

The old cutter

Throughout the winter, most small boats are taken on land. All over the Greenland settlements they are both stacked on special areas and also between the houses.

I often think about who the owners are for these boats. My imagination often invents stories, but maybe the reality behind the boats and their owners are far more interesting than I can imagine?

I often pass this charming, old wooden cutter that is stacked in a field at a port of refuge in the quarter Nuussuaq in Nuuk. The cutter is old and worn. The thick coat of paint cannot hide the fact that the boat has been used a lot and had been ruffed handed by the collision with rocks or ice floes. The cutter must be able to tell a lot of interesting stories - if only it could tell.

Perhaps the cutter has an owner who is as old, proud and weathered like it? I can imagine how an old man every day comes down and take a look at his old boat. Some snow is swept away and the bottom paint is investigated with small pricks with the old man's cane.

In his heart of hearts he knows that he will never come out sailing with his beloved old boat again. But he never gets tired of coming down and look

for his best friend. Perhaps his children and grandchildren this summer help him to get the boat in the water again so he can enjoy a boat trip into the fiord? Maybe a granddaughter even has expressed a wish to take over his cutter?

He remembers all those long sails with the family on board with sedate pace to visit friends or family in the neighbour settlements. A fellow feeling that no longer exists. And those trips where everything went wrong, and the old man and the boat had to return trailing behind another ship that fortunately passed. Maybe the old man and his boat several times were threaten by been wrecked against a stormy rocky coast?

Standing beside the boat and with a view over the winter-clad fiord the old man and his boat be as one. It wells up with memories. Difficult sailings on rough seas and memorable hunting trips with a good catch of seal to the family and to the neighbours. The cutter stuffed with fresh cod and redfish still wriggling when the small boat is chugging to the quay, and the proud hunter who gets pat on the shoulder for today's fine catch. Maybe the cutter and the old man also brought a polar bear home?

I am convinced that the old cutter has a great sealer as owner.



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