

Walk me to the corner



Anneli Furmark



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The lyrics mentioned in this book are excerpts of:

“Hey, That’s No Way to Say Goodbye” by Leonard Cohen / (Cohen) published by Columbia Records on page 5.

“Can I” by Säkert! / (Norlin) published by Razzia Records on page 44.

“A Case of You” by Joni Mitchell / (Mitchell) published by A&M Studios on page 60.

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Walk me to the corner

TRANSLATED BY
HANNA STRÖMBERG

DRAWN & QUARTERLY

I'm not looking for another
as I wander in my time
Walk me to the corner
our steps will always rhyme

Leonard Cohen

ELISE HAD
ALWAYS THOUGHT

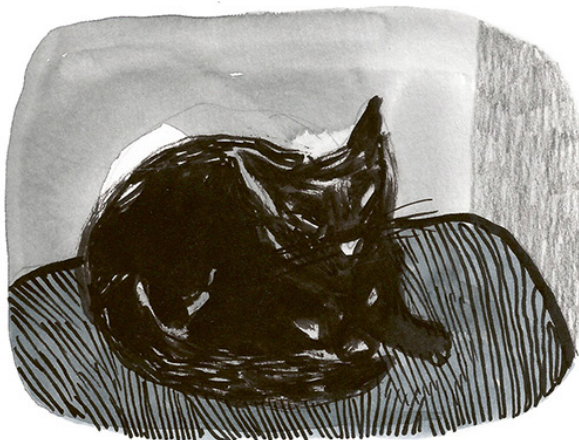
that all you
HAD TO DO

WAS PULL YOURSELF
together



THERE WAS NOTHING UNUSUAL ABOUT THAT NIGHT. THE CAT SAT PURRING DISTRACTEDLY AT THE OTHER END OF THE COUCH.

THE PURRING WOULD SOMETIMES STOP AND THEN START AGAIN.



ELISE COULD HEAR HENRIK SOFTLY SWEARING FROM THE FLOOR BELOW. HE WAS SCRAPING OLD WINDOWS THAT HE'D FOUND AND PLANNED TO TURN INTO A GREENHOUSE COME SUMMER. MAYBE A PANE HAD BROKEN.



ELISE LOOKED THROUGH THE SUGGESTIONS ON NETFLIX. SHOWS THAT WERE CHOSEN JUST FOR HER. WHAT DO THEY THINK ABOUT ME, SHE THOUGHT. WHO DO THEY THINK I AM?



ELISE HAD STARTED
ON FOUR DIFFERENT
SHOWS, BUT QUICKLY
LOST INTEREST. SHE
FELT A PANG OF
LOSS, A MEMORY
OF WHEN SHE HAD
LAST BEEN
ENTHRALLED BY
SOMETHING ON TV.



THEN THE
LITTLE TEXT
MESSAGE ICON
LIT UP HER
PHONE.



AND SHE
THOUGHT,
WHAT IF IT'S
HER, WHAT IF
IT'S HER...



IT WAS HER.



THEY WERE AT THE SAME EVENT.
THEY KEPT CROSSING PATHS
ALL NIGHT.



BUT IT SEEMED IMPOSSIBLE TO
START A CONVERSATION



WITH SO MANY OTHER
PEOPLE AROUND.



BUT THERE WAS SOME
INTEREST. FROM ELISE,
DEFINITELY. MAYBE EVEN
FROM HER. DAGMAR, THAT
WAS HER NAME.

BUT IT WAS SO HARD TO
GET CLOSE. ELISE WAS
OVERWHELMED BY AN
UNEXPECTED SHYNESS.



DID ELISE
ALREADY SENSE...



WHERE ALL THIS
WAS GOING?



SO...WHAT DO YOU
DO? I MEAN-



AS IF THAT'S
SO IMPORTANT!

NOTHING EXCITING.
NOTHING CULTURAL
OR ANYTHING...



I'M A DOCTOR.

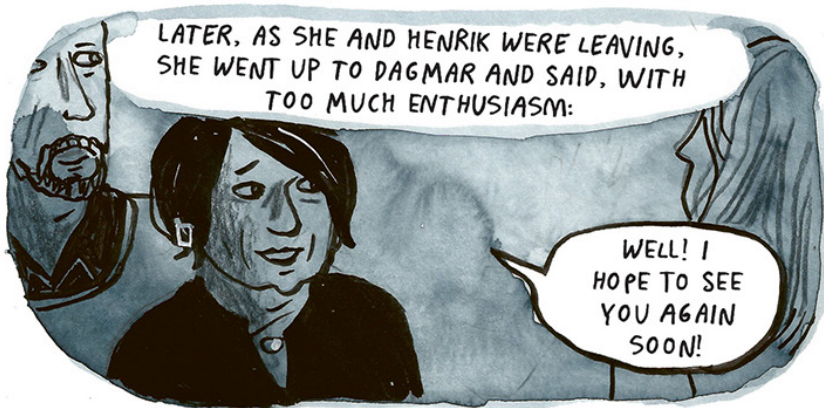
HAHA.
YOU'RE
RIGHT.



DON'T BE SO
SELF-DEPRECATING!
WHAT KIND OF
DOCTOR?



EAR, NOSE,
AND THROAT.



THEY HELD EACH OTHER
FOR MAYBE THREE SECONDS.



ONE ONE THOUSAND
TWO ONE THOUSAND
THREE ONE THOUSAND

LATER, ELISE SCRUTINIZED
HERSELF IN THE BATHROOM
MIRROR.

SHE SAW EVERYTHING
THAT WAS LOPSIDED,
EVERYTHING THAT WAS
FLUFFY AND PASTY.

LIKE AN INSECURE
TEENAGER, SHE
QUESTIONED IT ALL.



SHE WONDERED IF SHE'D
HAVE THE NERVE TO BE
NAKED WITH ANYONE
AGAIN, BESIDES HENRIK,
OF COURSE.

HENRIK, WHO'D NEVER
HAD A BAD THING TO SAY
ABOUT HER BODY. BUT
MAYBE NOT MUCH ELSE,
EITHER. AT LEAST NOT
IN RECENT YEARS.



NO. NAKEDNESS WITH
ANYONE ELSE WAS
OUT OF THE QUESTION!
IT WAS JUST HER
IMAGINATION GETTING
THE BEST OF HER.

SHE HAD NEW, DEEP
CREASES ON HER FACE
AS WELL.





HENRIK...ELISE THOUGHT
ABOUT HOW SHE WOULD
NEVER BE ABLE TO
LEAVE HIM.

ABOUT HOW MUCH SHE
LOVED HIS HANDS, HOW
FULL OF CARE THEY WERE
WHEN THEY HELD HER.

OR WHEN THEY HELD
LITTLE SEEDLINGS, CATS,
DOUGH, SCREWS, NUTS,
FIREFWOOD. SHE THOUGHT
ABOUT EVERYTHING HE'D
REPAIRED, ABOUT HOW
HE WOULD HAVE MADE
A GOOD SURGEON, HAD
HE WANTED TO.



ELISE FELT A TENDERNESS
WELL UP. SHE FELT HENRIK'S
BREATH ON HER NECK.

ELISE WAS PRESENT,
YET SOMEWHERE ELSE.

HENRIK HAD GONE TO
SLEEP QUICKLY AND
EASILY, AS USUAL.

ELISE WAS AWAKE.



WERE THOSE THREE SECONDS THE START
OF EVERYTHING?



OR HAD SHE IMAGINED IT ALL? THIS FEELING,
LIKE EVERYTHING HAD CHANGED, LIKE WHAT
SHE WANTED MOST OF ALL WAS TO PUT HER
HAND AROUND DAGMAR'S WAIST AND LET
IT STAY THERE.



PERHAPS MOMENTS LIKE THIS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME, BUT ELISE HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THEM, FORGOTTEN HOW THEY MADE HER FEEL.



THEN AGAIN, MAYBE THIS WAS A TURNING POINT. EITHER THAT OR SHE JUST HAD TO FORGET IT, PULL HERSELF TOGETHER. DAGMAR LIVED FAR AWAY. THERE WERE MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED MILES BETWEEN THEM.



AND SHE WAS MARRIED. TO A WOMAN.
ANN-CHARLOTTE HAD TOLD HER THAT.
THE NEWS HAD STARTLED ELISE.



AND THEN THERE WAS ALSO THE FACT THAT
ELISE WAS MARRIED TO HENRIK AND THEY WERE
ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO BE MARRIED. THEY WERE
VERY HAPPY, MAYBE EVEN UNCOMMONLY HAPPY.
MAYBE EVEN HAPPIER THAN MOST.

BUT ELISE AND DAGMAR HAD
STARTED TEXTING.



TENTATIVE,
CURIOUS
MESSAGES,
FULL OF
POLITE
QUESTIONS.

SHE DIDN'T LEAVE
HER PHONE LYING
AROUND ANYMORE,
LIKE SHE ALWAYS
HAD. HENRIK NEVER
SNOOPED, HE'D
NEVER NEEDED TO.



NEITHER HAD SHE.
SHE'D ALWAYS
TRUSTED HIM.





WHAT DID PEOPLE USE TO DO IN THIS
SITUATION, BEFORE PHONES? ELISE
THOUGHT, HOW DID WE DO THIS?

AND THEN.
ON A SPRING
EVENING...

(D)

DO YOU THINK
IT WOULD BE A
GOOD IDEA TO
MEET UP?



YES! I MEAN,
I DON'T KNOW.
BUT I WANT TO.

(E)

(D)

THEN WE
BOTH DO.

