

NO MANS BOOK

Nykur 2000

A book published 2000 in 2000 copies, nobody is allowed to own the book, you can read it, but then you shall write your name in the back and leave in a public place, on a bench, bus or airplane or send it to a friend in Australia. Books have been found all over with dozens of names inside.

Roadkill

I don't know why I stopped the car and picked up the cat that was lying in a pool of blood because somebody else hit it but as I was standing there with the cat in my arms thinking what to do because the blood would stain the seat cover I felt how strangely soft and warm it still was but when I noticed the cold look in the eyes of the people driving by I knew who was guilty and I understood that only the innocent drive ahead at full speed.

Airplane fuel

Airplane fuel. That's my favorite smell. To enter the parking lot of a foreign airport in sweltering summer heat and find the smell of airplane fuel blended with diesel smoke from the buses and you sweat regretting not flying in shorts and you think the taxi driver wants to kill you but still: You know that the next two weeks will be great. Airplane fuel. That's the smell of adventure and when I feel that smell on my walk past Reykjavik airport I get butterflies in my stomach and regret that I'm not wearing shorts and feel like the next two weeks will be fabulous.

Plan B

If the world would collapse for some reason I always thought of fleeing north to my grandfathers deserted farm and live off the land like he and my ancestors did for a thousand years but suddenly I realized that my toolbox only contained seven allen-keys that came with IKEA furniture and I knew that if the world would end and I made it north I would stand with these allen-keys amongst the swimming seals and the crying gulls and the growing grass and I would scream at the seals and the gulls and the grass and I would sink my teeth into the driftwood and die slowly.