*This is a story that is in our binder. It’s so interesting to see traditions from other countries.*

**Midsummer in Bullerby**

And now I want to tell you what we did on Midsummer Eve, the 23rd of June. In the South Farm meadow, we had a Midsummer pole (we always have one in Swede). Everybody in the whole village helped to make it.

 First we rode way out into the forest in our wagon to pick leaves that we were going to use. Father drove and even Kerstin was allowed to come along. She was so happy that she laughed and laughed. Olaf gave her a little branch to hold in her hand, and she sat and waved it back and forth…

 When we came home from the forest, Agda, Britta, Anna and I picked a big bunch of lilacs from the bushes behind our woodshed. Then we took them over to the South Farm meadow, where Oscar and Kalle had already cut the pole. We tied the leaves all round the pole and hung two big wreaths of lilacs from the crossbar at the top. Then we raised the pole and danced round it…

 Then we all sat down in the grass and drank coffee that Mother and Aunt Gretta and Aunt Lisa had made. We had buns and cake too. Grandpa drank three cups of coffee, because that’s something he really likes.

 “Coffee is something I have to have,” he says.

 I don’t like it at all, but when you drink it while sitting in the grass at Midsummer, it tastes much better than usual.

 We played, “The last pair out” and a lot of other games. It’s such fun when the mothers and fathers play with us. It would probably not be so much fun if we had to play with them every day, but when it’s Midsummer, I think they should be allowed to play too.

 Svipp ran round and barked while we played. I think he thought it was fun too.

 We were allowed to stay up just as long as we wanted to that evening. Agda said if you climbed over nine fences before you went to bed, and if you picked nine kinds of flowers and put them under your pillow, you’d dream at night about the one you would marry.

 Britta and Anna and I thought it would be lots of fun to climb over nine fences, although we already know who we are going to marry.

Astrid Lindgren