

Mads Rage

Three friends and a bad thing

(Tre vener og ein dum ting)

Sample translation

back in the beginning mum called me The Gary Boy because in her eyes I was no run of the mill Gary boy but the one and only Gary Boy and even though mum's been dead in a coffin with flowers and hands folded on her belly for yonks now Guri and Kjørvald still always called me Gary Boy and that would still be me if I am still me but despite the bad thing that has happened and that because of this bad thing I have been tethered to the red walls of a wooden boat shed like a dog I think I am still me and it's not all bad but I do have to explain it before I can move on so now I'm gonna wind back like an old tape recorder to the evening when this bad thing happened and it was on the beach and it was during that time between late summer and the season when the leaves go brown and fall and dry up and are blown away well I suppose as long as there's a dry spell and we decided to go to the beach and watch the sunset with something tasty in our glasses as Kjørvald used to say and that suited me just hunky-dory because I needed an outing and Kjørvald probably knew that too because I always fancy going out for a wander and he had brought along a couple of bottles and I could tell right away it wasn't beer inside it was moonshine that was mixed with something but I drank it anyway and I chugged like all hell and was drunk and was practically rolling around the rocks on the shore before we had even smelt that pigswill but you better believe that it burnt my oesophagus going down and I'm not sure what happened next because we had already smoked something that tasted weird almost like juniper and we had smoked more than just a smidgen of it too and Kjørvald had rummaged it up from one of these contacts of his that he was always yammering on about and so everything was feeling equally strange and the drink went down just as it was always going to and then Kjørvald bolted off oh yes he ran faster than a bullet I have never seen a drunk run as fast as him and my eyes couldn't follow him nor even the image of his jacket still printed on my retina so it all looked like one of those cartoon strips that's trying to show someone running super quickly so fast you can only guess the blurry colour that's supposed to represent their face before they are already out of the frame and then you can't follow them fast enough

with your eyes to get the next image because the guy's already out of the picture so anyway I suppose all this had to be because of something Kjørvald had thought up himself and drunk up himself of course because Kjørvald got wilder the more drink he got down him but what idea had got into his head I hadn't the slightest but I reckon it must have been something that had got his wind up because he was more wound up than a new year firework and Kjørvald was an absolute corker of a sprinter even when he was sober you know back when he did relays especially uphill ones he would always whizz through the whole track and easily two or three other legs especially if they were steep but this evening he set off at this breakneck speed the likes of which we had never seen before so it must have been something important it definitely had to be and we agreed that he would come back sooner or later for the booze because it was his after all so we kept on drinking and staring out over the ocean and enjoying the sunset as it glittered and made the sea turn into an endless disco ball as if some kind of raging troll had just splatted the sun flat and if we had had music Guri said we would have danced all night forgetting that it was about to get dark because it had been ages since the days had started getting shorter and this gleaming light wasn't going to last but Guri was like a little kid and couldn't see anything past this very moment and I can admit I was jealous of her for that but at the same time she was a complete bonehead and the drinking wasn't making that issue any better neither in the short nor the long term in fact it was definitely the opposite she went crazier than the rest of us and that was a hell of a feat now I think back to how we were in those days and how we liked everything that exploded or went bang and anything that was dangerous and the one and only Norwegian nanny state should be thanked that it was so very difficult to get hold of that kind of stuff way out here in Skrotneset which according to most people isn't exactly the centre of the world but most people are usually wrong and in any case Kjørvald wasn't about to be stopped by some nationwide ban because he had these *contacts* of his who could get their hands on anything we could imagine and who his *contacts* were and to what extent they were reliable nobody knew a damn thing but he was always in possession of something new that these *contacts* had managed to sell him and now as he came running back I could just make out the sounds of splashing against the rocks and saw the flash of his red jacket in the night with something in his hand but before we could say a word he was upon us and he foisted a rifle into my hands while he got out a cardboard box filled with ammunition from his coat pocket and took a swig from a nearby bottle of moonshine because there was no such thing as mine or yours anymore it was just a matter of getting it down you because he had something in mind and had forgotten everything else and bullets like these he said could smash anything and everything to smithereens these were dangerous illegal bullets

and not even the fish know where they came from but it was probably from one of his *contacts* anyway so this must have been what he had been so eager to show us and then what was bound to happen when you start messing about with firearms completely shitfaced happened and we've probably all been off our heads like this before and he slotted five shells into the magazine like not one but five and cocked the gun because some or other sacrifice had to be made if he was going to demonstrate the destructive forces inside these heavy caliber hollow-tipped bullets that you could clearly shoot down elephants with but we weren't going to believe it until we saw it and so we sat down here on the

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