*Translated by Súsanna Ingvardsdóttir Djurholm*

But when he opened the front door on this October day, he immediately noticed that something unusual had happened. The first thing he noticed were the about fifteen, or maybe twenty, empty paint tins, and the paint that had been thrown all over the hallway. He pushed the door to the living room ajar with the tip of his shoe. He saw directly onto the sofa where he had laid and consumed many works of literature through the years. The sofa had been cut open, and its insides pulled out onto the floor. The rocking chair on the other side of the small coffee table was gutted in the same way. And the bookshelves! The criminal or who the hell was responsible for this break-in had poured several litres of paint all over the books. And the tins in the hallway were two and a half litre tins! The stream of paint had run down the shelves, and the paper had soaked up the sticky liquid. He must have owned 1,500 volumes; historical works, novels, reference works, some poetry collections, and on two of the shelves stood the originals of the Faroese books that his foster father Ingvald had left him. Everything was ruined. Ingvald himself had set and made up several of the books during his years as a printmaker at H. N. Jacobsen’s Bookstore.

And it had been done in a frighteningly determined way. It was like the predator knew that this was the home of an author or at least a person that valued art because everything that held any cultural value was destroyed. The watercolours on the partition boards were smeared. Eigil's hands went to his mouth as he saw the treatment that the painting *Takvindeyga[[1]](#footnote-1)*  had endured. This was a painting by Steffan Danielsen that Eigil had inherited from his friend Symfor Thomsen. You could see the glory of the heavens revealed through a small roof window, and even though the painting still hung in the frame, the canvas was ripped into strips.

The LP record sleeves lay empty on the floor, and paint had been poured over the LPs. The record player, the television, and everything that belonged to the stereo installation was wrecked, as well as the videotapes he had collected. Based on the dry paint, it was at least a week, maybe two, since the break-in had happened. In the bedroom, the bed was gutted, and everything that had been on the shelves and hangers had been dragged onto the floor and poured over with paint. Only Symfor’s diaries lay untouched under the bed.

When Eigil saw all the binders and papers floating in the tub, he walked one step at a time towards the small office, as he could not believe his own eyes. But standing at the door his suspicions were confirmed. All his notepads and binders were missing from the shelves. And the hard disk was also missing! Paint had been poured over the computer screen and down onto the desk drawers; all of his dictionaries were soaked.

It was at that point that the energy drained from him. Even though he had worked by computer all the way back in the 90s when he worked as an auditor, he had never stopped writing by hand. In total, he must have owned about thirty or thirty-five A4 spiral notepads, all of which had ended up in the tub. He had most of the novel *Brahmadellarnir[[2]](#footnote-2)* written down by hand, as well as several chapters of *Bommhjarta[[3]](#footnote-3)* and *Jarðarferðin[[4]](#footnote-4)*. There were also sketches, drafts of letters, and commentaries of all kinds; in short, most of what he could call his literary memorial lay drowning in a mess. The ring binders with old and unpublished text had suffered the same fate. All his cultural stories, mature enough to be published in a book, floated, dissolved and unrecognisable in the tub. On the water's surface, he saw the wire to the hard disk.

1. Tr. *Roof Window* [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
2. Tr. *The Brahmadells* [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
3. Tr. *Candy Heart* [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
4. Tr. *The Funeral* [↑](#footnote-ref-4)