

# « Mable »



This book lovely to my Sötnos, Dan  
and my beloved dog Mable



**This worked in our long talking  
began  
to share the fantasies ...**

**and then aside  
the experience with a beautiful dog  
got an answer  
about us and our longings  
and interests**

**lovely to my Sötnos, Dan  
and beloved dog**

***Mable***





*This is really lynx weather today*

*We came in now, and found contacts walking*

*Air was good and dry, ways muddy*

*Was sympathetic now to introduce*

*to my friends and mine thoughts of our first book*

**„The Hour before we knew each other“**

*that is talking about children from nowadays*

*here to read the second thing to talk about my dog*

*this is Dan's and my biggest wish of course*

*we both find the collected thoughts*

*now are more to come*

*with a book about us seemed like a book about  
Mable, would be a natural thing*

**Blessings from my beloved Dan Lundgren**

**and me the friend of him, Heike Thieme**









**Heike Thieme**



01/02/2009

After the first start with the book, we two went for a little walk in the start of darkening. Outside the houses stood a neighbour, he was socialworking police officer that time but he is retired and he is board member in the rental association, and he was helping me to leave that house as fast as it was possible. Then I told him, that I started some new books, so one about my dog, then continued. Another police officer will retire today, I haven't met him for years, we met again, and he wants to retire this year. He is lucky for recieving the newest medicine against his mulitple sclerosis, I told him to collect all humor, because he would need for the retire. Then I met a woman who starts to be friend at me a little with her shepard dog, and we had a good small talk about relationships.

I never talk long to the police, but they have altime respected me here, and sure they had to.

And I am mature, and I love my friend, why then make to know policemen in privacy? The sameway I don't give them the image to turtle around the husbands of other people, just not to be that kind of a woman, who seemed to be open to all the married men.

These couples I told the young woman of yesterday, who were glad to meet me for years now, but more and more where instructed by their wives to avoid me, I must watch their husbands fall in themselvles afraid to greet and with hanging shoulders suddenly, I find they look similar to male suiziders, but in a long death.

The young woman said, there is no use in knowing such people, because if you look behind they seem to be unlucky in their relationships.

It's good people want to work as policemen, but I can't understand why. Impossible for me, I could not arrange me with authoritative manners, and then would be the mobbed within the first three months. The job as a social worker there is much better.

Love is like an Apple a Day! Sometimes I need in the morning more than an apple.

But I must become wise, that a Man might dream another way as me. I do believe he does it well his way, and this I learn to trust in it. It's as I say, I dream every night but rarely have any memory of them, just certain feelings. Sometimes it's really intricate stories, I wish I remembered.

One can't enjoy everything that his brain folds out, but I am still astonished THAT men dream, never a Man told me to, yeah we are living in this strange world.

I knew I have had periods exhausted when napping over a day, dreamt every time. Sameway, if a person is really that tired then he is busy working inside. Like my dog can see, if I am going to take a rest, when she differentiates wether it is needed for real, then she stays with me even six hours and doesn't move, and when she feels me retired then she rushes to bring me back onto feet.

Like she always had an eye on me. I saw her yesterday dissappear with the shepard in the dark across the meadow, and let her, because this daytime is magic going and making the dogs slip into their own a bit, but when a person passes with a dangerous dog aside, she is there like the wind, still sitting aside the tree and have an eye on me, silently but there.

