

Air raid!

'Taek-taek-taek' it suddenly sounds over my head. Instinctively I duck and hold my arms protective over my head. I did not see the attacker, only the shadow in the sand. But before I became aware of what happened, another aggressive air raid. An attacker attacked at full speed.

I realize I was too close to a bird's nest or some chickens. I identified the attackers as a pair of hooded, grey and white birds - the arctic tern.

I have always admired this bird as an elegant flyer. The Danish composer Carl Nielsen even compared the bird with the music genius, Mozart:

'He (Mozart) hover over his subjects like a tern above the ocean and hits down, quick as lightning and graciously in the crucial moment.'

I throw in the towel. I will not reach my goal. I am aware that the terns do not intend to allow me to stay here in peace, so I turn around.

Do I hear a gloating, triumphant voice from the two arctic terns out there on their territory?



*Dokkedal,
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