

VON

It's hard to believe he's gone. This cabin still feels like his home. Or at least his shelter. I got the feeling he never liked it here. It was the feeling of being confined, or maybe he just felt confined with me. It's weird to think I only came into contact with Fannar a year and a half ago. God, I was so happy when I found him. I thought I was the only one left, the last person on this planet. Thinking back to the five years I was alone in this cabin, the horrifying confusion I endured. Why were they all gone? The people. Everyone disappeared. I had almost forgotten what an interaction with another person felt like. Until I found this child knocking on my door. He was absolutely freezing, and must have been wandering around this snowy mountainside for days. When he walked inside, I saw he was carrying an egg. This wasn't a normal egg either, it was nearly half the size of his body. I asked him what was inside. He said inside the egg was an angel.

He slept for the entire first day he was here, and only a week later he was up and about, fluttering all around the örk. That was what he called the cabin. He asked about my mother's giant cross on the wall, and about the machine. He was quite inquisitive. He would always ask about what it was and how it worked. I would tell him, "It will help bring humanity back." He was a brilliant child. He didn't have a hard time trying to keep up with how the machine worked, but I can't blame him for not understanding the technical aspect of it. Most of my students eight years ago wouldn't have understood it either. But as much as he listened to me talk, he didn't believe it. No, he would always say. "You're wrong Ása, the machine won't save us, Dúfan is going to!" That's what he named the angel. To be quite honest, I resented that egg. It was what tore him and I apart.

I can't help but say this was partially my fault. One day, I was hoping to have a breakthrough. The machine was going to work. Everything I had ever done pointed to it happening. But it didn't, nothing happened. It felt hopeless. He came up to me and whispered, "Don't worry, that machine wasn't going to work anyway. Dúfan will save us." I screamed at him, "Shut up! Shut up! There's no goddamn angel in that egg, can't you listen to me?!" We were no longer friends after that, just people who lived together.

The last two months with him were horrible. We didn't talk, we just sat in the same room together. One day, he grew ill, with something I've never seen before. At first I thought it was the flu, but it became clear, whatever he was going through was a lot worse. For a day and a half I went looking for

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something that could help him. I went out and down the mountain, into my old, Icelandic home town. Seeing it now felt so other-worldly. But the day and a half spent trudging around got me nowhere. I couldn't find any medicine. So for the last days of his life, I took care of him as best I could. This morning I went out to this little valley he played in sometimes. It was a long walk, but it was necessary. I dug him a hole in the center of the valley, then went back to the cabin. I picked up his deceased body, wrapped in his favourite blanket. I carried him back to the hole, where I laid him down in the soil. It was then I realized I had left the cross at the cabin. I went back to get it, and when I walked back outside the cabin, the snow started coming down hard, harder than it had for months. I made my way through the wind and snow, carrying the cross over my shoulders. After 45 minutes of walking, I placed the cross at the head of his grave.

I'm now sitting on the couch in the örk, and the only thing on my mind is this; Fannar's gone, I'm still here, the machine's still here, and the egg is still here. I don't know what the hell I should do.