

# Alexandra's Story

**In *Show Me Love*, she starred as Elin. Here, Alexandra Dahlström writes a short story exclusively for *Expressen*:**

He tore off a long scab on his index finger. It stung. Before him stood the television which was still on with no sound. A mouse-like man of the lower average age smiled what was perhaps once meant to be a heartfelt and enthusiastic smile. Wearing a sweater with a screaming shrill pattern, he stood and held a white plastic device. The mouse man looked very unhappy despite his wolf-like grin.

He thought of her. The one with the beautiful movements, short dark hair, thin wrists, her face as she slept. How she used to nuzzle her nose into his neck. The weak, faint scent that only existed on her. Other girls no longer existed.

On the television stood the mouse man stirring with the white plastic device in some disgusting travesty of food.

What time was it? He had been lying on the sofa since yesterday. Perhaps it was the afternoon? He pulled down the blinds to see outside and the weather was glorious and nice. A wasp made a valiant attempt to escape but managed to forget the glass pane separated it from the sunny day in May. Soon, it would die.

Another insect on the windowsill. A ringing phone cut into the compact silence. He threw himself on the phone.

- Yes, this is Patrick?

A moment of weakness

- Hello? Is anyone there?  
- Hello, it's me. Her voice cracked.  
- Hey, baby!  
- Hello. Oh well... I... how are you?  
- I'm fine.

A warmth spread over his body at the sound of her voice.

- How's the sweetest person in the world then?  
- Must you say that?  
- Yes. To me, you are.  
- It's tough.  
- Are you mad or something?

- No.
- What is it?
- Yes. I don't know. There was a lady who started screaming at me on the subway today. She said she saw the evil in me. Though it may be true.
- It's not at all. She was a fucking bitch.
- What do you know about it? Stop judging people. You are not perfect.
- No one is.
- You will end up just like your dad.
- Huh?
- God, what am I saying?
- How can you say that...
- I didn't mean it. Sorry!
- I don't understand how you can be like... you know I think it's really hard.
- I don't know why I said that. I'm stupid.

A long silence followed. Mouse man tasted the processed food on his white contraption. He smiled his wolf smile. The nausea began welling up inside him. He hesitated.

- I long for you.
- Mmm.
- Won't you come home soon?
- I'll probably stay for a while.
- Why?
- I don't know.
- But you've already been there for a week. Longer?
- I can't talk about it now. Mom is sick.
- Are you mad at me or what is it?
- No, I'm not angry.
- Why are you like this then?
- Like what? Patrick, I have to go now. Take care of yourself.
- Yeah, bye.

He hung up the phone. Mouse man contorted his face into an expression of pain. Blood spread among the mayonnaise and turned it pink. He had to go to the hospital and get seven stitches.

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