

# Boda 1:26



# The Dream

Annika Källman

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# Titelpage

**Boda 1:26**

## **The Dream**

**Annika Källman**

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The Dream

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*My beloved kids and grandchildren, I love you over anything else in this world. You are my haven you are my everything. For ever and ever I will love you.  
PJ, I love you too, without you this book would have never been written. You have with your love to me, rebuilt me to a better version of myself.  
Thank you, mother-in-law for all your support.  
Big thank you to all friends that shined through when I really needed it.*

*A huge thank You for buying my book, it warms my heart in  
ways not describable with words.*

*Thank you to the IDNHAB for believing in me and let me  
write my book as I intended it to be.*

*//Annika*

# Psychopath

- *Outspoken*
- *Confident*
- *Excitement seeker*
- *Pathologically false*
- *Fraudulent / manipulative*
- *Lacks remorse and guilt.*
- *Flat, superficial emotional life*
- *Cold / lack of empathic ability*
- *Parasitic lifestyle*
- *Lack of self-control, for example, easily provoked aggression*
- *Promiscuous selfish sex life*
- *Early behavioral problems (before the age of 12)*
- *Lacks realistic, long-term goals; acts short-term and cannot plan for the long term.*
- *Impulsive*
- *Irresponsibility, for example as a parent or manager*
- *Does not take responsibility for its actions.*
- *Many short-term marital relationships*

*Source: Excerpt from Wikipedia page on "Psychopathy"*

# To love

*To love someone and to be loved back is probably the most wonderful thing that exists on this planet and something that we all really deserves to experience at least one time in life, more than once is fantastic.*

*But it can also mean sorrow and insecurity. Daring to throw yourself straight out in the storm of emotions can be tough especially if everything once just was destroyed under your feet. To love someone unconditionally just to later find out that most of it just was a lie.*

*I love a lot of things in my life, I unconditionally love my kids more than anything in this world and that will never change no matter what. Love to and from my kids are the best thing in life for sure.*

*Hopefully together with a life partner that loves me back. The word "love" is strong, dangerous but also exciting. Nothing is free it must be earned and proven in so many ways repeatedly.*

*After all that has happened to me and my kids together with the man that I hoped should be the one in my life, I have become extremely careful with who I love and trust in, I have become doubtful and scared. I have maybe consciously hidden the feeling to love again even if it sometimes reminds me. I felt like I didn't deserve to be loved by anyone else.*

*I no longer accept appreciation or love when offered to me. I have a hard time to believe, to understand, I am afraid to accept that it is for real, and that the person loves me for who I really am.*

*How shall I ever be able to trust that someone loves me for real and that the person not intend to hurt me or be false,*

*use or humiliate me?*

*How shall I know when it is right or wrong, for real or fake?*

*Will i ever know? Will I ever feel the world love through feelings, soft touch, belong to someone, will I maybe always choose not to love someone or not let anyone into my life anymore just because I do not believe in love anymore? Is it because I no longer dare to take the risk?*

*Do I not want to take the chance to lose? Yes, I will take the chance to try to love someone again, it is just going to take much longer time. Dare to be open and maybe get hurt again. First, I need to start to pick up the pieces of myself and start loving myself again, dare to accept the person I have become.*

*BIG THANK YOU TO ALL MY NEAR AND DEAR, YOU  
KNOW WHO YOU ARE.*

*Thank you, my beloved kids, without you I would not survive, I would have taken the easiest way out, 6 feet under. You helped me fight for my life in all and every situation that faced us, you made me move forward in all the battles that was thrown at us under a long time. Your comfort, hugs, and motivation you gave me when I was in a freefall gave me strength to move forward and win another war.*

*My beloved grandchild, just looking at you warms my heart. Your love towards life, your laughter, and your most beautiful words:*

*- "Granma, I love you".*

*My friends that let me stay on their sofa when I got homeless, took me out to try to live again, called me and asked how I was, all my love to you.*

*My father that always believed in me, made me to the person I actually am. My siblings that never judged me or came with cues.*



*Finally, my love for life, my best PJ that found me and started to puzzle me back together, you have rebuilt me and my life with understanding, strength and biggest of all you made me dare to love again.*

*Thank you, mother-in-law, for being my best friend.*

# Prologue

Today I will tell you my story that is told based on my life and my experiences, how i went from living the life with happiness, wealth and in my own dream castle with a wonderful family where all had everything they could wish for and more, much more.

How everything just turned to an insanely desperate fight with beaks and claws towards an unsure future that quickly was sinking and crushing me forever. I will try to explain how my feelings that hysterically went around in my head during this period felt like with my own words.

A fantastic, unexpected meeting with the one I thought would be the one, my prince my soulmate and a lovely father to my children. A dream on cloud nine that I for a long time refused to let go but in the end all just turned black.

My years on the most wonderful place that existed, Lillboda farm. I had dreamt about this life since I was a little child, a dream that planed and that existed inside me my whole life and in the end came true. The place in my dream slowly came to place piece by piece and became the safe place that I loved dearly. The farm would despite my plans and dreams be my own downfall because I just refused to let go.

The joy over my beloved kids, that today live their own lives with their own families, they kept me together, made me fight on through the hopelessness I was in. I love these two more then life itself, you have my love forever. I am very proud to be a part of their life, there were a lot of happy

and wonderful moment, but all this quickly disappeared in the heavy fog that slowly move in on us.

The family that had it all and more, the wall around us fell apart brick by brick, crushed everything that stood in its way. I tried for a long time to rebuild the wall again but this time it needs to be bigger and stronger for my security and safety.

Wonderful travels to foreign countries, many days with laughter and happiness that made people around us jealous, but this life would tear on my self-esteem and life. Laughter became tears, happiness became anxiety and the safety that was there blew away with the wind, the warm sun slowly but surely disappeared into the clouds.

Our amazing days with all our wonderful animals, travels around the country visiting different races surrounded by lovely friends and family, a coherence that only exists among horse people. This was a group that I in the end could not dare to face anymore.

I will tell you about the joy that I finally managed to dig up by writing everything down here and now. Get to know and feel the wonderful feeling from long gone times amid all the misery that so obvious took over.

You will experience my own rollercoaster of feelings with all its turns, hills, and plunges towards inevitable cliffs straight out to nowhere. That feeling in your stomach that gets you all cold sweaty and makes it crank up turn around and make you lose your breath.

Experience my desperation, hopelessness, and resignation when I no longer feel that I have the strength to keep fighting and are just stuck threading water on the same exact spot. The few times I come up to breathe are easily

counted on one hand, new things happens continuously and there is no end, one step forward two steps back.

Many years of my own hell had passed when I finally build the courage to beg for help without being ashamed or worried that no one will believe my story. Many people just turned away, they did not want to hear or try to understand, this was true for many of my friends that I really thought stood me close, friends that at least would try to understand and support me in this.

Out of the blue it showed up new completely amazing friends that dared to help me, supported me to hundred percent. They found me and helped me up on my feet repeatedly when the earthquake I was thrown around like a rag in had buried me far too deep in the cold muddy earth. My own wonderful heroes that were equipped with the strongest lifeline ever existed.

Police, social welfare authorities, doctors, psychologists, curators would not even listen to me, they could never understand or help me in any way. These organizations and people never dared or did not want to be involved in my life that seemingly was too harsh for them to fathom, things that really could not be true. For these people, my story was to unlikely and sometimes too horrible to understand, there was simply not possible for other people to understand.

My story exists and you can read it here and now. I lived in this hell for 10 years' time. Today I have a fantastic new life, with new people and new friends. The best of all is that my kids and grandchild still are with me.

***I survived.***

***I am a warrior.***

# The Start and The End

After the time in the demolition house, apartment, and the townhouse with the start of delivering two wonderful children's and at the same time starting up a nightclub called Kölsvinet a Nightclub & Restaurant by the dog track & a wonderful inn by the water, Margretelunds Wärdshus slowly but surely the pattern in our family started to change.

Small sign of distress crept up on me from the outside to inside, there was a continuously stream of things that "just" happened in our life. Explanations of events that didn't match reality. Excuses always blaming someone else for the things that happens to us. I cannot even remember everything that was "going on" without any reason or touch with reality.

We were a happy family that was slowly disintegrating possibly for a very long time. Why? I do not have the answer to that question, maybe we had too high demands and too big of a goal that to any cost needed to be fulfilled. In hindsight I can ascertain that this person I was married to that was my dream prince forever always had the "other" side within. He was really like two different persons in one and the same human depending on the situation, a psychopath that evolved the more time passed by this became even worse for our family.

I could never in my wildest imagination that this would lead to a large black puddle of mud that would take me ten years to recover from. It would crush me emotionally, economically and my whole personality would change completely for many years to come. I became merely a shadow of my former me.

Even the kids were severely affected of what was going on during this period. In the beginning when they were small and as time went by especially as teenagers when the brain and body is in chaos anyway their personality slowly changed. To see them loose the spark in their eye, paw on toe, loose their self-esteem and the belief in their selves is so immensely sad to be a part of that still this day totally shreds my heart into pieces.

The worst thing that we lost to each other was trust. Lying and protecting each other became a daily thing, using the kids as excuses to hide the truth became a thing that we used daily, weekly, monthly and year after year.

*So horrible but sadly all too real.*

None of us knew either out or in and in the end everything that we lied about somehow became the truth, the things that really was true just merged into the lies, it became our life where everyone was involved in one way or another. No one of us dared to look for the truth it was just easier to live the lie. This behavior was mostly to hide everything for the outside to reveal what was really going on in our family. Today most of the secrets are in the open but I know that there is so much more out there, but I truly do not want to know anymore, it has no meaning for me, it absolutely cannot have a meaning for me. I have rebuilt myself from the ground up to the person I once was, it took a long time, and I will never allow myself to get to that point again.

What is still hidden out there somewhere, must remain there until I die.

You read a lot of what happened here in the book, but some things that happened during this time are far too big and difficult to be mentioned, they are hidden behind doors in my heart that are forever closed. Will never ever open again.

Diary entries that build this book, were my lifeline to try to get me through everything, day by day. Write, forget, start again with the mantra that tomorrow is a new, much better

day. Many diary sheets were difficult to read, as my tears made the sheets really wet and the ink flowed out like a still wave of pain. Often when I wrote, I took a copy and burned it in the wood stove. This was my end to every episode of what happened, but I still saved everything, why I did not know then, but now it becomes my very own trilogy about my life for many years.

This routine saved my life, to consciously forget, move on, became my way out to survive. Reading through all this to write about it, is a big anxious and frightening emotional storm, which makes my heart jump back to the anxious feeling I had in me there and then. Often, I must take a break to be able to move on with writing to a completely different day. I end up as if back in the reality that existed then, the hopelessness with my terrible despair storms over me, which makes me almost about to drown once again.

But it must be done, it heals me, it slowly makes me stronger, it makes me feel so much of what happened there, everything that just controlled how I acted, and nothing was completely natural anymore, but many of the events were often calculated and planned. This is exactly what I did not see then but see it very clearly today. Now I have the result in my hand.

Could I have acted differently? Of course, but I did not understand that until afterwards, when I now go through everything in my life again. If I regret something? Of course, I regret lots of things I did then, but in the hysteria around me that only got worse and worse every day, made me act impulsively, without a thought of consequences.

Eventually I started doing impact assessments on just about everything that happened, but unfortunately, sometimes it did not work out.

If there are several men around you, with weapons in hand, who have just forced your car to stop on the small road from the house, where the kids are still lying and sleeping peacefully, then you do not have time to do an impact

analysis, but you react right then when it happens. Of course, I would have liked to have a pair of extra pants with me, as the ones I was wearing got really wet from fear because my bladder could no longer hold on to the fear I was feeling at the time. Is this feeling understandable? No, no is the right answer!

The only thing I do in that second is make sure everyone gets their way, not mine. My kids would be protected, not allowed to see, or even experience a small part of the fear that hugged my heart just then. I quickly did exactly what was required of me, I immediately answered their only question correctly:

- *Is he at home in the house?*

*People, often more shady than usual, knocked on the door of the house, always asking for him. People sneaking around the house, the stable, etc., searching, checking, searching for what? Packages, pallets came and went, were stored for a few days to later just be gone. No clues, no questions, absolutely nothing.*

Did I think about this? Of course, this was often questioned, even though my body received more pain each time I dared to ask the question. The first time the hit came, it annihilated me, I did not understand anything, did not understand what was just happening. My God, how shocked and surprised I was, damn it, I thought.

After a while I stop asking, the impact assessment which quickly explained: - Here it is important to survive or not. The answer was simple, but unfortunately, I too often forgot that answer. Searched for the right answers, but in the end the survival instinct took over completely.

Beloved kids, my best achievement ever, I love you above everything else on earth from day one. But it would be tough during these 10 terribly difficult years. Our love



would be put to the test, proper tests, which sometimes did not even have the right answers.

Consequences of love involved, blinds, and complicated reality I am very proud of, but there are many things I am less proud of. Not protecting my young enough in these horrible conditions is unforgivable in my opinion. My forgiveness for myself here, I will probably never get, but I hope that much comes out through what I write, maybe you can at least understand. Personally, I hope eventually in my lifetime, to be able to forgive myself, accept what I have done.

Standing outside a closed door, when one of the kids is exposed to something very bad inside, is unforgivable, no one can ever understand such a choice. But the fear of what would happen if I opened the door, was for me so much worse right then, than what happened inside. I did not dare, the only thing I did right then, was knock on the door, shouting that I should call the police. Then it usually came to a quick end, but with a result that I ended up behind the next door, which no one dared open or call the police about.

I will never forgive myself for this, never ever, but today I can, a little bit, understand how scared I really was during all these years. Will also never ask for forgiveness from anyone other than me over this. It is obviously unforgivable to stay out the door, I live with this every day. But it feels so good to know that today, with my strong belief in myself, I would open that damn door immediately to dare to front and defend the child against what happened inside, but unfortunately it is far too late.

My explanation for my actions right then is that I was no longer myself. I was broken, a shadow of my old self, destroyed for many years to come. Today I can never in my life understand that it is myself I am describing here.

Am so happy for all the moments we had together at our LillBoda Farm 1:26, so grateful for life there with our

animals, all our friends who were then with us just then. The love we still had for each other, while all the events that slowly but surely shattered us into non-existent little lonely crumbs.

We learned to forget, to welcome the next day as a better day. The escape from our reality at home on the Farm, by participating in various horse competitions, with our unsuspecting horse friends. Overnight stays at various hotels during the competition season that we got to have for ourselves. This was our real escape from reality from what was happening around us. Built us up again and again, even though we were constantly torn apart more and more. The hope that a better time would come was planted during this time we had together, me and my beloved kids. The strength we gained by winning competitions, loving hugs from friends who appreciated what we did, saw us as the people we are in this world.

The happiness, the laughter, the bubbling in the car home, became quieter with each mile we drove closer to home, but we lived for a long time on the feeling of being real after these fantastic weekends. Without this appreciation from others, the results of our superhorses, we would never have survived, I promise. This became our lifebuoy to be able to look ahead, dare to hope, plan and to be able to live on.

Sure, we did things together that whole families usually do, but we were often interrupted by conversations or "something that just happened." We quickly started walking on eggshells, so as not to start something that could explode. Sneaked around some topics of conversation among the friends who were there at the time. In the end, there were no more friends to sneak around. The more I answered no, or I cancelled in the last minute the less friends eventually remained.

Friends who began to guess or ask something about what was happening were quickly removed from our lives.

Several of my close friends just disappeared, why I know today, but it was not me who unpolleted them immediately. In retrospect, many came up with all sorts of explanations for answers that I had never heard of, the answers to ended friendships did not even come from me.

Why did no one continue to question, demand explanations directly from me? I know, the easiest path is easiest and best to take, always.

Townhouse life was the time when we were like an ordinary family among everyone else, new mothers who had coffee, neighbors who had barbecues with each other, celebrated Midsummer, birthdays together, a real "average joe life". But in the end, things started to change, slowly, rumors started circulating, taking hold through my ears and eyes. Constantly searching for answers, often receiving good answers, but could never in my life finally understand that there was so much truth here that would soon take over our entire lives.

Boda 1:26 is a dream come true, but it brought with it so much shit, that would bury us all for a long time to come. Empty. bury some things forever. A big change in life that left its mark forever, would etch itself in the memory, to eventually hurt a lot.

Many events really reflect a lot of the happiness that was there, remembering sadness is so much easier to pick out than that wonderfully happy time we had.

The mornings with the dew left on the flowers, the green meadow with the horse's happy whinny, when those with rocking tails, came towards us in the cool mist of moisture that remains. A small warm hand in mine we walked slowly smiling towards a new day of happiness in our hearts. Happiness to remember, important to remember, this must never be forgotten.

Your great expectation of the cat's cubs that would soon look out. The surprise in your eyes when the very next day

there were 8 new small, cute cat babies hidden in the huge cage.

The foaling that was followed daily by sneaky visits to the stable or night-time peeking at the camera installed above the foal box. When the first dog met you one early morning at breakfast, the shock, and the great happiness of you when the dog kissed your cheeks with its cold rough tongue, makes me forever remember your smiling faces.

Winnings in horse jumping, the strong tied hand in the air during the victory lap, unbeatable, happy, full of confidence with great new hope of winning before the next competition.

First love, first diss, tears, laughter, expectations, teenage chaos, this is life, the real life. New friends, who disappoint, who strengthen, who comfort, who remain forever.

Much of this ended abruptly, as other things in life took over. But I remember, will always remember, no one can take this away from me, never ever, no matter how much you try to destroy, I will remember these amazing happy memories forever. Tends the memories tenderly within me, fills my heart with what happened but was forgotten, at the same time there is still plenty of room for many wonderful new memories. Life goes on, the path of life is never straight, but when it goes out on many paths of error, you must do everything that exists in this world, to finally find your way back to the bigger, safer, and right path...

*My words to myself are:*

What has happened, has happened, I have become stronger, wiser, more sensible every time. Looking at life in a new better way, has equipped me to survive great wars.

I am a dignified person, who has the right to all the love that exists in this life, I am very proud of who I am and of what I have done. What I still have not forgiven myself for, I continue to work on to finally try to understand. But I never dig back to what has been, never again, all that stops here and now.

These books about My life, may be my conclusion to what has been. Now there are just a lot of new wonderful, fantastic adventures ahead of me. I live, have finally started to accept everything that has happened in my life for a very long time.

To you out there who recognize themselves in what has happened in my life:

*Never give up, always fight for what you think is right, accept and respect your choices here and there, just move on, redo and do right. Dare to live fully and start by loving yourself.*

# Chapter one

## Who am I?

*I did not become a psychopath or a mass murderer, even though I pulled the legs of a poor spider on one side, only to see later how it could only run around in one direction.*

*To understand My life, how I am, what kind of person I am, to try to understand why I react the way I do, how life has shaped me. So here I must tell you about my background and all the events during life, which have shaped me into the person I am today.*

*All that has happened to me, that has made me who I am, need to come back to the memory of how I once was, then I will give you my whole life from the beginning. It is incredibly important for myself to try to understand where it all turned, how I could lose myself completely so easily, when did this happen and why did life turn out the way it did?*

*So here are a lot of glimpses from my life, through all the years that shape and make me Annika, a strong, curious and tough boy girl who loved horses, to a mature and happy mother who started two own companies in restaurant and a company in wellness, to a man who is no longer recognizable, an Annika who no longer wants to live, who only sees everything in black, but who after 10 years in hell goes up to the living life again to become a great warrior who makes his heart completely again.*

I

WAS BORN 1961

I looked out in 1961 in Gothenburg, as the first daughter of four siblings, a little later in life I also got a half-brother. My parents were young, far too young I think myself who became a mother only at the age of 30. Young parents who in the beginning received help and support at the home of my beloved grandmother and grandfather in Björkekärr, father was in trouble and my mother received support from these wonderful people, before she dared to become a real mother to me. They were only 17 years old and were still active scouts in IOGT (AA). Later we ended up in Gothenburg's huge new production of high-rise buildings in Hammarkullen, me and the family, now also with my little siblings around 1968.

Hammarkullen in the 60's was newly built and fresh, a modern high-rise building, a few years later it was torn apart by far too many newcomers with different religions and from many different countries, where their culture not only clashed with the Swedish, but also with each other. It became dilapidated and a lot of drugs unfortunately passed through the area, which in 1990 was both demolished and rebuilt in a smaller-scale building.

I had classmates who both smoked hashish and sniffed thinners in the stairwell. A best friend who was often sad and never took me home to visit, took care of her 5 siblings when the parents themselves lay helpless on the couch for several days, she was so ashamed of her family. She never dared to take her classmates home, as the rest of us often did, because she carried a truth that no child in the world should have to carry.

I never tried any of this, why did it really happen that way? Was I just lucky? Or a lot of common sense? With such young parents, it could really all be wrong, but it was just all right on my upbringing, despite the young age, they taught me everything about what is right or wrong, they showed me the right way out in life.

My siblings were like all other children, both loving and annoying to the max. Being a big sister meant a lot of responsibility, I felt that I was never allowed to be at peace. But I love them above all else, but if the truth is to be written here, I appreciate them more now in adulthood, when they have their own children and their own families, than during my growing up years. Rooms were shared, clothes were borrowed, books were destroyed, and my diary was read. I remember that I was never allowed to be alone without my siblings, they always wanted to hang out with me and my friends.

But I survived and we left Hammarkullen after a short time, when the family felt that it escalated rapidly downhill with everything around us, everything that really should be a security in life became more and more anxious to try to cope. We ended up at Hisingen, do not know if I think it was a better place really, but it was clearly much calmer in Biskopsgården at that time than how it is there today.

## MUNKEDAL

The family got a country house in Munkedal, my father built the house, which was in the middle of nowhere, but it was close to the sea, Gullmarsfjorden straight out towards Lysekil, Smögen, Fjällbacka etc., and a large, lovely plot.

A nice farm with horses was the nearest neighbor, about fifteen minutes to walk to. Here I would hang out most of my teens. My mother wanted to stay in the city, as the city was more buzzing, but somehow the family went to the country house very often, despite some resistance from my mother. A real sanctuary in my opinion, the closest metropolis is Uddevalla, I got nice summer friends to hang out with as we often went here on weekends and holidays. The summer holidays were the very best. We were a great lovely bunch who had fun together.



My first boyfriend, my first kiss and my first attempt at "pawing" in the hayloft were experienced here. My interest in horses was aroused and I got many stable friends to keep up with. It ended with the whole family moving to the newly built nice house for good, despite a lot of protests from my mother. But she adapted quite well with her new friends and her restaurant job in town, "Ringbaren" in Uddevalla. but I still think that this move was what took away a lot of her joy of life, slowly but surely.

It went well for me at school, I was the girl who came from the big city, I really did everything I could to live up to my new friends' expectations. It was not difficult to make new friends, I quickly became the cool girl, who many looked up to and wanted to be with. But I was just myself, everything was very simple, really had a great self-esteem from the time I was very young. Became a big sister with a lot of responsibility, often took care of all my siblings, then father worked away on the weeks and mother worked long days at the restaurant. Had many friends around me at school, but only a few who came close to me.

I cooked and followed the little siblings to kindergarten and picked them up, made sure they got up in the morning and ate breakfast before the school bus picked us all up. It was a lot of responsibility, but I do not remember that I disliked it, just became completely natural for me, I am a big sister who loves all my siblings, then that is what was expected of a big sister like me?

The times I remember with great sadness and something that still tears to pieces in my heart, are the times when I had to leave my siblings outside kindergarten completely alone, when the staff was late, and I had to take care of my own stuff. It was cold outside, and I could feel the glances in my back, I also noticed the silent tears on my little siblings' cheeks when I reluctantly was forced to leave in the dark. But I was young, today I understand that this was

not okay, neither for me nor the responsibility that my mother and father took for granted from me.

A few times I even had to drag myself walking with my little sister on the bike, through high snow and several minus degrees Celsius, into the center and kindergarten, it was dark and cold and about 1.5 miles. Longed very much for my 18th birthday to be able to take my driver's license. But it worked, it became a matter of course for me to help my parents take care of my siblings.

### MY LOVED VERONA MC ELWYN, CALLED LONIS

After a lot of nagging, I got my own horse, my beloved American trotter Verona MC Elwyn, called her My Lonis. A crazy wild trotter with a lot of brain and a lot of mischief, she tested and put me to the test all the time. But no one could be happier than me. Mother did not like horses and was terrified, so it was my father who was with me out on jumping competitions, but often I rode myself to Munkedal's riding club to train and compete. We often won, I lived for her, and we had an incredibly good time together. My little siblings were mostly in the stable and fixed with the other ponies, hung out with other kids in the stable, a wonderful time for all of us.

In the stable there were many cats that we could cuddle with, one was even allowed to come home to us in the house, the happiness was complete, the cat became my mother's very own little red, black, brown, and white-colored cuddly toy. When the horse farmer finally answered Yes, we all stable friends got to sleep over on the hayloft, then life was really on top. Exciting, eerie, cool but very sticky. The stable became like a second home with all new friends and animals, an important part of it all was also that the wife in the house often offered juice and freshly baked buns, so fantastically good!

The awful day came that would leave its mark on me forever, traces of a loss that can never be healed or cured, a fear of losing and losing someone. The doctrine of never taking anything for granted. The shock of having to make my own quick decisions, the fear that had to be overlooked just to do what the situation demanded of me right there and then. A true doctrine that accompanies me all my life. A grief that can never be understood, it can only be accepted.

Lonis and I rode out into the woods on a warm and glorious spring day, the frost in the ground began to drop, there were some holes here and there in the ground that I zigzagged between, the birds chirped up there in the treetops, the gallop makes the wind howl in my ears, I enjoy the freedom, the speed, the strong muscles of the shiny glorious horse body below me. This is life, real life, me, and the horse together into the same life, only we are completely alone in the forest, in the whole world, freedom, love, welded together forever.

We slow down to walk, and I give her loose reins and we relax out of breath for a moment of rest in freedom. Something crashes into the woods, she jumps, I go down a little on the side of the saddle, quickly throw my arms around her neck so as not to fall off. We fall, as in slow motion, I feel her heavy body roll over on its side and my right leg gets squeezed under 1300 lbs. horse. The shock and pain shut me off for a while.

Everything becomes quiet, we both lie completely still and I feel how her heart beats against my pinched leg, the heart beats fast, she shakes her head and tries to get up, but does not succeed, my leg squeezes more and more, with each head shake, it hurts a lot because the resistance below us is just rock, she now squeezes me even more in her own panic, harder against the small mountain plateau that we ended up on. It hurts so much that my tears are pushed forward, but most of all I get scared, why can she

not get up? She tries and tries, shakes her body even more, her neck lifts, she has foam around her mouth now and I get really scared. The pain in my leg eases when I finally get a chance to get loose, in one of her bigger attempts to get up on my legs. Slowly I crawl away from the sweaty horse body. I am shaking and feeling really confused, what is going on?

She remains down when I slowly get up, the horror in her dark brown eyes is both sad and crazy with fear, her body is now completely foamy from all attempts to get up. On trembling legs and with the softest voice I have, I get closer to her to try to attract and help her back on her feet.

That is when I see why she cannot get up, the fear, the sadness, the nausea comes over me like a storm, the sweat flows down from the forehead and into my eyes that sting when the sweat is mixed with tears. Shaking, I slowly sit down next to her head and pat her tenderly, she calms down, she understands, hope is out, the hoof is stuck in a ravine where the frost gave way when we came walking. The lower leg is off, broken in the middle, I see small white bone chips sticking out through the beautiful reddish-brown fur, the blood flows slowly down and colors her white sock red.

The panic comes over me, I throw myself aside and vomit, sob, cry and get my brain going, must be calm, pat her on the frothy wet and sweaty throat, see that she is finished now, she is probably in terrible pain and has run out of all the power she had. Trying to pull on the leg that is stuck, strikes with a large stone to widen the crevice so she can get loose, I take the help of a stick to try to lift the hoof out of the crevice, none of this works at all. My God, help me, please get loose now, this has not happened right?

I must make the decision now; I must leave her to run for help. The farmer must be picked up and take the rifle with him, I understand that it is completely done, there is no return, there is no other choice right now, the suffering

must end as soon as possible. My legs run as fast as I can, feel no pain for myself but try to keep me focused, forward at full speed, I fall, branches tear up large wounds in my face, but my heart suffers the most, it is breaking totally. When the farmer and I come back to her, she is completely still, her eyes are closed and her breathing is calm, I understand that she has given up. Sits me down and takes her beautiful big head in my lap, pats her slowly over the mane and whispers into her ear:

- I love you Lonis forever, please forgive me...

The shot echoes through the forest, makes the birds lift, they take my scream with them up and away to land into eternity. My heart is broken, my body is shaking, and I feel that life will not be easy, real life is so cruel and so terribly hard.

*The only thing left is my scars on my leg and a terrible emptiness in my heart.*

## NEW HORSE AND DESTINY HITS

Eventually I let the grief and all my tears be buried in a new horse's warm neck and soft muzzle. At Orust I found a wonderfully large and muscular half-blood gelding, a beautiful chestnut, a little ridden but well handled. Choose between him and a carbon black a little smaller gelding in the same stable. Brought him home the same day as the bridge between Tjörn and Orust collapsed when it was hit by a ferry. Very uncomfortable, in fact it felt like a sign somewhere inside my skull.

Since my parents worked a lot, my little siblings were always with me, even in the stable, there were always other kids to play with, so I did not think it was a burden to have

them there. But sometimes I had no real idea where they were or unfortunately where they would not be. The accident came on a cold icy winter evening, the darkness obscured the white snow that lay over the ice on the road outside the stable. It was icy and slippery, everything happened in a second, like a bolt from the blue, the accident came unforeseen, unimaginable bad luck, but it also took with it a whole lot more luck.

I let my not so little worried chestnut out into the dark, he stepped and bounced around me a lot. Heard a howl, something snorting under the horse that flew completely in the air, an explosion, a buck jump that ended with a resounding kick straight out behind me, something heavy shapeless that flew up in the air in a terrible scream, a thump then just silence. I lost my grip on the horse and ran to the bundle, which was completely still in the cold snow, inside me I screamed loudly:

- *No, NO.*

My little sister, completely escaped with blood flowing from the side of her head, she tried to look at me, but her eyes could not get a real grip. Picked her up gently and whispered slowly:

- *Please, please say something.*

She did not have time to say anything, because her vomit came right over my chest so fast that none of us had time to react. But I realized that now it is in a hurry. In with the horse in the stable, the other kids had to fix everything that needed to be done, run in to the horse farmer to call mother and father to talk about what has happened and