

Coffee consumed during a nightly thunderstorm

This day in mid-summer the weather is going rough. A heavy, damp heat has bathed the whole body in perspiration, even if the ride goes beyond the level surface of the bog Lille Vildmose in Himmerland. I know the bog, and I also know what may be heading straight for.

The first sign is a rumbling sound far away. Later, I spot the first flash of lightning. A thunderstorm is on its way over the bog. Anyone can imagine that a flat bog area not seems to be the best place to stay in when a thunderstorm pass by. Therefore, I shortly watched the thunderclouds that forms on the horizon, and then turned around to reach home before the rain will fall.

I remember the thunderstorms from my childhood, especially when the thunderstorm passed my childhood home at night. The thunderstorms created mixed feelings of tension, anxiety and a cheerful atmosphere. A strange mix of emotions and feelings.

Of course, the thunderstorms are exciting for a little boy. In my childhood home, I had my nursery up in the loft. In the nur-

sery there was a gable window. As soon as the flash of lightning split the darkness in the room and the thunder started rumbling, I had to get up to watch the scenery outside the window. Often it only took a short time before the tension rose. I could clearly hear the fire engines arriving from the neighbouring town. Blue flashes, the hooter and the red fire engines are something I think all boys experience as thrilling.

Often I could hear the fire engines take the road across the bog. A stroke of lightning might have hit a farm out in the bog. The tension was broken by anxiety. Some of my classmates had their homes out there on the edge of the bog.

Our neighbour was an old widow named Sigrid. She was very afraid of thunderstorms. Therefore, it was normal practice that Sigrid was brought to our home. The normal practice was to consume a cup of coffee during the nightly thunderstorms in our living room. She was brought home again, when the storm blew over. I remember those moments at night as highlights of my childhood life.



Thunderstorm passing the bog, Lille Vildmose, July 2005