

Fresh snow

This first Saturday in March, I had an appointment at work mid-morning. The sun was shining, but I was aware that it was furiously cold out there. There was wind from the north and then the temperature drops rapidly to well below freezing. The thermometer in the window showed an outdoor temperature of 14 degrees below zero, with a wind speed reached gale, the cold feels like 27 degrees below zero.

I took my thick padded coat on, and also a fur cap and woollen gloves. To be sure not to slide on the slippery roads and patches I mounted spikes under the shoes. I had decided to go to the town centre. It is a walk of about half an hour.

Outside the air seemed fresh and nice, but soon the cold penetrated to different parts of the body. When I on the walk had to face directly into the wind it felt very unpleasant. Years ago I have experienced small frost-bites in the cheek during small walks

inside the town. Not many ventured to go out walking in this weather, but there was a lot of motor traffic to and from the town centre – a lot of people seem to have an errand to the shops or perhaps they were on the way to visit family and friends.

During the night fresh snow had fallen. The new snow seemed fine, clean and white. The gusts of the wind got the new snow to drift as smoke near the ground. I unpacked the camera and tried to capture the snow movements in the strong back-light.

Next time I watch beautiful photographs from the Arctic or Antarctic, I will feel a great respect for the photographer: The cold feel extreme when the camera is pointed and adjusted. I tried to concentrate on getting the right composition of the picture, and within a minute the photo was taken and the now cold and stiff fingers was back in the hot woollen gloves.



Drifting snow, Nuuk, March 2013