

February

In February, we really feel we are living in one of the coldest regions of our planet. The winter is clutching the nature and the landscapes in a firm grip, and often it seems as if the icy wilderness is empty of all life.

In February the light is really starting to return, but the sun does not seem to have any impact on the mass of ice and snow covering the valleys and the mountains. In between the mountain peaks and down in the valleys locally white, fluffy cloud formations are formed. It is not snow clouds, and they are just as festoons around the barren, cold mountain peaks.

The sky is often clear and bright blue, but in the winter light this friendly colour seems cold. It differs from the blue, warm sky we experience in the summer.

In this cold arctic desert the air is clean and refreshing. I am always being tempted to

underestimate distances, because even the most distant horizons are so visible to the naked eye.

Often the small communities in this cold wilderness are wrapped up in snowstorms. I often recall the famous one-liner of the great comic actor WC Fields in the movie "The Fatal Glass of Beer": *"It is not a fit night out for man or beast!"*. And just like it happens to the main character in the funny movie, the whirlwinds around my little house often give me a handful of snow in the face when I open the outer door.

Imagine! In less than two months, the spring flood has broken the ice. Even the smallest creek begins to trickle of water, the rivers will swell and we will again be listening to the thundering sound of the waterfalls in the once-quiet wilderness. The life returns, and all will explode in green in the Arctic summer.



South of Sisimiut, February 2009