



Bilingual

Tina &

the World of Winter

An LGBTQ+ fantasy story with
neopronouns



Tvåspråkig

Tina &

Yinterns Värld

En HBTQ+ fantasy saga med
hen-pronomen



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Foreword

We use different kinds of pronouns in this book since one of the characters is non-binary.

The pronoun used is “fay” in the English version and “hen” in the Swedish.

Fay is conjugated like this (with the pronoun “he” as a reference):

- Fay is eating (He is eating)
- You can stay with fair (You can stay with him)
- It’s fair shoes (It’s his shoes)

“Hen” can be conjugated in several ways, we’ve chosen the following way:

- Hen is eating (He is eating)
- You can stay with hen (You can stay with him)
- It’s hens shoes (It’s his shoes)

Förord

Vi använder olika pronomen i den här boken eftersom en av karaktärerna är icke-binär.

Pronomenet i den engelska versionen är "fay" och i den svenska "hen".

Fay böjs på följande sätt (med "han"-pronomen som referens):

- Fay äter (Han äter)
- Du kan stanna med fair (Du kan stanna med honom)
- Det är fair skor (Det är hans skor)

"Hen" kan böjas på flera olika sätt, vi har valt följande i den här boken:

- Hen äter (Han äter)
- Du kan stanna med hen (Du kan stanna med honom)
- Det är hens skor (Det är hans skor)

Prologue

This is the legend of the Queen of Summer returning, a story that the Old Bear used to tell.

So wrap a blanket around you and lean back, because now, the journey begins.

Prolog

Det här är legenden om Sommardrottningens återkomst, en historia som Gammelbjörn brukade berätta.

Så svep en filt om dig och luta dig tillbaka, för nu börjar resan.

Chapter 1

Tina walked through the summer's forest.

She had been bored for too long and no one wanted to entertain her, so she had gone to the forest.

At least no one tried to get her to do something on the farm when she was here.

She had been forced to be with her grandparents on their farm the whole summer.

Maybe it would even become longer because her parents were working outside of town.

As you can imagine, there wasn't much to do in the countryside when you were a 13-year-old girl who only knew the city and the fun of it.

When her parents had told her she would have to spend the summer with her grandparent she had kicked and screamed, then begged her parents not to do it.

She didn't want to spend the summer with her grandparents.

It was okay for a week, but not for several months!

She didn't want to go there, she would be bored to death, no one would want her and all her friends in the city would

have forgotten about her by the time she would be back.

But her parents hadn't listened.

They had to work, they said.

They had to bring in the money, and right now, as the economy looked, they just had to go wherever the money was.

Which meant that Tina would have to spend some time with her grandparents.

And she wouldn't die, they said.

It wasn't so long, and anyway, she used to love to spend time with her grandparents.

But Tina had protested and said that was when she was 5 years old.

Not now, when she was almost an adult.

What was there to do on the farm? Milk cows? No way!

But they had refused to listen, and nothing more could be done.

They had dropped her off by the farm on their way to work, wished her good luck and said, "Of course she would find something to do.

She just had to stop sulking."

Which made Tina vow that she would sulk until they came back, just to make sure they knew how horrible a time she'd had there.

That had been two months ago.

By now she had stopped counting the days and weeks and just given up any hope of ever returning to the city.

She was doomed.

Her friends would have forgotten about her, and no one would ever love her again.

This was her fate.

She kicked a stone as she walked.

The sun shone through the trees and it reminded her of her summers here as a little girl.

She'd loved the forest, and she still secretly did.

Not that she would have told anyone, but that was the truth deep inside.

The stone hit another stone and shot off into the forest. It landed with a... crunch.

Tina stopped. Why had there been a crunch?

There was nothing in this forest that would give a crunchy sound?

She stepped into the forest toward where the stone had fallen.

There was something shimmering on the ground, and she leaned forward to take a closer look.

She remembered nothing after that.

The people on the farm would start looking for her in a couple of hours, but she wouldn't be anywhere to be found.

She had disappeared from the surface of the earth, it seemed like...

Kapitel 1

Det var sommar, och Tina gick genom skogen.

Hon hade varit uttråkad alldeles för länge och ingen ville göra något kul med henne, så hon hade gått till skogen istället.

Här var det i alla fall ingen som försökte få henne att göra något på gården.

Hon hade tvingats vara med sina morföräldrar på deras bondgård hela sommaren.

Det kanske skulle bli ännu längre för hennes föräldrar var borta och jobbade.

Som du kan tänka dig så fanns det inte så mycket att göra på landsbygden när man var en trettonårig tjej som var van vid stadens fläkt och brus.

När hennes föräldrar hade berättat att hon måste tillbringa sommaren hos mormor och morfar så hade hon först skrikit och gapat, sedan bönat och bett att de inte skulle åka.

Hon ville inte tillbringa sommaren med sina morföräldrar.

Det var okej för en vecka, men inte i flera månader!

Hon ville inte åka dit, hon skulle bli helt uttråkad, ingen skulle vilja ha med henne att göra efter det och alla hennes

kompisar i staden skulle ha glömt bort henne när hon väl kom tillbaka.

Men hennes föräldrar hade inte lyssnat.

De måste arbeta, sa de.

De behövde få in pengar, och just nu, så som ekonomin såg ut, så behövde de helt enkelt åka dit pengarna fanns.

Vilket betydde att Tina behövde stanna med mormor och morfar för en tid.

Och hon skulle inte dö, sa de.

Det var inte så länge, och hur som helst brukade hon älska att umgås med sina morföräldrar.

Men Tina hade protesterat och sagt att det var när hon var fem år gammal.

Inte nu, när hon nästan var vuxen.

Vad skulle hon göra på gården? Mjölka kor? Inte en chans!

Men de hade inte lyssnat, och det fanns inget mer som Tina kunde göra.

De hade släppt av henne vid bondgården på väg till jobbet, önskat henne lycka till och sagt att "Det är klart hon skulle hitta något att göra.

Hon behövde bara sluta tjura".