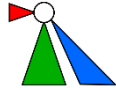


## 10 GC

<b>bncdoc.id</b>	A6T
<b>bncdoc.author</b>	Sale, Richard
<b>bncdoc.year</b>	1991
<b>bncdoc.title</b>	Arctic odyssey: travelling Arctic Europe.
<b>bncdoc.info</b>	Arctic odyssey: travelling Arctic Europe. Sample containing about 44899 words from a book (domain: leisure)
<b>Text availability</b>	Worldwide rights cleared
<b>Publication date</b>	1985-1993
<b>Text type</b>	Written books and periodicals
<b>David Lee's classification</b>	W_misc

<10/c>	split apart by erosion. It is an interesting place to stand and watch rocks falling; all the time I am there I hear them crashing down. I am stopped by an unstable-looking scree slope. When I walk on it the whole thing starts to move and I am soon covered in the grey dust I am stirring up; it fills my nostrils and triggers a memory that links the smell with rock climbing. I recall a day when I was new to the sport and I recall too the smell when lightning struck the limestone cliff on which I was climbing. Whether it is the memory of ancient insecurities, or the real threat of new ones I do not know, but I decide to go back. Discretion would appear to be 'the better part'; about fifty to sixty metres down from me on the right are some very steep - probably vertical - cliffs falling the last thirteen to seventeen metres into the sea and I have no desire to ride an avalanche down. Back at the tent it is getting late, so I set up the Trangia and cook myself a meal. It feels cold: I had hoped for spring but what I am finding is winter. I eat the meal inside the tent to get away from the wind, and even there I need an extra jacket. The wind drops slightly as I am making myself another cup of tea and I like the idea of going out to watch the sun go down. I take a camera and sit on the edge of the water. A vee of geese goes over, one goose honking at the setting sun. It is one in the morning before the sun finally disappears and I am left with twilight rather than lowlight. I edge back to the tent, I feel lonely, desperately lonely, and it's not just being alone that is doing it. It is many things - the lethargy of the travel, and all that space. In one direction only a little earthy bank separates me from the edge of the ocean, while in the other the valley goes back for miles and miles. It goes back for ever. Once I catch a glimpse of the light of a car or maybe a tractor a long way up the valley, and this seems to make my isolation even more profound. Most of the time this isolation is what I seek, but today I just feel lonely. I make hot chocolate so that I can sleep more easily and as I sip it I am suddenly overcome with weariness. I crawl into my sleeping bag and curl up in a tight ball. When I wake the air is full of
 <p>Key:  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn1</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn2</a>  <a href="#">Footprint</a>  <a href="#">ConEn3</a></p>	<p><a href="#">the sound</a> of <a href="#">curlews</a></p> <p>. It would be nice to see <a href="#">gyrfalcon</a> and <a href="#">sea eagle</a>, <a href="#">king eider</a> and <a href="#">divers</a>, but it is <a href="#">the sound of the curlew</a> that is <a href="#">the call of the wild</a>. All the blues have gone away. The morning is grey and windy, but I can see all the way up the valley. I breakfast quickly, drinking several cups of tea, knowing that in this wind I need to avoid dehydration on the grind over the pass. It takes a long time to reach Dynjandi, but the weather improves as the day wears on, leaving me with wonderful views across the Arnarfjörður, its far peaks wreathed in clouds. As the sun dips low the clouds bounce refracted red light off their bases. It hurries across the sea towards me, in the way that only light can, making the water turn brown and pink, making its wave ends sparkle and flash. At the water's edge snipe rise and trill, while on the valley side there are wheatears and redwings. A quick search reveals one female redwing on a nest in the short scrubby beech-like bushes on the leeward side of a stream cutting. Dynjandi is almost frozen at its sides, the light brilliantly reflected from the rivulets of snow and ice. I sit near the fjord's edge and wonder whether to</p>

	<p>continue south towards Latrabjarg or whether to return north towards Drangajökull. In the end the decision is made by the snowy owl. I know it is unlikely that I will see it, but just the thought that I might is enough. Next morning over breakfast I decide to go back into Þingeyri to catch a plane back to Ísafjörður in the hope that I can get a boat or bus from there. This means retracing my steps for a mile or so, but the country is wild and beautiful, full of new things to see. I start up the hill towards Dýrafjörður but before I reach the top I am treated to some Icelandic weather. In this country they say that if you don't like the weather all you have to do is wait five minutes and it will get better. By the same token, if it is good you only have to wait five minutes and it will get worse. A storm arrives from the west, the snow falling so thickly in a few minutes that I fear I will lose my way. The temperature rises with the cloud cover, and the snow underfoot becomes wet and soft, making progress difficult and tiring. I move to my left, knowing that there is a road there somewhere - it is always best to avoid roads, but it is even better to</p>
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