

Ugebrev 4 – den 21 - 28. juni 2009

Two weeks are almost gone. Like always time in NE-Greenland disappears before you can say smik-smak-småkage (Danish).

For me it has been a tearful reunion, with an outstanding area I think about as my personal back garden. Two weeks in Zackenberg isn't much compared to the two years I lived here 2005-2007 with the Sirius Sledge Patrol, but its just beezer... I'm not to happy to share this secret oasis with you all, but on the other hand I think it is ok to share it with all this fine people I have met in the national park. And I still think there is room for all of us;-)

This week has been busy with a lot of important scientific research. I'll leave that to the scientists! Instead I will tell you about what happens in our limited spare time. The film night proudly presented "Mickeybo" a film about friendship, which introduced the terms "beezer" and "shite" to ZAC. And pronounced with the right enthusiasm I think you can easily guess the meaning.

As the ice is still covering Young Sund, we had to perform some "dry kayaking". The setup is: four empty cans, an iron bar between two chairs with two green milk boxes placed on the iron bar, and another bar as paddle. The trick is then to keep the balance and hit the cans from your kayak position on top of the milk boxes, on the bar, on the chairs... Beezer!

Saint Hans was introduced to our foreign friends on a rainy day (Even though it never rains in NE-Greenland). Some heavy dew couldn't stop the logistic barbecue-master Jakob from firing up the Weber-grill. Later a witch flew back to Bloksbjerg (Danish) accompanied by Midsommervisen (Danish) A two team competition with some wood logs, hand cutting robe, coordination skills and teamwork, ended up with an ticker-tack parade paying tribute to the winners with gold and glory, and a very nice homemade "Støvleknægt" (Danish - bootjack according to the 1983 dictionary).

The old Zackenberg trapper station had the pleasure of my kind visit. You still get hit by the mixed smell of coal, tar and dog food, when you open the door. Uhhmm! The fields are packed with musk oxen, and a fox had its routine search for goodies along the beach in front of the hut.

In the Zero Station some musk ox-blue? paint has made some old buildings look like new, and the new building "Lemmingbo" look like all the rest of the station. A new name such as "mosquito killing fields" could be suggested as mosquitoes obviously is attracted by wet musk ox blue paint.

Michael