



DID ELISE  
ALREADY SENSE...



WHERE ALL THIS  
WAS GOING?



SO...WHAT DO YOU  
DO? I MEAN-



AS IF THAT'S  
SO IMPORTANT!

NOTHING EXCITING.  
NOTHING CULTURAL  
OR ANYTHING...



I'M A DOCTOR.

HAHA.  
YOU'RE  
RIGHT.



DON'T BE SO  
SELF-DEPRECATING!  
WHAT KIND OF  
DOCTOR?



EAR, NOSE,  
AND THROAT.



EAR  
NOSE  
THROAT.



FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING,  
ELISE KEPT ONE EYE ON DAGMAR. SHE ALWAYS  
KNEW WHERE IN THE ROOM TO FIND HER.



LATER, AS SHE AND HENRIK WERE LEAVING,  
SHE WENT UP TO DAGMAR AND SAID, WITH  
TOO MUCH ENTHUSIASM:

WELL! I  
HOPE TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN  
SOON!



THEY HELD EACH OTHER  
FOR MAYBE THREE SECONDS.



ONE ONE THOUSAND  
TWO ONE THOUSAND  
THREE ONE THOUSAND

LATER, ELISE SCRUTINIZED  
HERSELF IN THE BATHROOM  
MIRROR.

SHE SAW EVERYTHING  
THAT WAS LOPSIDED,  
EVERYTHING THAT WAS  
FLUFFY AND PASTY.

LIKE AN INSECURE  
TEENAGER, SHE  
QUESTIONED IT ALL.



SHE WONDERED IF SHE'D  
HAVE THE NERVE TO BE  
NAKED WITH ANYONE  
AGAIN. BESIDES HENRIK,  
OF COURSE.

HENRIK, WHO'D NEVER  
HAD A BAD THING TO SAY  
ABOUT HER BODY. BUT  
MAYBE NOT MUCH ELSE,  
EITHER. AT LEAST NOT  
IN RECENT YEARS.



NO. NAKEDNESS WITH  
ANYONE ELSE WAS  
OUT OF THE QUESTION!  
IT WAS JUST HER  
IMAGINATION GETTING  
THE BEST OF HER.

SHE HAD NEW, DEEP  
CREASES ON HER FACE  
AS WELL.





HENRIK...ELISE THOUGHT  
ABOUT HOW SHE WOULD  
NEVER BE ABLE TO  
LEAVE HIM.

ABOUT HOW MUCH SHE  
LOVED HIS HANDS, HOW  
FULL OF CARE THEY WERE  
WHEN THEY HELD HER.

OR WHEN THEY HELD  
LITTLE SEEDLINGS, CATS,  
DOUGH, SCREWS, NUTS,  
FIREFWOOD. SHE THOUGHT  
ABOUT EVERYTHING HE'D  
REPAIRED, ABOUT HOW  
HE WOULD HAVE MADE  
A GOOD SURGEON, HAD  
HE WANTED TO.



ELISE FELT A TENDERNESS  
WELL UP. SHE FELT HENRIK'S  
BREATH ON HER NECK.

ELISE WAS PRESENT,  
YET SOMEWHERE ELSE.

HENRIK HAD GONE TO  
SLEEP QUICKLY AND  
EASILY, AS USUAL.

ELISE WAS AWAKE.





WERE THOSE THREE SECONDS THE START  
OF EVERYTHING?



OR HAD SHE IMAGINED IT ALL? THIS FEELING,  
LIKE EVERYTHING HAD CHANGED, LIKE WHAT  
SHE WANTED MOST OF ALL WAS TO PUT HER  
HAND AROUND DAGMAR'S WAIST AND LET  
IT STAY THERE.



PERHAPS MOMENTS LIKE THIS HAPPEN ALL THE TIME, BUT ELISE HAD FORGOTTEN ABOUT THEM, FORGOTTEN HOW THEY MADE HER FEEL.



THEN AGAIN, MAYBE THIS WAS A TURNING POINT. EITHER THAT OR SHE JUST HAD TO FORGET IT, PULL HERSELF TOGETHER. DAGMAR LIVED FAR AWAY. THERE WERE MORE THAN FOUR HUNDRED MILES BETWEEN THEM.





AND SHE WAS MARRIED. TO A WOMAN.  
ANN-CHARLOTTE HAD TOLD HER THAT.  
THE NEWS HAD STARTLED ELISE.



AND THEN THERE WAS ALSO THE FACT THAT  
ELISE WAS MARRIED TO HENRIK AND THEY WERE  
ALWAYS SUPPOSED TO BE MARRIED, THEY WERE  
VERY HAPPY, MAYBE EVEN UNCOMMONLY HAPPY.  
MAYBE EVEN HAPPIER THAN MOST.

BUT ELISE AND DAGMAR HAD  
STARTED TEXTING.



TENTATIVE,  
CURIOUS  
MESSAGES,  
FULL OF  
POLITE  
QUESTIONS.



SHE DIDN'T LEAVE  
HER PHONE LYING  
AROUND ANYMORE,  
LIKE SHE ALWAYS  
HAD. HENRIK NEVER  
SNOOPED, HE'D  
NEVER NEEDED TO.



NEITHER HAD SHE.  
SHE'D ALWAYS  
TRUSTED HIM.





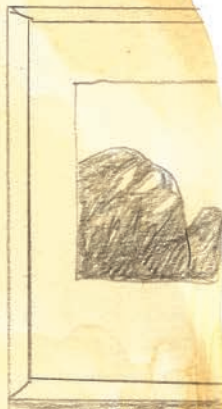
WHAT DID PEOPLE USE TO DO IN THIS  
SITUATION, BEFORE PHONES? ELISE  
THOUGHT, HOW DID WE DO THIS?



AND THEN.  
ON A SPRING  
EVENING...

D

DO YOU THINK  
IT WOULD BE A  
GOOD IDEA TO  
MEET UP?



YES! I MEAN,  
I DON'T KNOW.  
BUT I WANT TO.

E

D

THEN WE  
BOTH DO.























ARE YOU  
NERVOUS?

A LITTLE.

BUT IT'S  
JUST ME.

YES,  
IT'S JUST  
YOU.