

Handout #1: Alarm Report



Dear Sister!

I write to you now with trembling hands, with the knowledge that all that really matters to me -my little boy- could have been taken away from me just a couple of minutes ago. I saw it through the window, how Pelle was run over by a car, and you-know-who, was driving it. Before I could run out from the house Pelle was up on his feet, and they talked to each other, and then he came in. I was frozen to my chair, and still can't feel my feet and hands. But my head is full of images of what could have happened. Dear sister, they are gruesome pictures.



The strangest thing is that Pelle won't admit that it happened, though I saw it with my own eyes! Should I seek help? I know he won't agree to have his head examined - he became very upset when I asked to look at him.

Everything is so fine right now, and maybe that makes me overreact? The move here has become everything we could have hoped for. Pelle has made friends at school, and he is doing well with homework and sports. I just don't want to think about what we will do in a couple of years when we have to move away again.

I hope we can go somewhere close to here, so that we can still see you.

How are your projects going? I hate thinking of you in that smelly little bunker on Göholmen (*Cape Horn*). You know you can always stay here, but I won't nag about it anymore.



Pelle is doing something upstairs, he talks to himself, as if he is upset, and he throws things on the floor. I better go see if he is okay.