

The blizzard

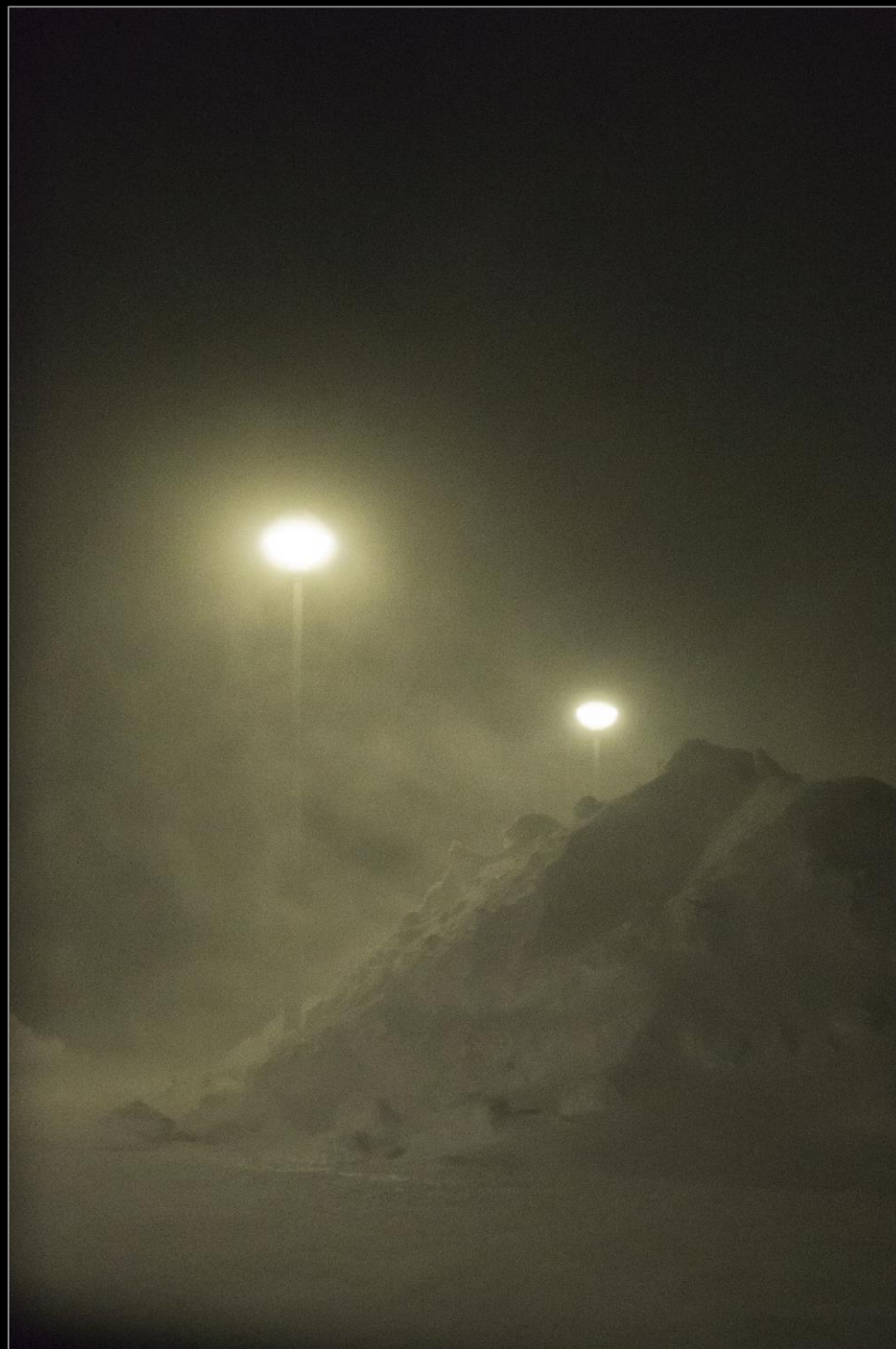
The blizzard was announced, and it came on time. When we live almost on top of the mountain, it is necessary to keep up with the weather forecasts. The monitoring stations that form the basis for the meteorologists' weather forecasts stands somewhere down there in the town. On the mountain the storms most often turn out worse than the weather as the official weather forecasts tell us.

This time, I did not get home in time. The last stretch to my house, I really get the blizzard in the neck. In a matter of minutes snowdrifts were formed across the road and several times I was about to fall into the

loose snow.

I know the way to my house. I go by car and walk on this road many times. But when the storm and the snow seriously start, you can lose the sense of direction. The storm makes the snow drifting, and several times on my way home, I experience whiteout, and for a moment I am not able to orient myself.

At the same time the gusts of the blizzard provide a tremendous noise. The noise increases the inner turmoil, I feel walking alone in this violent weather. The noise makes me feel as walking too close to a highway where large lorries with trailers constantly are running past.



Tuia, Qaqortoq, March 2015