

September

September is the month when the summer is not over yet, and the autumn has not begun.

The nice and warm summer sun continues, but suddenly one day, I note that the slope with tall buttercups, which all the summer round have coloured the slope outside my window in beautiful yellow and green colours have changed in appearance. The flowers are gone.

A little further up the mountain side, at the same time I note that the once-green plants now have tones of red and brown hues. The first night frost has left its mark.

Now it's really time to pick berries. Everyone goes for an outing in the mountains to pick crowberry and blueberry. There are such large quantities that the bags and buckets quickly are filled. I feel something is missing? Oh, yes, the mosquitoes have long since disappeared. This disturbing

element which we have gradually become accustomed to has completed its season. They have done its work, and the next generation is ready somewhere down in the thick scrub.

September is also the month when the weather starts to become more unstable again. At decreasing intervals the depressions approach and they are followed by wind and storm and perhaps large amounts of rain. The cloud layers suit the mountains of South Greenland and the view of the fiord and the mountains seem magical, when the sun finds its way through small holes in the thick clouds.

But the summer has not let go yet. Suddenly the weather is clearing up and the sun is shining. It's time for another trip into the mountains before the frost, the snow and the ice begin to create the winter landscape that first detaches in April or May.



East of Qaqortoq, South Greenland, September 2014