

Winter sports

This morning, Nuuk is shrouded in drifting snow. The gusts reach the force of a hurricane. I had decided to take a taxi to work, but a lot of people had taken the same decision. An SMS on the mobile phone told people that now the busses no longer drove. It simply was too dangerous for the large heavy, yellow buses to transport passengers around on the snowy roads.

As many as twenty times I pressed the phone number of the taxi company. So I gave it up. I found my overtrousers, the duvet coat, the fur cap and the gloves, and mounted the spikes under the shoes. As once I opened the front door, I was hit by a flurry of delicate snowflakes thrown at my head. I pulled myself together, and then I started on a half hour walk to my workplace in the centre of the town.

Several times on my walk I experienced whiteout. The air and the landscape merge into a white wall in front of me, and I was not able to see, if I was heading

out on the roadway or about to fall into the ditch. Even more uncomfortable it is to realize that the few cars which drive by experience an equally poor visibility.

The weather in Nuuk is unsettled. After noon the weather had changed. The storm had disappeared to the north, and the freshly fallen white, clean snow now was illuminated beautifully by the low sun. Many have immediately found the sportswear and the skis. Now they are able to reach a skiing trip on the ski tracks before it gets dark.

Nuuk is a good place to practice winter sports. In addition to a ski lift on the outskirts of the town on the mountain Lille Malene, a system of ski tracks connects the centre of the town out in the wilderness. A machine every morning makes tracks ready for the skiers. The picture of the week shows one of the viaducts the skiers and snowmobiles can use, when they cross the busy roads.



A viaduct on the ski track, Nuuk, March 2013