

ANOTHER WORLD - IN THIS WORLD -

It was a day like any other in Los Angeles. The football match was over and the team went to the locker rooms. Cole wasn't satisfied with the way he played. He sat down in a corner and listened to music, while waiting for his parents. He didn't hear his friends greeting him. When he had his headphones on, he felt pretty good and he forgot the real world. This was his comfort zone.

His best friend Jordan got closer to him.

Jordan shook Cole's arm. "Ehi, where are you?"

"Ehi! Sorry, were you speaking with me?" Cole snapped back to reality.

"No, no. I was speaking to that wall called Cole."

They looked at each other and they started to laugh.

Suddenly Cole's mobile rang. It was his uncle: his parents had just had a serious accident.

"We'll take you there!" Exclaimed Jordan. Cole was getting pale. His heart was beating fast. His mind couldn't stop thinking of the worst.

The corridors of the hospital were cold and dark. Despite the comings and goings of doctors and nurses, Cole couldn't hear anything. His uncle Tom ran to him.

The words that he heard were the ones that nobody wanted to hear. His mum, Hannah, was mortally wounded. His dad, Mr. Owen Wesley, was lying in bed with cranial trauma, luckily his life wasn't in danger. Cole didn't understand what was happening and he shut himself away. When he saw his dad, they hugged. But Cole didn't shed a tear.

The following day Jordan went to Cole's uncle where the boy was staying. He wanted to be close to his friend. "How are you?"

"I'm ok."

"How is your dad?"

"He is still not well. But he is recovering."

"Did you see the football match last night?" Cole wanted to distract himself.

"Yes. But only the first half."

They spoke for a few hours, walking in the sun and hanging out in the skate park in front of the beach. Jordan cheered Cole up.

Time went by, Cole's dad recovered completely and he was back to work. Hannah's funeral was celebrated as soon as Owen was discharged from the hospital, but they were planning a memorial service in the North of Norway, her hometown. Her desire was to return to her land and be buried next to her mum, near her favourite wood. Moreover, Cole's grandfather was waiting to greet her daughter. Due to a heart disease doctors had advised him against flying. Therefore, he couldn't come to Los Angeles to attend Hanna's funeral.

Cole wasn't particularly happy with the idea to go to Norway and spend his two weeks off there. Spending Christmas holidays at home would give him the possibility to hang out with Jordan and do whatever he wanted. Although that Christmas would inevitably be a sad one.

The journey was endless. Cole had forgotten those interminable trips rewarded by a lot of relaxation and adventures into the woods.

Isak's house was near the village of Kongsvik. It was small and comfortable and Cole actually liked it. It had a big garden where Isak used to spend hours chopping logs and taking care of the plants with his grandfather when he was a little kid. Now it was winter time, and the trees looked so different. The big dark spruce near the house was his favourite one. The red smoking chimney on the roof greeted the boy and his dad. Cole hadn't seen him for a long time. The old man hugged him tight. His height and big arms made him feel safe. Isak showed him his room.

"You remember, don't you?" The boy nodded, smiling.

Cole's old bedroom was pretty cold and but its smell of wood made it appear a bit warmer. He looked around. Memories from his childhood came to his mind. On his large tall bed he saw the teddy bear his grandfather gave him on his second birthday and the old blanket his mum used to cover him every night before going to bed. When he was a child, they used to spend part of their summer holidays in Kongsvik. Hannah's bond with her land was really deep. Part of this had been instilled in his son but he still had to discover it.

The memorial service was essential and collected. Isak's tears had been already shed before, but having his daughter's sign there moved him to tears. Mr Wesley's main pain was feeling inadequate to help his son face the suffering caused by that dramatic event.

"You know I have to go back to LA. The trial I'm working on is very demanding. I'll be back by the end of your Christmas holiday. Grandpa is very happy you're staying here." Cole loved his dad, but his gaze seemed to ask him: why has this happened to us? When he was alone with his grandpa the boy cried for the first time after his mother died.

"It's hard for me too, I miss my daughter. We shouldn't linger on what we lost and on our sadness, but we need to see all the good that we have now. We must keep going in light of this good."

"Where is good then?"

"You will find it if you look for it. I'm with you through it all."

The next morning Cole got up early. He decided to go on walk in the woods.

It was really cold; he never experienced a cold like that. His city jacket wasn't made for the mountains and he didn't like that. The big dark green trees were majestic, he hadn't seen those big trees for some years. Never in the wintertime. He was fascinated. Suddenly he heard a rustling sound. Something was crinkling. He didn't dare to go further and ran back home.

That evening his grandpa had made one of the Norwegian typical dishes. The wonderful smell of salmon spread in the kitchen. Cole snuggled up on the sofa. He liked the cosy heat and the crackle of the woods in the fireplace. He felt home, safe.

"Grandpa, can you tell me the story of our family? Why are you a woodsman?"

"Oh, Yes! Dear boy, our family is a big mystery; nobody knows the complete story of our family. I'm a lumberjack because my dad taught me how to do it when I was only five. I really liked that. This way I could spend a lot of time in nature, learn a lot from it, and learn how you can listen to it."

“Listen to it?” Asked the boy sceptically.

“Yes, Nature is living, don’t you know?” Cole glance at him chortling.

“I have a diary with our forefather’s story. Every story is different in place, adventures and language.”

“Really? And where is it?” Cole was getting curious.

“It’s in the living room, it should be in a cupboard near the window.”

Isak opened the cupboard: dozens of photos and old documents were piled together. In a wooden engraved box with a strange sign on it an old brown book fitted perfectly inside. The old man started leafing through the yellowed pages. On each page there was a strange writing and unusual signs.

“Ah, that’s nice. This is the story of how I met your grandmother. Would you like to listen to it?” He asked with a gleeful chuckle.

Cole was curious to know this unexpected side of his grandpa and agreed gladly.

“Look at this picture” he whispered. A beautiful blonde girl was taking the tall boy by his arm. The girl really grabbed the spotlight.

“Stunning! Who is she?”

“The day this picture was taken, me and my friends went to a party in the village. Lots of beautiful girls were dancing. Obviously, we were keeping an eye on the girls who were wearing their nutukas with the fluffy balls on the side.”

“Nutukas?”

“Yeah, Sami’s shoes!”

“Is it a famous brand like Nike?”

Isak burst out laughing.

“No, it’s the name of our typical shoes, don’t you remember?”

“Oh yeah! And why were you looking at the fluffy balls?”

“Oh, if the fluffy balls are worn on the side it means that the girl is single!”

“Wow, that’s cool! You know, in California we just need to see the Instagram profile and we’ll know everything!” laughed Cole.

“What is Instagram?”

“Nevermind,” answered Cole, guffawing.

“See, the girl in the picture is your grandma. We met that night and we never separated,” explained Isak.

Cole was amazed about what he was listening to. He remembered how his parents met, when her mum went to California on a study holiday and fell in love with his dad. Isak’s words snapped Cole back to reality.

“The other stories written in the pages before are about our family adventures. I don’t even understand everything because it’s written in old Sami.”

“What do they possibly say?” Asked the boy curiously.

“I don’t know, boy. I don’t know. But time will tell. Now let’s go to sleep. Tomorrow I will have to go to Skollenborg to run some errands. I’ll leave you some stew on the cooker for lunch. You’ll have some time to walk in the snow and enjoy the beautiful landscape! But stay away from the mountain over there.” He warned, pointing out the window.

‘For sure, I will watch TV and chat with Jordan.’ Though Cole.

The following morning Cole had planned to spend the day on his social media and, of course, watching countless episodes of Teen Wolf.

That episode was getting pretty exciting.

“What the hell! The connection is too weak! Of course, we are in the middle of nowhere,” he grumbled.

He decided to go out to find a better connection.

“Here outside the signal is even worse. Oh, maybe here it’s a bit better.... Wait...”

He was talking loudly as if someone was listening to him.

Cole kept moving, and without realising, he was into the woods. He looked around. It was all foggy and he was struggling just to see the trees.

“Great, and now?”

All of a sudden, a girl appeared. The vision was blurred, so he scratched his eyes. The girl disappeared. He thought he had a hallucination. He turned around. The girl was right in front of him.

“Who are you?” He asked scared.

“I’m Freya and you are...”

“Cole, do you live near here?” Fear had made way to curiosity.

“I’m from Kongsvik, and you?”

“I’m from Los Angeles.”

“Are you on holiday?”

“Kind of, I’m visiting my grandpa. He lives near here.”

“Isak! I know him,” exclaimed the girl. “Here everyone knows each other.”

Cole noticed she was wearing unusual clothes. His grandfather didn’t wear those clothes. They had to be closed in some wardrobes, though. But as far as he knew, they belonged to a distant past.

“Are you a reindeer breeder?” He asked.

“Yes, I am, or better, my parents are breeders. I’m studying to become a breeder. Come with me!”

Before he knew, the boy found himself in a wide plane. A large fenced white field opened up in front of them. Dozens of reindeers with big antlers were grazing. They all got excited when they saw the little girl approaching them with a bucket full of pellets.

“*Mat! Mat!*” shouted Freya. “It’s the Norwegian name of food. They’re usually free to graze in the woods, but in certain periods of the year they come back home.”

The reindeers came closer and closer. Their antlers banged against each other, touching the girl and his new friend. Cole got a bit scared and tried to keep them distant with both hands.

“Are they going to bite me or hit me with their antlers? Some are really huge!” he asked nervously.

“Don’t worry, they’re harmless!” Laughed Freya. “A bit clumsy but harmless. Olaf and Astrid...calm down!”

Cole was astounded: the girl called them by name! ‘Just like you do with pets. – he thought to himself- ‘This is really another world...’

Freya led Cole inside her house. The fire was crackling. A boy was throwing some logs in it. He was the girl’s twin brother: Cole got it from the fact they were identical.

"This is my brother Aren, Aren this is my new friend Cole. He lives on the other side of the woods. He is Isak's grandson," introduced Freya.

"Hi, Cole!" Greeted Aren.

The boy smiled back. Aren's hair was as blond as the pale winter sun and his eyes were deep blue, just like her sister's.

"Freya, mum and dad aren't at home. Today it's only the two of us. Or three?"

Cole nodded shyly, a bit embarrassed. After all, his grandpa would come back in the afternoon and he didn't feel like having lunch by himself.

"Three, we have a special guest today."

A smoking brown pot was placed on the table. The stew smelled delicious.

"Have you ever tried Finnbiff, our reindeer stew?"

"Do you eat reindeers? But... don't you raise them?" asked Cole, shocked.

"Yes! Apart from using their pelt and fur we raise them for the meat." Explained the girl.

"Aren't you sorry for them? You even call them by name." Inquired Cole puzzled.

Aren smiled. This was one of the most popular questions tourists used to ask them.

"Yes, we are, but they also have to fulfil their task." Chimed in Freya.

"Look, this is our puukko." She showed him a magnificent knife. "Mine used to be my grandma's. We always keep it with us. Sometimes the woods and the mountains hide dangers," added Aren.

"We use the puukko to slaughter too," continued Aren.

"What? Slaughter? Do you...?" asked Cole, shocked.

"Oh, yes. Our parents and grandparents taught us to do everything. We have learnt by doing," concluded Freya proudly.

"Wow!" Exclaimed Cole. For a moment he thought about his Californian afternoons loafing about in his bed, playing with Jordan and listening to music. For a moment he compared his ordinary life to the one of the twins. Then he glanced at them with awe.

"Freya and I have never been abroad...What is California like?" Asked the boy.

"Sunny...hot" Cole was daydreaming. He could feel the warmth of that sun in his bones. He nostalgically thought about his home.

"Tell me, are you Sami?" He asked, snapping back to reality.

"Yes, we are," replied Freya in a proud voice. "Now I'm studying Sami language: I want to translate important texts our community owns."

"Wow, that's interesting."

"Yes, Cole. Freya is crazy about learning other languages. I barely speak Norwegian!" joked Aren

"Good to know you speak Sami," exclaimed Cole "I'd like to show you an old diary my grandpa has."

"Sure!" Freya looked happy: finally, she would have a chance to show off her improvements.

After lunch Cole returned home. He felt a bit weird. I was less lonely.

His grandfather hadn't come back yet, so, Cole decided to take the diary. To his great surprise he noticed a hidden cut in the internal part of the cover. There was a paper, with queer symbols and words.

He browsed on the Internet and found what those symbols corresponded to.

He tried to search for the meaning of the map on the Internet but he didn't find anything.

"How is it possible?! There's nothing here, I can't believe it!" He raged.

Like every teenager he was used to looking for and finding everything on the net, but this time he couldn't rely on his comfortable tool. He chatted with Jordan for a while. Then he went to bed a bit disappointed.

The following morning, Freya and Aren ran to Isak's house. They were visibly shocked.

"What is the matter?" Asked the man.

"Our parents told us that some of our reindeers were found dead in the woods," stammered Aren.

"Oh dear, this is frightening!" Exclaimed Isak.

Cole was speechless, but then he dared to ask:

"How did it happen?"

"We don't know, but we are sure it wasn't an accident," spoke sternly Freya.

Cole took the diary.

"This is what I found yesterday." He said.

"Let me see" chimed in Isak "This is one of our forefather's stories. There are no other pages written by him. These must be his last words. Freya, Cole told me you are able to translate Sami. Can you do that?"

"I can try" she replied. "*November 1852. My friends and I found some reindeers dead in the woods. But we don't know who killed them...but we'll find it out.*"

"He probably died while he was trying to discover who slaughtered the reindeers." Thought Isak aloud.

"Is there a possible connection between this story and what just happened?" Asked Cole.

"Freya, show me your dead reindeers," asked Isak gravely.

The kids looked at each other sensing that there was something serious going on.

They ran to Freya's farm and what they saw was terrible: shreds of pelt and meat were everywhere and some big footsteps appeared: "No way, this is not possible..." Said Isak

"What...isn't it possible?" Asked Freya frightened.

"Those are signs of the presence of *him*. Hard times are coming."

"Who is him?" Stammered Aren.

"He is *Stallu*, the biggest orc ever existed."

"Oh my God, but where is he? And how can we defeat him?" Asked Cole and Freya together.

"It's not easy to find him, he used to live in the Troll Mountain. But you can't go, It's too dangerous. There are terrible creatures there."

"What is his purpose? What does he want?" Freya was really terrified. She didn't want to believe that other reindeers could die.

"He will start with the reindeers, but those he wants to hit are the Sami. We thought he had been defeated a long time ago by a Sami who trapped him in the caves." Isak continued. "The Great Sacred Book of Sami says that Stallu will destroy the relation between Nature and Sami, a bond that makes nature free and at the service of Sami and Sami at its service. He hates this bond and, with the help of wolves and eagles,

he wants to dominate Nature, making the animals and the plants slave to his disposition. This is going to affect Sami too as they can't live without it. The first to die will be the reindeers, sacred to Sami. But the blood of a white reindeer killed by his hands can make him way stronger."

"It's terrible. I heard it before but I didn't know that was true. We need to do something."
Said Freya

"Then, who can kill him permanently?" Asked Cole worried.

"The same white reindeer that can make him invincible: look, it's both in the diary, and in the Great Sacred Book. *A female white reindeers will sacrifice herself when both the sun and the moon will be in the same line in the sky, defeating the evil. She will return to the sun and bring prosperity to men.* Unfortunately, there haven't been any white reindeers for a long time."

"Wait, there is a white reindeer. It's my Patrisha!" exclaimed Freya "She's gone into the mountains, and she won't return until next spring."

"If she's in the mountains, she needs protection from the eagles!" uttered the old man in a concerned voice.

"Why from the eagles?"

"Because they are the ones that provide Stallu with food." Replied Isak. "We need to have weapons with us. I will take our old but efficient Sami weapons, meanwhile you can leave. Let's meet at the foot of the mountain."

"Grandpa, you are old, you can't carry out this task." Exclaimed Cole.

"Me and Aren will go, Patrisha knows us and we know her." Freya's tone sounded brave now.

"I will come with you." Added Cole. He wasn't sure about what he was saying and was doing, but everything that he was living and was successful still now, asked him to go. Everyone, including Isak, agreed.

While the old man was taking the weapons, Freya, Aren and Cole were waiting in the woods at the foot of the mountain. Suddenly, the dark appeared. It was all foggy and it was hard just to see the trees. The owls on the branches started hooting. The cold surrounded them. Something was falling from the trees and the squirrels started squeaking loud. Cole was really scared. He was in the middle of a dangerous adventure he hadn't chosen nor wanted before getting in Kongsvik.

"The animals are perceiving that something evil is near us." Affirmed Freya.

They went on walking. The snow was high and not beaten and it seemed to Cole as if the shadows started to come alive. Suddenly, something tried to grab Aren and the two friends almost crumbled.

"Help me!!! Something is grabbing me! And it hurts!" Screamed Aren. A big wolf appeared.

Freya stepped back. It was the Ulv. It was a big wolf with black eyes. He used to travel in the woods of Troll Mountain. It had a dense white mantle with a long tail. "How can we defeat him?! It's too big!" Exclaimed Freya.

Ulv was blocking Aren with its hairy paw while its ravenous mouth was wide open. Cole promptly used a powerful kick to keep him far but this made the wolf even angrier. They felt hopeless. The wolf grabbed Aren's leg with its paws and was about to jab

him with its fangs. Freya cried. A loud noise resounded. It was Isak with his rifle. He wounded the beast that ran away.

"Luckily I followed you!" Isak painted.

"Thanks grandpa, you saved us!" Replied Cole.

"It was too big to be a normal wolf," exclaimed Freya.

"I know, It's the Ulv," said the old man. "I had never seen one before. They have scratches on their body. People said that he isn't friendly with humans because a long time ago some poachers killed his son and from that he hates humans. Now he is Stallu's ally."

"Will we meet him again?" Asked Cole.

"I'm afraid we will," replied Freya, "but me and Aren have our puukko, and next time we will not be taken by surprise."

"You are right," confirmed Isak "Cole. Here is my old knife, the puukko. Its sharp blade is perfect to cut, injure and its handle is comfortable."

Isak gave him his father's leather cove.

They continued to walk and they got to a small hill.

They started climbing. It was full of trees and prickly bushes. They started to look around. "We are lost," said Aren.

Isak didn't answer, looking for a familiar sign in the gloom of that place.

The dark wrapped everything.

Hope seemed to have left them when suddenly a little clear light appeared in the sky. It was a white stripe and it was getting brighter.

"The Northern lights! It's coming!" Exclaimed Freya.

"What? I just see a white stripe," asked Cole.

"Just wait!" Replied Freya.

After some minutes *it* slowly appeared. At first, it was emerald green, then yellow stripes appeared beside it. Finally, a delicate orange light filled the sky. It looked as if all those coloured lights were dancing in the starry night. The sky was a palette where colours were gaily encountering.

"It's awesome, I'd never seen one before," said Cole. He was amazed and his heart had warmed up.

"It is our guide," said Isak.

"It will show us the path across the mountain!" Exclaimed Aren.

"Come on," added Isak "let's follow the splendour."

The cold wasn't so cold anymore. The light heated up all of Cole's body. He felt the hot blood skimming in his blood vessel and the light of hope in his soul. He was really happy and relieved.

"Are you all ok?" asked Isak.

"We are," replied the kids.

They continued to climb until they found a flat area. They spotted a pure white figure. A jingle spread in the air.

"Patrishal!" Freya recognised her reindeer. The animal approach them and Freya hugged her tenderly. She felt home.

"Look, there is a cavern. We can recover here." Suggested Aren.

The dawn was breaking and the world was waking, maybe for the last time. During the night Stallu had been killing men, Isak knew it. He was the only one awake and, luckily, the only one who could hear far away strangled cries.

The summit of the Troll Mountain where Stallu lived was closed. The company was walking, when they heard a terrible shrieking.

A majestic and enormous eagle surrounded by other eagles nosedived, screeching loud. It grabbed Patrisha. Cole and Aren ran to help her.

The eagles flew towards Stallu's residence on a small white upland and stopped in the middle of the woods, surrounding Stallu.

Stallu was a big orc. His pelt was covered from ash. His big yellow eyes illuminated his dark face. He was really tall. His nose was long and his pointed elf ears were half hidden by bushy dark hairs.

Cole and Aren back a tree.

"Good job eagles! Now we can move towards the big destruction: we have the white reindeer! It will be enslaved. Now let's slaughter them all!"

By *them* he meant Freya's family, and all the other Sami. His voice was hoarse and the sound was deep. Cole shivered.

"We have to stop him!" Cried Aren.

He threw himself against the eagles and the wolves. Ulv was among them. Cole gathered his courage and followed his friend. Meanwhile Isak was shielding Freya with his body.

The fight was unequal: the eagles and the wolves were too many, their claws were sharp and their beaks were stinging. The two guys' bodies were covered with wounds and scratches. Blood and screech spread in the biting air. The sky became black and thunder began to roar.

When they believed they couldn't survive that fury, they heard the sound of hoofs in the distance. It was Aren and Freya's reindeers. They pounced on the eagles. The kids understood they had to use that moment to escape and hit Stallu.

But Stallu was behind them. He hit Cole who dropped his puukko. Stallu picked him from the neck and he squashed him against a tree, choking him. Aren turned around quickly: Ulv threw himself on him showing his terrible jaws. Between its body and Aren's there was the boy's sharp puukko. He had stabbed the wolf.

Isak and Freya freed Patrisha, loosening the ropes around her paws.

All of a sudden, they saw a flash across the sky. Patrisha was standing on the top of a rock. The sun and the moon were perfectly aligned behind her.

"Time has come," said Isak.

Her ice blue eyes stared at Freya sweetly. Patrisha snorted and vanished in the sky. Cold tears were running down the girl's cheeks: "Patrisha saved us. She saved us by sacrificing herself."

"No!!! my power and my world!" Cried Stallu.

Gathering all her strength Freya hurled herself into Stallu, took her puukko and stabbed him. A horrifying cry spread in the air. The earth trembled.

The guys, exhausted from the battle, hugged each other.

Then, they all walked home. They were relieved but exhausted. They could not believe they had gone through all that and they had survived.

Cole was ahead, followed by Aren, while Freya and Isak were slowly moving together behind. Everything was cold and it was getting dark. Suddenly, a thunderous roar exploded in the air. They didn't have the time to look around, when an enormous layer of pure white snow was gliding before their eyes. Stallu had left his last sign in the world: his dying rumble had caused one the greatest avalanches ever occurred.

Freya and Isak were on the side near a big rock. This was their salvation. Aren jumped quickly on a large boulder. He struggled to stay up. He managed to reach her sister and the old man.

"Are you ok?" cried the boy.

"Where is Cole?!" Asked Freya scared.

They all started crying out his name, but nobody answered. Aren instinctively ran towards the snow ready to dig and save his friend. He had bleeding wounds on their arms and hands.

"Come back!" cried Isak, "you'll die in the snow!"

They all knew they couldn't do anything. The Sami from the village would certainly call for help. But not that night. They had to wait.

Time was filled with anguish for everyone. It was an endless wait. But they couldn't give up at the thought of not seeing Cole again. They had to hope. They stayed closer to warm them up.

Not too far away, under metres of bright snow Cole was still. He was lost, not just physically. His heart was lost.

'If I cry, tears will freeze.' He thought.

All the pain and, at the same time, all his desire to live came out. There was a little hole through which Cole could see. The sky was full of stars. They brightened the darkness. He couldn't move, all he could see was the sky.

What does a boy who is about to die do with the beauty of constellations? What's the point of lingering in that gaze? It's not useful to lift the body temperature, it's not useful to take you out of the hole.

He kept staring at the sky. 'As long as my body can resist, I want to live.' It was an endless silent night but Cole didn't feel alone.

Early in the morning the helicopter arrived. Isak, Freya and Aren were saved immediately. They were taken to the hospital. They experienced a second long wait: they didn't stop waiting for Cole, praying that he would return. And Cole returned.

"It is a miracle!" cried his grandfather when he was told his nephew was safe. They had to wait until Cole recovered to hug him again.

"How could you survive?" Asked Freya.

Cole told them about the hole in the snow, the darkness and the stars.

"I was awake all night long staring at the sky and, for the first time, I prayed to my mum. The stars and my mom saved me".

His words sounded so true and solemn. They had the flavour of happiness.

Days went by. Mr Wesley had rushed to Norway as soon as he was informed about what had happened.

There was a big party in the village, where the protagonists of the adventure were celebrated and thanked for their courage.

Cole got close to his grandfather and his dad.

“Grandad, I made a decision: I want to live here, with you and my friends.”

“Really? Why this decision?” asked Isak astonished.

“Before this adventure I didn’t look at this place with the right eyes: I underestimated Kongsvik, its nature, our nature, my roots and the people here. But now I have another family. After what we experienced, we cannot be the same. At least I can’t.”

Isak knew what his nephew meant. Now Cole had to tell his dad.

“Dad, that’s what I really want. I’ll come back to LA during the holidays and at Christmas time, and you will visit him there any time.”

“It will be difficult for me without you. But this is also your home.” He knew he had to leave his son to follow his path.

Cole’s gaze met Freya’s and Aren’s ones. They knew about his decision and their heart rejoiced for that.

Cole saw many other Northern Lights. Each was different, each was new to his eyes. He didn’t need his mobile constantly anymore. He opened his chest of drawers, took the family diary and started to write: *‘Dear diary, I’m Cole and now I will tell you about my adventure in Kongsvik with my new family...’*

