

# *On the Detour Home*

## Vilde Kamfjord

Gyldendal Norsk Forlag, 2019

Original title: *På omveien hjem*

An English sample translation by Matt Bagguley

Is this seat free?

Yes it is.

Can I sit here with you?

Sure.

Do you want me to put your bag up on the shelf?

No it's OK. I'd rather have it with me.

Come and sit by the window.

You can keep your bag on the floor at your feet.

Aren't you a bit warm in those boots?

Oh no.

If I get too hot, I just take them off.

It's super-easy, look!

They're much better than normal, you know, *rubber* boots, because they've got wool inside.

So your feet don't stick if you're not wearing socks.

Thermaboos are best, I say. Especially if you suddenly have to run.

Can you run in them? Aren't they too heavy?

That's the thing.

You just kick them off, *swoosh!* like this, put your hands in like this, and run.

Ah. I get it.

And it's easy to put them back on again. And no one notices if you can't tie them up.

I'd forgotten how good thermaboos actually are.

I don't think I've worn them since I was at kindergarden.

You never get wet either.

Having wet feet is the worst thing ever.

You just get a bit sweaty, if you go round without socks for too long.

I never wear socks.

Maybe I should get some for myself.

Too late. They don't make thermaboos for adults.

Oh what a shame.

Yeah. Too bad.

Then again...Ronald wears thermaboos, and he's got *huge* feet.

Definitely bigger than yours.

.

Let me see.

Yep. His feet are *much* bigger.

So you should be able to find some in your size too.

Great!

But they don't make them with high heels.

No. That's probably just as well.

Do you often travel alone?

No, this is the first time.

Actually. No, it's not. I travel alone every day.

But that's to school, and it's on the bus.

Before we moved, I could ride my bike there with Ronald. Or I could walk.

Or run. We were always in a hurry at the end.

So then you just *swooshed* your boots off, and ran!

Yeah. So we got there in time anyway.

That's why we stopped wearing socks. Ronald always got told off when when he came home wearing dirty socks full of holes.

Didn't you get told off?

No, I hardly ever get told off anymore.

Besides, no one really cares about socks anyway.

But it's my first time on a train.

Really?

My first time *alone* at least.

I wasn't allowed to before, because Mom was scared that I'd get off at the wrong station.

It happened to Ronald once.

What did?

Ronald. He got off at the wrong station.

And he didn't have a phone, you know, because he wasn't allowed to have a phone until he was twelve. And the lady that was supposed to pick him up at the station went totally crazy when he didn't show up.

Oh my God, she must have been worried sick!

She called the police and the newspapers and everything.

The newspapers too! Heavens, she must have been beside herself.

Yes.

But finally the police called back to say they had found him in a parking lot at the airport.

Gardermoen?

What made him get off there?

He heard them say something about Oslo on the loudspeaker.

Ah, of course.

They say Oslo Airport, not Gardemoen.

Exactly. And he was terrified of getting off at the wrong station.

So scared that he didn't even look at his book. For the whole trip.

He was being so careful, but he still ended up in a mess, because when he heard the word 'Oslo' he just got off.

Oh no. That must have been awful.

Yes. At least to begin with, because he got *so* told off.

And he hadn't really done anything wrong so it was *extremely* unfair.

But then they gave him a cell-phone. So it worked out fine in the end anyway.

I'm sure they were just very worried about him.

And it's quite normal for grown-ups to be angry when really they're just worried.

Children too, actually.

Why *is* that?

I don't know.

It's not a good idea either way.

No one wants to comfort someone who's angry.

Have you ever got off at the wrong station?

No I haven't.

But I took a train going in the wrong direction once.

That's almost the same.

No it's not.

You're actually a bit strange for a grown-up.

Like how?

Like ... because of what we were just talking about...

When being worried turns into being angry?

OK?

A lot of grown-ups just make things up, even if they don't know the answer.

Instead of telling the truth, or saying they don't know, they just make something up.

But you didn't.

Thanks.

You're welcome.

Why did you say thanks?

Because you gave me a compliment.

I just said that you're weird. You shouldn't thank me for that.

How far are you going?

To Lillehammer.

What are you going to do there?

I'm moving there.

Lucky you.

And Lillehammer is really easy, it's the last stop.

So you can't go wrong, and no one will get worried or angry.

I hope.

I'm going there too. It's where I used to live. Ronald lives there.

Then we'll go the whole way together!

How nice!

We'll see.

Why are you going to Lillehammer?

I'm going to play the recorder. It's Ylva's birthday.

We always play the recorder when it's someone's birthday.

That'll be fun!

I'm not sure if it'll be *that* much fun.

I just hope I do it right because it's the first time I've done it.

My mom does it normally.

I'm sure you'll do just fine.

I've been secretly learning to play it.

Wow! Aren't you clever.

All by yourself?

Ronald helped me. He's *incredibly* good at playing the recorder.

Nearly as good as Mom, and she's good, she went to music school and everything.

She even used to be in a rock band.

Wow. What can I say?

I had no idea it was possible to become good on the recorder.

Isn't it impossible to get a nice sound from it?

No, you just have to practice a lot. And we've practiced a hell of a lot.

Ronald has taught me how to play the harmony too. He made it up himself. It's really nice!

We've been practicing in Ronald's laundry-room.

No one could hear us down there.

Sounds like a good idea. They squeek quite loudly, don't they?

Not if you blow very gently.

Like if someone has bumped they're knee and you're blowing where it hurts.

Not too hard.

Then it just gets too hot and more painful.

Will there be many others playing?

Two. Including me.

Wow! An orchestra!

I'm sure it'll be nice.

Maybe three if Mom joins in.

What's your name?

Is it OK to ask?

Now you've already asked.

Well, yes. But you don't have to tell me if you don't want to.  
I'm sure you were taught not to give your name to strangers.

That's what I was told when I was little.

And here I am, asking your name.

You might think it's a little scary.

Or that I'm a little scary.

Excuse me! I'm not *that* little.

Besides, I always talks to strangers.

How else am I supposed to get to know people?

And besides *again*: If I thought you were scary I wouldn't have asked if I could sit with you.

Good point.

Winnow.

What was that?

My name's Winnow.

Oh!

Hi Winnow!

What a lovely name!

You think so? You don't sound like you think so.

I was a little surprised, that's all.

But it is. Lovely I mean. Really.

Very original.

I've never met anyone called Winnow before.

Exactly.

Isn't that a good thing?



No, because then everyone easily knows who the others are talking about.

Always.

Well I think it's beautiful.

How did your parents come up with it?

It's quite a long story.

Well Winnow, we've got plenty of time. I'd love to hear it.

My name's Britt by the way.

Hi Britt.

When my Mom was a teenager, she saw a boy she'd never seen before. He was leaning against the statue outside the library, looking really, really cool.

You know, the statue of the skier?

He even smoked. *Cigarettes!* Mom thought he was really dreamy, and so handsome that she started following him. Pretty special don't you think? Have you ever followed anyone? I haven't. Not yet anyway. Maybe I will when I'm a proper teenager.

Anyway.

She forgot to keep an eye on *where* they were going, and suddenly she was lost.

Like, in the woods?

No, no. In Lillehammer.

Wow, how exciting! I've never actually been lost.

OK, maybe not *lost*. But she found herself in a street she hadn't been in before, and she didn't realize until she desperately needed to pee. Then she sort of snapped out of it. But she couldn't see the boy, so she walked all over the place looking for him, hoping to perhaps use his toilet, but she couldn't find him anywhere. And she was about to pee herself, right? So in the end she snuck into someone's garden and peed there, even though it was in the middle of the day and she was really far too old to be peeing outside.

Anyway.

When Mom crouched down, she noticed that the house had an *amazing* window. And for a second she forgot what she was doing, because Mom *loves* windows! Even more than boys.

She looked up, you know, and she was like: *THAT's my house! I'm going to live there when I grow up!*  
And then she fell backwards.

Her back got a bit wet of course, but my mom doesn't get embarrassed by things like that. So she just pulled up her trousers and ran home to Grandma's house to draw the window on a sheet of paper while she could still remember.

And then she hung the picture up on the fridge. With a magnet.

Why did she do that?

Grandma says that if you really want something, like *really* badly, you just have to draw a picture of it and put it on the fridge. And eventually it will come true!

Aha! Does it work?

Yes, of course.

You just have to remember to look at your drawing *every* day.

That's why mine don't work, because sometimes I forget to take them with me if I'm at a sleepover.

But it works, I promise, because one day my mom moved there. To the window. Just as she'd wished.

She had to wait a very long time, but still.

Wow! Unbelievable!

No it's true.

She used to say that she fell head-over-heels for it.

But that doesn't make any sense.

Oh it does, it's quite normal.

What? To fall backwards with your head over your heels?

By the window, in the garden? Just like that?

Falling head-over-heels is just an expression.

Oh, is it?

I don't get it anyway.

Whatever.

One day, after Mom had moved in, she met one of the neighbours outside, right there on the street. And she asked him to build a huge bench, you know, like all the way across the window.

Like a window seat.

Yeah. A huge window seat. So that she could sit on it and look out.

And when it was finished, they had a beer. And then they just sat there.

The two of them.

Together.

Forever.

And *that* was Dad.

How romantic! It must have been a beautiful window.

It was. And that's the problem.

Why?

Well, because when my mom got pregnant with me, she wanted to call ME Window, you know?

I don't think I do, no.

People have all sorts of strange names.

You think so? Listen: *WINDOW! DINNER'S READY!*

Hello? It's just *weird!*

Luckily my dad thought so too.

Well, OK, perhaps it is.

But you never ended up being called window in the end anyway.

How did they settle it?

It was easy.

They played *scissors, paper, stone*. To swap a consonant.

It was the best of three.

My dad chose N, and he won.

So here I am. Winnow.

Almost window – but not.

It's lovely.

Nice to meet you, almost window but not.

[...]

Is it you who's sick, Winnow?

What me? No! Do I look sick? Well, I did have a cold. But that was a while ago. We couldn't practice for ten days, and ten days is quite a long time when you're trying to learn a whole song on the recorder. Even if it's the harmony. Otherwise we've practiced every day. After I moved house, we practiced on FaceTime. You can do that, although it's incredibly hard, because you can only hear yourself.

OK. But you're getting sidetracked.

What's getting sidetracked?

It's when you don't stick to the point.

Is it another expression?

What's with all these expressions!

Why can't people just talk so that everyone understands?

Well, yeah. That would be nice.

It's impossible to remember what we're talking about with all these *expressions* popping up.

What was I talking about?

You were talking about the wind. And the whispering game.

And you said someone had become sick. Who was that?

That was Ylva.

But it was an accident.

What was?

I broke her arm in the postbox by the store while Mom and Dad were inside shopping.

Well ... the arm broke itself, but it was me who lifted her up.

I was just trying to be kind, you know. So she could reach the slot and see if there were any letters inside. But then she put her whole arm in the slot. She wasn't supposed to put her arm in there, but she didn't know that. And I didn't realize that she'd done it, because my face was *squashed* up against her tummy.

She managed to get her whole arm in the postbox?

Yeah, easily. Ylva's arm was stick-thin.

But then she got it stuck, where it bends, when she tried to pull it out again.

You know, here.

Her elbow.

Yes. And the only way I could help her was to let go of her with one of my arms. But I couldn't support her with just one arm, so I dropped her.

Or she just *slipped*, you know.

And she dangled there for a moment.

But then her arm broke.

And then she fell.

*Thud!*

Ouch! That must have been terribly painful!

Yes. She screamed like *crazy*.

I'm not at all surprised.

Yes. It was so loud that even the old ladies in the café covered their ears, which is *pretty* loud because normally they can't hear anything.

And everyone working in the shop *ran* outside to see what was going on. Mom and Dad too. They dropped

their bags on the ground and all their shopping got covered in egg. There was runny egg *everywhere*, and Dad shouted at me.

Mom tried to comfort Ylva, but she wouldn't stop crying. She just screamed and screamed.

And I couldn't bare to listen, so I just ran.

Where to?

Just away.

Home, I mean.

It was just like the time we were on the little ferry to Denmark and there was a storm and all the children were given life jackets and sick-bags. All except Ylva because she was a baby and she just screamed and screamed and Mom tried to comfort her.

I tried too.

At least, I *goofed* around for her. Goofing around is comforting. At least *I* think so. And I think Ylva thought so too because she *almost* stopped crying. For a second anyway.

And I comforted her with a Christmas bauble I'd just bought in a shop selling Christmas decorations even though it wasn't Christmas. *All* they had was Christmas stuff. All year round. Can you believe it?

There were so many nice things in there, you have no idea.

But the boat was rocking so much that we were suddenly leaning to one side, and I lost my balance and dropped the bauble. Right on the floor.

Oh dear.

Yes it was a real shame. It *exploded*. Into a *crazy* amount of tiny little shards.

Do you realize how many bits can come from just *one* christmas bauble?

Yes, I've smashed a few Christmas baubles myself.

It's funny because they look quite solid. Taut and hard and smooth.

But when they break, they *really* break,  
and you see how incredibly fragile they are.

They're extremely delicate actually.

And you can't glue them together.

No. It's impossible.

You get so incredibly sticky. Glue everywhere.

Anyway.

When the bauble exploded it made hardly any *noise*, but it still made everyone jump. Even I did. And Mom screamed really loud. She always screams loud if something makes her jump. Like "*OH!*" You know, right? It's seriously embarrassing. And Ylva was terrified and and screamed even louder.

And there was Christmas bauble all over the place.

The whole floor was covered. And we had nothing to sweep it up with, so I tried to use my arms instead. A bit like a windscreen wiper. But then my dad told me off, even though I was just trying to help.

I know, but those pieces are *extremely* sharp. It's so easy to cut yourself.

I'm sure he was just worried that you would hurt yourself.

He didn't sound worried when he was telling me off.

Whatever.

Dad was shouting, Ylva was screaming, and I couldn't stand it. It was just like outside the shop, so I ran. No. Actually I walked. I couldn't run because the boat was rocking so much.



And it wasn't like I could go home either. You know. Being on a boat and everything. So I just went outside instead. It's actually quite nice outside. Especially if you're feeling seasick.

You went *out-out*? On deck? On your own?

Yep?

But wasn't there a storm? Were you allowed to do that?

I didn't ask. But I was *really* careful.

I'm *always* careful.

Well, *almost* always. Sometimes I cross on a red light.

But I *always* wear a helmet when I'm on my bike.

Well, *almost* always.

Anyway it doesn't matter.

I was *really* careful on the boat. I crawled along, clinging to the wall.

And then hid in a corner where it wasn't so windy.

It was better there.

I can imagine.

It was.

When you're on a boat, it's better to be outside than inside anyway.

I think so too.

I do too.

When I was little, and we stayed with Grandma in the summer, my mom and dad would always wake me up in the middle of the night and we'd go out on the boat and look at the mareel?

Do you know what mareel is?

Yes, it sparkles. It's very beautiful.

Yes. Like diamonds. Almost.

My dad did all the rowing, and I would sit right at the front with Mom.

And it was always a bit cold, but my nighty was long and warm, so I could curl my knees up inside it.

And my mom was warm. She always used to be so warm.

And when I lent over the side and put my hand in the water, it made long sparkling stripes.

You know, like Tinkerbell? When she flies?

Yes, it's lovely.

And it's wonderful with the salty breeze in your face.

Salt works against sea-sickness by the way.

That depends who you're asking.

The lady in the nice clothes was really seasick, even *with* the salty breeze in her face.

And then she threw up.

*Loads!*

Where are you now?

I'm right here. Why are you asking me that?

In your story I mean.

Who was throwing up?

Oh. It was just the nice lady on the little boat to Denmark when Ylva was a baby and screamed and screamed and the Christmas bauble broke – the lady who got seasick and had to throw up even though she had the salty breeze in her face.

Yeah, right.

That was it.

Anyway, Winnow, now it's my turn.

I need to go to the toilet.

Oh no, not right now? This is where it gets *really gross!*

Can it wait a minute?

No.

But I can come with you. I'm OK with that.

I'll just bring my bag.

CAN YOU HEAR ME IN THERE?

Oh yes. Loud and clear.

GOOD!

But I don't think you need to shout.

OKAY!

Is this better?

Something in between is good.

OK. Are you ready?

I'm ready.

Good. Because the lady, you know, the one wearing the nice clothes? No one had given her a sick-bag you see, because she was a grown-up. So she puked in her hands instead.

Couldn't she just throw up over the railings?

Hello!?! The wind was blowing like crazy.

Have you ever tried puking when it's windy?

It's *not* a good idea.

Anyway, she stood with her back to the wind, and threw up in her hands instead.

And because she didn't have anywhere to put it, she started *eating* it!

Her vomit? Ah no! *Yuck!*

It's true! I saw it! I was right there.

She came over to where I was hiding.

And I felt so sorry for her, you know, so I gave her my sick-bag.

It was a *bit* tricky though, pouring the rest of the sick from her hands into the sick-bag, but she *almost* managed without getting any on my hands.

After that, I let her wipe her hands on my trousers, but then she started crying.

Oh my God! Hold on a second Winnow.  
I just need to wash my hands and I'll be out.

There. Done.

Did you do a number two?

You shouldn't be asking! At least, not so loudly.

You just took so long.

Come on. Let's go and sit down.

Listen.

I can actually understand that the lady on the boat started crying.

But I was only trying to help her?

I know. And I'm sure that's precisely why she cried.

She was probably very grateful that you helped her.

Well... No, actually.

What?

I think grown-ups are so difficult.

It's so difficult to get it right.

That's true.

What are you're thinking of, Winnow?

Nothing.

You just looked very sad suddenly?

I just don't understand why feelings need to dress up all the time.

It would be much better if they just came as they are.

Then you wouldn't have to worry that you've felt something wrong.

Anyway, I didn't know she was going to get cancer.  
Then I would never have lifted her up in the first place.

What did you just say?

I didn't say anything. The wind did.  
You know, that night, when I sat in Paul and Kirsty's window, listening to the grown-ups talking about secret things by the water below.

Did Ylva get cancer?

Yes.

Oh.

But I don't think that was your fault, Winnow.

Of course it was. Who else?  
She had to go to hospital to get her broken arm fixed. There was an ambulance and everything.  
And when she came home, she had both plaster all over her arm, and cancer.

And I didn't even say sorry.

Either way. It's not *your* fault, Winnow.

How do you know?

Because no one gets cancer from a broken arm.

It's just not possible.

If Ylva had cancer when she returned from the hospital,  
then she must have had it before.

*Before* she broke her arm.

I'm absolutely *positive* they found out at the hospital,  
when she came in with her arm.

You think so?

I don't just think so – I *know* so.  
*All* adults know that you can't get cancer from a broken arm.

So why didn't they just tell me?

I don't know.  
They were probably just *very* worried and had so much to  
think about because of the cancer and everything.  
I'm sure they just forgot to ask if *you* were wondering about anything.

Poor you, have you been going round thinking about this for a long time?

A while.

Oh, sweetheart.

I don't know.

How is Ylva now?

I mean is she better? Worse?

No, she's dead.

I don't know how someone is when they're dead.

Oh Winnow, I'm so, so sorry.

But... I thought you were on your way to play the recorder for Ylva's birthday? Today?  
Wearing your national costume. With Ronald. And maybe your mother?

I am. But it's a surprise.

Ylva doesn't know anything.

Mom neither.

Was this a long time ago?

What?

That Ylva died?

A bit.

But sometimes... well, nearly always actually, when I wake up in the morning, it's like I've forgotten everything, and I think she's lying in the bunk below just like before. *Then* it doesn't seem so long. But it feels like my mom has been gone forever.

So it's actually a bit of both.

So where's your mom?

On the window seat.

She stayed behind in Lillehammer?

We were supposed to move to Oslo, all three of us. Dad and I packed everything while Mom was in New York keeping her head cool. But when she came home, she had changed her mind. She said she just couldn't leave Ylva like ... alone.

So she unpacked Ylva's stuff just in case she came back. You know, so that Ylva would know where she was or something. But that doesn't make sense. Ylva isn't here anymore. And she won't be coming back either. That's what Grandma says.

Not as Ylva at least.

And she wouldn't be able to get out anyway. I saw her. She was inside that box we buried.



Her coffin.

Everyone helped. I did too.

I threw soil and flowers into the hole.

And Flame, her teddy bear.

What I really wanted was for Flame to be with Ylva inside the box, so that he could look after her. But I wasn't allowed to open the lid. So I threw him on top of it instead. Just right down into the hole. But then I regretted it because it was so wet down there. And cold. And I felt sorry for him, you know. I couldn't let him lie down there all alone. He'd be terrified when all the soil was thrown on him.

Besides, Flame hadn't died. It wasn't fair to bury him. So we had to fetch him out.

I look after him now.

Mom threw her recorder in – that was sad.

Because now she just sits there. Alone.

She doesn't want to talk to anyone. And now she can't play the recorder either, even though it's what she likes doing most.

I don't know what to say Winnow.

Ronald walks past the house every day. Even now.

Even though I've moved. Just to have a look.

He says that she sits in the window all the time. Except at 12 o'clock, because that's when she's at the graveyard. Ronald saw her from the school playground, which is right next door.

Apart from that, she just sits in the window.

Sometimes Ronald rings the doorbell, but there's no point because she never answers anyway. And the key still hangs in the secret place that everyone knows about, so he just lets himself in and sits next to her.

Just for a little while. And neither of them speak.

And they don't hug, even though they've hugged each other every day since the first day of school.

Ronald says that she's become totally smooth and hard. Almost delicate.

Like a christmas bauble maybe. That could be why he doesn't dare give her a hug. They break so easily.

He holds his breath mostly.

But sometimes they have a glass of water.

That's nice.

That's how he came up with it.

Came up with what?

Everything. The playing thing. He saw the photo from our first day at school when he was getting water.

Mom had hung it on the fridge.

So I think she's been kind of wishing for *me*, you know, but she's forgotten about it.

That's why I'm going to wear my costume,  
and Ronald is going to wear his superman outfit.

Just like the photo, so that she can remember it.

Ronald says Mom will go to the graveyard today as well. And because it's Ylva's birthday, he's going to put his spare recorder on her gravestone so that Mom can play if she wants. She'll want to, don't you think? She'll have to. She can't just suddenly stop playing on Ylva's birthday without saying anything. Ylva would have been dead sad.

He's probably put the recorder there already. Before school.

The trouble is Ylva's gravestone isn't perfectly flat on top.  
So I hope the recorder doesn't roll off and that she can't find it.

I'm sure he'll find a good place to put it.

And since I've learnt to play Ylva's birthday song,  
I'm going to play along. With Mom. I'm going to play the harmony.

That way mom will know I'm there.

And it feels better when you're more than one. Not alone.

It will be very nice Winnow.

How long do you think it will take me to change in to my costume?

Oh, I don't know.  
Ten minutes maybe?  
Twelve?

Will you let me know? So that I have time to get changed?

Of course.

I'll let you know in about 15 minutes then.

I can't quite believe that you've managed to stuff a whole costume into your bag.

Wouldn't it have been easier to just put it on before you left home?

Are you crazy! What do you think my dad would have said if I'd gone to school in my national costume?

He would never have believed it.

So your dad thinks you're at school?

Yes, of course. I'm always at school when it's school time.

So no one knows that you're on this train? Alone?

Sure! Ronald knows. It's all his idea.

We're meeting at ten to twelve at the end of the footbridge. I'll make it as long as the train isn't delayed.

But Winnow, I really ought to call someone and tell them that you're here. So that no one's worried about you.

No! You can't do that!

If worry turns into angry it's easy for things to get broken.

And if Mom has turned into a Christmas bauble, she'll break first.

So everything has to be normal.

But can I not have your dad's phone number?

If I promise to *only* call him afterwards?

No.

But you can come.

I'm going to get changed now.

Perfect timing. Do you want me to come with you?

No, it's OK.

But you can look after my recorder.

You can have a go if you want.

Look at you! Don't you look lovely.

Why have we stopped?

What are they saying on the speakers?

Are we going to be late?

No no. We're just waiting for the signal to approach the station.

Are you sure?

Quite sure.

Do you have the brooch?

Lift your chin, I'll help you.

Are you nervous?

Yes, a bit.

What if Mom doesn't come?

Then she doesn't come. And there's nothing you can do about it.

At least I know how to play her song now – Ylva's song.

If Mom doesn't come, Ronald can play the harmony and I'll play the melody.

So we'll play her song anyway.

That'll be nice.

And since you've learned to play her song  
you can play it on every single birthday.

If I'm in Lillehammer.

Actually, I believe you can play wherever you want.  
Because I think Ylva will be there, wherever you are.

Where's that?

Within you. There. Or there.

Or there maybe. You'll feel it.

Look, we're moving again. You'll easily make it in time.

The church is just over there. Can you see the spire?

And there's the school. The rest of the school playground is behind that house.

Right next to the graveyard. That's where we're going.

I see.

Look! Isn't that superman over there?

Ronald!

Looks like it is!

Are you ready? Have you got everything?

Yes! But I have to run. And I don't have any free hands.

Come on! *Swoosh!* Off with those boots, let me carry them.

I'll come with you.

Have you got time for that?

Sure. It's only a little detour home anyway.

Come on. Let me have your bag as well.

Ok, that's it! Here we are.

Press the button! Press the button!

There you go!

Now run Winnow! Run!