

The decisive moment

We started the boat trip in Nuuk with choppy waves. With a nasty steady rhythm the battle of the small boat against the waves gave a pain up in the kidney and the diaphragm. At the same time everything around us was shrouded in the mist.

But we knew everything would change as soon as we had rounded the cape, and as soon as the sun really took power further up on the day. Further into the large fiord system we would be sheltered from the violent weather systems that ravaged out at sea in the Davis Strait, and the sun would mercilessly burn the mist away. So we looked forward to be able to admire the dramatic landscapes that exist inside the large fiord system.

Quite right! Even before lunch we had reached into the calm waters, and the sun was really beginning to take power over the countryside. The impatience began to spread among us. We wanted to go ashore to enjoy the bountiful offerings of the summer, like the chars in the major rivers and the mushrooms and the berries on the mountain slopes.

We had a goal of our trip, and shortly before we arrived, we experienced the decisive moment when the surface of the sea is smooth, and where the mist has been reduced to beautiful white clouds close to the sea level.



The Godthaabsfiord, August 2012

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Quit

Go to the Text