

**Texts from Artists in Residence in Strömstad
during Winter Word Festival, February-March 2016**

**The following pieces were written together, by passing around
the piece of paper, adding a sentence or two each**

1. He put it next to the light switch, down the toilet, up against the window. There must be some use for these brown and white sticks. Or should they be eaten? They might be edible. Perhaps they are for cleaning your fracsules. But humans don't have fracsules. He sat and pondered. It seemed important. Finally, he stuck the sticks in his ears. It felt good. This must be it, he thought. At least it cut out the laughter of the small humans who were running around in the square they call playground.

(Written after picking an alien as a character, a block of flat as a setting and a packet of cigarettes as an object.)

2. 'Fuck off,' that's pretty much what he has said to everybody and they had learned to. Most days he was on his own on the top deck, watching his spit hit the water. He could watch spit on water for hours. His Mom had beat him every time she caught him staring. Once he had served it to his friends. Just mixed it up with juice. But watching his friends enjoy a sip of foamy juice, unknowingly swallowing his own body fluids gave him no joy. Just anger at the fact that they didn't even notice. He wished he could muster up the courage to spit in other peoples faces. Waves and oceans of thick, juicy spit, right into all these bastards on board. Now wouldn't that be something? He wasn't sure, maybe he should try to find a phone number. Someone that could help him.

(Written after picking an angry man as a character, a ship as a setting and a suitcase as an object)