



Swede Dreams



Eva Apelqvist





Sweden 江苏工业学院图书馆

藏书章

Iva Apeldvist

speak

An Imprint of Penguin Group (USA) Inc.

SPEAK

Published by the Penguin Group
Penguin Group (USA) Inc.,

345 Hudson Street, New York, New York 10014, U.S.A.

Penguin Group (Canada), 90 Eglinton Avenue East, Suite 700, Toronto, Ontario, Canada M4P 2Y3
(a division of Pearson Penguin Canada Inc.)

Penguin Books Ltd, 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England

Penguin Ireland, 25 St Stephen's Green, Dublin 2, Ireland
(a division of Penguin Books Ltd)

Penguin Group (Australia), 250 Camberwell Road, Camberwell, Victoria 3124, Australia
(a division of Pearson Australia Group Pty Ltd)

Penguin Books India Pvt Ltd, 11 Community Centre, Panchsheel Park,
New Delhi - 110 017, India

Penguin Group (NZ), Cnr Airborne and Rosedale Roads, Albany, Auckland 1310, New Zealand
(a division of Pearson New Zealand Ltd)

Penguin Books (South Africa) (Pty) Ltd, 24 Sturdee Avenue, Rosebank, Johannesburg 2196,
South Africa

Registered Offices: Penguin Books Ltd, 80 Strand, London WC2R 0RL, England

Published by Speak, an imprint of Penguin Group (USA) Inc., 2007

1 3 5 7 9 10 8 6 4 2

Copyright © Eva Apelqvist, 2007
All rights reserved

Interior art and design by Jeanine Henderson. Text set in Imago Book.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS CATALOGING-IN-PUBLICATION DATA

Apelqvist, Eva.

Swede dreams / by Eva Apelqvist.

p. cm.—(S.A.S.S.: Students Across the Seven Seas)

Summary: In order to get away from her annoying twin sister, and to be with her boyfriend who was a Swedish exchange student at her Wisconsin school, sixteen-year-old Calista spends a semester in Sweden, where she learns about more than just the language and culture of this Scandinavian country.

ISBN: 978-0-14-240746-2 (pbk.)

[1. Study abroad—Fiction. 2. Schools—Fiction. 3. Interpersonal relations—Fiction.
4. Identity—Fiction. 5. Sweden—Fiction.]

I. Title. II. Series.

PZ7A6364 St 2007

[Fic]—dc22 2006044359

SPEAK ISBN 978-0-14-240746-2

Printed in the United States of America

Except in the United States of America, this book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form of binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

The publisher does not have any control over and does not assume any responsibility for author or third-party Web sites or their content.

A sweet surprise behind door number one . . .

Calista was about to close the door when she noticed someone else in the dark behind Karin. As he stepped toward the doorway, Calista's mouth fell open. The guy who arrived with Moa and Karin was tall and broad-shouldered. His brown hair was a little too long, falling in his eyes and curling around his ears. Even in the semidarkness, she could tell that his eyes were a deep, warm brown. He reached out to shake Calista's hand. She was relieved, since she seemed to have forgotten how to do anything but stand and stare. She finally remembered to close her mouth.

"*Hej!* My name is Håkan," he said. He smiled broadly at her. "Moa and Karin told me they were getting an American neighbor."

Calista's paralysis finally let go, and she smiled. "I'm Calista," she said, shaking his hand. "Did anyone ever tell you that you look like Prince Carl Philip?" *Oops, I can't believe I just said that*, she thought, using all her willpower not to fling her hands in front of her mouth.

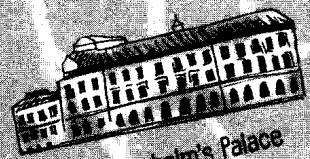
"Is that a good thing?" Håkan asked, smiling. His smile was a little lopsided, as if they had a secret together.

"Ah, yeah, or, I mean," Calista blundered on. She'd be insulting him if she said no, and she would be giving him an embarrassingly huge compliment if she said yes. She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, I don't know," she said vaguely. "I guess it depends on what you think of Carl Philip."

This book is dedicated, with my deepest gratitude, to my wonderful host family—Jim and Judy Olson, Ellen Wermuth, Diana Holmquest, and Jennifer Dolan.



Solentuna



Drottningholm's Palace

Calista's Stockholm



Klara Norra Gymnasium



Historical Museum



Gallerian



National Museum



Skansen



Gamla Stan

Grödinge



**Application for the Students Across the Seven Seas
Study Abroad Program**

Name: Calista Swanson

Age: 16

High School: Moon Lake High

Hometown: Moon Lake, Wisconsin

Preferred Study Abroad Destination: Stockholm, Sweden

1. Why are you interested in traveling abroad next year?

Answer: I have always been interested in other cultures and languages, but because of my parents' business—custom-made pottery for our retail store and other companies—we can't travel. A friend introduced me to the Swedish culture and language, and I have been taking Internet classes on the Swedish language ever since. Now I want to take my language learning one step further by attending classes in a Swedish high school.

(Truth: I want to hook up with my Swedish boyfriend, Jonas, who was an exchange student at our high school in Wisconsin [though the stuff about learning Swedish is actually true, too—I love that funny sing-song language!])

2. How will studying abroad further develop your talents and interests?

I hope that by experiencing another culture, I will learn new things about our American culture as well. I hope to use this knowledge when making career choices later on.

(Truth: I have lots of interests but not a lot of talent. My twin sister, Suzanne, was bestowed with all the talent in our family.)

3. Describe your extracurricular activities.

Answer: Student council, yearbook staff, sports reporter for the student newspaper

(Truth: I don't have time for anything other than glazing and firing my parents' pottery, and working the gift shop and the coffee counter. If you don't have any talents, you have to serve those who do.)

4. Is there anything else you feel we should know about you?

Answer: I am a curious, outgoing person who loves meeting new people and learning new things.

(Truth: Hey, that is the truth.)

Chapter One

“Cal! What did you do?” a voice said from the doorway.

Calista took a few dancing steps in the middle of the messy bathroom, trampling the carpet of black hair around her feet. She set the scissors in the sink and fluffed her now much shorter hair. “Like it?”

Calista’s twin sister, Suzanne, moved her hands to her own hair, which was still in a bun from playing the piano at church that morning. “We look...different now,” she said.

Calista couldn’t tell from her voice if this was a good thing.



“You did a nice job, though,” Suzanne added quickly. “You’ve always been good at that sort of thing.”

Calista stopped and turned to face Suzanne. “What sort of thing? Playing with scissors?”

Suzanne sighed. “I don’t know...fashion improvements.”

“Fashion improvements, Suze? How did you guess that’s what I always wanted to be famous for?” Calista said sarcastically, and shook her head.

“Cal, why do you take everything I say the wrong way? You’re good at lots of things.”

“Mm-hmm, right.” Calista grimaced, cleaning the scissors in the sink. “Don’t even go there, Suze,” she said. They both knew Suzanne was the one with talent in the family. She was the gifted piano player, the gifted potter, soon to be the gifted Juilliard School of Music student.

Calista sighed and put the scissors back in the cabinet. There was something about being around Suzanne that made her so irritated she could hardly stand herself. But she didn’t want her irritation to ruin her last evening at home. She lifted her eyes to the mirror, cocked her head, and looked at her new self. Suzanne was right. Though the twins were both tall, thin, and dark, like their mother, they didn’t look alike anymore. Good! She liked her new look. Her thick, wavy, shoulder-length hair and bangs emphasized her high cheekbones and her large brown eyes. Suzanne’s stiff bun looked drab in comparison.

"This hairstyle makes me feel kind of...metropolitan," she said with a sweep of her arm, trying to brush away the tension between them. "Do you think Jonas will like it?"

Suzanne shrugged. "You should have donated your hair to Locks of Love."

Calista laughed. "I checked. They want locks, not sticks, and it has to be ten inches long. This is only about five. So do you think Jonas will like it?" she asked again.

Suzanne sat down on the toilet lid. She still didn't answer Calista's question.

Calista decided to ignore her. She swept the hair from the floor and dumped it in the trash, humming "Jingle Bells" rather loudly. Okay, so Suzanne wouldn't talk about Jonas. See if she cared. Suzanne was just jealous of the attention Calista got when she started going out with Jonas.

Suzanne sighed again and left the bathroom. Calista's obnoxious post-Christmas humming had obviously served its purpose.

When she finished cleaning up in the bathroom a few minutes later, Calista followed Suzanne into the kitchen for supper.

"Nice hair, honey," Calista's dad called from the kitchen sink. He was scrubbing clay from his elbows. In the blinking red Christmas lights from the kitchen window he looked like a dusty Santa Claus with his bushy white beard.

"Thanks," Calista said. She tugged playfully at his beard. "Christmas is over, Dad, time to shave."



“Hey,” her dad said. “I get to keep it until New Year’s. That’s the tradition.”

Calista looked at her mom, her eyebrows raised.

“He’s right,” her mom said, nodding. She was scraping something into the compost bin underneath the sink. “The rule is October 1 to January 1.” She turned to look at Calista. “Very nice haircut, Cal,” she said.

“Thanks, Mom.” Calista leaned over the roasting pan that was cooling on the stove, breathing in deeply. She loved the homey smell of turkey.

“Say, Suzanne,” their dad called. Suzanne was at the table, picking pieces of red bell pepper from the salad bowl with her fingers. “Father Lucas was talking about you after Christmas services yesterday. He said his mother goes to church just to hear you play the piano.” Dad chuckled. “I didn’t tell him that’s the only reason I go as well.”

Calista pulled out her chair. “Could you please use your fork,” she said in Suzanne’s direction. “Hey, I get to see Jonas in less than twenty-four hours,” she said to everyone.

Their dad was grinning now, still scrubbing away at the clay. “Yeah, how fun. You’ll have to say hi to that soccer player of yours.” At least someone in the family was willing to talk about Jonas. “That guy scored more goals than Moon Lake has seen in a single season since—”

“—we started the soccer league ten years ago,” Suzanne interrupted in a bored voice. “We know, Dad.”

Dad didn't seem to notice Suzanne's sarcasm. "He's a keeper, Cal!"

"I intend to keep him," Calista said, smiling. She might not play the piano, but at least she was good at something, she thought, like choosing boyfriends her dad approved of.

Still, Jonas was the best. He and Dad had really hit it off, going over offside rules, out-of-play balls, and fouls like they were already family. It did complicate things that Jonas was only an exchange student and that he lived in Sweden. Though secretly, for Calista, that was part of the attraction. Dating a Swede would help her add another foreign language to her small collection of Spanish and French.

In fifth grade, when she first took French, it was as though a secret world opened up to her. A few years later she discovered that Spanish held yet another world. It was as though with a different way of saying things came a whole new way of thinking—new music, new literature, new ways to look at life, new everything. How could she resist when adorable Jonas had offered to help her learn Swedish?

"He's a nice guy, don't get me wrong," Mom interrupted Calista's thoughts, "but surely, Bill, there are better reasons for choosing a boyfriend than the fact that he's an athlete. If I would have picked that way, I would never have found you."



“Really?” Dad said with mock seriousness. “You mean you didn’t marry me because I never missed a Packers game in my entire life?”

Cal and her parents laughed, but Suzanne remained quiet.

“I wonder when I’ll eat turkey next,” Calista said, changing the subject as she speared a piece of turkey with her fork. The yummy dark meat, surrounded by mashed potatoes slathered in gravy, was her favorite meal. “From now on, it’ll be Swedish meatballs and *smörgåsbord* ’til kingdom come.”

After dinner, Calista checked her e-mail, hoping for a message from Jonas. Maybe he had finally gotten back from wherever he had gone for Christmas, since he clearly wasn’t home. But no, there was just that same old e-mail from almost a month ago sitting in her in-box. She knew it by heart.

To: Calista@email.com
From: JonasVonC@email.com
Subject: Soon

Calista, Cal, Callie,

I miss you. There are a ton of places I want to show you in Stockholm. Let me know when you’re coming. I lost your other e-mail.

I thought when we talked you said you were coming for a visit. But you'll be here for a whole semester??? And you're staying with a Swedish family?

Anyway, there's this tower, Kaknästornet, on Gärdet. It's one of the tallest buildings in Stockholm, and they have a spinning restaurant at the top. I can't wait to take you there. It's like being on top of the world. You can see the whole city. That'll be a cool place for us to watch the fire-works on New Year's Eve.

Jonas

Even if he was bad about getting back to her, it was good to know that Jonas would be there to guide her around Stockholm—and to practice Swedish with. But why didn't he remember when she was arriving? It's not like she hadn't told him. They had talked about it many times. But it wasn't that important, she reasoned. She could call him from her host family's house when she got there.

Calista turned the computer off and raked her hands through her shorter hair. Even though she had cut only about five inches, it felt funny. What if Jonas *didn't* like it? Of course he would, she decided, absentmindedly picking the needles off the tiny Christmas tree on her desk. Then her thoughts shifted. She was leaving tomorrow morning. Was she ready to go? Where was her passport? Had she packed her tickets? Oh, and the Swedish dictionary, she needed that in her carry-on so she could practice on the



plane. Jonas had taught her a few words and phrases, and she had taken an Internet class, but she was set on learning Swedish faster than anyone in history. She had already discovered words for which there were no synonyms in the English language, like *ombudsman* and *smörgåsbord*. They were even used in America.

She rummaged through her carry-on backpack to make sure the dictionary was there. Everything seemed to be in place, including the good-bye and good luck and don't-forget-us card from her best friends, Sammie and Leah, which she had promised to keep on her desk in Sweden.

By this time tomorrow she would be on the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, she thought as she climbed into bed. She tried taking a deep breath, but it wasn't until she reminded herself that Jonas would be there, on the other side, that she could relax and...oh no, not the piano. Calista looked at her clock. She got up, opened her door, and went to the top of the stairs.

"Suzanne!" she called, the irritation obvious in her voice.

The playing stopped. "What?"

"Do you know what time it is?"

"Ten thirty."

Unbelievable. She had to spell out everything. "Could you please not play right now? I'd like to get some sleep before tomorrow."

Calista turned, satisfied, and went back into her room.