

You

Welcome to episode 109 of the Valkyrie.

We are Laura and Silke.

Two minutes later.

Two weeks before you two.

Two minutes later.

I'm going to make use of the moment to explain it in practical.

The thing is, we have live shows.

And then we're all on vacation.

As we speak,

is my BFF podcast host in the fucking USA.

New York City.

For sure.

At this moment, it's probably 9 o'clock in the morning at us.

So they're still going to fuck.

Obviously.

I'm excited.

Living her life.

Is that already on the schedule for New York?

Not yet.

I've already been there.

So I know what we can do.

And how we should do it.

But for the first time,

we were thinking,

where are we going?

Only to First World Problems.

No, we have to book a trip.

And I just took Google Maps with me.

What do you want me to do?

Not too long weeks.

What can we do?

And I saw New York on Duyken.

And I said to Anik,

we're going to New York.

And she was like,

totally expected.

Oh, okay, that's good.

And voilà.

We booked that day.

And we stayed in an Airbnb in Brooklyn.

Very curious.

I'm really scared to be scammed.

No, of course not.

It's okay.
No, it's a lot of fun.
And as we speak,
I'm there now.
So the next episode,
you'll all know everything about my adventures
in the Big Apple.
I'm excited.
What fun.
And you?
Yes, that also means bad news for you.
The episode of April 27th,
with a week,
will be uploaded to May 4th.
I'm going to say hi-five in the air.
Because I'm on a plane to Ireland.
Cool.
Ireland.
How did you get there?
Look, I'm glad you asked.
So, Lukas and Anik,
last year,
made a lot of noise about us.
A lot of noise.
A lot of noise about travelling in general.
How so?
The thing is...
The thing is...
The thing is...
The thing is...
I'm the travelling person with us.
All in all, I make the planning,
I book that,
I edit everything.
And I'm like,
you can give me any decision,
and I'll do it.
So last year,
we went to Georgia,
Azerbaijan,
and Armenia.
Then there were troubles.
And then Anik said,
look,

I'd rather those three countries do the same.
Let's just go somewhere else.
But Lukas,
those are already in Georgia,
so I have to get down there.
And to avoid discussions like that,
we decided not to go on vacation for three weeks,
but ten, ten.
Okay.
So ten days,
one, ten.
And you can choose every occasion.
So I said,
you choose the last year's vacation.
And then that man came to Ireland.
And then I thought,
it's going to rain there all the time.
I was like,
oh yeah,
after the live shows,
on a hot beach.
Yes, no.
But we both
don't sit on a hot beach.
No, no.
And the thing is,
you know,
you hate the player, hate the game.
This was the deal.
He was going to keep the deal.
And then he just said,
I'd like to go there.
I can't choose that in October.
But I really think that's a great trip.
That's going to be fun.
That's going to be nice.
But I just have to prepare myself
that I'm not going to see Streepzong.
And that's difficult for me.
Yes, I get it.
But I've talked about it now.
I'm planning the rest.
It's going to be super fun.
We're going to do very fun things.

What's going on with the plan?
The most fun thing is a puff-puff safari.
What is a puff-puff?
You know those birds?
They have a very special deck.
They're sitting there.
They can also be waves and dolphins.
So we're going with a boat like that on puff-puff.
Oh, that's great.
I like that.
Whiskey is apparently from Ireland
and not from Scotland.
They're not from the Netherlands.
Yes, we're going to the oldest whiskey brewery.
We're going to Dublin.
We're going to Belfast.
So big cities there.
Oh, but you're going to print that out.
Yes, yes.
That's a bit of a road trip through Ireland.
You're right.
Lukas is right.
I don't want to say that anymore.
But that's the reason why our episode is a bit delayed.
Can we take a break, please?
Yes, anyway.
So look, this episode is full of stories from you.
Do you have any tips?
I have a lot of tips.
Is it important again this time?
Yes, definitely one of them.
I would like to recommend you with warmth
if it's bad weather in Belgium,
or if it's good weather,
to go to the cinema and go all the way back.
I worked on a film called Maran,
where I went to Spain for recordings in full COVID period,
where it was quite warm,
where it was sunny,
where you could shoot outside in the sun.
In Spain it was fun.
It's a film with Rud Beekman,
which is about a female truck driver,
who suddenly has a special load on his truck,

namely, which ID plays,
which tries to get to England,
but accidentally gets in a truck.
Also Spain.
Look, it's about the best.
It's about the best of the two.
A friendship on the road.
There you go.
Okay, if you have nothing to do,
just do it.
I have some tips.
I'll just keep going.
One of you sent me a tip,
namely Ricardo,
a listener, but also an expert in our second book.
He said,
this podcast is really for you.
Some people,
some of you have recorded everything,
Ricardo is someone like that.
So he said,
check this podcast,
I can download it directly.
It's the second season of I'm not a monster.
And in this season,
they're going to have a talk
with a young woman,
who left London on the 15th,
to the US.
A bit of a headache,
didn't think very well.
And they stayed on the road,
how they got there,
how it happened,
that she made that choice.
And she's currently
in such a refugee camp,
on the border.
And the question is,
was she too young
and she's been indoctrinated
by the US?
But she's making a few harsh statements.
It's very difficult to say,

was she already influenced?
Did she get influenced there?
Did she ever get rid of it?
And the question is,
what should you do with it?
But we have good people
who are in camps
with the Belgian nationality.
What should you do with it?
Very interesting.
Also about the case of IS,
how she fled.
Very interesting.
Okay, I'm going to thank you so much for this tip.
I really wanted to leave
and go to live shows.
I am not a monster
in the second season.
And then,
finally,
a shout out.
I don't know
if it's going to happen,
but to the TikToks
of Beau Host Vogels.
Beau, you don't know that,
but you speak
the name of your love,
like I speak the name
of my love,
because we have the...
Lukas.
They start every TikTok with
Naag Lukas
and I speak Lukas
to laugh.
My friends speak Lukas
to laugh.
You can see
what they had to do.
So,
Beau makes TikToks
because there is a friend
out there

for work every day.
So,
I think
he promised
an enthusiast
to him
that he would make
a TikTok every day.
And we're here for it.
And we're here for it.
That girl
doesn't give up.
Hugo, her cat.
Hugo.
She's looking for a meter.
I mean,
I still have space in my heart.
I still have space.
I don't know
if Alma will agree with that.
But, okay.
Hugo is a great cat.
Maybe I can all
connect to Hugo.
No,
I don't have much time
to relax
during the live shows,
but I really look
every day
to her TikToks.
To her vlogs.
To her vlogs.
I laugh a lot.
Really,
I laugh a lot.
So, there you go.
Okay,
this time it's different.
And you can also
just binge it all.
It's
a lot of content.
You can binge it all.

If you've heard of it,
go to her TikTok
and start with one.
Yeah,
she's called Bo Oost Vogels
on TikTok.
I also have
two tips.
There's
a lot of true crime
in the past few weeks.
Oh my!
Oh my,
but that is it.
I thought,
I don't know where to start.
So,
I've got two more things here.
The first is
on Disney Plus,
the film
Boston Strangler
with Kira Knightley.
And
based on
where the facts take place.
It's about,
of course,
the Boston Strangler
which,
in the 60s,
made Boston unsafe.
There are a lot of
female victims.
And
as it happens in real life,
there are two female journalists
who,
first,
can connect the murders
and bring the story
to the outside.
And
super good film.

I really
really like it.
I mean,
maybe it's a mistake,
but I think it's a
very fascinating film.
Well acted.
60s.
Boston.
Kira Knightley.
Kira Knightley.
Voila.
Well acted.
Boston Strangler.
And
the second tip was
the last time,
also a little bit about the following.
And that is on Netflix,
a murder,
murder,
can you explain that?
Murder, murders,
a sudden scandal.
Well,
yes,
the first time,
what a story,
what a story.
What a story.
The first time
I heard about it,
I think,
or in
True Crime Garage
of Generation Y,
the podcast.
And I thought,
what the fuck is that?
It starts with a boat accident,
where someone dies
and ends with a man
who is caught,
because he,

the son,
that he is his son,
who was behind the wheel,
and the death
has foretold
one of those passengers,
also killed him
as his wife.
So that is
the beginning
of the Darker X.
But where it goes?
Oh boy.
I don't think so.
And we have it,
or the one who,
I hope you all have,
I didn't get it.
You will hear it
in between,
it doesn't come
on the boat
in rakes,
but whoa,
what a twist and turns.
You don't see it, do you?
No, no.
I was
forgetting the story,
and then
all the TikTok videos
of his real business came,
and,
yeah.
It's really fucked up.
And again,
so white privilege.
Justice is served,
you know,
let's say that.
Voila,
so that's the tip.
Sponsors?
Sponsors.

Yes,
a week.
All tried,
it's extensive,
for Emma Cusse of Emma Mattras.
I'm already sleeping
on a memory foam.
80 cusse.
Lucas,
oldist temple.
Net alsilke.
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah.
He need it.
So
Emma,
come to us and say,
look,
rest for a while.
It's important for us.
Do you want to try that new cusse?
Come here,
You can't get in.
Say, love, try.
You know, one night, you often complain about your parents.
Try it.
For me it was also an adjustment, but I do sleep better.
That man had two nights in need and he is in for it.
Is it still in bed?
It is still in bed.
The thing is also, Lukas has a feeling for drama, we share that.
Is that really so?
Lukas?
No, I had a feeling for drama, you knew that longer than today.
But for Lukas too.
Yes, okay.
Lukas also has a feeling for drama.
So that other kiss, he had pulled out his breath, but put his bed next to it.
It is within reach.
Because I know anyway that I still need it.
Ah yes, okay, okay.
It still lies in the corner, not touched anymore.
Look at that.
But it still lies in his eye.
Also, from the time you were mine, I will try subtly to move it to the other bedroom this week.

Because there is no change in him, he is satisfied with his memory foam kiss.
We also have a short circuit for you.
If you also have something like that, I came in my thirties and my gift needs more support than two cans of beer.
Emma Matras.be, there is currently 55% shorting.
In the last year's sale, it goes from April 3 to April 30.
You have to be there quickly.
You get 5% extra shorting with our code TheVolksjury5 in capital letters.
TheVolksjury5.
In total, a thick 60% shorting on a little kiss for a next one.
I say yes.
Me too.
But you said yes already.
I would say yes again.
Then we are again in front of our food, of course.
Because also very fresh sponsors this episode.
There are differences in Laura.
You love it to go to the store.
Laura just convinced me to go to the store when we arrived here.
It was that if I had no toilet paper on my head.
TMI.
And I said to Laura, I want to go to the store, I want to go to the store.
And Laura said, come, we're going to do that.
Laura's mental support.
And what that was, I didn't really need that much.
Thanks to HelloFresh, I already had the most at home.
Where I really needed the basic disease.
So I just didn't have to spend a lot of time in the store.
I was sometimes lost at the store.
Maybe that's why it took a little longer.
Because here in Promo you were in Promo.
But I also like that about HelloFresh.
If you don't like going to the store.
That you can really be outside.
Just a little bit of luggage, some bread, whatever.
But buying a big one, that's arranged.
And I just think that's super nice.
I also don't think about that.
Because you have to make a list.
And then say, okay, what are we going to cook?
We're going to look for a recipe.
It all costs me a lot of time.
And with HelloFresh you just click.
That looks good to me.

In the man.
That looks good to me.
In the man.
And then it's given to you.
But are you going to eat this week?
What's on the menu?
There's an Indian dish on the menu.
And an Asian dish with noodles.
Always good.
Always good.
So just a small question from Silke.
Can WC paper be added?
At the delivery?
Or can we recycle in one way?
That we can throw away with those cardboard bags?
It's just a suggestion.
Then we're really...
Then we're set for life.
I was going to say, then I'm going to tattoo the logo of HelloFresh on my neck.
But I'm not going to do that.
But then we're happy.
Yes, yes, yes.
Then we can go on.
Do you also want to...
Do you also want to tattoo the logo of HelloFresh on your neck?
That HelloFresh toilet paper is sent to me.
No bro, seriously.
If you want HelloFresh, you get a 75 euro discount on your first three boxes.
And that's for a new one as an old HelloFresh.
If you have your membership up more than three months ago.
Of course, there is also a discount code.
And that is HelloJury75.
All in capital letters HelloJury75.
Voila.
So, okay.
As promised, some stories.
It was already intense.
The previous episode.
It was intense.
It's still in my head.
Besides, because two minutes ago we were going to record it.
I'm also going to send you stories for coffee.
I'm happy about that.
I just say one of my listeners and then I tell you the story.

But you can do that, right?
I think so.
I think so.
We have the right now.
Yes.
You haven't read that, those little letters that we said.
That those are now our stories.
You gave me the right.
Voila.
Copyright is ours now.
You can start.
The first story comes from Zoë.
Dear Laura and Silke.
What a shame that I didn't have a ticket for a live show.
Hopefully you won't be able to see it after this marathon of shows.
But I still have a chance to hear you in real life.
Or see.
All the words are also for you.
The next week the episode will be different.
Thank you Zoë.
To help you with a hand.
I want to share my story with you.
I sent it in the summer alone.
I explained the last episode with my own stories.
But of course I was too late.
The title is Romantic bathroom murder.
And I don't have the title myself.
But Props to the Standard.
What a teaser title indeed.
Well, over to the story.
The story took place in 2008 or 2009.
I was in the 5th or 6th middle school.
And for a few years I had a certain education.
As all the teachers at our school told us,
they also talked a lot about private situations at home.
So we knew that it wasn't really good
between her and Herman.
There were ups and downs.
But the downs were the last time the overhand.
I think it's been 3-4 years since my education.
So I was able to know something for a year.
The year I had a lesson from her happened.
On an evening,
while one of the ups asked Herman

to take a bath together.
And to make a romantic evening.
Let the bath run,
burn the candles
and when I remember it well,
without a bottle of wine.
She was allowed to go to the bath.
He was still very busy and would come after that.
A few minutes later,
she arrived in the bathroom with a big kitchen knife
and slipped into her belly a few times.
Jesus.
After that, she walked outside in panic.
She stepped in the car and drove 200 meters
further on an empty building.
My education survived the attack.
She was shocked,
knocked out of the house
and called the neighbors to help her.
All this happened while the kids were at home.
When the police arrived,
they saw a letter that was ready on the computer.
This was a farewell letter.
From her.
And the time she had been in the bathroom,
he wrote the letter.
He typed in here how she knew
she was a bad woman and mother
and how she would take the children with her.
He wanted to kill her on his own,
but he had no plan.
Luckily, he took so many shots of everything
that he fled the house immediately.
Otherwise, it could have been much worse.
He ended up in the car after the accident
for a few weeks in coma.
When he woke up, he could not remember anything
about the accident,
but luckily, he flew into the prison
for a few years.
I thought that I had some parts
that were missing for the years,
but when I looked up an article
to tell my story,

everything seemed to be quite accurate,
except for maybe the bottle of wine.
After a year and a half,
my teacher started working again,
and hopefully, he is still behind the scenes
and grumbling.
That was it,
Thought You Would Like It.
Ladies and gentlemen,
as always,
I look forward to seeing you again
in Petto,
until next time,
Zoé.
Good title.
What a debil.
What a debil.
Step 1, 2 and 3
about an idea,
but not about 4, 5 and 6.
Do you notice that
step 1, 2 and 3,
the bath,
the wine,
and the glassware,
and now,
I have to talk about it,
but I didn't plan anything.
What worries me
is the letter
in which he says,
I mean,
he then says,
when the child went with him,
was that part of the plan?
Did he take the child with him?
Because then,
then there is a big drama
to be able to convey.
Although he is shocked
and has himself
driven against a gift.
But also a cold bullshit,
you know that, right?

Of course.

Of course.

But you also had
teachers,
why do you tell so much
about your teachers?

I have to admit,
there are really
certain anecdotes
that I know of teachers
that he told about
their private situation.

Okay.

Yes.

I was not there.

No.

Catholic schools.

Yes, I also had a teacher,
but of course I didn't
tell the story
to the most Catholic teachers.

I also have to say
that it is my biggest fear
to have something in front
and to be stupid.

Yes, yes, yes.

Because then it is the choice.

So yes,

I'm not here to bleed
or I'm still doing a baptism.

But yes,

you are such a person
who urges you
for your childhood.

No, but on the street.

That's another thing.

But yes,

bon.

Hello.

And the blood is
perhaps suffering.
The survival is then
primarily.

Absolutely.

And indeed,
it is really good
that she has survived.
Yes, what a survival skill is also
because then indeed
to walk around the neighborhood
helps to ask questions.
Yes.
Crazy.
Thank you for sharing Zoé
and good title of the standard.
Absolutely.
That's right.
All right.
I have an anonymity.
An anonymity.
Hello, Laura and Silke.
First of all,
by the way,
we don't select emotional
and male intros,
but we appreciate them enormously.
Certainly.
Hello, Laura and Silke.
First of all, wow.
What a show.
Ingent.
You played that evening
literally and figuratively.
So happy that I could be here.
Since then,
I can no longer listen to your
intro music without thinking about
the opening images.
So strong.
It was very nice to meet you.
I was especially a little
starstruck and could
hardly see anything.
When I heard during
the previous episode
that you are looking for
stories again,
I was disappointed,

but still chose
to write something down.
You just see
what he does with it.
I am going to give
a trigger warning
for this story.
It is very intense.
Okay.
My story actually starts
pretty early in my life.
I was born in a family
where along father's side
there were still some loose
sides.
So had or have,
no idea if the person
still lives,
had or had.
So I had a great father
who himself was
drunk to
comfort his alcohol addiction
and his money
then in a drunk
in the open air.
My father had two brothers.
With three of them,
they were already drunk
in the neighborhood
and they had
a little bit of a
reputation.
A brother of my father
found himself
dead between 1995
and 1997.
I don't know the exact date
anymore.
And the police would
have reacted with
Ali.
That is
still one less.

The conclusion was
killed by
shooting with a pistol
in the sleep.
So I had to
go to the hospital
to see if
my father
was still alive.
I had to go to the hospital
to shoot with a pistol
in the sleep.
So my father
convinced me
that this was not right.
My uncle was
left handed
but the bullet
is along his right
side,
his sleep
through the board.
Which means
that he
had to have
a right-handed
life.
And so
with his
left hand,
of course,
he shot
through his right
sleep.
Bullshit,
according to my father
and it is never
further.
If I look back now,
I can see that
there were
a few shots
with my father.
We had a pistol

in the house
and I knew
it was lying there.
I even kept
some of the bullets
in my nightstand.
My father
shot several times
in the house
which made
holes in the
wooden floor.
My mother
now tells me
that I
saved her life
at night
by walking through
the bedroom
when he
went to shoot.
Fortunately,
he was shocked
that I was very small
and I remember
nothing
about this accident.
My father also had
an alcohol
and drug addiction
that
makes a
special
traumatic memory.
About his
mental
stability,
one of them
was to be told.
So my sister
and I
called around the table
at night
with

9 and 9.
My mother
wasn't here
and my father
told me
that we
would soon
have to kill
at least
a few places
of which person
came
and for all the clarity
we have never
done this.
On my tenth
year, my parents
divorced
and I
grew up
with my mother.
My parents
stayed
with each other
in the sense
that my mother
and my father
worked
for the company
of my father.
Everything
was
to our standard
happy joy
joy
until
in the morning
my mother
and my father
were arrested
and
found a place
to look for a house.
Later

I heard
that my father
was the same.
I was
in Gent
and I
went home
to take care of
my sister.
In that
period
I went to the
prison
every day
to visit
my mother.
Later
my mother
told me
about her
life in the prison
and
my mother
used to
read a book
about the facts
and she
convinced me
that she was innocent.
She described
Els as a friendly woman
who she
eventually
found in the
prison.
In the prison
of
parents
I went
to visit
my
father.
The prison
was less

strict
than in
Gent.
You could
drink
in the
room
next to the table.
And this was
Kim de Gelder.
I was in shock
because
I was
half a meter away from
him.
The moment
was always with me.
My steve papa
told me
that he was
apart from a table
because
he really
was imprisoned
and that he
had to do
everything
on his own.
Voila
these are my most
impressed
true crime
experiences.
Are there
still
anonymous?
My mother
and steve papa
returned
after four weeks
and that we all
took the course
of our lives.
Despite

my
likely
psychopathic father
I came back
well.
I have
not
contacted him
for ten years
and he
still
stays in the prison
for
days.
Meanwhile
I have
seen
my
own
and I am
very happy
to see
people
fighting
so hard.
You
probably
had to work
to be able
to have a happy family
because
you really
didn't get anything
with you.
No gift
in life.
Very
hard.
And
how can you
listen to
us
and tell
all those

stories
when it
comes
so close to you?
Yes
I am
very happy
to hear
that
you
have
a happy family
and
that you
can
move
that you can
move
indeed
and at the same time
you
didn't
share
much
but
you
don't
share
anymore.
Yes
indeed
but
thank you
for sharing
with us
without
missing anything.
Wow
I also
have
a
anonymity
that
starts

day
ladies
like everyone
I will also
start
with some
male words
for you
and then
in
main
letters
what you
all
do
is
unbelievable
to see you
on the live show
that's love
I am
mainly
through a heavy podcast
and documentary
translation
the walking
true crime
specialist
at home
and think
on a daily basis
also the most
impossible
scenarios
where I can
land
possibly
with the
chance
of one
at the end
that they
ever
happen

I really
never
what happens
but then
but then
a break
my family
went away for a weekend
and the brave child
that I am
went home
Unif
with
papers life
it was late at night
and time to
go to my bed
so I was
everything
to close
when
I
was
in the
house
in the big room
I heard
a car
at high speed
that
thing
made
a lot of noise
strange
so I thought
to stay there
we have
all the windows
so no one can
look inside
and I
came there
and I
came

quietly
a little
less than
two minutes later
I hear
the same
okay
strange
I started
to get a little
nervous
but now
maybe
maybe
but
I saw
oh boy
my timing was not
great
because
ten seconds later
there were two cars
and there were
four people
dressed in
black
I knew
how late it was
but instead of
calling the police
like every normal
person
I call a good friend
to say
very calmly
I think
there are breaks
for the door
that friend
why do you call me
and don't call the police
and put off
rude
no worries

if I'll go down
I'll go down
fighting
so I turn
the kitchen
and take the biggest
kitchen knife
and the heaviest pan
out of the closet
because if they
would get inside
with the defense
and put me
very strategically
at the door
ready for the attack
suddenly
I put
the operator
of 112
the whole situation
out
and they
immediately
all the lights
and as much
as possible
to make
okay
the police
was under way
and as soon as possible
they will be
and not much later
I saw
the blue lights
the agent
turned on
I opened the door
and the agent
stepped in
step by step
with the words
oh you woman

of course
I had that
kitchen knife
still
and I can understand
that even
me
with my 1 meter
60
with such a big knife
in my hand
is
a bit
a psycho sight
to try
to force us
apparently
and make a pv
you may
be sure
that I did not sleep
and that it always
lay in the neighborhood
while shout out
to the police
who have the whole night
patrolling
and also
come check
my family
came home
and saw
the pv
of the police
lying
in the whole house
I was of course
forgot
to let them know
I fear them
for my life
but now
by the fire
I do have

a good story to tell
keep up the good work ladies
grouches
anonympia
xo xo
oh very good
now I'm going to give you
a tip
because
I think it's a great story
but because
she is nothing
to her parents
my
mother
was also
on her
parents' house
to take care of
I think that
she may even
live at home
but she was already old
and my grandparents
were on vacation
and on the day
two broke in
and then
ladies
you can't do anything about it
and
your parents
can't do anything about it
you don't
miss your vacation
and you don't say
and they came home
and then
my mother
said
look, there is a mistake
this happened
but they did
have a good vacation

if nothing happened
you said
ok
and ok
that's just
a lot of garbage
but that's even more
if you
have to sit
in
Playa del Sol
in Ireland
in New York
yes
but still
oh
I think
if I
would still live at home
and have a lifetime
hello
it's a really traumatic experience
and I don't want to
stay at home alone anymore
then
no
I wouldn't
stay at home alone
but also
the
anonymity
the fact
that you
consider
algorithm fighting
you take
a knife
and a pan
you put it
in my bed
I think
I think
you can't
you think you can't

estimate
I think
I once
thought that there were
breakers
and I also
went down
with a
tennis racket
or baseball bat
and then it just
how do you get a baseball bat
yes I actually don't know
because
maybe it was a tennis racket
or a hockey stick
I don't know
going down
was just
my brother
who came home
so
you can't predict
what your reaction will be
but
how did you
not how did you
do it first
yes
just a small point
to build up the criticism
to build up the criticism
but you know it too
what the fuck
not always
and also to put it off
end of discussion
yes
this is not a good idea
end
but this was a
just a
lighter
story

ok I'm going
even lighter than light
ok good
I'm going
I'm not going to
read the title
then
it's a story by Lies
it has two small
important items
for the story
start to
make it
start
so
simple, important details
for the start
of the story
my parents
30 years ago
in 1990
oh that's weird
to see that paper
that was 30 years ago
in 1990
an old farm
that
they built up
over the years
we have
been living in
It took a long time to attach all the old elements to the house.
Here we have a wooden front door with a glass window
that opened inside the house and outside the door.
The glass window was an iron structure to compare a bit with trallies.
The illustration has a photo of a similar door,
but I think everyone can have the type of door in front of them.
The important detail is that the front is not on the street.
You might have to draw it, so you can put it in.
The visitors had to walk along the side of the garden
to the front door,
and our front door was not visible from the street side.
Fetch number two.
For my seventh birthday, I got a cat cat from my parents.

I gave the super original name Otje
to the same character as Annie M.G. Schmit.
I took Otje everywhere and she sleeps every night in my bed.
The story.
On a very hot day, if I remember it correctly,
it was in November of the year 2000.
Otje was there a year and a half ago.
I was made awake by Otje.
Not really her usual.
Most of the time she was looking for a place in my bed
to sleep in, but that night was different.
She just stayed on my belly and stouted shoulders
and stopped under no pretext.
As an eight-year-old girl,
I started to get irritated and I thought she was hungry.
As her cat was down, I went to bed a lot.
As a little girl, of course, you're ugly for everything,
so I put every light in the house on the way down.
I'll hear you then.
When I came down to the hallway and also there was the light,
I noticed that it was very wide outside.
The front was too wide for me to stand against the wind all the time.
I thought it was strange, because under the roof where I sleep,
I would normally hear that there is a storm.
I thought I wouldn't sleep much longer.
It's very hot, stormy, unwell, that's possible.
I gave Otje food and I turned off all the lights and went to bed.
I remember the following morning when I said to my mum
that I had been down that night and that there was a lot of wind.
A few days later, we came back home after school.
When my mum tried to open the front door,
the front door was broken.
We called a locksmith and after making the front door,
she noticed that at the side of the door,
the height of the lock, different openings were made.
That was an attempt to break in.
My parents called the police the day after the police.
The police confirmed that there were a lot of outbreaks in the neighborhood.
After that, we gathered this story with the strange behaviour of us.
Otje, a few nights before and the strange wind that I had heard,
we could only conclude that Otje noticed the outbreaks.
I woke up and because I put all the lights in the house,
the outbreaks stopped.
Oh my God.

Cats forever.
So she was standing there, on that back.
Hello, stand up.
There's someone who tries to break in.
The door was not too windy, but it was just that breaker.
Oh my God.
Oh.
Nice. Yes, nice story.
Love it.
Thank you.
I'm going to say the title, because it's a nice one.
Death by a bread.
Very nice title.
It's from Alicia.
She starts with the story.
Appreciate it.
My story is about the background of the first world war.
We're going back to the previous episode.
In a small village in Osdvlaanderen, Schoonaarde.
This is a part of Dendermonde.
I have it, yes.
Maybe we should do this for a while.
You have to do it.
Dendermonde, it's a place where we didn't think much.
It never came into my life.
I had never been there before,
until we started our tour.
Until we got to know the people of our management.
Yes, we're going to keep the anonymity.
Let's do it for the better.
We call him Patrick, Patrick of our management.
He's from Dendermonde.
Since we know that, since we've been there once,
Dendermonde calls us all the way.
We see it all the time, so I send Lara this sentence.
Lara sends me back, there's a bus in Brussels with that on it.
From Dendermonde.
I didn't know that.
Since it's short, Dendermonde is in my life every day.
Every time we see Patrick, we don't start it ourselves.
We don't talk about it, but it's always about Dendermonde.
Dendermonde calls us all the time.
I think we're going to end it in Dendermonde.
You couldn't choose anything else than this story.

Exactly.

I'm going to go on with the story.

I heard my mother's story.

My grandparents didn't want to talk about it
because it was quite dramatic for her.

In the beginning of 1918, my grandfather, Bernardus,
became a member of Dendermonde.

Nardjenduvel.

What a nice poem.

N-A-R-D-E-E-N.

Nardjend.

I have no idea what this is.

We're calling you to Patrick.

Nardjenduvel.

Apparently, my grandfather had a strong temperament.

He was on the train to a detention camp in Germany, from Wetteren.

This train was transported to Schoonaarde, where he lived.

My grandfather also jumped from the train to fly.

His flight was successful,

because the Germans didn't want to take him back.

As my mother told me,

Bernardus slept under a tree for about six months,

because it was scary to get back to home
and so on.

This took a while,

but at a given moment, one of his sisters recognized him
when he went on a trip to another village.

My grandfather pushed her to the heart
to say something to no one.

Everyone knew at the end of the war.

It had to have been June 1918,

and he hoped to avoid and survive such detention camps.

Despite his warnings, his sister talked to Nardjenduvel,
and she told him at home that she had seen her brother.

Nardjenduvel then went back to her house

and hoped to dive under for a while

and survive such a terrible war.

As this took place in small villages,

Nardjenduvel quickly survived this war,
and was not in a detention camp.

This war was also used by one of the German soldiers
stationed there.

We don't know his name,

but he came to take a look at my grandfather's house.

When it turned out he was there, he took one of the family members,
we don't know exactly who,
an old brother who had to be very hard-working
and beat the German soldiers head-on.
Nardjenduvel decided to bury the soldiers in the garden.
My mother knew the story of an uncle who came by regularly
and who told this story.
My grandfather could tell that he was very irritated
when he told this story.
He himself told that he was going to look for him soon.
My grandparents had to have an idea
of where this soldier was buried,
but it remains a mystery for us today
whether this man was or who he was.
This was my family mystery.
Hopefully you found it interesting to read.
Greetings.
All is fair in love and war.
What's that?
An old bread.
Stone hard.
Very good.
Snacka, on the schedule.
It can only happen in the monday.
Amazing.
I'd like to hear what voices of people Nardjenduvel would like to hear.
Otherwise, Patrick will have to wait.
Maybe we can send him later.
Yes, I'm very curious.
A very nice story.
That's a bit of a joke again.
I'm going to go further.
Who was that German soldier?
Was he from his family?
I mean, there's still a huge chance.
It's his fault, you get it?
He's also under a regime.
Exactly.
And he's lying in a Flamese garden in Dendermonde.
How much unknown graves are there in Dendermonde?
Sister, Gabby and your family.
You're just going to spit in Dendermonde.
I think every carrot you take out is covered with a beehive.
I'm going to get a small provincial statue of me.

Next.

Next.

A story of Laura, eye to eye with two murderers.

Best folk jury, best Laura and Silke.

Thank you for taking the time to read my message.

I want to thank you for all your podcasts and books
that give me pleasure to listen and read.

I hope I still have time to send a message with my story.

It's not about me, but it's about my mother, my father-in-law
and I thought it was necessary to send it to you.

The story is about a delivery that I brought.

It starts with a small piece, with two anecdotes.

The first one says it's not that special.

I was already on the ground after the first one.

So I just want to tell you, you have to start counting.

The story goes horizontally with the delivery of 49.

The murder in the question mark.

In Gerardensberge.

The first time I heard the story, I was shocked.

I have a big part of my youth in Gerardsberge,
in the centre and in the neighbourhood of that changed café.

My mother and grandparents have talked about it a lot.

All the information that came out of it, I'm sharing with you now.

My mother, who owns a shop in the neighbourhood of the café,
told them that the day after the murder, money was stolen.

In shock, when they heard
that the first thoughts of the two murderers
were about someone robbing the money.

One of them was always robbing the money that night.

Luckily, she waited until the next day
and didn't steal the money either.

But the story of my mother is not so spectacular.

Yes, your mother could have died.

I think it's very spectacular, but come on.

But it's special to see
what influence it had on everyone in Gerardsberge
and everyone had a link with the murderers or the victims.

The next story is about my father-in-law and my grandpa.

This is actually the real story,
but I want to explain it to my mother and her.

The story is good, all good.

Very good.

My parents went through the process of the two brothers.

Not as a folk jury, but they were just being present.

My father-in-law told me that she was under the impression of the two victims.
They told me that the one brother was very involved.
And while the other one was looking around in the room all the time, they laughed at the people.
Despite that, my grandparents couldn't follow the whole process.
Because my mother also went back to Gerardsberge under the impression of a big order that had to be done in her shop.
But the real reason was to make sure that she was expected by me.
So I hope that my father-in-law and my grandpa were still happy that they couldn't follow the rest of the process.
But the whole family has the link with the word in the question mark.
They said, I would say keep up the good work.
I check out a new episode every time.
And the books that I read in one go.
Successful with the live shows,
and I hope this story was interesting to read.
Yes, I always like it.
If I brought my episode, they have a link to the matter.
Wrong place, wrong time.
But really that.
Because her mother had it, but she had to decide to do it again.
Yes.
And yes.
That was your death.
Indeed.
Ooh, and then there's also the law.
It's like, yes, it happens in a community.
Yes, yes.
Then it comes to share, Laura.
Yes, very good.
This is from Charlotte.
And Charlotte started with...
Eight years ago, I went to London to study at Erasmus.
I stayed in a university building with 20 floors.
Each floor had 10 bedrooms and a community kitchen.
In the building, a mix of international education students like me, British first-year students and international students who moved to England for a full study course.
Especially from Asian countries.
One day, I learned Lillie Kennen, an English first year who lived in a different building.

It clicked immediately and we became friends.
Within the week, there was a real friendship group
between the people who lived at my place and Lillie's.
Every evening, we sat together to eat, drink tea,
the real English experience,
to work for school and to bubble.
Every... Sorry.
They're very funny.
Every weekend or Friday, we went to London to study together.
Lillie and I sat in this friendship group with Hannah and Evan,
two British students and Mary,
who came from China to study in England.
We did everything together and it was a very nice time.
A few weeks before the semester,
the first romances in the friendship group began to arise.
Lillie had told me that she wanted to sit in the room
and that there was a lot of room.
I thought it was a fantastic match
and I had to make a move to her.
A few days later, Lillie woke up at my bedroom door
all over the place.
Mary told me about her feelings for Evan
and she reacted very poorly.
Mary seemed to be in love with Evan herself.
Awkward.
At the moment, the whole situation was still innocent,
student drama without her.
I had to talk to her in a calm way with Mary.
They tried, too.
But Mary pushed herself from that very strange day
and made remarks about how no one would end up with Evan
and that everything is now ruined.
About a week of tension and awkwardness later,
everything went hand in hand.
Evan suddenly came in panic at Lillie and Hannah,
our other girlfriend.
Evan, who at that moment didn't know
that two godforsaken lovers were in love with him,
got a message from Mary, who at that moment wasn't in love with God.
It was a very long message,
in which Mary and Evan described in detail how they killed him,
how they made sure that he was very close to death
and what they were going to do with his body when he was dead.
We talked with this message to the guard of our building

and they called the police on their behalf,
who took the threat very seriously and immediately came to the scene.
The problem with the police was that they didn't know
where Mary was at that moment.
Then they took Hannah with them in their plan.
Hannah had to send a message to Mary
to take her to Kottelokken with a false excuse.
And that worked.
Half an hour later, Mary came to Kottelokken,
where the police were waiting for her and took her with them.
We have never seen Mary since that moment.
Some of them, including me, had Mary as a friend on Facebook.
That's where they placed the photos of a psychiatric institution
after a week, where they stayed.
They never had any contact with us again.
They didn't even have to come to Kottelokken to get their stuff.
Lily and Hannah had to take her in
and then found a huge mess in her room
that wasn't in the usual mess in the kitchen.
That whole weekend we worked purely on adrenaline.
But when I was recording my father's video in Belgium
to tell what was going on, I burst into tears.
Like most Erasmus-friendly groups,
our contact was a bit confused, but here are a few updates.
I have no idea if Mary is going out with Mary or where she is.
I think she was under a lot of stress
because of some young age, like I think she was 17,
all by herself from China to England
to study very precisely.
This situation with Lily put the friendship
with the only people she knew in England on the spot.
And I think that affected something in her head.
I hope that she found the right help
and that it goes well with her.
Even didn't have the traumatic thoughts about it.
When I visited her five years ago,
she told me the whole thing as a crime story at the café.
Remember that time I flat-mate wanted to kill me?
It really impressed me at the café.
And between Lily and Evan, it never happened.
Yes, I said that when I said
that period between your 18th and 23th, it was unbelievable.
Again, you are talking about everything
from the need for help, high school,

children, all of a sudden washing up.
Just do it, right?
I don't know where they should go
to a different end of the world.
Yes, Amai, but you also said that she lives.
So they did take care of it, they contacted the police.
I think it's strange that the police have changed her.
Yes, because they didn't know where Mary was.
And I think they wanted to solve it as soon as possible.
Yes, I know that, but I think that's...
I would say, give yourself a message or something,
but you're not going to ask those children questions.
I don't know, I can't understand it.
I find it very exciting.
Yes, Amai, I'm glad that you all survived.
Jesus Christ, that could have gone really wrong.
Especially the fact that they found a girl.
So there were concrete plans.
I have to admit it.
No, but I just did it.
I also sat on the couch and cooked for you.
And then I went to your boards and your pans.
And I also had a few girls.
And things that were mine.
I also had really cute, young girls.
And then I was like, I don't want those girls to go to jail.
So I take them back in the evening.
Or was it a huge mess?
I don't know anymore.
No, but I think it's just a potato mess.
And maybe they didn't find anything else.
No, no, no.
But I understand what you think.
Otherwise, you'll be in your head.
But indeed, it's a cool story to tell behind the scenes
if everyone is okay.
Thank you for the pen and the pen, Charlotte.
Thank you.
Thank you less to Fredrik.
Fredrik has directed this to me.
Fredrik has done a great job.
The universe has put him in all kinds of ways.
Because he's sending this email on February 21, 2023.
So now.

While he's actually reacting to Anne Frank's special
and our story.
And he's sending, hey, Laura and Silke.
I know your podcast through my sister.
I walk behind her and I'm just in front of Anne Frank's special.
I thought I'd send you a message
with things I found in my house.
Laura, is it going to be Jaloers?
I'm Jaloers, Fredrik.
I bought my house in 2018.
The building dates back to 1930.
I fell on this house because there's a huge workhouse in the garden
and because I wanted to be independent,
I wanted to close my old timer.
Was that a plus?
Perfect.
Now the story starts to pass.
It's God, Fredrik.
In the act, it was written that everything in the workhouse
was also transferred to me.
It was filled with rumble until the door opened.
I don't think people wanted to empty it
and that's why it was written in the act.
In the beginning, I didn't spend a lot of time on it
because I was busy with the buildings.
Until I could really do nothing else in the lockdown in 2020.
And I thought, I'm going to start working on the house
to kill my time.
And I started working in the small cottage
in the former technical space of the workhouse.
And at that moment, I was in a corner with my foot through the ground.
I've never heard this word before, but I put it in my vocabulary.
I'm a real criminal.
Of course you know it.
I'm a real criminal and I'm doing the same thing over and over again.
And I see the entrance of a formal locker
for a person or six.
I put my head in the hole and it doesn't stop shaking.
And I see things lying around, so I decide to remove them.
And what I was talking about made me quiet.
A helmet, a chest and a doll.
I contacted a friend who specialized in the world tour.
Of course you have such a friend, Fredrik.
Your life is so much more fun than mine.

This is his expertise.
The helmet is without the doubt of the German SS.
The chest is from the so-called German Red Cross
that was also in the hands of the SS.
On the doll, there is a fleur de île to be seen.
So it comes from a collection of the French SS.
Known as the Hitler-Yugans.
I asked him if there was a chance
that the previous owners of this house were black.
It's a word for the collaborators.
He explained this directly.
He said the chance was greater
that this house was resettled.
And that uniforms look like the SS
to be able to do such missions so that they don't fall into the eyes of the SS.
Why could he explain the theory of the previous owners as SSers?
Because of the chest, he thinks that they stole
a conveyor belt for Germans
to make use of the inside to protect their own bodies.
You probably don't have much to say about my story,
but I hope you find it interesting.
And now I'm standing a few steps ahead
on Laura with discoveries during the construction.
I'm taking the photos so that you can see them,
and I'm looking at a helmet,
a shield,
a deep shield.
I want to see it, too.
And a doll. Wait, I'll turn my computer on.
Wow.
That helmet.
And I'm really shaking.
And here comes the doll.
My Strav, Strav Vonst.
Friedrich, I love you.
I love you, but I also very much hate you.
I'm wondering, what does Friedrich have with his stuff?
Is he in a museum now? Is he going to keep it?
Oh, here's the chest, too.
Oh, that's a relatively hot one.
Yes.
Oh, a photo of his dog with the chest.
Oh, cute.
Very cute.

Friedrich, cool.
I would indeed share those stuff with you.
No, keep them with you.
Put them in your house, Tony.
Right?
Do one open monument a year at your house.
Go live with them.
No, very cool.
Yes, I say it stays my dream, right?
Yes.
To find a building with something.
Yes, a few more houses to build, I think.
No, I just have to do my best.
Do you think you're done?
But I haven't broken the floor open yet.
We've kept all our floors.
Yes, you're going to have to do a sacrifice to make your floor open.
How much is my planche, my value?
When are you going home?
1923. It's 100 years each year.
1923, yes.
Yes, it's very good, of course.
I'll take it with me.
I'll take it with me.
I'll take it with me.
I'm going to go further to my last story.
It's from Christina.
She starts...
Hello, ladies. I'd like to start with compliments about what a fangirl my wife is
and how she has treated me and my mother to the fandom.
Unfortunately, we can only have one A4, so I don't have room for it.
But good luck and great podcast, The Story.
On a shopping mall in Gentsen, I find a book
that will be a great gift for my mother.
She reads Enkel True Crime,
and the book is the story of the father of a famous serial killer.
When we drove from Gents to Limburg, where Mamawont lives,
I read the text.
Next to the text, I see a photo of the writer, Victor,
my friend Victor, or as I know him, Torre.
Who is Victor?
Victor is a farmer in Gents
who can drink a fruit soup every day in the kitchen,
where I worked as a job student.

He ordered his fruit soup, took it to a table
and took his rice bowl.
Hereafter, he started solving the bowl puzzle.
I myself was a fangirl and asked him
if he was interested in a bowl party against me.
That's how it happened.
Three years later, we played a party every Friday.
I paid for his fruit soup and something to eat,
and he made me a better farmer, a good deal.
At the same time, Victor was more than a farmer,
farmer, farmer, man.
He was also a writer, his book, an intense biography
about a difficult relationship between his father and son.
The son was Marc Dutroux,
my partner Victor Dutroux.
I never confronted him before.
We had been together for a year,
until he suddenly disappeared from Gents.
Thanks for reading.
Keep doing it. Good bye, Christina.
I'm really looking forward to it,
but there are two more people
about Victor who wrote a story.
Yes, and Anik knows Victor, too.
It's amazing how many people from Gents
have chosen the stories that are less concrete than this one.
Even the rest of us are fucking pissed off.
It's amazing, isn't it?
Yes, and I was telling this story to Anik,
and Anik said to him,
you know Christina, you've seen all the sons.
And he said, sorry, Christina, I can't hear you right now,
but I remember it now.
And two of them said, I know people who have shared it
with the father of Marc Dutroux in Gents.
I...
Yes, look.
It's true. It's been a few times, these two episodes,
but it's an amazing story.
I think it's good that Christina didn't confront him with his brother-in-law.
It's a pity, isn't it?
We're just going to shake it off, because you can't do anything
that your son, the most hated man, is...
The title was also, The Shaker and Maker of the Most Hated Man.

She's Marys, isn't she?

She's his son from the previous story, and he's his father.

Yes, indeed.

Oh, you're going to choose a family, aren't you?

No, no, no, no.

The last story?

The last story.

I was going to doubt it, but I'm going to start with the title.

Okay.

I survived the band of Nijvijs.

Alright, this story comes from Tinneke.

It's a beginning, middle, part that we can leave,
you're not going to do it, and end it.

They're two aviaries.

But with such a title, that can be forgiven.

She also excuses you from the story
that she didn't use a comic book.

Then I think, mate.

You're good.

Alright, Tinneke, I survived the band of Nijvijs.

Begin.

On the evening of November 9, 1985,
about half past eight, we went to the Delays in Aalst with the whole family.
Something that we all did together,
but that evening my father came home unexpectedly early from his work
and decided to bring him with him for the last minute.

Sorry, I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. We're still having a coffee.

They want to build up tension, I think.

In the middle.

My father was riding, my mother was next to her.

Left behind was my oldest brother,
my younger brother from nine, right, from eight.

And I was five in the middle as a little sister.

We drove up the Delays' parking lot and heard some loud noises.

At the first part of the parking lot,
there were high-rises, low-rises,
and my parents thought it was time for them to turn around.

They drove further to the second part of the parking lot
and, after nothing,

up to 10 to 15 meters,

there was an accident that had just begun.

My father saw four shooters

who were firing at the large glass windows at the entrance.

They had long legs,
so he first thought it was the rich man
who was fighting the accidents inside.
But soon he realized it was the accident itself.
One of them looked out of our direction.
My father immediately drove out,
but in the meantime, there was a field road on our right,
heading towards a natural domain,
so it's called Donosbroek,
and some narrow roads.
Instead of turning around and going back to the exit
and risking getting knocked down,
he drove into the field road and drove down hot and muddy.
My father saw dirt and flew non-stop.
My mother kept looking back
to see if there was anyone behind us.
My brothers and I sat down on the back seat and I screamed,
Why are they shooting?
Why are they shooting?
After a while, we came to a tea house.
Luckily, we couldn't turn left,
because the second flight car would have been parked in that direction.
But we turned right.
We went a bit further on the end of the road and started to move away.
My mother kept looking at us, but my father said,
We had to get out of here.
We walked over the fence and walked in.
I still see it as a sound of music moment,
until we arrived at the back of a house.
We knocked on the window and asked if we were allowed to slide.
Maybe it was raining, we asked the unknown people.
Teletext was immediately put on, it was in the 80s,
and there was a quick fall over on the lines of Aalst
with three shooters.
My father immediately said, I saw him.
My father called the police and the Reichswacht
to report that he was convinced
and that our car in Donosbroek had been left behind.
Our friendly reception brought us home.
Around nine o'clock, the police officers were at our house
to take the testimony of our father.
One of the three agents who were placed there
and were shot by the bandits while they were on the flight.
Luckily, he had already left behind a glass container.

The person had been on the plane for half an hour,
already dealing with testimony statements.
He also asked if he was allowed to call his wife,
because he didn't have anything to do with her.
My mother was worried that the police officer
couldn't offer anything to drink.
She apologized with words,
that we couldn't do anything with our boats,
and that she was only going to get a drink from the neighbours.
That's what she thought.
My father followed the news around Nijvel
and he knew a lot about the past and the stolen goods.
Although he had seen the shooters only a few seconds ago,
and at the same time tried to save his family,
he was able to give a lot of details in his testimony statements.
He gave us a few of them.
The Kogelvrije Veste he had recognized
as the ones who were stolen two years before.
They were rare knee-length vests
that were not only protected by my father,
so the shooters first had to wait for the rich to see them.
The need for the editorial, probably, was there as well.
He also had weapons.
Two riot guns,
of which he had to pull out the handle to let them in.
One Uzi and one Geweer.
After that, it turned out that the Kogelhulze found
was indeed right with the weapons my father had described.
From the shooters with the Geweer,
my father first thought that he was the leader of the gang,
who was in all directions to give orders.
After that, he realized that the man was not pointing his finger
but that he was shooting at him with his gun.
Moreover, it also turned out that my brother was a 9-pin gunner
who asked my father for permission one day.
There was a sandbag ready with cars
that had to show the situation at the parking lot.
One of those cars drove my brother around.
A car that he had seen standing at the parking lot,
but then in the opposite direction.
There was a plane,
where he said that he had already driven off the parking lot
with his snout to the exit.
This turned out to be the wrong one,

and my brother saw that well.
I saw two people walking behind that car.
He said he had two cars.
The police agent, who took the statement,
looked at his face and whispered to your father,
"Your son has two victims. See, they are shot down."
Now the extra line is coming,
which could possibly be left behind.
We're not going to do it.
The suspect, Rijkswacht, had already spread out very quickly.
My father was afraid that they would lick him.
He was an official witness.
He had reported many details.
His name and address were known to the Rijkswacht.
Three days after the attack, two B.O.B.s came.
My mother asked me to speak to my father.
They called to his work in Brussels,
and his boss sent my father to his house.
He didn't trust the case,
and he stopped on the way to the gas station
to call my mother.
I'm Edis, and he asked her to describe the man.
He had learned how to do it,
and both with a gun and a pistol.
Instead of driving to his house,
he drove to the police station in Aalst,
and he called the B.O.B. of Gent.
They confirmed that two of their men
were sent to my father for interrogation.
Because he still didn't trust him,
he took a police officer with him.
He let my father open the front door.
He let my father open the front door,
but he went inside by himself.
My father had to stay in the house.
It was a real action scene.
When the B.O.B.s, the B.O.B.s,
fell into the arms and got to know each other.
But my father stayed in the house for many years.
And finally,
my father was the organist of the main church in Aalst.
He had to serve a number of beggars
to see music from the victims.
Then a lot of people came to know

that traffic had to be regulated.
My father recognized that the police officer was shot
and was at home for another half an hour.
He said how harsh it was,
and the police officer answered,
you can still play organ, and I can still regulate traffic.
When my father told me that he was almost 40 years old,
he got the tears in his eyes and broke his voice.
My father never put one foot in the body of Aalst.
My mother spent several years on it to go back.
But one thing is certain.
When my father had no more coffee,
and we were a couple of minutes early,
then we probably weren't there anymore.
And breathing.
I was really in my breath all the time.
What a story.
I mean, it really happened.
And indeed, wrong place, wrong time.
But a couple of minutes earlier,
and then breathing, I get it.
Of course.
I get it that he calls and says,
sorry, I don't believe it, but it's nice
that they took a deep breath.
Yes, from her name.
Okay, we're going to send someone with us.
We get it.
And that it all turned out to be okay.
And also that my father, who had been following me for so many years,
described everything so well.
And indeed, it turned out to be a very important piece.
Yes, and that brother, nine years,
he was playing an instrument.
He said no, he turned it upside down.
But I would also know.
Yes, but those are the Google Free Vest attempts
that were made there.
In a fraction of a second.
Because you're in between, indeed,
your children, your wife,
you're at the parking lot,
you're thinking about where you're going to go.
But we can still keep that up.

Very strict.
Very strict story.
Tineke went to the live show In Gent.
Tineke was one of the first in the series at the Scenery.
He said to a casual,
I sent you a story.
I survived the band of Nijfell.
And then casual continued.
And we had to go to the Scenery for another half an hour
without being able to watch our mailbox.
That was the longest hour of my life.
But Tineke wrote very well,
very well told.
What a rare family you have.
On all possible surfaces.
Hop that felt in, hop that people.
Not left, but to the right.
Very slim.
I hope you don't have too many traumas.
There are a lot of people with traumas and heart disease.
I hope you didn't have anything to do with it.
But see, it always comes very close.
That always happens when we do a show like this.
Mistakes are really close everywhere.
It's everywhere.
Thank you for taking all the stories to take the trouble
and to listen to our little ones.
Yes, really. You did a great job.
Very well built stories.
You also wrote a lot.
I always think it's great to do it,
and you also share it.
Yes, we have a reserve number.
Yes, I always think it's great to do it.
We will certainly make it.
Wait until we do a call
so that we don't lose it.
Yes, that's it.
Thank you for that.
We are on vacation now.
Until three weeks this time.
Yes, that's it.
We love you. Thank you for all the support in the last months.
That means a lot to us.

We are tired of walking on clouds.

Thank you.

It will be great. Thank you.

Love you. Bye-bye.