha there he is.

I can see him through the curtain of the snow as he is arriving home with wood in his arms, and he is perplexed because he can't find something in the house. Then

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I can see he wants to come out goes back for something some unpleasant sharp shiny little object and those few seconds are enough for the huge amount of snow on the roof to fall down and block the door so that he can't come out any longer.

Then I can see him climb up inside the chimney or what but lord have mercy on me he falls down and the sharp little object carves into his flesh and it's so painful even the house shakes.

The snow is falling just falling just falling and it is taller than a man now. I can still sense something pulsing throbbing under the snow and can hear some whimpering

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but the pulsing sound grows ever softer and there is less and less movement.

And then they stop entirely. A beautiful colorful sparkling glittering vehicle arrives. It's taking him to Valhalla. We can't say good-bye to each other though I'm sure we would want to embrace each other. One last time.

Like the air and the snow and the landscape the vehicle is now farther and farther away and I am surrounded by the swish of flapping wings.

Something still hurts but I don't know any more what it is and it hurts less and less. But something still hurts me.

A little.

Something.

Nothing no more. I've arrived. Yestem.

NIETZSCHE : THE SUN SINKS

Serenity, golden, come!  
You doomed  
More secret, sweeter anticipation of pleasure! —  
Did I run too quickly along my path?  
Just now, when my foot becomes weary,  
Your glance catches up with me,  
Your happiness catches up with me.  
Around me nothing but waves and play.  
Whatever was hard,  
Sank into blue oblivion,  
Now my boat lies idle.  
Storms and voyages—how they've been forgotten!  
Desire and hope have drowned,  
Smooth lie soul and sea.

Seventh solitude!  
I've never felt  
Closer to sweet security,  
In the warmest glance of the sun. —  
Isn't the ice of my summit still white-hot?  
Silvery, light, like fish  
My bark now swims out...



# Night

Attila József

The lamp softly gasps its last  
And the great death's nun-daughter,  
The dark princess, enters my room.

Extinguishing her cold eyes in mine,  
Brushing silence onto my grim forehead  
Not feeling how rough its furrows are.

She asks not if my desires are gray  
Sees not how worn is my bed, she  
Only embraces me in the silence, gently.

She kisses splendor onto a virgin thought,  
Kissing, no matter how miserable it is,  
Rocking my crippled child-soul.

Her dark hair disintegrates onto my room  
And that which grimness and fog had covered  
Here, that shabby stuff is now beautified.

And I'd open my blood  
If she'd call me, ashen, to the Father:  
"I've waited so, so long for you, my son."

She has no voice, so in vain I wait for her  
to beckon me to that palace, whose secret  
doorknob I've long been hanging from.

A crazy old woman is mumbling, that's all,  
The rain, too, is knocking everywhere:  
"You're all dead, the hideous dead."

—February 10, 1923

