

The nettle

Storm and rain is for indoor pursuits. I am dying for to get out in the nature when we reach the month of June and the short arctic summer really begins. But rain and storms from the sea may make even small walks in the surrounding area impossible.

This was the situation this day. I was restless. The camera was on the table. I glanced at the windows, but they were almost blinded by the rain. It came down in buckets, and the storm and the rain seemed to last all day long.

Then suddenly I watched a flowerpot in the window sill. The place suits the indoor plant in the middle of the pot, but at its side a guest had arrived. A guest which perhaps for years had lain hidden in the soil of the flowerpot.

A closer inspection showed that it was a nettle. Fancy finding a nettle here high up in the Arctic. I was immediately overwhelmed by the many memories from my childhood nature where the nettle was a constant threat for small boy legs in short pants.

This was before there were drains from the house, and where the sewage flow down through the garden and here and at the compost heap at the hen house the ground was quickly covered by this tall green plant in the spring; the nettles treacherous were waiting to poke their little burning needles under the skin of us children.

The place which was most exciting for a boy with imagination to fool around was in the backyard near the property line in the wet and mysterious darkness under the cherry plum hedge. And exactly in this place the nettles had found its place. The result was a lot of burn blisters on the arms and the legs and a quick weeping escape to the safe heaven in the arms of my mother.

But here in front of the macro lens on this stormy day in South Greenland the nettle appeared to advantage as a beautiful green plant, where the fine needles of lime contrasted nicely to the green colours of the young plant.



Tuia, Qaqortoq, June 2007