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Detta Det

The rock fell, I fell along with it.

Claudia!

My part of the sheats are still getting wrinkled... not yours.

The fish fell to by the way, I smashed her bowl. The water's flooding down the staires by now.

My headache is getting worse. I've gone to see the doctors at several times, they can't find its core. I wonder... could this depend on your call? Or am I a bit overdramatic? It could of course depend on the aliens outside my kitchen window to, I don't know. They're steeling all the seeds I give to the bluetits by the way. I blame Ronny for that.

Yesterday was a living Hell, I couldn't find my sugarpakage anywere, and none the less I couldn't find my self! I surched. I surched at the busstop, I surched on the Internet, and I surched on the hatrack... but no glimpse of me.

Three O'clock I finally found my self, I stood in the hallway looking at a picture on the wall.

I went chopping.

Jake sat in our armchair in the livingroom when I got home. We didn't speak a word. He stayed all night. I don't think he closed hes eyes for one second. The morning after, this morning, he had shaved his head. He died short thereafter.

I did to.

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