

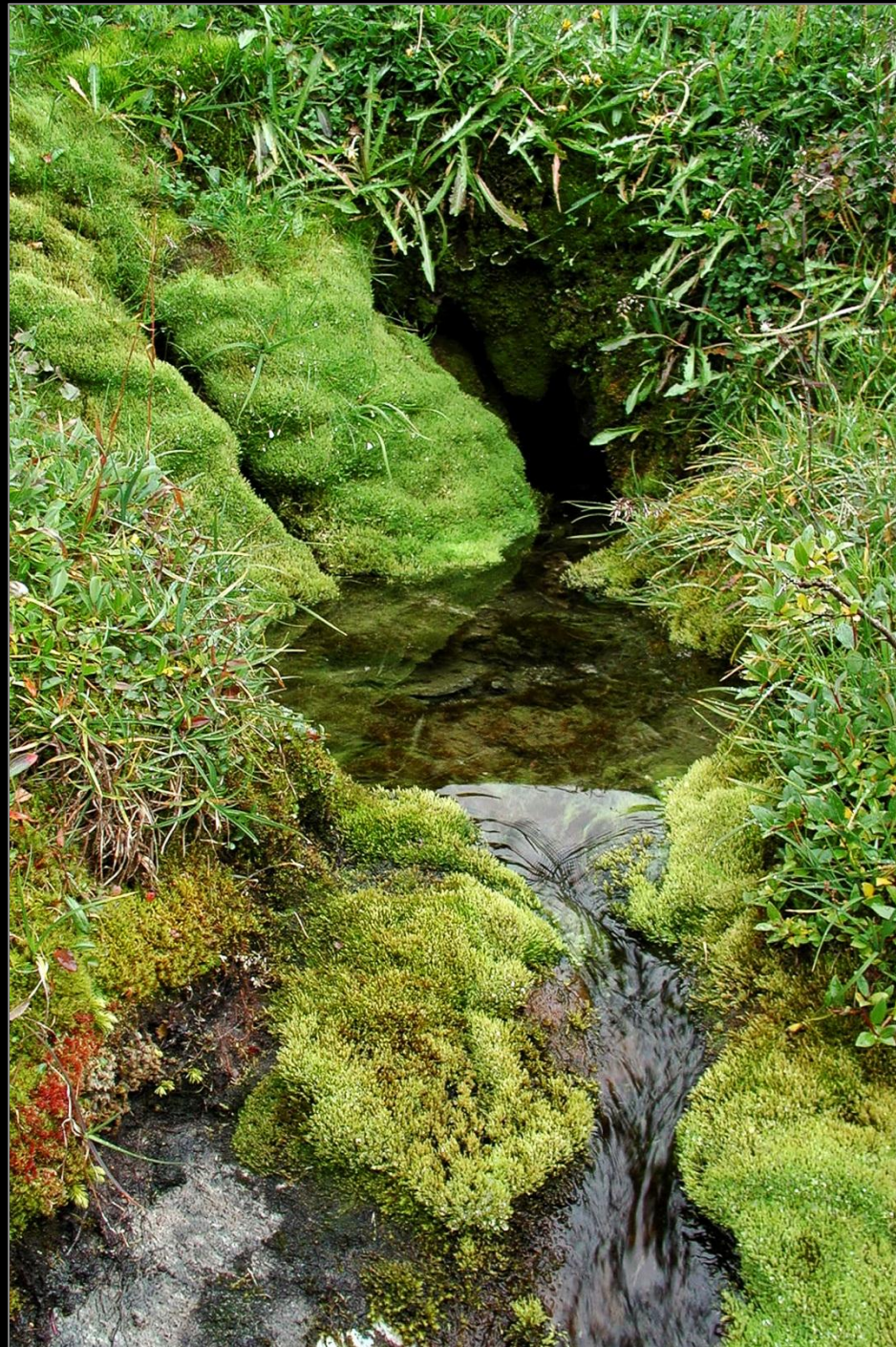
The small, green brook

On my hike east of Nuuk, I reached one of the major rivers that run across the mountain down to the fjord. I took off the backpack. The wet shirt clung to my back. The cold air immediately did the wet shirt and the skin on my back cold.

It felt comfortable. I waved some insects away and found my cup in the backpack. I jumped down on a flat stone at the edge of the river. The water in the river formed a small fall right in front of my feet. I stooped down and let the wrists be covered by the icy cold water. Immediately the veins freighted the chill around in the body. It felt good to be cooled down. The cup was filled with water, and I drank greedy of the clear, ice-cold liquid.

As I stood and looked around in the landscape from the flat rock by the river, I became aware of a small boat out in the middle of the fiord. It lied still. Close to the bow, I could see the black body and the spray from a whale. The size indicated that it might be a humpback. The small looking people on the boat looked at their kinsman among the mammals until the whale again with her tail high above sea level continued her everlasting hunt for food in the deep of the fiord.

I had to keep on walking. The backpack seemed cold against my back. It would only take few minutes before the backpack would make my back hot and sweaty again. With considerable effort I jumped over the pour river. Actually I thought I should only make three stops before my goal by the small mountain lake, but shortly after I got the sight of a small brook which was surrounded by thick, green moss. The small green brook found its way down towards the fiord. Again I took off my backpack and found the macro lens. I shoot several photos before I again was on my way to the small mountain lake deeper in the wilderness.



A small, green brook, August 2001

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Go to the Text