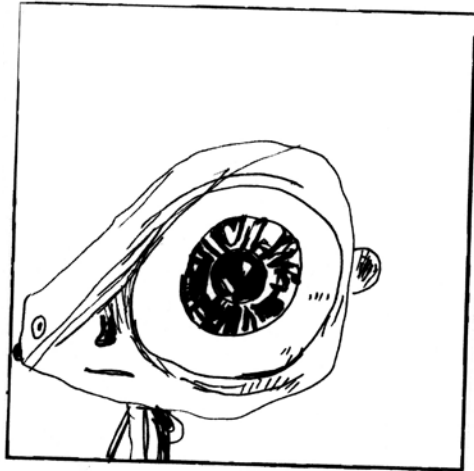
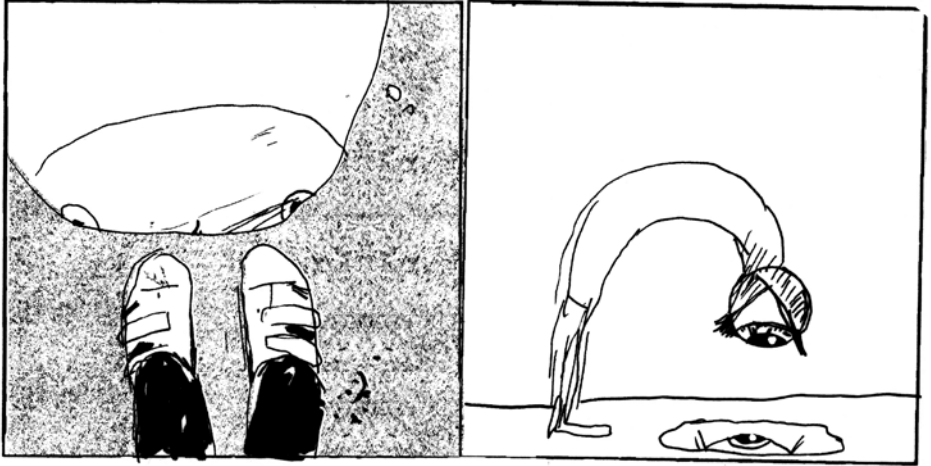




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SO, SO
HAPPY

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1

Sat at his desk, Juri looks over at Sofi.
Her hair is dark and long.
It glitters in the sunlight.



Now and then, she sweeps her hair behind her ears with slender fingers.

He gazes at her eyes and lips.

When he sees her like this, it makes his insides all wishy-washy.



Juri pushes his ruler into the hard lump of clay.

Now a deep cut runs through the middle.

“Use water,” says Evy.

“Then the clay will get softer.”

Juri pours the jug of water over the cut and pushes his fingers into the clay.

The clay begins to transform.

What ever will it be?

His hands start moving by themselves.

The lump isn't just a lump anymore.

It's taking form, turning into something else.
The lump has become a heart.

Then Juri realises why.
He just looked at her.
At Sofi.

Juri closes his eyes and imagines the lump of clay
is Sofi. He strokes it as softly as he can.
In his head he sees images of him and Sofi –
together.

Evy punches him in the side.
“Hey! Are you drifting off?”
“Evy,” whispered Juri. “Do you think Sofi would
be pleased if I gave her this heart?”
“What, do you love her or something?” Evy
replies.

That's exactly what he isn't sure of.
Sofi is so pretty that he can't concentrate.
They've caught each others' eyes several times.

When you're obsessed with someone, shouldn't
you do something?
But what should Juri do?

Sofi suddenly turns to look at him.
Her eyes lock on to his like a pair of magnets.
All of a sudden, it feels like they are the only
people in the room.
Just the two of them.
Juri's whole body feels warm.

Sofi stands up, walks over and jabs her finger
right into his clay heart.
She clearly enjoys doing so.
"Look what Juri made!"

Maybe he should give her the heart right now?
But he just can't seem to control his breathing
Or his head, or his hands for that matter.
A song pops into his head.
I wanna give you my heart ...

“Juri has made a big bum!”

The room bursts into laughter.

The laughter spreads faster than a virus.

What does she mean?

“*You’re* a bum, Sofi!” Evy cries out, crossly.

The teacher clears his throat and lifts up a clay figure from the backmost table.

“You’ve made something really special here, Hugo!” he says, exaggeratedly loudly.

“You’ve clearly worked with this sort of thing before ... maybe in New York?”

The laughter dies down.

Everyone’s eyes turn towards the new kid.

“Oh, you’re so clever,



Hugo! However did you manage it?” she asks, in sweet tones.

“Oh, no,” says Hugo, smiling. “I just squeezed a little here and pushed a little there. You know.”

He seems both shy and confident at the same time.

2

Juri and Evy walk home together like normal.

“How do you know when you’re in love?”

asks Juri.

Evy shrugs.

They hadn’t spoken about anything as serious as love before.

“In October, I’m going to get ...” Evy starts.

“And if you really *are* in love with someone, do you have to try to go out with them?” Juri

interrupts. “What do you even *do* with someone you’re going out with?”

Juri links arms with her.

Her jumper is soft and warm.

“I’m really excited about it,” says Evy.

“About whether I’m in love?”

“No, silly! Not about that,” laughs Evy.



Even though Evy is smiling, she suddenly seems cross.

Juri pulls out a stick of gum.

“Here, have some of this. It’s liquorice flavoured.”

The new boy gets into a light grey car.

He waves to them.

Evy and Juri wave back.

“That Hugo seems nice,” says Evy.

“Yeah,” Juri replies.

“But that Sofi is so nasty, don’t you see it?
I would have liked to whack her in the head with
that clay!”

“She was just trying to make first contact,” says
Juri.

“She was definitely flirting.”

Evy looks at Juri with wide eyes.

“You are such a *bonehead!*”

“Well, gee. Thanks ...” says Juri.

They stand outside Evy’s house for a while.

Evy is easy to be around.

The world doesn’t spin so quickly when you’re
with her.

“Bye,” says Juri.

He’s not sure if he should hug her or not.

“See you, *bonehead,*” she says teasingly.

“By the way, I was trying to tell you before. I’m getting a baby sibling this Autumn.”

“Oh!”

He doesn’t know quite what to say.





14

Ever since they were small, Juri and Evy have built igloos out of the sofa cushions at Evy's house.

"Igloos are too childish for us now, Evy," Juri sighs.

"Well let's have a pillow fight, then!" cries Evy, walloping him in the head with a cushion.

Juri slumps down on the pillows.

"I don't feel like playing."

"You're being so weird," says Evy. "You're like a nervous wreck."

Juri crosses his arms.

"I wonder if Sofi is in love with me. She gave me a special look when I scored that goal."

Evy gives him a strange look.

"She did?"



“She was probably pretty impressed,” Juri goes on.

“Imagine if she wanted to go out with me!”

“Are you seriously in love with that awful bonehead of a girl?” asks Evy.

“I don’t know! I have no idea what you’re even supposed to do with a girlfriend!”

Evy gets up and starts pulling silly as she jumps up and down on the cushions.

Typical Evy.

Whenever Juri is sad or angry, she always manages to put him in a good mood.

And when Juri is all bright and happy, she gets him to change his mind.

He can always relax when he’s with Evy.

Everything is stress-free.

Sometimes they start laughing about nothing, like when Evy moves her pupils from side to side.

She looks completely sick.

It goes silent for a while.

Juri closes his eyes, but he still sees nothing but Sofi, and how she smiled after his goal.

If he could only be as cool as Hugo, then things will be different.

“I’m heading up to eat some *lapskaus* stew. Do you want some?”

“No, I ate at home,” Juri lies.

Lapskaus is a big blob of yuck with lumps in it and is the worst thing ever.

Juri begins to leaf through a magazine.

There are articles about clothes, soups and food.

Most of the pictures in the magazine are of women.

They are all smiling, with bright, dazzling teeth.

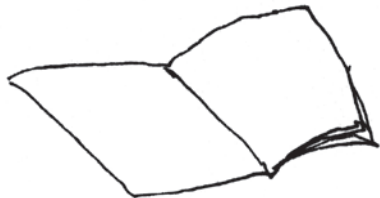
They look so nice and happy.

There aren’t many men

amongst the pages.

Only a few next to

tips about exercise.



Their teeth are perfect, too.

Juri feels a little bit hungry after looking at so many pictures of food.

He doesn't like liquid food, but even the salads and stews look good.

The doorbell rings.

Juri hears Evy open up.

It's Hugo.

The door opens, and Hugo soon comes walking down the stairs and into the basement.

“Hey, Juri.”

“Hey.”

“Evy told me I should just come straight down here.”

“Oh, ok.”

“You didn't want to eat dinner with them?”

“I don't like *lapskaus*.”

“Do you know where the toilet is?”

“Yup. The door is over there,” replies Juri.

The smell of Hugo starts to spread around
the room.

Is it coming from his shampoo?

His deodorant?

Maybe even his hair wax?

It smells strong, thick and sweet.

How strange that Hugo goes about ringing
people's doorbells even though he's new, thinks
Juri.

Brave, but strange.

How can he be so sure it will be okay?

Anyway, it is so much easier when there's
two people.

He and Evy just *get* each other.

Hugo is in the bathroom for a while.

Juri carries on flicking through the magazine.

There is an article about sad people.

In a yellow fact box, it says "facts about
depression."

It says that it is a common illness.

“What are you reading about?”

Juri jumps.

Hugo is suddenly just standing there.

“Nothing, just about some people ...” Juri replies.

“People with depression.”

Hugo gets a strange look.

It looks like his face has just shut down.

Like the body of a spider when you take away the cobwebs.

Everything goes quiet for a few seconds.

Was it wrong to tell him about the magazine?

Hugo puts his face in his hands.

Then he starts to cry.

Juri doesn't know what to say or do.

Hugo is crying so hard that teardrops pour out from his eyes.

“Do you know anyone who ...” Juri starts.



“My dad ...” Hugo says. “Sorry, I’ll pull myself together. That just came out of nowhere.”

“Where’s your dad?”

“He stayed in New York. Dad has been living in a hospital for a while. There are experts there.”

“Oh.”

“They’re giving him medicine and therapy.”

“Oh,” says Juri again.

“Sorry for crying, by the way,” Hugo repeats.

“It’s okay,” Juri says. “I cry sometimes too.”

“There are lots of boys who don’t cry,” says Hugo.

“My dad has left us,” says Juri.

It just fell out of his mouth.

He just felt like he had to say something serious too.

“He isn’t sick, they just separated. My mum and my dad.”

“Well that sucks. Have you got any brothers or sisters?”

“No, just Evy,” says Juri, and tries to smile.

Hugo smiles back.

Evy comes running down the stairs.

She races into the room and like she's a big surprise present for us.

As if nothing happened in the room since she went off to eat dinner.

“Let's go out and rob a bank and buy some crisps,” says Juri, making finger guns.

Juri wishes he could make what just happened disappear.

Change the mood.

He wants to help Hugo.

But it looks like Evy knows that he just broke down.