

# FABULOUS BOOKS

Ólafur Gunnarsson

*Dark Rose*

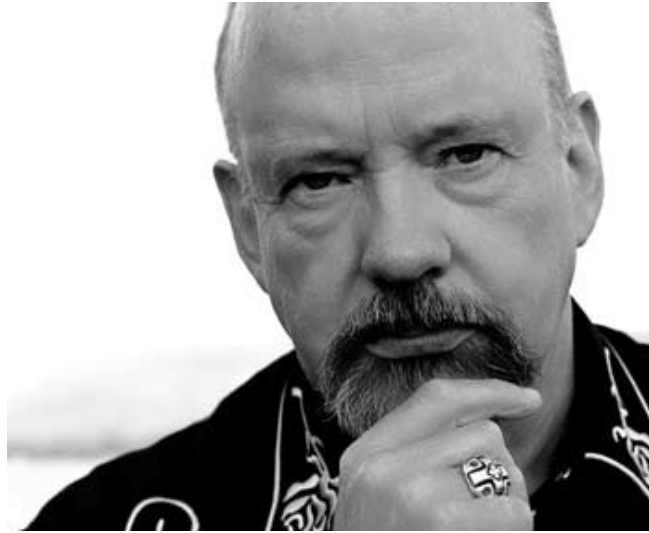
*The Thaw and Other Stories*

Novel / Short Stories

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Ólafur Gunnarsson (b. 1948) is among Iceland's best storytellers. He made his publishing debut in 1978 and has since written novels, poetry and books for children.

With his acclaimed trilogy *Trolls' Cathedral* (Fröllakirkja), *Potter's Field* (Blóðakur) and *Winter Journey* (Vetrarferðin), Ólafur has earned a place among the major realists in Icelandic letters. *Troll's Cathedral* was nominated for the Icelandic Literary Prize in 1992 and the



English translation was nominated for the IMPAC Dublin Literary Award in 1996. An adaptation for the stage premiered in 1996.

In 2004, Ólafur received the Icelandic Literary Prize for his novel *The Axe and the Earth* (*Öxin og jörðin*). Film rights to *The Axe and the Earth* have been sold to Palomar Pictures. Ólafur has also translated various works of fiction to Icelandic, among them Kerouac's *On the Road*.

## TRANSLATIONS

*The Thaw and Other Stories* is to be published in English in 2012/2013 (New American Press).

*Dark Rose* is to be published in Norwegian in 2012/2013 (Bokvennen).

Ólafur Gunnarsson's previous books have been published in the Czech Republic (Host), France (Gaïa), Germany (Steidl), Lithuania (Pasvires Pausalis) and United Kingdom (Mare's Nest).

## DARK ROSE (2008)

The stage is Reykjavik in the years 1969 to 1971, years of conflict between the old time and the new, years of cultural revolution and ideological combat; the years when The Kinks and Led Zeppelin play concerts in Iceland, young people look towards the future in a state either of expectation or intoxication, as the case may be, and the older generation really don't know what hit them.

The dramatis personae are formed by two picturesque families in town. The characters come in all sizes and shapes; from the rebellious teenage girl to the well-meaning theology student, from the long-haired drummer to the old car mechanic, from the colorless accountant to the actress who is permanently on stage. The action is spun around the fates of these two families, unexpectedly entwined together in an enthralling read.

The author is among Iceland's best storytellers. In this book he paints a vibrant portrait of a period and a set of characters faced with the fundamental issues of integrity and ethics.

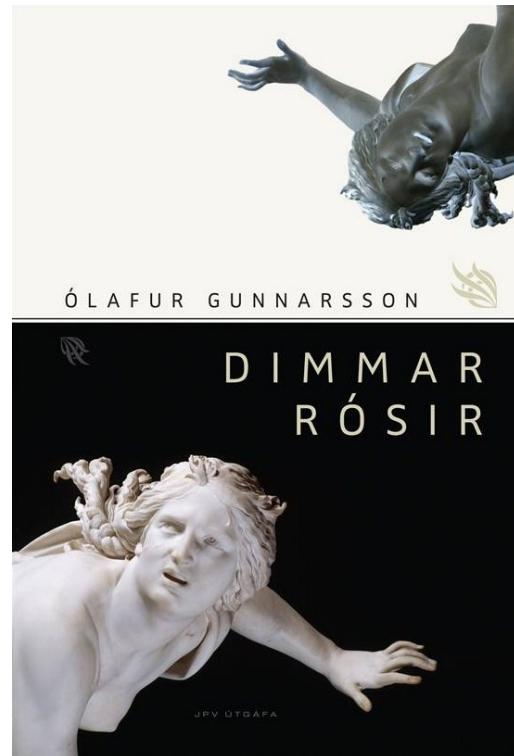
408 pp

## REVIEWS

“Ólafur Gunnarsson is especially successful in his portrayals of people. ... The construction of the plot ... is obviously created by an expert storyteller. The course of the narrative is effortless, and at the same time so powerful, that at times you may even feel it comes too easily. ... His skill is particularly evident when it comes to composition. Not only does Ólafur successfully convey information about the characters, he also excels in the construction and coupling of individual chapters ... Thus Ólafur braids a thick cable of a story that pulls any reader through to the end.” **(Vísir, National Icelandic Radio)**

“It is tremendously hard to put this book down. You would prefer to swallow it whole in one go. Every page has events that make the reader anxious to continue. In fact it can be said that *The Dark Rose* is more thrilling than any crime novel.” **(www.literature.is)**

\*\*\*\* (4 stars out of 5) “[The characters] are lifelike and believable, and the story is propelled onwards by especially vibrant conversations and an eventful plot. ... The story is very dramatic and so vivid that it cries out to be made into a movie. Here a person stands before God and random fate and deals with questions regarding liberty, forgiveness, revenge and justice. Although dark in places, and the course of events is somber, the story shines with sharp sense of humour, deep solidarity and humanity...” **(Morgunblaðið newspaper)**



## THE THAW AND OTHER STORIES (2011)

Ólafur Gunnarsson presents here a varied repertoire of characters. The first story, “The Masterpiece”, is about a boy waiting impatiently to see his drawing in the school’s exhibition, while in “The Nazi” an Icelandic Nazi experiences more horror than he could have imagined.

We also hear about an Icelandic who fought in Vietnam, an old rock singer who unexpectedly gets an opportunity to appear on stage with a megastar, a pole-dancer who moves in with an Icelandic car mechanic in the Vogar district of Reykjavik, and many more colorful characters.

Many will find it interesting to hear of the man who was forced to steal his own house in the year Iceland became a republic.

A manuscript of *The Thaw and other Stories* is available in English.

186 pp



## REVIEWS

\*\*\*\* (4 stars out of 5) “The author manages to draw the characters clearly, invest them with life despite the brevity of his stories, and to arouse the reader’s sympathy with them.” (**Morgunblaðið newspaper**)

\*\*\*\* (4 stars out of 5) “The areas of conflict revolve, as often as not, around love interest, and the dialogues are believable and devoid of the melodramatic nonsense so many revert to. Here we have short stories that are both pithy and well thought out.” (**Fréttatíminn weekly**)

“Ólafur Gunnarsson is a born raconteur ... he entertains, provokes thought and leaves a little bit of a chill in the soul. Cruelty, humour and complete mastery of the form.” (**Fréttablaðið newspaper**)

“[*The Thaw* is] a total masterpiece. One of the best Icelandic short stories I have ever read.” (**Kiljan, Icelandic National Television**)

## SAMPLE TRANSLATION — DARK ROSE

1

**Kinks at Glaumbar**

Hrafnhildur managed to barge her way into Glaumbar and push her way into the cloakroom. Afterwards she was plunged into total chaos fighting the crowd inch by inch up the stairway contrary to her plans to reach the lower floor in the attempt to procure an interview with Ray Davies during the intermission. She clutched the bag containing ten Kinks albums close to her chest as if her life depended on it. She had been unable to muster up the courage to risk bringing more copies with her.

It was Friday the 23rd of September 1969 and The Kinks were playing at Glaumbar in Reykjavik, Iceland. Earlier in the day she had called the local business mogul Albert Gudmundsson who was responsible for bringing the band to Iceland. She wanted to find out what hotel they were staying at so she could get some albums autographed. At first Albert seemed a bit reticent to dispense with any information concerning the group but lightened up when she explained she was the manager of the popular local record store Plotuportid near Laugavegur and her sole intention was to find out if they could make a personal appearance in the store, sign some records and thereby promote the concerts. 'Since we are obviously business colleagues' Albert said, 'I can dispense to you the absolutely confidential information that they are staying at Hotel Borg.'

She called Hotel Borg but was told that they had gone out for a walk. She called again later and the receptionist dryly replied that they had not returned yet. The third time she called she explained her mission at hand but the receptionist seemed unimpressed. At that precise point Hrafnhildur decided to take matters into her own hands. She would go to the gig that very evening, taking a few records with her just in case she encountered The Kinks and they perhaps were receptive to doing an in-store appearance.

Hrafnhildur was a tall blonde woman with long thick hair and resented being herded up the stairs against her will. She looked over her shoulder to encounter a short drunken nerd with crooked glasses leering at her. She was unable to ignore him as he was squished right into her side amidst the seamless throng.

'Hey, what's in the bag?' the jerk muttered with a grin on his face like his question was a stroke of genius, simultaneously fingering her bag with one hand and groping her with the other. She gave him an elbow shot to the chest managing to break away from him and move further up the staircase. A short red haired woman worming her way up the stairs snapped at her 'Who in the hell do you think you are you fucking cunt!'

Hrafnhildur managed to squeeze through the crowd, her bag of records intact. Once she reached the top of the stairs she took a deep breath and made a beeline to the bar. The drunken crowd was reaching a peak of madness when the band finally took a break. She placed her bag on the bar and waited her turn while the bartender was scooping ice into a glass. To everyone's delight the DJ put *Under My Thumb* by The Rolling Stones on the turntable cooling everybody out. She ordered a double rum and coke and threw it quickly down her gullet. The crowd was thickening, she realized now was the time to make her move.

All of a sudden a girl showed up that had once stolen one of her boyfriends. Hrafnhildur felt compelled to stay a bit longer despite the fact she had no desire to talk to the bitch. They looked each other in the eye neither one of them giving in one iota waiting for the old wound to arise. 'You fucking bitch' Hrafnhildur thought to herself, 'its been five years now .... who the hell do you think you are?'



Hrafnhildur grabbed her bag and headed off down the stairs. Roadies were setting up some equipment when she suddenly noticed Runar Juliusson. Hljomar had gone on before The Kinks. She didn't know him personally even though he had often visited her record store to buy something or just browse. She secretly had a crush on him.

She walked up to him and asked 'Where are the guys in The Kinks?'

'I think they're in the kitchen' he said. Adding, 'How's it going at the store?'

'Oh , great', she said, 'just fine', then rushed off towards the kitchen as more people were pouring into the room. She knocked on the door. A foreigner cracked open the door and she quickly gushed out her mission. He was quite eager to help her out offering to take her bag of records to the guys in the kitchen but she quickly explained that she ran one of the most popular records stores on the whole island and it was of the utmost necessity that she speak to them herself. He opened the door letting her in.

Ray Davies, Dave Davies, the drummer Mick Avory and a newly recruited keyboard player were getting ready for the show.

The guy who had let her in explained to Ray who she was and what she had in mind. Ray took to the idea quite well. When she pulled ten albums out of her bag realizing she didn't even have a pen he came to abrupt attention 'Good Lord!' he said pulling up a chair. He took a pen out of his jacket and started signing them, simultaneously passing them on to the other guys to sign as well. Hrafnhildur felt like she had died and was now in heaven as Ray passed the albums back to her even though the covers were food stained. The band had been furiously stuffing sandwiches into their hungry mouths which the chef had thrown together at the last moment.

'Why didn't you just ask us to come to the store?' Ray said.

'I tried to reach you guys but it was impossible' she replied.

'Well , why didn't you just call the promoter or our manager?' Ray said, adjusting his his hair and his stage suit.

'I tried reaching you several times at Hotel Borg but the receptionist kept stonewalling me.'

'Is your store open on Saturday?'

'Yes, it is.'

'Ok then, we will show up and autograph some records for you.'

She gratefully accepted his generous offer and added that she would advertise on the radio that The Kinks would be making a in-store appearance and autograph records between one and three p.m. on Saturday. Be punctual, limited copies available!

'One p.m. on the dot...ok?', she said giving Ray her business card which he promptly pocketed , giving her a wink and a smile.

'You're a mover and a shaker babe, a no nonsense woman' he said.

Their manager then walked up and asked Hrafnhildur to leave the room so they could get ready for the show. Leaving the kitchen she caught a glimpse of herself in a mirror and noticed she was blushing.

Every table was taken and no way to squeeze her way through the crowd to get to the dance floor. She noticed a vacant seat at a table near the kitchen door and promptly plopped herself down into it.

'Hey! this seat is taken!, a girl yelled out in a most arrogant manner.

'Not anymore!' Hrafnhildur said, 'there are no reservations here tonight and I am free to sit wherever I damn please!'

Hrafnhildur stood her ground, the bag of albums squeezed tightly between her thighs. Another gal started making a fuss but the zonked out guy sitting between them took another drink off his glass and didn't really give a shit. All of a sudden the kitchen doors opened and The Kinks marched briskly to the stage. Ray and Dave strapped on their guitars and as the drummer sat down on his drum stool the crowd went wild. They kicked

off their set with *Baby I feel good*, from the moment that I rise, from mooooooornin, til the end of the day!

This was the kind of atmosphere Hrafnhildur loved, when a great band was kicking out the jams tearing up the house with great songs. She was so excited she had become totally oblivious to the loud-mouthed bitch complaining about Hrafnhildur taking her boyfriend's seat. When the first song came to an end some guy pulled the bitch out onto the dance floor leaving another seat open giving Hrafnhildur the opportunity to lay her records down.

Some square looking guy sauntered up to the table while The Kinks played *Waterloo Sunset* and asked if he could sit down but Hrafnhildur shook her head ...NO! It wasn't until the most beautiful guy she had ever seen in her entire life with long dark hair asked her the same that she quickly said YES grabbing the bag of records off the chair. He sat down. It was neither his hair nor clothing that immediately turned her on. It was his eyes that mesmerized her, dark and deep gypsy eyes. He ran his fingers through his long hair, tossed it back over his shoulders and asked her with a deep soulful voice 'What's your name?'

She knew who he was, his name was Gudni. He had recently moved from Keflavik and played drums with a band called Eik. She had heard all about the band and his arrival in town.

'Where do you work?' Gudni asked.

'I run the record store Plotuportid at Laugavegur 15A!'

She had to yell into his ear as The Kinks had all their amps turned up full blast.

A girl she recognized stopped by and wanted to chit chat but there was no time for that now. Gudni asked Hrafnhildur if she could buy him a drink. She fished around in her purse, pulled out some money and asked him to buy drinks for the both of them.

When he stood up she realized he had more sex appeal than just beautiful eyes. He was tall and broad shouldered with a tight little ass and muscular thighs. She plonked the bag of records back on his chair and stood watch over it. The Kinks slammed out their closing number then walked off the stage as the crowd screamed ENCORE! ENCORE! ENCORE! Perfect timing, Gudni arrived just as The Kinks were launching into their encore '*So tired, tired of waiting, tired of waiting for youuuuuuuuuuu!*'

The Kinks left the stage to a raucous applause that slowly died down as it became quite clear that they would not be returning to the stage. Gudni finished his drink and half of Hrafnhildur's as well. She said he was quite welcome to it as she had had enough anyways and by the way she said 'what took you so long?'

'Oh! I ran into an old girlfriend and turned her on to a drink.'

Later on Hrafnhildur couldn't help but think she should have stood up and left right then and there. If the guy couldn't be trusted to go to the bar and buy two drinks for them he wasn't likely to be a trustworthy companion but she stayed unable to resist his voice, the scent of his body, his hair and, above all, his eyes. The girl who had been formerly making such a fuss over Hrafnhildur about taking her boyfriend's seat returned and started complaining to Gudni.

Hrafnhildur looked up at the clock, it was well past midnight. Hljomar were setting up their gear getting ready to play as they were booked to play for the dance until closing time. The girl who had been whispering back and forth with Gudni all of a sudden looked over at Hrafnhildur with a smirk on her face then continued talking to Gudni pointing at her all the while then blurted out something indecipherable.

'What did you say?' Hrafnhildur asked.

'You are an upper-class cunt!'

'I am what? Are you some kind of idiot or something?!!!'

'You run a store, you import goods and sell them. You are part of the establishment.'

Perhaps you are a member of the right wing party as well!

Gudni leaned back in his chair stroking his chin with an uneasy look on his face.

Hljomar were playing 'Hey, hey listen up baby, baby let's do it right now....!'

'Society bitch!' The girl yelled out, 'I pity you!!!'

Suddenly the guy who had seemed so hopelessly trashed on booze opened his eyes and asked in a serious tone of voice 'Do you support the U.S. invasion of Viet Nam?'

'She runs a business! She is a enemy of the lower class peons of the world!!!', the now shit faced girl blurted out. The other guy still wanted to know her position on the war in Viet Nam because if she did support the Americans she was guilty of mass murder by association.

'Do you support the presence of the Nato Base here in Iceland?', he asked.

'I sell records. Pop, blues, jazz and what the hell does that have to do with the war in Viet Nam!?' Hrafnhildur said.

'You are a business woman!' the plastered girl at the table said stumbling to her feet and yelling louder, deliriously 'She is a business woman!! She is part of the establishment that robs the poor people of this world!!!'

'I want a answer' said the fella, 'Do you support the American troops having a base here or not?'

Hrafnhildur grabbed her bag, stood up and exclaimed loudly and firmly, 'Yes, I most certainly support the presence of a Nato base here in Iceland. If the Americans were not occupying that base we would all have already been injected with a brain wash serum right in the ass and you stupid commie fools would all have been shipped out long ago to some slave labor camp in Siberia or some other godforsaken place in Russia!!!'

She gave Gudni an angry look. He just laughed at her.

'She's a Capitalist whore!' the girl yelled out from the end of the table.

'Let's get the hell out of here' said Hrafnhildur grabbing Gudni by the arm.

Gudni stood up but was not quite ready to leave just yet without stopping at the bar. He ordered a triple whiskey on the rocks and wound up getting into a long conversation with some guy who was trying to fill Gudni's head with ideas about playing soccer. The guy said he would even pick him up and drive him home after practice.

'Who was that?' Hrafnhildur asked.

'He's a coach, a sports idiot' Gudni said.

'I heard him say you once played on the national soccer team.'

'Yeah, but I never even got to play in one single game.'

He wanted another drink but she said she had had enough of his friends for one night and besides she had plenty of booze back at her place.

'Where to you live?' he asked.

'Right over there across the pond ' Hrafnhildur said.

They walked together down to the cloakroom to get their wraps. Geiri the bouncer let them out through the front door. It felt good to get out into the fresh air.

'What are you carrying in that bag?' he asked

'Some albums The Kinks autographed for me.'

'What are you going to do with them?'

'Sell them at my store.'

'So its true what they were saying about you', teasing her a bit, 'you are a Capitalist.'

Feeling slightly offended she did not respond to his comments.

Feeling that and wanting to smooth things out with her Gudni offered to carry her bag.

'I can carry it myself thank you very much' Hrafnhildur said.

He plucked the bag from her hand simultaneously placing an arm around her waist pulling her body up next to his. She looked over at her home noticing with pleasure



that all the lights were out. Her mother most likely had not returned from the theatre yet.

'You live in one of the best parts of town' Gudni said.

'Where do you live?'

'On the dark side of town.'

'What do your parents do?' he asked.

'My mother is an actress' she said.

'What about your father?'

'He's into all kinds of things, always concerned about gaining or losing something, I guess that's where my Capitalist streak comes from. So what do your parents do?'

'Not too much, lately' he said removing his arm from her waist.

They walked slowly around the pond past Idno Theatre and soon arrived at the front gate of her home which lay in dead silence, old trees towering over the garden. As soon as she opened the front door she could hear the drunken crowd starting to pour out of Glaumbar. She found the distant noise rather pleasant. She had heard it so many times before as she was drifting into sleep, her window wide open.

As they entered the hallway he was so eager she thought he was going to take her standing up right then and there up against the front door.

'Take it easy' she said pushing him away 'and be quiet my sister might still be awake.'

'All the better' he said 'We could have a threesome!'

A chill came over her just at the thought of it 'Shut your trap' she said 'right now!'

She had sized him up as soon as they made bodily contact. It came as no surprise that he had been a soccer player.

'Do you want me to go?' he asked sheepishly.

'Of course not' she said 'lets get out of this hallway, sit down in the living room, relax and have a drink. My mother is probably having a drink in the bar at the national theatre and won't be home for some time yet. I need to check and see if my sister Harpa is home.'

She hung up her coat then his. He was smartly dressed; she appreciated that in a man. She invited him into the living room, turned on a lamp next to the Chesterfield sofa, then she walked over to her fathers liquor cabinet, pulled out a bottle of Rebel Yell and set it on the table. She then fetched a couple of glasses and a pitcher of water out of the kitchen, stopped near the bottom of the staircase and listened carefully. All was quiet upstairs. She slowly walked up the staircase and knocked quietly on her sister's door. No one answered. Harpa was not home. The two of them were alone.

She walked back down the stairs feeling slightly nervous. She started to put a record on but he said 'let's just enjoy the silence for awhile, tell me more about yourself.'

'I really don't have much to say about myself' she said. 'My name is Hrafnhildur Haraldsdottir. I finished mid school with the intention of continuing my education later on but my father not knowing how to handle money properly ran into some problems so that was the end of that. He is in deep shit right now but I'd rather not talk about it.' Hrafnhildur stood up and poured herself a glass of Dubonnet as she turned around he patted the sofa gently beckoning to her to sit down beside him, she did so without hesitation. She felt like she couldn't deny him anything and suddenly became even more talkative. 'Then I opened the record store Plotuportid which is doing much better than I ever expected. I go abroad sometimes to buy records for the store. I love music, mostly pop, blues and jazz so I feel pretty good about what I do. I take care of almost everything myself except when I go overseas I have a girl that takes care of the store in the meantime. Tomorrow at one p.m. The Kinks are coming to the store to sign some records so I have to get up early to compose an advertisement and get that to the radio station before noon. I wonder if I have enough Kinks records in stock?' she asked herself

now deep in thought placing a finger to her lips. 'Well if not I will go to the Falkin record store and buy whatever they have on hand, I should get a decent discount.'

He kissed her on the neck then her mouth while unbuttoning her dress. He was incredibly skillful unhooking her bra holding one of her breasts in the palm of his hand while kissing and sucking the nipple on the other. She clasped his head in her hands her breath deepening, she whispered 'let's go upstairs to my room, someone might walk in on us anytime.'

'Nah, let's do it right here' he said. She couldn't refuse him anything and that's how their relationship started.

The next morning she woke early and was happy to see this big, strong, beautiful man lying next to her, sleeping in her bed like a happy child. She slowly rose up out of the bed as not to wake him, pulling the blanket up over his shoulder. She slipped into a robe, went and took a shower. She then called the radio station and announced that The Kinks would make an in-store appearance today at 1 p.m. today and autograph their records at Plotuportid on Laugavegur 15 between one and three p.m. Limited stock available. She asked for this to be announced three times.

She called Hotel Borg and encountered the same dry receptionist.

He promised he would forward her message and that they would be at the store by noon. 'Tell them to take a cab at my expense' she added. Next she called her helper Sandra and asked her to show up.

By this time her mother Brynhildur was awake sitting in the kitchen, robe wrapped around her, nose deep into the morning paper. She looked up briefly noticing Hrafnhildur was all dressed up in her finest. Her mother's aura literally permeated the whole kitchen. She hadn't been called the scene stealer at the national theatre for nothing. 'Where are you going?' she asked.

'I have to open the store before one today', Hrafnhildur replied.

'And I have a meeting with a lawyer this afternoon', her mother sighed, indicating she was the only person in the world that had anything of significance to do.

Hrafnhildur would sometimes break out in goose bumps just hearing the tone in her voice, seemingly custom designed to fill her and other members of the family with a sense of guilt so she responded sassily 'Mother, a friend of mine is sleeping upstairs in my bed, I just thought you should know so you won't be startled when he wakes up and comes downstairs!'

'I thought I told you I will not tolerate you bringing strange men into my house!'

'I am 26 years old now, mother dear' Hrafnhildur said as she walked off into the hallway, picked up her bag of Kinks records, moving Gudni's coat over so she could reach hers then walked out slamming the door behind her.

It was a brand new day. A cold damp wind was coming off the ocean, she noticed it had snowed on mount Esja across the bay overlooking Reykjavik during the night.

She looked up at the clock on the church tower nearby and saw that The Kinks were due to arrive at the store in an hour and a half. Hrafnhildur quickened her step all of a sudden getting the idea in her head that she would go fetch them, yes she would go to Hotel Borg insuring she would not be stood up thereby risking extreme embarrassment trying to explain to the gathering crowd at the store 'Where are The Kinks?'

She peered through the windows at Hotel Borg and saw them sitting in the dining room. She walked into the reception area and encountered an employee, probably the same jerk who had been deflecting all her phone calls. She asked the porter standing nearby to hold her bag of records then took a deep breath and marched into the dining room.

She walked straight over and stood at the end of their table looking each one of them

in the eye hoping her knees wouldn't buckle on her. Mick Ivory recognized her immediately. Ray Davies picked up on her nervousness as he plucked a fork full of fish scooped it into his mouth and remarked 'Lovely!'

'The fish or the lady?' his brother asked.

'The lady of course' Ray said, putting her at ease. 'So where is your store' he added before swallowing another bite.

'It's not too far from here, would you like to take a taxi?'

'How far?'

'It's about a ten minute walk.'

'Well, we shall walk then', Ray said as he stood up from the table.

They all walked together out into the lobby while a roadie ran upstairs to get their coats.

They strolled up Bankastrati the roadie carrying the bag of records for Hrafnhildur. A line was already forming when they reached the store stretching out through the alley way and on down the street.

She thanked the band and shook their hands bidding them farewell at three. They had two more concerts to do yet she entertained the idea of inviting them home for dinner then struck the thought out of her mind after giving it some more thought fearing that the whole occasion could get out of hand. She had sold three hundred records. At one point she had sent Sandra to Falkin record store for fifteen more copies and as soon as they were sold the guys started signing all kinds of records for a lark. They signed some Stones and Beatles records, even a couple by Frank Sinatra. The *Timinn* newspaper had sent over a photographer and a reporter that interviewed The Kinks and Hrafnhildur. Gunni the photographer snapped hundreds of pictures then suddenly everyone was gone. Hrafnhildur and Sandra blushing beet red now stood alone together in the store.

'Who do you think was the cutest one?' Sandra asked.

Hrafnhildur ignored her question thinking about Gudni, bugged that he might be awake, dressed and gone by now and she had no idea where to find him if so. She didn't feel like calling home in case her mother or father answered the phone, she would feel quite awkward about asking them if her lover was out of bed yet. 'my sister Harpa' she mumbled bitterly.

'What?' Sandra asked.

'Oh, I was just talking to myself' Hrafnhildur said gloomily then started counting the money in the cash register, placing it in an envelope before calling a cab. As she walked out she told Sandra to scrub the floor and make sure the doors were well locked before she left. She jumped into the taxi, a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety starting to crawl up inside of her. What she had feared came to the fore as the taxi pulled up in front of the house. While she was paying the driver she saw Harpa with a smug look on her face as Gudni and Harpa came out the front door. Harpa was looking at Gudni with that catty, defiant look that appeared on her face when she was feeling especially self righteous talking about how she had fucked so and so's boyfriend.

**Longer translation available**

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### **Forlagið Publishing**

Bræðraborgarstíg 7

101 Reykjavík

Iceland

Tel: +354 / 575 5600

Fax: +354 / 575 5601

ua@forlagid.is, vala@forlagid.is

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[www.forlagid.is](http://www.forlagid.is)

## CONTACT

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### **The Icelandic Literature Fund**

Austurstræti 18

101 Reykjavík

Iceland

bok@bok.is

---

[www.bok.is](http://www.bok.is)

### **Sagenhaftes Island**

Ministry of Science, Education  
and Culture

Sölvhólgötu 4

150 Reykjavík

Iceland

Tel: +354 / 545 9451

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