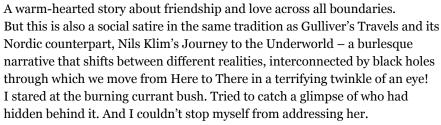


Tor Åge Bringsværd

Release the Handle As You Turn Slipp håndtaket når du vrir 2012 FICTION NOVEL



- "Lady," I said cautiously. "Excuse me for asking ... but I was under the impression that the Nameless One usually materialised in briar bush and not a currant one?"
- "Too true," the voice replied. "But can you spot any nearby briars?"
- "No," I admitted.
- "There you are, one has to make the best of what's at hand," the voice said.
- "And in my view, the currant bush is a perfectly good option. Burns just as well, too!"
- "- Blessed Lady," Jensen said unhappily, closing his eyes and burying his snout in the grass.
- "- Never mind Jeremiah. He isn't himself these days."
- "Is that so?" The voice sounded concerned. "Who is he now?"

 I'm standing at the window, looking out over the city. It is larger than ever. Like a huge octopus. Now the lights are going out. The long tentacles turn grey, one after the other. We're slowly enveloped by darkness. All the same. I remain

a huge octopus. Now the lights are going out. The long tentacles turn grey, one after the other. We're slowly enveloped by darkness. All the same, I remain were I am. Anita comes along, approaches me carefully and puts her muzzle on my right shoulder. I look into her large, dark eyes.

- "But we'll never make it together," I whisper to her. "Because I'm waiting for

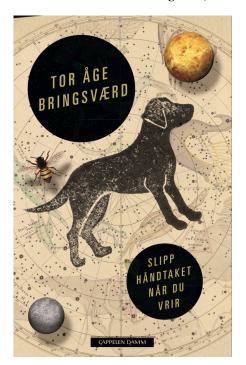




PHOTO: BERIT SANDRERG

Tor Åge Bringsværd is an award-winning and productive prose- and playwrite who writes for all ages. His works have been translated into 23 languages, and his plays have been staged in 12 countries. He writes fiction and non-fiction for both children and adults.

SELECTED AWARDS Arts Council Norway Honorary Award, 2010 The Brage Prize - Honorary Award, 2009

The Norwegian Ibsen Award, 1999 The Norwegian Academy Prize, 1999

The Dobloug Prize, 1994

The Norwegian Critics' Prize, 1985 The Aschehoug Prize, 1979 The Riverton Prize, 1978

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Anita twists her head round and licks my face.

- $\mbox{-}$ "You mean the female who walks on two legs and can wiggle her toes?" she asks sadly.
- "That's right," I reply. "She is the one for me."

Anita speaks on, but because my ears are located on my ankles it's hard to pick up all she says.

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