

The adventures of

**Flat Stanley**

during his visit to Denmark in the Summer 2015.





Hi Jack;

Thank you for sending me all the way to Europe and the chance to swop Aussie Winter to what the Danes call summer. As you are to find out, that can mean anything between 13 and 35 °C.



But, before I start telling you of the things I've experienced during my stay I have a tiny request:

If you ever again send me anywhere, send a slice of bread along with me. As I arrived in Denmark it turned out that Farmor and Allan had gone on holidays in the Italian island of Sardinia in the Mediterranean Ocean,

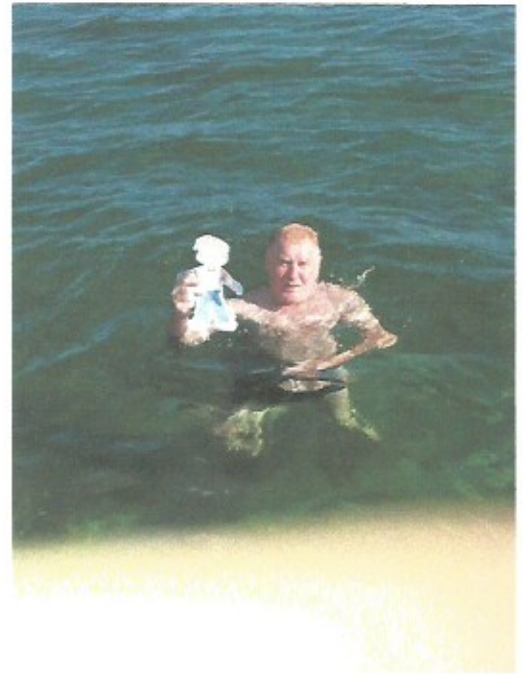


and that meant I had to spend an entire week in the letterbox – nothing to eat but luckily the letterbox was leaking, so I had a drop or two of rainwater to keep me from thirsting.



When Farmor and Allan returned from their holidays odd things started happening.

The very first morning they took me swimming in the ocean and I tell you – that was cold: the water was hardly 15 °C but still they seemed to enjoy it a lot. Later they told me that they even go swimming in the ocean in winter when the water-temperature is below zero.



A couple of days later I was awakened at 6 in the morning 'cause I was going with Allan to work. It turned out to be quite a challenge not least because I was way too small to fit the safety belt in the car. After a lot of trying to adjust the belt we decided to test our luck – so I got to ride not wearing the

belt. Allan works in a nearby municipality.

It turned out to be quite an interesting day where we made a lot of economic calculations for the mayor. So now I know that 55 is called femoghalvtreds in Danish.

Funny way they count in Denmark: actually femoghalvtreds means five more than half way between the second and the third times twenty.



Most days Farmor and I spent a lot time just relaxing in the garden while Allan was at work;



and one day in the week-end Nicolai's brother Lasse turned up with his son Max. Max is one year younger than you, Jack, and he's a big Spiderman-fan.



The week after we went to visit Max where he lives near the city of Roskilde – and Max invited me to a Running-Sushi Restaurant – we ate at least 100 pieces of Sushi and Fruit – mind you, that's including the ones Farmor, Allan and Max's mother Line ate as well.





Thank you Allan:



and Farmor:



I had a wonderful holiday in Denmark .....