

## The beach

An hour's walk from my house there is a beach onto a larger bay. On the other side of the bay the steep mountains draw itself to its full height. It is a beautiful landscape for a walk. The water along the beach is fascinating, but I know it is freezing cold. The water looks crystal clear and clean.

Here at the beach, I am all alone. The long gently sloping beach with pebbles lies below a high cliff. The sea has for centuries carved into the cliff, and large and small stones are loose and are falling down on the beach and into the sea.

I am sitting on a large rock that gives me a comfortable seat, while I let the eye wander off into this enormous landscape or watch all sorts of small creeping things in the clear water. I give vent to my thoughts. It is almost summer, I am free and the wilderness again opens up

with many amazing experiences.

Suddenly I feel that someone looks at me and this feeling never fails. Somewhere someone is watching me. This is an area where I always have to watch out because the polar bears often show up here.

At the top of the slope a couple of heads emerge. I am frightened to see something live so close. The thoughts are all the time that I must be on guard. But I can be calm again this time. Two sheep are curiously looking down on me. The sheep keep me company a while. They have a unique ability to continue to stand staring without budge.

The large boulders in front of me on the beach are overgrown with algae. In a few hours they will again be covered by seawater when the tide returns.



North-east of Qaqortoq, May 2014