

HVOR DER ER FUGLE by Maren Uthaug

Translated by HC Andersen, Misha Hoekstra, John Mason, Bruce Thomson, and David Young.

Kjeungsjær Lighthouse, 1920

It'd been a long time since he'd had a lucid thought. A thought that didn't simply vanish into the heavy fog that had settled over him. Over the lighthouse too, perhaps, he wasn't quite sure. Yet today, Lassen knew what he wanted to do. The thought elated him. He'd thought he'd get used to being alone out here on the outcrop, in the lighthouse; to her absence. She'd been out here, sharing his loneliness, for twenty-one years. They never had children; instead they had dogs, each one succeeding the last.

The dog always sat with him up in the tower, except when the room got too warm and it would seek out the cellar. He'd fixed the door to the tower room so that the handle was low enough for the dog to open the door by itself from either side.

Once she was gone, he didn't speak with anyone but the dog. It was a good mile and a half to land, to Uthaug. To the nearest human beings. Not that there were that many living there, a hundred, say, if you counted the children. Of course there were all the herring fisherman who came from other places to earn money. If the locals were at a loss for something to talk about, they would back up each other's claims that the rest of Norway must covet all the herring they had, here in the bay. Lassen had never talked about it. He wasn't born in these parts.

SUS by Jonas T. Bengtsson

Translated by Ian Giles, Paul Larkin, Paul Russell Garrett, Liz Stephens, Solvej Todd, and Peter Woltemade

Sus sits back on the couch and considers rolling a joint. Actually, she had decided to stop smoking in the morning, but then again it's not every day the police come a calling.

No, she will not get high now.

Sus needs to be strong, and that means no smoking until the job is done. That would be today's test. That's what she does. Sus tests herself. Yesterday on the roof was a test.

KOM by Janne Teller

Translated by Philip Curry, Lin Falk van Rooyen, Fiona Harris, Ellen Kythor, and Larry Morlan

The snow falls thick and fast, covering her back. He stands in the doorway, contemplating her prints in the snow down three steps, veering left, across the road and away.

The snowflakes drift through the door, landing on his shirt and the windowsill behind him, but he made no move. The air smells faintly of damp earth, even if this could not be, as the cobbled street is surrounded by the encroaching asphalt of the old town centre. It has been snowing all day, and the kerb is just visible on the side that has been cleared.

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