

## The dramatic journey of the meltwater

Waterfalls have always fascinated me. The powerful, thunderous sound of large amounts of water with great power thrown off a cliff edge high up. The sense of the cold meltwater, and the atomized fine spray, which is formed around the waterfall.

This waterfall is fed by cold meltwater far up in the mountains far away from the fiord. Somewhere out there on the horizon on a mighty mountain a small stream of meltwater is fed from the snow that fell during the winter.

The stream leads on its way down the mountainside quickly to other small streams, and quickly the meltwater has created a river.

On some stretches the river runs in deep clefts created by the gushing meltwater over thousands of years. On several locations the water falls several metres down through a fall.

Below the base of the mountain the speed of the meltwater is slowed down.

The river finds its way into a more horizontal landscape of wide mountain fields. However, the meltwater is only bound for the fiord and the sea surface.

In a small valley the river suddenly spreads out and forms a small lake of the finest, clear water. Although the lake is deep the bare rock and the sand are clearly seen at the bottom. Only in the middle of the lake there is a current.

The river regenerates at the other end of the lake, and the meltwater again quickly creates an eager stream with great violence and without any hesitation throwing tons of meltwater the last way down the mountain slope towards the sea.

The journey of the meltwater towards the sea ends beautifully. The cool water is thrown off the edge of the cliff and smashed to white foam on the rocks the last forty metres down to the sea level. This wild fall can hardly be a more elegant end to the dramatic journey of the meltwater.



The coast between Narsaq and Narsarsuaq, South Greenland, June 2014