

A journey in the fall

In September, the weather is unpredictable. Late summer days with plenty of sun and a pleasant warmth. The young birds practice and fly around excited about their new life.

But within a few hours everything changes. Heavy clouds roll in, and suddenly the chilly rain falls in violent amounts.

The night frost is creeping in. The only trace the frost leaves behind is a little rhyme on the leaves of the plants.

The night frost intensifies and slowly the colours of autumn appear: The green plants are coloured in brown, yellow and red. It starts in the mountains, but later the green plants also must turn into the beautiful colours of autumn.

After a lovely long and quiet summer, a violent storm suddenly away tears the

enchantment. It is as if the birds in advance have understood that changes are on their way. They fly around and seem restless.

The first little wind puff suddenly becomes a violent wind that gives foam to the waves. When the storm grabs seriously, it lifts enormous amounts of water out of the surface of the sea and throw it around as white clouds of foam.

This day, the weather is wonderful. It is cloudy, but the sun is peeping out for a short while. Even in a small boat the waves are insignificant.

It is cold out here on the sea, but you hardly notice it. The colours of autumn and the play between the blue-grey mountain peaks and the clouds leave a deep impression of an almost indescribable beauty.



A landscape between Qaqortoq and Narsaq, South Greenland, September 2017