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The weather is absolutely incredible—not a cloud in the sky. Because rain can be common in Sweden during the summer, it is practically a requirement to enjoy the outdoors whenever possible. I carry a tray of cookies down to the edge of Bureå river, where a plastic table and chair are waiting. My mother and uncle follow behind, carrying coffee, cups, and an assortment of pastries. My feet walk on clouds as I step barefoot across the lush, green yard. Fluffy bumble bees buzz by in a hurry, swarming the large area of wild flowers to the right of the path leading down to the water. The flowers display vivid purples, yellows, and oranges. Reaching the seating area, the high bushes on the left and trees on the right end and a full view of the river can be seen. It is about a swimming pool-and-a-half wide. The other side is lined with thick birch and pine trees. Looking downriver, to the left, the river widens more, and there is a cluster of docks protruding from the shore with different types of small wooden and fiberglass boats. We don't have a dock, but we do have a ramp that our bright red, fiberglass rowboat sits on.

The three of us take our seats and begin feasting on our “fika”, which is a strictly Swedish word for a coffee and snack break. Conversation is kept to a minimum as we bask in the sun and look out over the water. The river sparkles in the sunlight, and the lily pads gently bob up and down due to the gently current. Other than laying outside all day, we will most likely go for a bike ride in to the small village center a few minutes away to purchase an ice cream. The ice cream is not what I am looking forward to though. Down the street there is a chain link fence by the road covered in foliage. There chain link gate that is clear of this overgrowth, but looking through this gate reveals nothing but a single brick building. Others driving by may have no idea

what lays behind this fence, but there is much more than a single building. I want to go there tonight.

There is, in fact, an abandoned factory in there. Every year, my mother, uncle, and I venture through the grounds of this factory one evening for fun. There is little risk in entering, even though there is a sign explicitly mentioning to not trespass. Other locals who know of this place enjoy exploring it as well. Anyways, I have never been there alone, let alone at night. I wanted the spooky thrill of walking around such a big, abandoned structure in darkness. Well, it does not get completely dark during the summer in Sweden, but it is certainly dark enough for this occasion. I do not want to mention this adventure to my mom or uncle, because they would understandably say no. As I mentioned, the risks are low, but venturing alone in such a place can still be intimidating for a parent to hear.

We finish up our fika and carry the empty trays of food back to the little red summer cottage. Hours pass as my mom and uncle chit-chatted in sunbathing chairs on the lawn and I, being a typical teenager, lay inside playing on my phone. Eventually, my uncle peeks inside my room and says his goodbyes. He lives in Skellefteå, which is the big town located about 40 minutes away. My grandparents also used to live there before they passed away; however, while my mother sold their apartment in Skellefteå, she kept this beautiful summer cottage. After my uncle departs, my mother enters my room.

“Are you ready for ice cream now?” she asks. “The bikes should still have air in them.”

“Of course!” I reply enthusiastically. Now that it is the evening, the air has cooled down slightly. I grab a light jacket and meet my mom outside. Our bikes are older models with slight rust on them, and their brakes are the kind that requires you to pedal backwards. Biking through

the village of Bureå is such a calming experience. The windows of everyone's cottages light up, revealing cute little hanging decorations. A man is mowing his lawn, most likely in avoidance of the sun which can be too hot for the large number of older people residing in the Bureå. A group of kids can be seen biking up ahead, and in the parking lot of the high school is the usual group of teenagers hanging out, smoking cigarettes. The single gas station in this village is where we get the ice cream. The grocery store closes at 20:00, leaving the gas station as the only other location to buy food and drinks.

We eat our ice cream by the river since it passes through the village center. A group of ducks slowly paddle downstream, leaving small waves behind them in the form of a Wi-Fi symbol. Mosquitos are plentiful in Sweden, and within minutes of sitting down to enjoy our ice creams they arrive. Living in Sweden requires that you can deal with the little pests, but I have never been able to stay calm in their presence. I fling my arms aimlessly in the air as soon as a mosquito lands on my skin, and my mother jokingly urges me to calm down. We manage to finish our ice creams with only a couple bites and bike back to the cottage, taking a detour to enjoy the crisp, summer-scented air a last time before the day's end. Of course, this would not be the last of my fresh air for today.

Besides the cottage, we have a small caravan that used to be hauled by my grandparents. Now it sits permanently on the lawn as an extra bedroom with two beds. I like to sleep in this caravan, along with my mom, but recently I have been sleeping in the cottage for extra privacy in the sense that I can play music on a speaker or watch the television without disturbing her. This will be perfect for sneaking out to the factory. After my mother had gotten ready for bed and departed to her cozy caravan, I begin planning what to wear out. The factory will surely be

infested with mosquitos, so I must wear long sleeves, long pants, and a hat. It stinks that I can't enjoy the cool air, but I rather not be covered head to toe in tiny Dracula bites.

I make sure my hood is pulled tightly over my hat before heading out, and close the front door quietly behind me. My bike is sitting on the gravel driveway, so I tiptoe softly over to it and, with my grasp on the handlebars, continue to tiptoe the full length of the gravel path that leads up to the road. Finally I am clear. I hop on the bike excitedly and take off down the road. The chilly air whips at my face as I pick up speed; bugs occasionally smack in to my face as well. Before arriving at the gate, there is a small cluster of trees that I veer in to. I hop off and lay my bike down, unafraid that someone will take it while I am inside. Deeper in this tree cluster, I spot the section of the chain link fence with a small hole ripped in it—the perfect size for a human. I hobble through, and walking up a small bank of dirt I immediately sigh. I am in. Directly in front of me there is a shed towering at about three stories high. There is no front wall to allow massive piles of wood to be stored underneath the roof. Mild creaking can be heard from the old, wooden structure. I walk to the left of it, up an asphalt road which would lead me to the factory itself. At this point, mosquitos are already surrounding me, but my clothing act as a shield against the little devils. A couple faded yellow, rusty backhoes stand forlorn to the right and, little bit further up, is the factory.

In the dim light of Sweden's night, it appears as a gargantuan silhouette; it helps that I have explored this area many times, otherwise I wouldn't have understood the creepiness of its appearance. From the angle I come from, there is a large, open garage that reveals nothing but complete darkness. I continue along the side of the building, where there are steel doors lining the bottom and windows along the top, with many of them being shattered. Metal fans in the wall eerily creak as they spin in the very slight breeze. Metal walkways line the upper floor of the

factory and creak as well, as if they are ghosts trying to speak to me. On the far side of the factory is a stairway leading up to the catwalk. As tempting as it is to go up there, the rust will have most likely weakened the metal tremendously. I am not looking to die tonight. Across the road from the building is a large water tower that always seems as if it will topple over, so I scurry on towards the rear end of the factory. A few cars that almost look drivable, but are obviously out of commission, catch my eye by the wall of the building. I want to look inside them, and possibly even remove their emblems as a prize. I peer in to the window of the first car and spot a few magazines and accessories laying in the back seat. The back door is luckily unlocked. The magazines are of no interest to me and the other items are either useless or outdated. I close the door, which causes a large echo across the area. Something above me creaks. Suddenly, an unknown object smashes the top of my head and I become unconscious.

Awaking slowly, I realize that I am not laying on the ground, but rather sitting, tied down, in a chair with lights pointed directly at me. My eyes spread wide open to allow me to take in the surroundings. I was within the factory, and old, yellow-tinted lights hung from the incredibly tall ceiling. I had no idea this building could even use electricity still. With a pounding headache, I try to focus on unknown figures standing in front of me. I recognize them immediately as the teenagers from the school parking lot. Knives glisten in each of their hands, causing my heart to nearly jump out of my throat.

“What are you doing here?” one of them asks intimidatingly in Swedish.

“You shouldn’t be here, kid,” states another. “We might as well kill you for finding our hideout.” Beads of sweat pour from my forehead. I try to squirm my way out of the ropes holding me down.

“No use trying to escape,” a third teen exclaims with a smirk. I believe him, but my survival instincts kick in. I squirm as hard as I can, but my feet push down on the ground too hard and I slowly begin to tip backwards. The teenagers begin to laugh at my struggle. Without anything to cushion the fall, my head smacks in to the concrete floor and I am knocked out cold once again. Or am I?

I immediately awaken, laying on the concrete beside the cars I was searching. Sitting up slowly, I notice a large chunk of rusty metal beside me. My head is throbbing in pain, so I place my hand on my skull. There is a deep gash, and blood is quickly flowing down on to my face and body. I try to recall the moments before being knocked out, and remember hearing a strange noise after closing the car door. Part of the catwalk must have fallen and hit my head! Realizing that I am most likely not supposed to be here and my mom will find out soon enough, I stand up steadily and trudge back to my bicycle. This was going to be a tough explanation to mom.

[Setting is all real, except for inside the factory. Story is fiction]