

## **From the Book: A Man Called Ove**

Fredrik Backman

Loving someone is like moving into a house. At first you fall in love with all the new things, amazed every morning that all this belongs to you, as if fearing that someone would suddenly come rushing in through the door to explain that a terrible mistake had been made, you weren't actually supposed to live in a wonderful place like this. Then, over the years, the walls become weathered, the wood splinters here and there, and you start to love that house not so much because of all its perfections. But rather its imperfections. You get to know the nooks and crannies. How to avoid getting the key caught in the lock when its cold outside. Which of the floorboards flex slightly when one steps on them or exactly how to open the wardrobe doors without their creaking. These are the little secrets that make it your home.