



Arto Ukko Hämäläinen

Don't fuck with me

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A journey from bluster to peace

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Oh, My God, why did you forsake me?

Nonsense, get up and get going!

I fell in that curve myself, while creating that hill.

Chapter 1

As for the weather, the autumn couldn't have started more aptly. Water was lashing horizontally and the dark green birch branches looked like dudes at the Berlin stadium in the thirties with their hands erected into one direction. Dark grey hung about the clouds, and it smelled wet.

I was driving along a bumpy road to the cottage with my son. He fingered his new fishing rod in the back seat. I regretted and felt pissed off, that I had promised to go with the five-year-old. I was so fucked up already.

Everything I had piled my life on, had blown into dust. It was like I was rafting without a canoe. Outside, I didn't show the pain that was going on inside me.

As we got to the cottage, I unpacked the stuff and put together the rascals new spinning rod.

- Daddy, come to the dock with me, and I'll do some fishing, said the young man with a brisk tone in his voice.

- But the weather is terrible, what if we went fishing a little later?

- No way! Fish like the rain.

- Okay then.

The little man started throwing spinnerbait into the lake, and the rain or the wind did not bother him at all.

I sat on a bench near the waterline, swallowing my tears. I tried to raise some anger, to have something to defend myself with.

- You don't fuck with me! I hissed and sobbed from the corner of my mouth.

It didn't make me feel any easier, it didn't help, so I kept on swallowing.

Matti caught a roach, which we gutted and roasted. The rascal ate it, bones and all with his eyes shining of joy.

I was jealous.

As the night got darker, I put the boy into bed to sleep, and started to fix my own condition with beer and booze. One after another. Anger, frustration and despair were only growing as the bottles emptied.

Out in the darkness, the waves were raging against the rocks on the shore, trying to drown them.

Inside me the anger had grown enough, ready to put the man on his knees.

I was in a dugout, very small and full of fear. I heard the enemies' squadron of helicopters closing, sowing destruction with machine-guns.

I cried the tears of a grown man. All those sleepless nights sucked the strength out of my every muscle.

I dragged myself into bed, sobbing:

- Let me fucking sleep.

I fell asleep right away, and slept like a baby all night long.

In the morning I felt great peace. I was confused, and at the same time I felt long lost joy.

I felt it.

I understood my situation in a new way. Yesterday I had been in the middle of a chaos, and all the bad things in this world were on my shoulders. A huge fear, size of an aeroplane, had crushed me. Everything had been black and nothing had had any meaning.

Now the chaos was a village of little houses, and I lived in one of those houses. Some of them had lights on, and some of them were dark.

The huge tidal wave of fear had turned into a foamy wave crest of a controllable size. I was my own situation outside myself, and realized how I myself had let the fear grow to be destructive.

As I made morning coffee, I looked out the window. The storm had stopped and the lake was totally calm.

Matti woke up.

- Daddy, make me some porridge.
- Yeah, daddy'll make you porridge.

I looked out the window again. The same storm was still raging outside. I froze and stared out.

- What the fuck?

I didn't believe my eyes! The storming lake splattered water from between the stones and the trees still had bold foreheads and straight arms.

Just a moment ago I had looked out and... everything felt like a huge question mark. What is this, what is happening?

It's been over twenty years since that moment. When I went to bed, and said "Let me fucking sleep", I finally asked straight from my heart. That's when the change began.

Until that moment I had only lived for the next second. I was always in a hurry and if I wasn't, I arranged myself to be busy. I just travelled from point A to point B straight and not looking what was around me. There was always a reason to stop, and every stop was as short as possible. I was performing life.

My wheel of life had been rolling to the wrong direction. It stopped that night at the cabin, and slowly started to roll into the right direction. What had happened? The answer is, that I created a connection. This book shares the story how my life turned into a wonderful adventure.

Of course my life didn't change at once, I continued to do the same as always. I rolled the same problems around, pulling them with me.

One thing started to change, my attitude about life. I started to think differently about it.

I had grabbed a rope with a lifering. I understood that I had asked for that lifering, in bed that night at the cabin, and that was all I understood.

What the fuck is going on?

Lifeline

"Hi" you say, with a relaxed touch.

How can one's eyes shine so much?

I saw your power.

Asking how I am, when you sit beside me

Tripping and falling, swishing and hitting.

A sticky paw grabbing my lifeline

"HELP"

It's mouth cried.

Greased for the guesser; lifeline strong, yet thin.

Listen, I shout

"GODDAMNIT"

*Shining lifeline. Without guessing, tendons of my fingers
slit.*

I whisper to myself... oh fuck, again I blew it

*Falling on the worksite of silkworms. They're weaving my
cradle.*

Starting again, from the scratch.

"Hi" you say, with a touch so relaxed.

Chapter 2

I drove all over Finland because of my job. I had been driving from one service station to another for fifteen years. Radio, cassette player and cd-player were always making noise. I didn't know how to be alone or in silence.

Now I kept the radio shut sometimes, and let my thoughts flow in silence. I had also started to look around. The roads I already knew, turned more interesting, and I saw beauty more often. I also had patience to stop, and did that in different places. The rest-stops along the highways and peeing into bushes turned into slow driving through small towns. Often I stopped to see the local church.

Church yards and graveyards had a special mood. Big trees got to grow in peace and there was order and harmony. I made it a habit to walk around the church clockwise and after that I checked some gravestones to see the year of death.

I often thought about the builders of the church, too. I remember asking myself, if these people were forced to build mausoleums like this, and why was this specific place chosen?

Churchspotting felt good. I felt they were built on good places. On ancient holy places.

The road from Kajaani to Kuusamo is very boring and dull to drive. There's nothing much to see, except one Silent Nation, the scarecrows of Reijo Kela and a few small towns with a speed limit of sixty. I usually travelled this road at a delta-frequency. Didn't remember anything about that trip. Just like now, all the way to Suomussalmi.

- Hi Artsi!

- Hi there!

I found myself answering aloud, like there would have been someone sitting next to me.

I'll be damned! My delta-frequency was gone, and my consciousness found beta right away. Who was talking? I was sure it was someone I knew, talking to me with a gentle voice "Hi Artsi".

I looked around. Hell, no, is this some prank again? What is this?

So I asked aloud:

- Who's talking?

- You can call me Dude, the voice in my head answered.

Foot on the break and car to side of the road, out of the car fast, throwing a cigarillo between my lips and sucking it like hell.

I walked around the car with my hands shaking. Normally, I grounded myself with one cigarillo, but now I needed another right after the first one.

I smoked the cigarillos and fear crept into my mind.

- Fuck, no! I've been driving too long without rest. I'll hit the road and drive straight to Kylmäluoma for tonight to get some rest, I thought.

I jumped into the car, and didn't ask the voice anything, or anyone else for the rest of the way.

I rented a small cottage with a sauna, and carried my stuff inside. I warmed the sauna and started to roll the day's tape again, to the point where I heard the voice. Very strange. Fine, I thought and fitted the pillow under my neck. I remembered saying "Let me fucking sleep" one time. I said it again and fell asleep.

In the morning, the Sun had climbed halfway the pine near my cottage. The light and shadows of the branches were playing on the side of a beer bottle on the table. I decided to have a day off, and walk though the route of

Hukanharju. It goes around lake Isoluopa along Hukanharju, in the middle of beautiful scenery of Kainuu. My mood was very good, and I had a song going on in my head: Nick Cave's "Into My Arms".

I walked around the lake counterclockwise, because then the greatest scenery was at the ending of the route. I walked alone, and it felt easy. In my mind I went back to yesterday and the voice in my head. It was so real, and somehow it also felt magical. A deep peace could be heard in that voice.

When I got to the top of Hukanharju, I sat on an old dead pine tree. I had decided to try, if this voice would still be there today.

- Ghost voice, are you there? I was thinking out aloud.

I heard the voice laughing out loud.

- You are a great guy, you know that Artsi? I heard the answer.

This time I wasn't afraid, I just laughed.

- What is this thing? I asked the voice.



On a rainy day the sun doesn't feel on your skin. We know the light is behind the clouds. Very often our consciousness is behind 'clouds' too. I tell you a story how I found Light in my life.

When I had courage to change 'no' word to 'maybe' my life start to get filled with marvelous adventure. It means, I opened a huge treasure chest. It is full of images from my imagination.

Welcome on board and fasten your seat belts.

I love to paint on Drum skin. Cover picture of this book is my painting. Please check our website

valotalo.fi

to see more my Drums



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