



FÉLAG ENSKUKENNARA Á ÍSLANDI  
ATEI - THE ASSOCIATION OF  
TEACHERS OF ENGLISH IN ICELAND

## Vinningsögur í smásagnakeppni Félags enskukennara á Íslandi 2018



## Smásagnakeppni FEKÍ 2018

Félag enskukennara á Íslandi stendur árlega fyrir smásagnasamkeppni fyrir grunnskóla og framhaldsskóla landsins og er keppninni hrint úr vör á evrópska tungumáladeginum, 26. september. Í hvert sinn velja enskukennarar þema sem nemendur nota til innblásturs fyrir sögurnar sínar. Mikill fjöldi sagna berst ár hvert og er vandi að velja bestu sögurnar úr. Í ár var þemað DANGER fyrir valinu.

### Þema: DANGER

#### **Þátttakendur:**

- 5. bekkur og yngri, grunnskóli  
(má vera teiknimyndasaga)
- 6. – 7. bekkur, grunnskóli
- 8. - 10. bekkur, grunnskóli  
og framhaldsskóli

Hver skóli má senda 3 smásögur

Umsjón og dómnefnd: Stjórn FEKÍ

## Þátttakendur - 2018

Grunnskóli - 23 sögur frá 9 skólum

### **Þáttökuskólar:**

Breiðholtsskóli, Reykjavík

Fossvogsskóli, Reykjavík

Grunnskólinn í Hveragerði

Kelduskóli, Reykjavík

Laugalækjarskóli, Reykjavík

Selásskóli, Reykjavík

Sæmundarskóli, Reykjavík

Vesturbæjarskóli, Reykjavík

Víðistaðaskóli, Hafnarfirði

Framhaldsskóli - 12 sögur frá 6 skólum

### **Þáttökuskólar:**

Fjölbrautaskólinn við Ármúla

Menntaskólinn á Akureyri

Menntaskólinn á Egilsstöðum

Menntaskólinn í Reykjavík

Menntaskólinn við Hamrahlíð

Tækniskólinn

# Vinningshafar 2018

## Viðurkenningar, 4.-5. bekkur

Christian Logi Arnþórsson, 4. bekk Selásskóla

***Tooth Sharp***

Helena Lapas, 5. bekk Fossvogsskóla

***Danger***

## Grunnskóli, 6. – 7. bekkur

1. sæti. Eva Rut Jóhannsdóttir, 6. bekk Grunnskólanum í Hveragerði.

***Tunnel of Dangers***

2. sæti. Ása Gunnþórunn Flókadóttir, 6. bekk Vesturbæjarskóla.

***!Danger!***

3. sæti. Karlotta Ómarsdóttir, 7. bekk Fossvogsskóla.

***Danger***

## Grunnskóli, 8. – 10. bekkur

1. sæti. Bára Katrín Jóhannsdóttir, 8. bekk Sæmundarskóla.

***A Typical Mistake***

2. sæti. Auður Ísold Þórisdóttir, 9. bekk Laugalækjarskóla.

***Into the Woods***

3. sæti. Emma Rún Baldvinsdóttir, 9. bekk Sæmundarskóla.

***The Babysitter***

## Framhaldsskóli

1. sæti. Melkorka Gunborg Briarsdóttir, Menntaskólanum við Hamrahlíð

***Marstrand***

2. sæti. Oddgeir Aage Jensen, Borgarholtsskóla

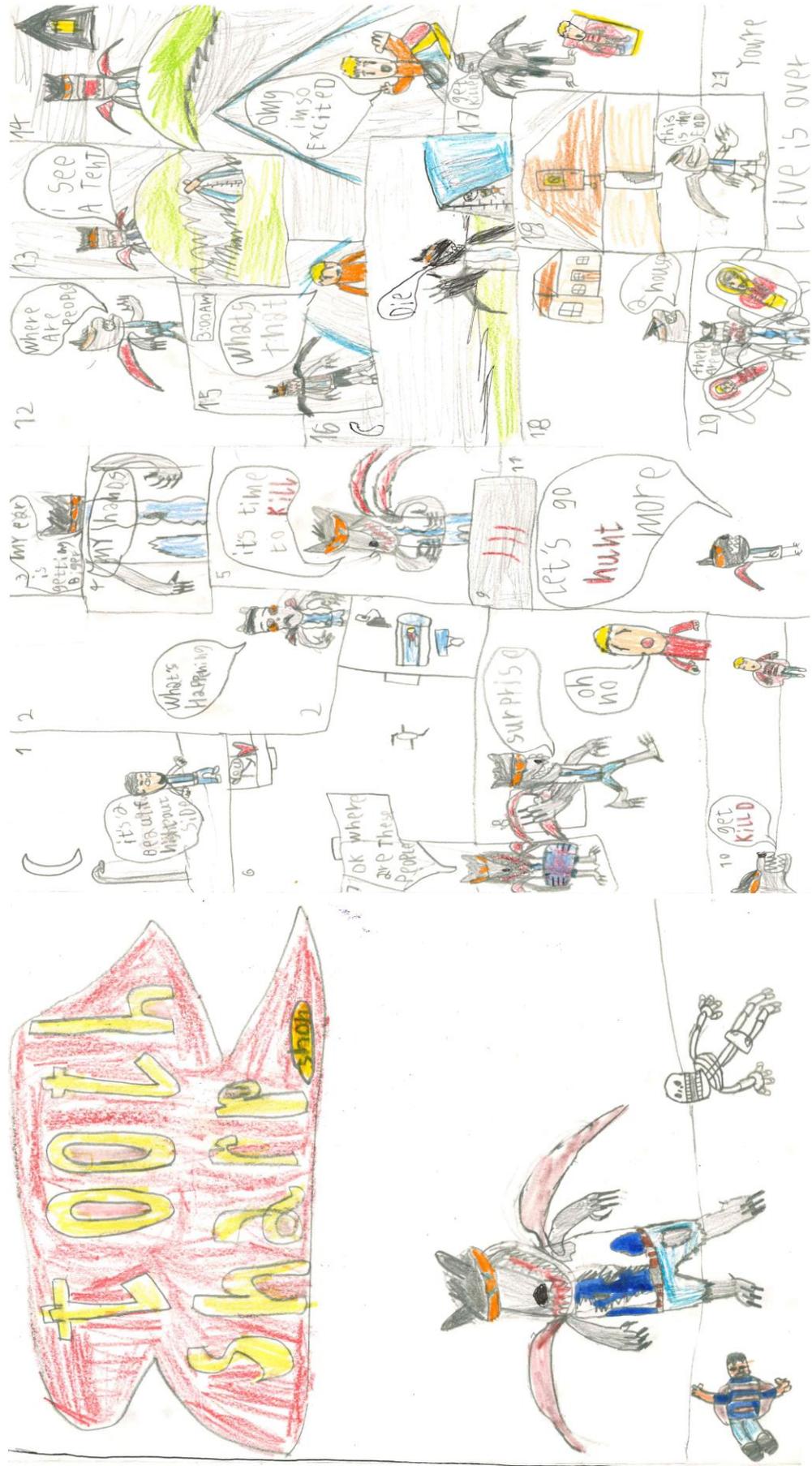
***The Hatch***

3. sæti. Magdalena Sigurðardóttir, Menntaskólanum á Akureyri

***All the Birds Now Look to Me***

Viðurkenningar, 4.-5. bekkur.

Tooth Sharp. Christian Logi Arnþórsson, 4. bekk Selásskóla



**Viðurkenningar, 4.-5. bekkur.**

***Danger.* Helena Lapas, 5. bekk Fossvogsskóla**

### *Danger*

Hello. My name is Judy. I am 10 years old, and I am an orphan and I spend most of my time drawing at the orphanage. I sleep in a bunkbed with my best friend Mia. Now I am gonna tell you a story that happened just last night. There was a dark night and I couldn't sleep. I walked down the steps on the bunkbed and walked out the door. I opened the main door and walked out. It was so windy that I had to hold my hat so it wouldn't blow away. Then I saw something in the shadows of the dumpsters. It was a man dressed all black. He was hiding in the shadows and always peeking through the window. I had to ask him what he was doing so I asked him. He was startled at first but then he smiled. And started to laugh! "Do you know who I am"? He said and smiled more, "No" said I because I really didn't. "I am the nightmare man. I am the one ho gives all people nightmares just by swing my hand" he said and smiled more. But thn he did something with his hands and before I could blink I was locked in a cage. "Did you really thing I was so stupid to let you go. You know me secret so you are gonna be here the rest of your life" he said and smiled more (WHY IS HE ALWAYS SMILING?!!) and walked away. I was scared and cold. Why didn't I just run away when I had the chance. But then I thought I was strong enough when my parents died in the car crash. Now I had to be strong and think clearly. Then it popped up. If he can make nightmares, maybe this cage was made out of nightmares. I decided to think as happily as I can. I thought of the moment when I wan a football tournament. Then the cage melted and I was free. The nightmare man realized that I was free and ran to me. I didn't now what happend in my mind but I just thought of the football moment and he fell backwards and melted like the cage.

I woke up and realized that it was just a dream. And that morning I told Mia and the others about my dream. Or ... my nightmare!

**Grunnskóli, 6. – 7. bekkur.**

**1. sæti. Eva Rut Jóhannsdóttir, 6. bekk Grunnskólanum í Hveragerði.**

### *~Tunnel of Dangers~*

Faith was in her room playing video games. She had just moved to a new house in Colorado. It was an old house and it was rather small, so were the other houses. But Faith liked it a lot.

She was pretending to be sick so she could skip school. Faith's mom was at work, so she was all alone at home. There was a loud noise downstairs, it was like all the pots and pans got knocked out of the cabinet in the kitchen. She went downstairs to check it out.

As she walked down the stairs, she wondered what it could be. Maybe a cat or a bird? However, what was downstairs was something terrifying.

Standing in the corner of the hallway was a figure wearing a mask, staring emotionlessly back at her. She froze on the spot.

She ran up the stairs into her room and locked the door. She started crying, she called her mom but she didn't answer.

She heard a knocking on the door downstairs, but did she really want to go down there after seeing that THING? It had been 2 hours since that happened, it surely must be gone.

She made up her mind, walked downstairs and looked to the corner where the "person" stood. Nothing, absolutely nothing. The hallway was empty, but that still didn't mean that it couldn't be in the house.

Someone knocked on the door again but a bit harder. She answered the door. „Hello there, what's your name?“ an elderly lady stood there and waited for an answer. „My name is Faith.“ She said.

„Is your mother home, I'd like to talk to her“ she asked, „No she's not I'm sorry. She's going to be home tomorrow at 11:30.“ Faith answered. „Okay Faith, have a nice day!“ Faith closed the door, turned around and walked up the stairs to her bedroom. She could have sworn that the door was closed when she went to go answer the door. Maybe it was that thing again?

She ignores it and goes to bed. The next morning, her mom tells her that the neighbors are coming over. The really strange family.

„Ugh, the people that live over there?“ Faith said and pointed to the right side of the house. „yes! Isn't it wonderful, maybe you and Ryland could get along? At least try to be nice.“ Her mom said. „Could you help me un-pack the groceries?“ Faith's mom asked. „Ughh fine!“

Faith helped her mom un-pack the groceries and ran straight up into her room. It's only 2 hours until they come over.

Someone rang the doorbell. „Great, they're here.“ Faith said sarcastically. She really didn't want to meet them at all, but it was too late they're already here. Faith could hear her mom and Mrs. Collins talking. „Faith come down here! Ryland wants to speak to you!“ her mom said. „Coming.“ Faith answered in an angry tone. She went downstairs; this was the first time seeing the neighbors. „Oh it's nice seeing you Faith. It's amazing finally meeting you!“ Mrs. Collins said with a smile. Faith could tell something was off. „Yeah it's...uh...nice to meet you?..“ She looked towards the kitchen and saw her mom decorating a cake, Ryland sat at the kitchen table playing on his phone. „Faith? Would you like to show Ryland your room, maybe you could play video games!“ her mom asked, „Fine! Follow me“ Faith walked up the stairs and Ryland followed her. „So...this is my room.“ Faith said awkwardly. „You know there's something that lives in this village. And it's most of the time near this house.“ Ryland said „seriously? You expect me to believe that?“

„Yeah, it IS true. And if you don't believe me then ask my grandmother, she will tell you.“ He said. „Let's just play video games.“ Faith turned on the TV and handed Ryland a controller. They had been playing games for about an hour when Mrs. Collins called for Ryland and they left soon after. Faith continued to play games until she noticed that it was completely quiet. She turned the game off and looked out the window. Nothing was there.

She ran downstairs straight into the kitchen where her mom had been, but she wasn't there anymore. Faith looked at the clock. It was still bright outside yet the clock was at 00:31 am. „Well, that doesn't make any sense“ Faith muttered. She went outside to go check on the neighbors. Faith knocked on the neighbor's door but no one answered. It was like she was all alone in the world until she heard a noise. It sounded like a door closing. She looked around but saw no one. Another noise came from the woods. She followed the noise, after a few minutes of walking she found something. There was a tunnel near this mountain that was so long you could not see the end of it. Faith could hear that the noise came from there. She looked into her backpack to get her flashlight. She turned it on and started walking through the tunnel.

The tunnel was cold and dark; it was like it was raining inside of it. All of a sudden, she slipped and fell down a hole and into water. When she opened her eyes confused of what had just happened, she noticed that she was back at the start of the tunnel.

„What happened? That could have been a lethal fall! It could have been dangerous. Wait, why am I back here again?!“ She yelled and kicked a rock so it bounced. It stopped bouncing. Faith was confused because there was nothing near her to stop the rock. She looked up to see what it was. A tall figure wearing all black and the same mask she saw yesterday when she was alone, was standing in front of her. She bolted out of the woods but that thing followed her close behind. She ran as fast as she could until she saw the tiny village. She fell onto the street but this time she heard birds, people and vehicles. What had just happened? She knocked on her door. Faith’s mom answered „Where were you? I was so worried about you! One second you were in your room and the next, you were gone! And why are you soaking wet and dirty?“ Her mom asked. „Mom, I went to go explore the woods after I heard a weird noise. And I fell down a hole into water and somehow ended up at our doorstep!“ Faith said. „I think you should go to bed, it’s really late.“ Faith heads up to her room. Before she goes to bed she checked the clock, it was 9:20 pm.

The next morning she decides to go out into the woods again. She waited until it was completely quiet like she did yesterday. When she heard nothing she looked outside. Nothing was moving. It was like she stopped time! Faith went downstairs and looked at the clock; it was a lot earlier than last time, so she went outside. Faith walked into the woods to find that tunnel again. She finally found it and walked into it. She looked around making sure that creature wasn’t following her. The tunnel was dark, cold and wet like last time but it was definitely warmer now. Faith was looking for the hole she slipped into yesterday but could not find it. A long walk later, she found it. Faith watched her step because she didn’t want to fall into it again. After all, that fall was pretty dangerous.

She walked around to see if there was any way to get to the other side. She found a way around it. Faith shined her flashlight around to see better. There 2 more tunnels, one was really narrow and the other was really large. She decided to check out the narrow one first. Faith started walking. There was something off about this way. It was getting brighter and brighter, like she was exiting the tunnel. She started running to get there faster. It was a bad idea. There was a string 3 inches off the ground. Her toes got stuck to the wire so she fell forwards, straight into mud. Faith wondered why and who placed it there. She turned

around to see where she was. Faith soon realized where she was. She was back at the start. She walked into the narrow tunnel again. Faith walked to the other tunnel. This one was basically the opposite. It was darker, wider, colder and it smelled funny.

She walked into it and tried to find the end of it. Faith finally found an exit but, this one didn't lead to the start of the tunnel. She was back home, or so she thought. Faith heard her mom call her „Honey come inside, dinner is ready!“

Faith looked around her, it seemed like it was still quiet and no one was around. She opened the door and went inside. Her mom was placing dinner onto the table. When she saw Faith, she turned to her and spread her arms out for a hug. Faith went to hug her mom.

Then she realized. It was still dead quiet and nothing was moving. She looked up to see no one standing there and nothing was on the table. Time was still frozen. She looked around the house but saw no one. Faith went outside, to the neighbors and to the village nearby. Nothing was moving besides her, not even the clouds or sky. Faith went to find the tunnels again. She ran into the tunnel, went to the hole that she fell into, found her way around it and into the other tunnels. Nothing worked! The only way left to try was the hole.

Nevertheless, she didn't want to.

Faith went to the edge of the hole and jumped into the water. Like earlier, it was a long dangerous fall but she made it to the bottom. She was back at the start of the tunnel, yet it was still quiet and nothing was moving. Faith went out of the forest and to Mrs. Collins house. The door was unlocked so she went inside. No one was there so she looked around. When she went upstairs, she found something. It was the same mask that masked “person“ had.

Faith was confused why that same mask was in their house. She went downstairs into the living room and saw no one. Faith was getting a bit tired so she decided to go home and see if her mom was back, but no she wasn't. She looked for her but didn't find her. She went upstairs into her bedroom and on her bed was a letter. Faith picked it up and opened it. When she read it she burst into tears.

Faith, you might be wondering where everyone is. The simple answer is: They are in a different world. You see, when you entered those tunnels, fell down the hole and wandered into the other tunnels, you entered a different world that you can't return from. This means you will be here for eternity. You will never age or grow. You might occasionally see

someone that also entered the tunnels. Moreover, you won't see anyone you know ever again, this includes your beloved mother. Has no one told you about the dangers of this place? There are many. For instance: the tunnels, the wildlife, poisonous plants and so on.

This should have been told to you a long time ago before you moved in.

-anonymous.

Faith later realized that the masked person was trying to warn her about this danger, but now it was too late.

**Grunnskóli, 6. – 7. bekkur.**

**2. sæti. Ása Gunnþórunn Flókadóttir, 6. bekk Vesturbæjarskóla.**

## ***!DANGER!***

Hello, my name is Guðrún and I am 14 years old. Now I am going to tell you a story that happen to me. It was March and me and my family were moving to Kirkjubæjarklaustur. We lived before in Reykjavík. So after three months it's finally summer vacation and I went out to buy me an ice cream. But when I came to the ice cream shop there was no one there. „Weird“ said I and started to walk home. When I was half way home I had the feeling that someone or something was following me. I checked behind me but nothing was there. I kept walking. After a while a heard something behind me and I turned around but nothing was there. „ I've got to stop imagine these things“. When I got home it was dinner. After the dinner I read my book I think it was How to kill a mockingbird, but I don't know. Well after a hour I fell asleep, but I did not know what was waiting for me outside in the dark. I woke up with that something was in my room. I tried to scream but that in my room put his hand over my mouth. I saw what it was when it came closer to me. It was Monster. It was like a human but its skin was gray and its eye were only white and it was bigger than human. The monster took me out of the house and run with me somewhere. I was so scared that I cried and I could not stop. The monster stopped running in a middle of a forest. Then I saw something that scared me. I saw six other monster sitting in the forest with campfire in front of him. That scared me most was what I saw they were grilling. It was a human boy. The monster who was holding me put me in cage who was hanging in a tree. I could not see anything because I cried so much but when I stopped crying I saw there was a girl in a cage next to me. „Hello“ I said. „Hi“ she said. „What is your name“? „Guðrún, but what is your name“? „Emma“. After awhile I knew a lot about this girl. She was attacked by these monster for a day and she was from Hvolsvellir. „They are going to eat us“. „Yes but not if we escape“. „That is not possible“. „Everything is possible if you believe“, I said. „Okay, but how are we going to do that“? „If we rock back and forth the rope who keeps the cage up fall aparts and the cage would fall down and broke“. „Let's do it“ Emma said. We start rocking the cage back and front and the rope got thinner and thinner until it broke. The cages fall down and they broken. Fortunately the Monsters did not hear when the cages broke so we just run. We had run so long and fast that we were out of breath and thirsty. Finally we came out of the forest and we just kept running. After five minutes we saw a road and a car was coming. Stop!! we screamed and run at the car. He stopped and we said to the

driver what happened to us. He call to the police and drive us at the police station. When we came there they had already called my mom and Emmas father. We had to answer a few questions and then we got home. In the morning dad got a call from the police that they found the Monsters and that they were moving them to Boston to some monster professor. Now it's over a year since that happen and now people can see them in a zoo in New York. Emma and I are best friends now and she moved to Kirkjubæjarklaustur so we are neighbours. Maybe we will tell our kids and grandkids the story when monsters stole us.

**Grunnskóli, 6. – 7. bekkur.**

**3. sæti. Karlotta Ómarsdóttir, 7. bekk Fossvogsskóla.**

### *Danger*

My scariest moment was on a beach in Florida. It was a sunny morning in Anna Maria Island so me and my family decided to go to the beach. Me and my sister wanted to take my floatie and her surfboard to the beach but my mom said that it wasn't a good idea because it was windy. But we really wanted to take it with us so my mom agreed.

When we arrived my sister and I decided to go to the ocean and play with our floatie and surfboard. But we noticed there was something strange going on. There was no one in the ocean except me and my sister. We still decided to play there so I got onto my floatie and she on her surfboard . While we were playing a man came up to my mom and told her there were poisoned jellyfishes in the water.

But when they tried to warn us a lot of wind came so I got pushed by the wind very far from the beach and my sister could not move she was so scared because there were huge jellyfishes all around us. My mom first helped my sister but my sister noticed that her skin started to burn and she felt like something stung her. She realised she got bit so she started to cry. While she cried I was getting further and further away from the coast and I was screaming so loud because I was so scared so my mom started to swim towards me. She kept shouting at me to jump off the floatie but I was so scared I could not move. I noticed all the jellyfishes swimming around my floatie and my mom was almost there to get me. Eventually she did and she walked and swam as fast as she could trying not to get bit. But thankfully my sister was the only one to get bitten. And I was still shaking because I was so scared. Later when my dad arrived he did not understand why me and my sister were crying so we told him what happened. That was the scariest moment I have ever experienced.

**Grunnskóli, 8. – 10. bekkur**

**1. sæti. Bára Katrín Jóhannsdóttir, 8. bekk Sæmundarskóla.**

### *A typical mistake*

Danger. That's a pretty weird word. What is danger anyway? Is it the danger of death? Volcanos or earthquakes? Falling in love or heartbreak? Well, I don't know. I'm only 14. But what I call danger is not any of these things. What I call danger is borrowing your sister's book. Now, that is danger. My twin sister, Annabeth, is not someone you want to mess with. She is a bad-ass and is very clever. I always compare her to Hermione in Harry Potter but she doesn't like that, she hates Harry Potter. She's more of a Twilight fan. Before I went rumbling about her personality, you were probably thinking why she would get angry about some book? Well, the book I borrowed was no normal book. I thought it was a history book of some kind because on the front page it said: "The secrets that go as deep as the sea", so I took it from her shelf because I needed it for a school project. We were supposed to pick any book, preferably a book we had never read or even seen, from home and take it to school and then read one paragraph in front of the whole class. I wasn't nervous at all, I'm pretty used to reading in front of the class. We're only fifteen in our group. Back to the point, I was late this morning when I took the book, so I didn't have any time to look through it. When the class started, I was picked first to read. I took up the book from my bag and started reading out loud:

"I chose to read the book: "The secrets that go as deep as the sea" by umm... David Rowling" I said realizing that there was no author name on the cover of the book. I literally just made up a name and yes, I mashed together David Walliams and J.K. Rowling. When I opened the book, I noticed that it was all handwritten so I thought maybe it was just that kind of book.

"Those blue eyes are incredible. They are like pure electricity. Everything about him is incredible. Even his name: Calvin Jone--"

I stopped. The book I was reading was not some book about fish. The paragraph was not about some beautiful sea creatures like I thought, but about some beautiful boy. But not any beautiful boy, it was Calvin Jones, my sister's crush.

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I looked up from the book. Everyone was either looking at me, Annabeth or Calvin. You could've seen many different expressions on my classmates' faces. Most of them were giggling and some were even laughing. Calvin's face turned burning red but I didn't stay on his face for long. I turned my head to look at Annabeth and I still can't get the image of her face out of my head. I have never seen her that angry or embarrassed in my whole life. Her eyes twitched so I got the memo that if I wanted to live, now was the time to go, and not by just casually walking out of the classroom, no I mean RUN. RUN FOR YOUR LIFE.

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So, that's how I ended up down here. In a broom closet in the basement of our school. Annabeth is banging on the closet door and I can't hold her off for much longer. I don't want to think of what would happen if she gets in. I say my prayers and hope that my parents know that I love them. Goodbye, cruel world.

Grunnskóli, 8. – 10. bekkur

2. sæti. Auður Ísold Þórisdóttir, Laugalækjarskóla.

### *Into the woods*

It was late in October when a small red car drove silently in between the old houses on the main street. It was way past twelve and the sun had gone down a few hours ago. The stars shimmered over the town and the northern lights danced around the moon. The car drove past a tiny church and into the dark night. As the town grew further and further away, the mountains took over.

Emily drove carefully in between the mountains as she bobbed her head to the song on the radio. She was tired and maybe a little scared. She had always been a little scared of the dark. The tall mountains felt like walls and the roaring wind felt like it would swipe the car off the ground. Emily was pulled out of her thoughts when the radio changed stations and the song *highway to hell* started playing loudly. When she tried to change stations, a deer dashed across the road. Emily was shocked and quickly stepped on the brake. Her heart was beating rapidly as she took a moment to breathe. A few deer galloped over the road following the first. Emily was shaking, "I could have killed it". She rubbed her eyes as she tried to calm down. "f\*cking deer," she whispered to herself. She shakily turned the keys to turn on the car. "Sh\*t", it wouldn't start.

Emily stepped out of the car and the strong wind took her by surprise as she looked around. She was far away from the town she left only a few hours ago. She walked over to the front of the car and lifted the hood up. The hot smoke blew up against her cold face. Funny, she had only been outside for a few minutes. Something was seriously wrong. She heard nothing but the roaring wind as it blew hard across her face and slammed the hood down. She hovered backwards in shock and right then the lights in the car went out. She was left alone in the darkness.

Emily walked along the road with her flashlight in front of her. the road lead her into the woods. The cold wind sneaked down her spine and as she sought shelter in the woods from the tough elements. She stumbled in the tall layers of snow which covered the ground completely. The cold air stung at her skin and she wrapped her coat tighter around her body. The wind howled and a gush of it managed to crawl in between the tall treetops. Emily tripped and she caught a mouthful of snow. She tried to dust the snow off with no luck. She lifted her head and right then she locked eyes with a pair of yellow glowing orbs. Wait, those weren't stones.

A loud howl interrupted the quiet night and the yellow orbs disappeared. Emily turned in circles lighting her flashlight all around her. But the light from her phone was no match to the dark night. As the howls grew louder Emily started shaking, and her heart was beating out of control. She snapped when she heard a branch break near her and took off running. Emily ran deeper into the woods and the howls followed quickly behind. They grew closer and closer. Emily stumbled in the deep snow and fell to her knees. The dark forest grew quiet, too quiet. She scanned the deep forest around her as the moon lit it up. The cold air stung her face and then the glowing orbs appeared again. But this time in more numbers. Blue, green and yellow orbs shimmered like stars against the darkness. The woods were peaceful. And then she felt how tired she was, her fingers were like ice and she couldn't move them. Her eyelids felt heavy, she was so tired...

A loud howl interrupted her thoughts. The yellow orbs moved out of the dark and in front of her stood a massive wolf. The dark fur was messy and a few scars were visible. The yellow orbs it had for eyes stung into her. Emily tried to scream but nothing happened. She tried to move but again nothing happened. The massive wolf let out a terrifying growl and lunged at her.

"We found her, sir. She was torn to pieces. She was missing her left arm and a big chunk of her right thigh was torn out. It looks like an animal attack, sir." The young officer was pale and a little sweat dripped down his forehead. He looked like he had thrown up after seeing that horrific scene. His hands were shaking as they clung onto the autopsy report. The captain faced the window as he looked out onto the frozen street. His hands were stiff as he tried to control his fear. He turned around and faced the young officer." We can't let people know about this. It will only cause panic." "Why not", the officer replied. The captain took the autopsy and studied it closely. "Something like this happened a few years ago." The captain looked the officer dead in the eye. "It's back".

**Grunnskóli, 8. – 10. bekkur**

**3. sæti. Emma Rún Baldvinsdóttir, 9. bekk Sæmundarskóla.**

### *The babysitter*

'I hate everything and everyone!' that's what I said to my mother when she told me that she and my father would be gone for a week. 'Don't worry sweetie, it's only a week and I got a babysitter to watch you the entire time, I know you'll like her, she has cute little freckles and a beautiful pearl necklace,' my mother said. 'But I don't want a babysitter, why do you have to go!?' I yelled. My mother looked at me and said 'oh sweetie it's not like we have a choice, I told you it's for a conference meeting and there are no kids allowed at the hotel. Besides, it's much better if you stay here, then you won't miss any classes at school and you won't be behind like you were last year.' My mother finished packing and said, 'your father and I will be gone when you wake up for school tomorrow, so you have to make your own breakfast but your lunch will be in the fridge. When you get home your babysitter should be here waiting for you.' I was tired and angry so I said, 'fine, whatever,' and walked away. The next morning, I woke up at 07:15 a.m. and got out of bed, I got myself ready and ran out the door after locking it tightly. School was hard and frustrating that day, I counted the seconds into the minutes and the minutes into the hours until I could go home. The walk home was just as boring as the classes but when I saw my house, my hair jumped on end, someone had broken one of the windows next to the door as I noticed that the door handle had fallen off. 'What the hell?!' I whispered to myself, 'who would do this?' 'I hope whoever did this just grabbed what they wanted and left,' I said while slowly walking toward my house. Since the handle to the door had fallen off I had no way of getting in, well I had one way, 'I have to go through the window'. I sighed and started pulling on the curtains for balance while I climbed through the hole in the glass, I stopped for a second to make sure no one was inside and when no sound came to my attention, I hopped inside my house. It was quiet, too quiet, I knew there was someone in my house, even though there was no sound, I could feel it so I yelled out something really stupid, 'Is some here?!'. It took five seconds for a woman to run from the kitchen to stand right in front of my face and say, 'I'm here', I was about to book-it when I saw her pearl necklace and looked at her face 'grandma?' I asked. She smiled and said, 'I'm sorry if I gave you a fright, I just got locked out of the house and tried everything to get in, I ended up breaking the window and got in through there, but don't worry I'm going to replace it.' I looked at her with relief and said, 'oh, I'm sorry, I thought my mother would have given you keys so that's why I locked the door, but you know you could have waited for

me, right?' Grandma said to me with a grin, 'I know honey, but I was getting really cold and I tried waiting, but after a while I just couldn't wait any longer'. 'Wait, I'm pretty sure my mother would have told me if you were my babysitter,' I said, my grandma looked at me with a concerned face, 'I would have thought so too... Well since she didn't, hi, I'm your babysitter.' I laughed and when I was about to get another word-in she walked to the kitchen and told me to sit down on the couch and that's what I did. After some time, she came back with tea and cookies but I got hot chocolate instead, we chatted for what seemed like days until she sent me to my room for slumber. The last couple of days were kind of boring. I went to school like a normal kid, I either hung out with my friends or came home and talked with my grandmother, I did my homework and then at the end of the day I went to sleep. That's pretty much what I did for four days but every day my grandmother was acting really weird. On the first day, she broke the doorknob and window to my house to get in, but I guess, she had no choice. On the second day, I caught her watching me sleeping, but I guess, she just wanted to check-up on me. On the third day, she replaced a lot of our household items with plastic, but I guess, she just wanted to be careful, and on the fourth day, she made me leave the house so she could clean and wouldn't let me back in until she was done, but I guess, she just didn't want to be interrupted. But all of that combined is not as weird as what happened on day five. We were in the kitchen just talking and laughing when I got a craving for some hot coco, my grandma got up from her seat and started boiling the water so I decided to go get a mug. There were only glass mugs, so I just picked one and put it on the table next to the kettle, I guess my grandmother didn't notice the mug and bumped right into it so it slammed right onto the floor and broke. 'Oh no,' my grandmother said. 'Where did that come from?' she asked. 'I'm so sorry grandma, I wanted to help make the chocolate and decided to get the mug first, but don't worry, I'll just get the broom from the closet and clean this up,' I said. Grandma looked at me with fear and said 'no no no, don't worry, you stay here and I'll get the broom!' 'Don't worry grandma, I wouldn't want you to hurt yourself on the way, I'll get it,' I said with a smile. My grandmother started getting frustrated and said, 'no honey, I will get it myself!' 'I can do it, it's my fault. I didn't tell you about the mug, so it's no problem for me to get it,' I said with an even bigger smile. 'No, I will get it myself!' she screamed from the top of her lungs. I was scared and surprised so I simply said, 'nevermind, I'm going to my room,' and ran away while I heard my grandmother get the broom and clean up the mess. At 2:00 a.m. I was still awake wondering what had happened, 'why would she be so mean about it?' I asked myself, 'I was just trying to help.' 'It's like she was trying to hide something,' I thought. 'She is hiding something in

that closet, isn't she?' I knew I had to look for myself so I slowly and carefully walked to the broom closet, I stopped when I heard a squeak from the floorboard I was on, but then kept going until I was right in front of the door. I was breathing heavily, and slowly opened the door but when I saw what was in there, I gave out a huge scream. It was a dead body of a teenage girl with freckles and a bloody pearl necklace around her neck, she had the keys of the house in her back pocket and had glass shards stabbing her back. It was the babysitter... 'But wait, if that's the babysitter then why is my grandmother here???' I heard a whisper from behind me, 'I'm here, my dear...'

## Framhaldsskóli

### 1. sæti. Melkorka Gunborg Briansdóttir, Menntaskólanum við Hamrahlíð

#### *Marstrand*

I woke in the morning, sunlight filtering in through the curtains. My eyes opened slowly. I sat up on my elbows, looked at my desk, the flowers in the window. Children's shouts and laughter rang out from the garden. I sat up fully and lightly touched my toes to the floor. Slowly, I put more weight on them, testing. I now felt the full texture of the birch floor beneath my soles.

I drew in my breath, waiting. Sure as the day before, a wave of nausea washed over me. Still holding my breath, I rushed to the hallway bathroom, shut the door and knelt by the toilet. Waiting for it to happen, I nimbly bunched my hair up in a knot. Bile. I braced myself.

After it was over, I wiped my mouth, stood up and washed my hands in the sink. I spent minutes scrubbing my fingers out with soap, not wanting to go downstairs. The soap smelled like roses, spring, bread. Inappropriate.

As I reached for the towel, I caught sight of myself in the mirror. Pale face, heavily set brows, that scar on my forehead. Still, golden hair, almond eyes, elegant mouth. Wearing my favorite nightgown, the white, long one with the floral embroidery.

I slowly wandered to the toilet again and sat down on the seat. Resting my face in my hands and drawing deep breaths, I rubbed my forefinger in circles against my thumb. Downstairs I could hear mamma, busying in the kitchen. Murmurs filtered up the stairs, mamma's melodic laughter.

I walked back to my bedroom and dressed in a hurry, never pausing to think. Creeping back onto the landing of the stairs, I breathed. A moment. As soon as I reached the bottom step, a small blonde head rushed at me from its place by the kitchen table. I twisted her curly hair around my fingers, noticing Agnes was wearing her black velvet shoes. They had once been mine.

"Good morning, lilla gumman," mamma said. She stood by the sink, washing dishes.

"You should wear gloves when you do that," I said to my mother while stroking Agnes's hair, "The soap isn't good for the skin."

"Have some bread, gumman, you look a bit pale." Mamma reached down to the cupboard for the gloves.

"Felt a bit sick this morning, that's all."

I gently disentangled Agnes's arms from around my waist.

"You don't smell good," Agnes piped up.

"Thank you, Agnes."

At that, she ran upstairs, calling for Edvard.

Mamma straightened her back. "I've made you toast," she breathed. "With jam."

"Thank you, mamma."

She smiled, dried her hands and walked over to me. Reaching up, she cradled my face in her hands, her thumb gently stroking my cheek. Her fingers smelled of soap.

"Is something the matter, lilla gumman? Tell me."

She looked me squarely in the eyes, searching.

"I'm fine. I'll feel better after breakfast."

She smiled and nodded. I sat down at the table and looked at my toast. Mamma had even bothered to place mixed berries from the garden on the side. Affection surged through me. Agnes came running back through the kitchen, Edvard at her heels. Their screeching was quickly stalled by mamma, who exclaimed, "Now now, don't play in the kitchen. Your sister is tired and, oh- Edvard, you're getting mud all over the floor! Out! Play outside."

Edvard looked at me, his untucked shirt and wild locks mischievous.

"Maybe Dag will play with us," he said.

I put down my bread.

"Dag is coming in through the gate, mamma," Agnes cheered.

"You're more than welcome to play with Dag. Although I'm not sure he's here to see *you*." Mamma flicked Agnes's nose.

They turned and ran outside, Agnes snickering and hooting. My eyes remained fixed on my plate. Mamma stood at the counter, watching them in the garden. I stood up and walked over to her, putting my arms around her waist and resting my chin on her shoulder. I sighed. "Hmm," mamma said soothingly. She smelled like soap and grass and freshly washed hair. Like home.

Through the kitchen window, I could see laundry blowing gently on the clothesline. Linen bed sheets, the rose-printed tablecloth. Beyond that, I could see him wading through the tall grass at the edge of the garden, Edvard and Agnes sprinting to meet him, curls bobbing. He peered at them with his hand above his eyes, and smirked. Edvard charged at him with his stick, hitting him in the leg. Agnes flung herself at him, shrieking. With one hand around Agnes's waist, hoisting her in the air, Dag swatted at Edvard, who triumphantly ran in circles around him, hitting him around the legs. Dag shouted something at Edvard, who ran away in a fit of laughter. Swinging Agnes over his back, he looked up at the house.

I glanced over to the open kitchen door, untangled myself from mamma's waist and slowly walked outside. I stopped by the clothesline, leaning up against the pole. At the sight of me, Dag lowered Agnes to the ground. She smoothed out her skirt, indignant.

"Oy!" he shouted.

"Oy, yourself," I murmured.

Pushing against the pole with my shoulder, I straightened up. He strolled up to the clothesline, until we were level with each other.

"You look tired, Karin," he said, matter-of-factly.

"What?" I replied, harsher than I intended.

He laughed. "I'm sorry. When did you go to sleep last night?"

I looked out at the fields. It was warm and sunny, walking weather.

"Karin?"

"I'll get my boots."

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The weather was gentle. Spring giving way to summer, the promise of warmth and light just visible behind the clouds and in the ground beneath my feet, the grass blowing gently in the wind. It registered in my mind that this was something I should enjoy.

"Summer's really on its way now," Dag puffed behind me.

"Do try and keep up."

"Karin."

I panted, trekking up the hill, sticking to the path between the bushes. I looked out over the wheat field two farms over. I caught my breath there for a moment, before realising Dag wasn't beside me. I looked over my shoulder and spotted him a good distance away, standing at the foot of the hill.

"What's the matter?" I yelled at him.

He looked towards the house, not responding. Leisurely, he started walking up the hill, taking slow steps. At long last, he reached me, his crooked smile smug.

"Listen to the birds, Karin," he said.

I stopped, listened and raised my eyebrows.

"Stop to *enjoy*. You're not going anywhere."

We stood still for a moment, him enjoying it, me itching to move. Trekking up the hill again, Dag looked over at me, suddenly serious.

"What?" I asked.

"I heard, Karin. Why didn't you tell me?"

I stopped dead in my tracks, heart racing.

"What did you hear?" Thankfully, my voice remained even.

"You've worked so hard. You got in, you're really in." He paused. "You're incredible. Why didn't you say anything?"

I let out a long breath. Of course, he was talking about the *tests*.

"I wasn't sure until two weeks ago."

He blew a lock away from his eyes.

"I've seen you plenty since then."

"I wasn't sure you would approve."

He looked me squarely in the eyes. "I am so proud of you. This is unheard of around here, you know that."

"That's not what I meant."

We fell silent, only the birds singing and the wind blowing, everything growing smaller as we hiked higher.

"What happened to your forehead?" He touched his fingers lightly to the scar just above my left eyebrow. I turned from him to look over at the fields, wide and promising.

"Bumped my head, playing with Edvard."

"It'll be hard for them, with you leaving."

I had known this was coming. I turned back to him.

"They'll adapt."

"Hmm. Have you told your mother?"

I said nothing. We had reached the top of the hill where the trees grew dense. Walking into the shade, I was grateful for the relief from the beating sun.

I stopped and turned on my heels, facing Dag.

"What do you think?" I asked.

He remained calm. "You've earned this. You should be so proud. As I said, it's an incredible achievement."

"Thank you. But that's not what I meant."

His face hardened.

He was so familiar. Having known him ever since I can remember, I had seen all the shades of him, knew him like the back of my hand. We had shared everything. Always. There was no side of him I didn't know, nothing of mine that wasn't also his. Up until last September.

"You don't want me to go," I said.

"No," he answered.

"I'm leaving in August."

"I thought you would."

He said it gently, as if he was being careful about what he said next.

"I'm happy for you. I support you. I just don't think it's the right choice for you."

"What makes you say that?" I said, sounding more anxious than I intended.

He paused, choosing his words. I couldn't hear the birds singing anymore, it was just the two of us in the shade. He walked ahead, me trotting behind him, hitching up my skirt as I stepped over roots.

"You're too hard on yourself. You're never satisfied with what you do. It tears you apart. I think you being stuck in that environment would kill your joy."

I puffed.

"How long have you been waiting to say that?"

He said nothing, the undergrowth growing thicker as we walked, the roots harder to circumvent.

"It would drain you. You've been unhappy," he said.

"It's not as if I work *all* the time," I said.

"You do." He turned to me. "And you love it too, and I understand that. It's as if," he breathed, "you don't even want to get out of it."

I quickened my pace.

"I *do* want to get out of it. That's why I'm leaving."

"That makes no sense. You'll be entering a whole world of it."

I walked faster, him trailing behind me. I waited until the sound of my breath overpowered all else, pulse beating in my head. Concentrating on the rhythm of my legs beating on the path.

Left, right, left, right.

Repeat.

I stopped.

Turning around, I looked at the bend in the road I had just run. I would have to wait to see whether Dag would come. I sat down on the dewy grass at the edge of the footpath. Feeling the cold seep in, I wished I had more coverage for my legs than my thin skirt. I closed my eyes and lay my head back. My heartbeat gradually calmed and my breath slowed. Through

openings between leaves, I could see patches of sky. Thin clouds evaporating, trailing over the expanse of blue.

Somehow, I sensed that he knew. That he had a few fragments of the picture and was waiting for me to fill it in. Asking me to.

I felt around my forehead, lightly brushing the scar that was still there, prominent as ever. The pain was still there.

The stack of books on the table, wind blowing in through the curtains, the cold. The pleading. The screaming. And then, walking home afterwards, aching. Shaking, throbbing. Taking care to choose hidden routes, composing myself, putting all the pieces back together so they formed a somewhat muddled but wholesome picture. You had to step closer to see where it was crooked and wrong.

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I felt a light touch on my arm and flinched. Eyes flying open, I met two steady ones level with my own. Green, with brown specks. Safe.

I hadn't realised I was crying. Frustrated, I wiped my eyes.

"Don't," he said.

Resting my head against the tree again, I swallowed. Wordlessly, Dag sat down beside me. As we had done since we were small, he took my hands in his and rubbed his forefinger in circles against my thumb. After a few minutes, I said, "I don't love it," my voice thick and pathetic.

"What, studying?" I heard Dag say beside me.

"I do want to get out of it, that's why I'm leaving."

I looked straight ahead, not wanting to meet his eyes.

"I don't understand that," he said, "it's not going to get any easier."

"No, I need to get out of *here*."

Dag said nothing.

"I thought you liked Mr. Ostergard," he said after a while. "You said he was an amazing tutor."

I did my best to remain steady. Looking straight ahead at the road, I tried to focus on my breathing, Dag's gentle touch on my finger. In my mind, I was trying to block out the foul stench. Coffee and cigarettes, pages, pen and paper. The way his shirts were always perfectly ironed and the collars stiff, his hair smooth. The picture of respectability. His polished shoes, the way he could ramble on knowledgeably for hours. The assignments. At

first, the long glances, then the close proximity, then his breath on my neck. The strokes that grew more incessant. The day I realised it was no use to protest.

Tears welled up again. I didn't bother to wipe them this time.

"I did think so. At first," I said.

Dag turned to me.

The silence grew thicker, crackling with things unsaid.

At last, he broke the silence.

"Does he," Dag stopped rubbing my finger and held it still, "hurt you?"

The air stood still.

At last I turned my head to meet his eyes. His gaze was steady, but I sensed something that flickered behind it, ripples on the still surface.

And I just looked at him.

Neither of us said anything. There were no secrets I could keep from him. None that I wanted to either. In that silence, I tried to tell him everything. But I just looked at him. And maybe that was enough.

After a long moment, his finger started rubbing against my thumb again. He said something under his breath. I didn't ask him to repeat it. He turned to me again and rested his head against my forehead.

"We have to tell someone," he whispered.

"No."

"You have to tell your mother."

"No."

"Karin-,"

"I'm leaving in August. I got in," I said, smiling, tears still welling in my eyes.

I abruptly stood up and started walking along the footpath, the way we had come. This time, I had a feeling Dag wouldn't follow me. Without really deciding to, my feet started pounding on the road, the wind blowing my hair from my face.

As I ran, I thought about how these past few months I had started to salvage all small acts of kindness. Mum making my breakfast for me in the morning, Agnes offering to tie my shoelaces, Dag making me laugh. A hug, a stroke of my hair, a smile. These people I had known all my life. Whom I loved. Who would suffer because of me.

I wondered if I could stay. Maybe it could be like this. Gentle grass, the smell of soap on mamma's fingers, Dag's crooked smile. But then I remembered the excuses, the lying, the

falsehood. The nauseous mornings. I would have to tell them everything. And that was impossible.

So I would leave in August. And deal with the rest when the time came. I had already secured lodgings in the capital. I had saved just about enough from working at the post office. Small apartment, unfurnished. I would put my favorite photograph on the windowsill. The one with all of us standing in the garden, the flowers in full bloom, me with a book under my arm, mamma's rosy cheeks and curls, her hand gently placed on Edvard's head.

Completely alone in the city, haunted and homesick, I knew I would cling on to it. Until I wouldn't need it quite as much. When I wouldn't be alone anymore. Then there would be two of us. And from there, the page was blank.

## Framhaldsskóli

### 2. sæti. Oddgeir Aage Jensen, Borgarholtsskóla

#### *The Hatch*

A bright light suddenly hit my face without warning. I had no idea what was happening, it didn't feel good but it was still a relief. It was as though I was cooped up in a prison with no light and just enough space for me. The barrier wasn't very strong. With a little bit more strength I could bust out of there with no problem, or so I thought. As I used nearly all of my energy breaking out of my shell I suddenly felt exposed. Everything was so open that I could stretch my flippers without anything limiting me.

I felt a gust of air on my shell and a roaring sound nearby. It was calling me. As soon as my whole body was out of the cell I decided to follow the roaring sound but I was clumsy and I didn't really know how to move very well. After all this was the first time I had ever made any significant movements.

I started to flop awkwardly towards the roaring sound when I noticed other beings that were struggling just like me. That is what I must look like and that is what I am, whatever that is. With a little surge of confidence, I started to flop at the roaring sound. I wasn't alone in the world. It was immensely difficult, but I was still making progress, so I didn't rush.

After flopping along awkwardly for a while I saw white froth coming towards me and then receding, again and again. My confidence increased at the sight of my destination. I looked to my comrades from the other cells and wondered if they saw it too. To my surprise, they didn't look as confident as me. They were flopping along aggressively as if they were trying to get to the froth faster. Almost like they were fleeing something.

As I crawled at a leisurely pace and fell behind the other prisoners I suddenly noticed that one of them had simply disappeared. I had looked away for a moment and when I looked in his direction again he was no longer there. I wondered what might have happened to him and became a little scared. I was beginning to think that maybe there was a reason why everybody was rushing so much. As this thought went through my head a huge white beast grabbed one of my comrades and drew him up into the sky.

All around me, my compatriots were being snatched from the ground and taken to gods know where and at that moment I realised why everyone was rushing so much. I started to flop more intensively as panic flooded my conscience. I had just escaped my cell and I didn't want it to end so soon. I was so close to the froth which I now saw was the edge

of a big blue expanse that extended further than I could see. I stopped thinking about the others and focused entirely on myself and getting to that wide expanse. The more my comrades got taken, the more I panicked and the closer I got to the froth. I was so close I could taste the salt on my tongue. I was just a few inches from the expanse when I saw a big shadow looming over me. It was diving towards me at an immense speed way faster than I could move. Horror rushed over me as the beast plunged down and grabbed my compatriot who was right beside me and flew off with him.

As sad as I was at the loss of my fellow prison breakers I was happy to have a cool, salty splash wash over me and I was filled with relief at the realisation that this was where I belonged. My flopping seemed way more effective for moving around in the blue expanse than on the grainy brown surface. This was my home. As I swam further a horrid beast with silver scales wiggled in my direction, moving much faster than me. This couldn't be the end, not after everything I had survived. It swallowed me whole.

...it sucks to be a sea turtle.

## Framhaldsskóli

### 3. sæti. Magdalena Sigurðardóttir. Menntaskólanum á Akureyri

#### *All the birds now look to me*

I saw three ravens yesterday  
Their feathers white as snow  
Stole my eyes and flew away  
To the mountains I must go

The charcoal stick smudges my fingers with black soot from the tip of my fingers, down to the deep lines in my palm that travel like rivers down in circles to my wrist. Shakes run through my limbs in circles while I hunt the missing words, puzzling a hundred pieces together in the dark. “Tick, tick, tick”, it sits there on the tip of my tongue. Running through the various possibilities, finding it more and more difficult by the second. It surrounds me the safety of the space I have formed this morning by simply picking up the charcoal and locking the bedroom door. A place without time or any sense of shame, without any form of disruption or even the slightest connection to the outside world. The lines twist and turn in my head until they form somewhat coherent sentences, my own mind mocking my lack of artistic endowment. The untainted pleasure that had seconds before filled all of my senses, washes away into the light blue reality surrounding me. Surrendering to my own restrictions I leave my work unfinished, hiding my fully loaded backpack behind my bed before unlocking the door and stepping outside.

The radio station blasts a musical piece filled with bells and bird whistles while my mother sits by the kitchen table with a news tablet in both hands, her glasses resting low on her nose as her eyes flicker quickly from one side to another. She doesn’t look up to greet me when I self-consciously enter the room, nor do any of my siblings, such a normal gesture that hasn’t been practiced in the house for over a year.

“Good morning Mr. Kjartan. I see you have had a good night sleep, your blood pressure is lower than yesterday”, the small voice from the assistant shoots me a reassuring smile, turning on the spot to reach for the fridge door, a gesture selected first hand by my brother who repeatedly finds terrific solutions when forced to move a muscle.

“Would you like an apple juice”?

“I asked have you not to do that” I whisper displeased, making a point to step in his way just to open the door myself, not so accidentally hitting the screen forcefully with the door, earning a hateful glare from my mother who quickly looks up from her news tablet.

“Your tone indicates some sort of discomfort. Have I perhaps upset you”? The image on the screen suddenly changes its shape within a second, the three-dimensional figure showing human signs of anxiety such as furrowed eyebrows, wide eyes and a quivering bottom lip. Programmed by a computer scientist who probably guessed that these actions might develop a feeling of affinity.

“Go somewhere else” I wave away the only member in this household along with all the other assistants who will willingly engage in any sort of interaction with me. The message I send is clear and the assistant immediately backs away, a small buzz fading into nothing as it drives down the hallway on its little wheels, to finish its daily chores.

“Did you take your pills this morning?” My mother asks routinely, taking a long sip from her black coffee cup.

“Yes” I lie. I can see that she’s holding in her frustration as her equipment scans me from top to bottom waiting for the results before moving her eyebrows downwards which I know means she will soon start scolding me.

“Your heart rate is picking up” She says out loud in an accusing tone. In other words: stop lying to me. What will be her reaction when she comes home from work and sees the note sitting on my desk? So she might not call the police in order to look for me but just maybe lets me find myself instead. I can see that she’s holding in her frustration for the sake of my two younger siblings, sitting across from each other with both eyes wide open, turning from one side to another frantically in hopes of victory over the other.

“You need to take them every day Kjartan, chronic depression is not something that should be taken lightly”. Her eyes diverted to me but I can clearly see that something in the lens has her attention for the most part. By the way her mouth slightly gapes and how her eyes travel down in lines I would guess she’s reading an article, possibly written by a psychologist on how normal parents are supposed to control rebellious teenagers who won’t follow any instructions.

The cat meows mockingly in agreement while staring down at me from a distance, which consequently sums up our relationship quite accurately, the green eyes dull and uninterested in the unimportance of my existence. The mind takes me back to when I stood right here in this exact spot a couple of months ago, screaming from the top of my lungs as a form of resistance in order to fight back against the newly developed highly technical contact lenses from Vox that were soon advertised to be five times as strong as any phone on the world's market. Measuring other people’s feelings, opening internet tabs right before your eyes along with all the things the strongest computer could do. Just a few minutes and one police call

later my bloodstream had been filled with sedatives and a child physician had evaluated my mental health as low at best. I tried to tell her: Mom I'm an artist who thrives on human interaction and nature, I steal experiences, write poems and create. Just like all of my ancestors did. What am I if I do as you say, use the contact lens, the screens, the computers and start to resemble a machine more than a man.

"What am I if I am not creating"?

She had no answers nor did she want to, the only thing she could think of saying was that this sort of mentality is dangerous and it would only ever bring me trouble throughout my life. Finish school, get a job, follow the crowd and die. She just desired a child that behaved like other children my age, said yes and opened my mouth to whatever she gave me. Like a naïve bird in a cage, turning to dust inside after a while inside the unbreakable cell.

The wolfs they gather all around,  
Their eyes tainted with greed  
Ate my mother, the beastly hound  
And now he has taken me

"You know I've heard outdoor activities such as walking or skiing can sum to various positive effects on mental health," I say daringly, dusting my black jeans of any fluff and taking a sip from the warm juice.

"Funny", My mom continues less cheerfully than ever, unaware or uninterested in the clues I'm laying out for her in hopes to lessen the feeling of betrayal scheduled in exactly 8 hours when she comes home from work. I know then that the fight is lost.

One cruelly quick blink later, they are all gone for good. I tried to do the farewell scene I had created in my mind justice, giving the twins a tight hug before they managed to slip out from my fingers running past me on their way to school. I kissed my mom as well, her annoyance shining through her forced smile while walking out the door with them both. She can't stand me anymore. I hope that for her this means that there will finally be peace.

"Have a good day Mr. Kjartan", the house says in its warm womanly tone through the speakers when I walk outside with my backpack and sleeping bag in hand, turning the key in the lock. It takes an effort to distinguish the house from an alive being and not a machine, feeling empathy for its restrictions and being grateful for its thoughtfulness. Every piece of furniture programmed to fit every individual's special needs, improving the accuracy with every try, learning from its mistakes. It cost mom nearly our life savings, insisting that she won't have anything brought into this home but the best for us. I reject it.

Passing the city in my car I feel my mind unconsciously drift away into wonder while twisting and turning out of this complex maze. I drive past one of the dozen TV screens

stretching out for eternity on each side, standing high above with colorful advertisements blasted everywhere: “The newest lens update allows you to guess exactly what people are thinking by using a new type of microchip which allows you to scan their brain. Buy now at Elko”! Passing by hundreds of people walking on the pavement with their nose down in their screen or using the functions that the lens provides for them. Filling my whole body with undeniable sadness for the last time.

The once towering prison walls shrink in my review mirror as each second passes. It would be considered normal by most accounts to feel a sense of disturbance when leaving your home with the intention of not ever turning back. However, the only emotion I can put my finger on at this exact moment, clouding my every thought is an incredible relief.

It takes me two hours to drive to the spot I hand-picked as the most convenient from the map in grandma’s shelf. I remember I used to ponder over it as a young child, counting the large glaciers and valleys. None of which I’ve ever seen before with my own eyes. Since everyone moved to the city it’s incredibly uncommon to travel as far as thirty minutes outside of the capital. No one decided for things to develop this way because of a particular reason, the interest just happens to be nonexistent. Some people even think it could endanger your life, leaving the city borders. To leave the herd. No one has been here for at least ten years, not this far at least. Borgarfjörður, this place was once called but I doubt many would remember it any more. No one has lived here for twenty years, farmers and others alike swept away by the age of the technology when manpower was no longer needed.

I leave the car behind me with the keys in the ignition, abandoned alone on the road by a towering mountain which I decide will be my first destination. Traveling by foot is how I desire to see my country for the first time, with equipment to hunt food and a weatherproof self-heating tent. I suspect it will take most of my life if I’m going to see it as a whole, every single hill and lake from north to south. And I most likely won’t live through it all. But nothing seems at this moment to be more worthy of my death.

For the first time in many years freedom pulses through my veins violently, fingers quickly writing down the words that come to me from this euphoric feeling alone, taking control over me minute by minute. I don’t know how many hours past. How can one measure an experience such as this by using such a limited scale as time? Shouting as hard as I can into the wind that strokes my cheeks kindly, running up and down the hills until my breath catches fire. My lungs can’t keep up with the fresh air that hasn’t been compromised by pollution and on my lips, I can sense the taste of blood. It makes no difference to me that the weather makes everything look grey and that all the grass I can see is yellow from the frost. This is my home.

Legs tremble from the excitement, traveling further and further, always feeling a rush of pleasure when a new stream appears or another hill I haven't explored before. Staring at the entire world from the top of the mountain that must be the highest in the universe, the capital, the people and its opinions looking so incredibly small and insignificant.

Which makes me laugh.

From bars and steel, I had to flee  
And leave that concrete past  
All the birds now look to me  
My wings have spread at last