

I had a dream. It was at night, when the door bell rang, a few times, and there was loud rattling of the door. I got up and ran to the door and opened it. Somebody dark walked in. I had not turned on the light and I could not see who this somebody was. He complained that I had not come a little faster to the door. He told me to get dressed and come with him. I guessed that this may be the scytheman, who had come to pick me up. I tried to see his face and saw that there were no eyes, only two dark holes and I saw his teeth. Now I knew who he was. I told him that I was unprepared, although I had for a long time guessed that he may come soon. I told him to let me stay on this time for another year, but he said: "No, that can not be. I had to come right away". I begged him to give me a month. Again he said: "No". A week. Again "No". Or at least a day that I could put my things in order and even that he would not accept. He told me I should not be afraid, it would be painless and the end would be very, very nice. He said that he would walk with me very slowly and that he had a lantern with him, so that he would show me the way. We would go through the woods and at the end over a bridge. And then I would be happy, it would be like paradise.

I gave in and got dressed and we walked through the woods, always uphill and all of a sudden we came to a park, the sun was shining and great many people promenaded there with sun-umbrellas with friendly faces, children with tricycles and suddenly I saw my mother, walking arm-in-arm with my father, as I knew him from pictures. We embraced each other and were very happy. I also found Else and Carl, walking together, also my stepfather and finally also Hedy's parents, happily sitting together on a bench with aunt Klemi and aunt Betty. I was so happy that I forgot the scytheman and woke up.

I was glad that I was alive and that it was only a dream. I am now much calmer than before, relieved of special gustos and desires since I have had this dream and had seen that parting from this world is not terrible, that there is a paradise and a re-union with all these people, whom I had loved so much. Ojalá they say in Spanish, which means "hopefully" or "let's hope".