

HENRIK NEERGAARD

MY NIGHTLY
WANDERINGS UNDER
SHINING STARS AND
DARKEN SKIES

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Chapter 1

Where, among other things, I make a bet that I get some problems with

It's all Mona's fault. Well, that's it. Certainly. That is beyond doubt. Simply. She's the one who's responsible for all this. She's the one who made me do it, or, it was actually her sister. But it was Mona who invited me to that gathering, where her sister was also with her, and it was here, that is, her sister, who enticed me to make that bet.

Okay, I guess I wasn't completely sober either. Maybe I was even pretty drunk. I have to admit that. It was a Christmas get-together, and it was already past midnight. So why shouldn't I be drunk? She was pretty drunk herself. We all were.

Otherwise, I would never have agreed to a bet like that. I was even stupid enough to bet the whole of \$1,000 when she kept challenging me and said I probably couldn't. I mean, write a book. Of course I could do that! Just as well as anyone else. Of course I can! But she kept saying me that I couldn't. And that it's only academics like herself who can write books. But that's bullshit. I can do that, too, I said. And then she challenged me to that bet. So now I'm hanging on to it.

And now I'm going to get started. It's probably just going to be some of the things from my daily life, which I'm going to take a look at and then just embroider a little bit, maybe. Kind of a diary, maybe with a few extra curls on it.

Something like that. But I guess that should be okay, too. Then it is quite reminiscent of what is known as autofiction, which I think is one of the hottest among many writers at the moment. At least she says so. Mona's sister. So now I'm starting that writing. I don't really know what it's going to be like. I'm actually quite excited about it myself. But then it's their fault. Mona and her sister who lured me into this. But I'm sure going to find something to put into this book. It can't be that difficult.

Chapter 2

Where the action gets going. At least I'm counting on that.

Okay, here we go. I don't want to write the date. It's not a real diary after all. One of those where you have to write something every day. Whether you have experienced something exciting or not. I don't want to do that. Then it gets too boring. And I'm going to have time for something other than this.

So now I'm trying. I'm going to take out my good will. I'm looking at it a little bit, wondering what am I going to do with it right now. I'll get some kind of idea. I'm going to throw my good will into the midnight hour. Like it's a closet I'm throwing it into, maybe. Maybe a wardrobe, clothes create people, they say. Or maybe it's some kind of storeroom. Some kind of warehouse of something. A warehouse filled with good will, perhaps. Or just with a lot of words and letters. Or thoughts that can be written down. It's always nice to have something in stock for worse times. Save some good will for a rainy day, as they say.

A grey and sour day when everything goes against you. Then it is very good to have such a few small depots of good will lying around that one can draw on. That's why I always finance my good will a little when it's there, so you don't prey on it. It is always essential to have it promoted. You don't have to overdraft the account, either.

Yes, I do know that some people say that the one who saves for the night saves for the night. No, nonsense, I mean, the one who saves for the night saves for the cat. It can be a little hard to keep track of things like this in the wolf class just after midnight. yes, I'm talking about the good old wolf class. And not just some hasty shopping on the way home from work, some stressful cooking and some picky, untidy pups to be fed off. This is how everything is trivialised in modern society. And then, at all, will not begin to comment on why that expression with the wolf class has changed meaning and what it says about society today. I don't give up on that kind of thing, because it's not the time or the times.

I'm a little busy getting to grips with this weird, quirky and unruly hour that just soars between night and day. Or to be correct, of course it is between day and night, and not between night and day. yes, this is the wolf class I'm still talking about. This no-man's land, where the energy of the day is running out and the energy of the night has not really come into gear.

But by the way, I don't believe in hiding for the cat at all. I don't keep a cat at all, so there's no cat to hide anything for. I don't want to feed the neighbor's cat.

So I'm not hiding anything for the cat. I'm not hiding anything for the night, either. I don't. I'm just not saving my good will for the night. I'm not saving it for the night. On the contrary, I save it FOR the night. I'll hide it away in a safe place. Almost as if I had a safe deposit box. Lock and strike in some kind of mental safe. So that it does not be captured and overpenetrated and corrupted by the night and all its being. Such! Or what if I dropped it out in the city? In fact, it's easy to get to that. Especially if you are in town at night

and it has become rather late and you also have had a bit to drink.

I think I'll leave my good intentions at home. It should preferably be intact, so I can take it out of the closet again sometime tomorrow morning. Experience tells me that very often, the morning after a night like this, where you may have been a little bit of a lot around town, you might actually need a great deal of really good intentions.

A little break. I'll pour myself a little whiskey. Just one.

Just. One. Small. Whiskey.

Time for a bit of thinking before I go ahead with the deeds of the night.

Then I walk into the room next door and to the old black-painted closet. It's a bit of a horror, certainly not pretty to look at. Quite a scuffled, and not even very practical. So I don't really know why I keep it, that's what I inherited after Uncle Rufus. He was actually called that. yes, okay, maybe he was a bit of a dog, and cheeky like a butcher dog. So maybe the name fit very well. He was also a dog after fast cars and naughty ladies and colorful drinks and all that sort of thing, but otherwise..... Well, I think that goes too far, this. But I can safely say that, compared to him, I am almost a total pattern of virtue.

Yet he bequeathed me a big closet full of old magazines and stuff like that. Or maybe that's exactly why. At least I prefer to believe that. That sounds nicer than the opposite. But it was a little embarrassing that it was actually in his will, black and white. And I had said yes to the thing of confessing to inheritance and debt, because I thought he had a great deal of money saved up, because that had been talked about, and I could also remember that he had had

that in the past. But it turned out that he had sunned it all up, so all he left behind was that ugly old closet with its more or less obscene content. That's the way it can go.

When I got the closet, it was both locked with a regular lock and with two difficult padlocks. And it was an explicit condition that I only opened it once I had the closet transported home to myself. He had even written me a rather long and almost entirely touching letter. Or a very sentimental one, at least. A real oldfashioned handwritten letter with his distinctive handwriting. The letter said a whole lot of phrases and piping about all the valuable things that were in the closet and which he believed would enrich my life. I thought this was where he had hidden a fortune in money or valuables or shares or a rare stamp collection or something like that. But I was so badly disappointed. There was nothing but about half a ton of old worn and curly magazines and bang novels and stuff like that. I didn't know anything about that beforehand. But all the locals up there in Northern Jutland, where he lived, knew what was in his big black closet. And for some reason, almost everyone in the village had turned up to the local event, where his will was to be opened at the lawyer's office. And when the lawyer opened the will and read out with a loud and clear voice that I, his only nephew, would inherit the great black closet with all its content, a quiet giggle began to spread among all the locals, without me initially understanding why. I only discovered this when I had the old closet transported home and had the locks broken up. I think this was his last attempt to educate me a little bit. Or so he might have thought with his crooked mind.

But after all, I sort of liked him. I salute him with one more J.O.S.W. – Just. One. Small. Whisky.

Chapter 3

I don't just bother reading an old bang novel and instead I find out a bit about my night's will

Well, the first real chapter was perfectly good, I think. Kind of naughty and a little nice language and such. It's coming along, I think. So now I'm going to move on.

Now the closet is no longer full of all those old magazines and cheap bang novels. The old black closet that I inherited from Uncle Rufus. I'm using it for some other stuff now. Worse or better, it might be a matter of taste. But now I'm getting ready.

Carefully, I open the one door of the large cupboard. Almost with a kind of awe. For out comes my night will, as I call it. It's the easiest thing to call it, and it sounds pretty neutral. Close to just being a word, a name that one – ie I – has put on it, almost in line with if it was a chair or a table.

A neutral statement. Almost as if it's your nightwear you put on, for example. And it's almost a kind of nightwear that I wear. Although it is not exactly a pajamas, but something a little more deep black, festive and, in a sense, I would also say rather more colourful than that. All in a transferred sense, of course. Because at night, all cats are black-grey, at least as long as they stay out in the dark of night and the moon is not there. Only when they enter the floodlights do you see their colors and patterns. If they're someone worth talking about.