

# NORGE NEWS

Sunday 17 February 2019

Lofoten, Norway

## *End of the Earth*

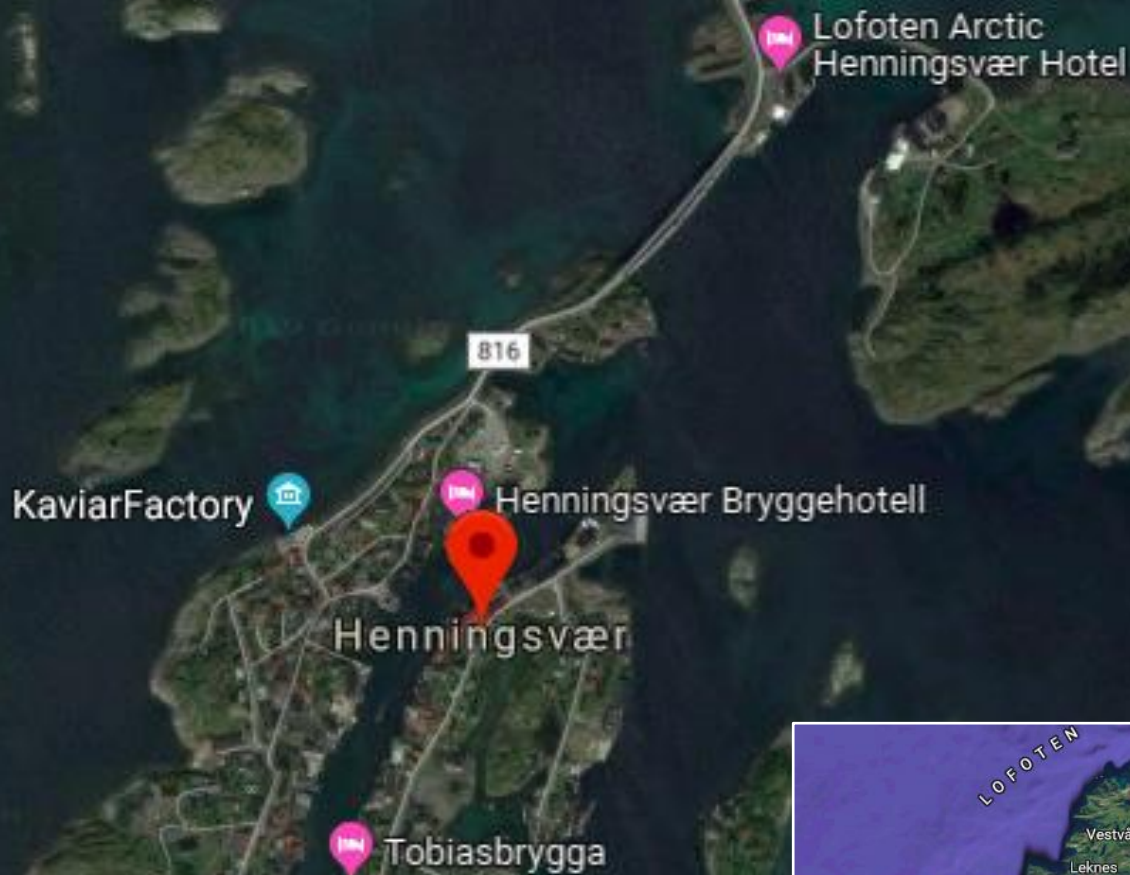


Five hundred ten people live in Henningsvær, Norway, 100 miles above the Arctic Circle. The road here from Svolvær, about 12 miles (20 km) away, clings to the bottom of Festvåggtind, the 1,670-foot (510m) peak in the background that's on the Lofoten island of Austvågøya. You must cross two one-lane bridges – both closed by high winds on Saturday – to leap to the island cluster on which Henningsvær sits offshore. Cod fishing and renting rooms to photographers fuel Henningsvær's economy. There's a different perspective on the next page.

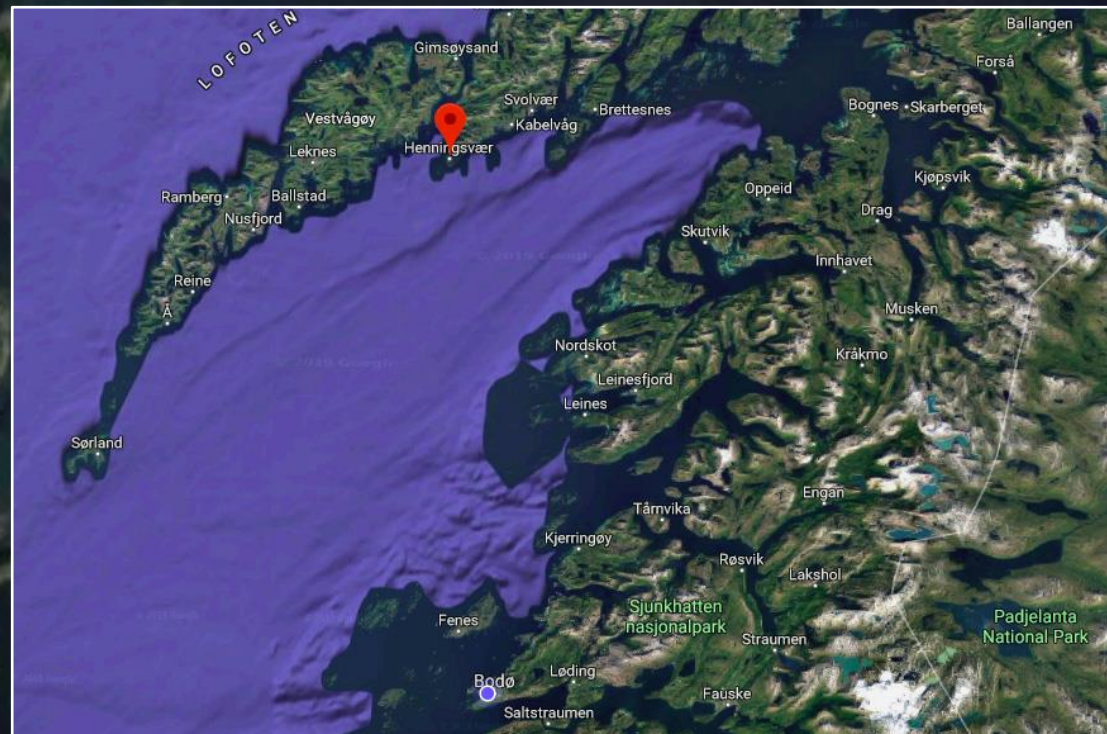




Mountain on cover page



The large map gives you some perspective on how Henningsvær spreads across several islands. The inset map shows its relationship to Svolvær, where our hotel was in the Lofoten Islands, and the 50 miles of open water we crossed by ferry Sunday night to get to Bodø on the mainland. For a beautiful perspective from a drone camera shot on a day very much like ours, watch this YouTube video: <https://youtu.be/2AtGqGuuj-w>.





# *End of the Earth*

We had driven about eight or nine miles through snow-covered countryside southwest on the E10 highway from Svolvær on Sunday afternoon when we entered a tunnel.

When we emerged from the other end, there was nothing before us but a left turn, the ocean and some snowy, mountainous islands on the horizon.

"I thought I had been in the middle of nowhere before," Emily said. "I was wrong. But I am now."

The road was 1½ lanes wide with a half-lane pull out every few hundred yards in case we encountered another car. We crept a couple of miles around the base of the granite mountain that went straight up on our left. A guard rail followed the right edge of the road, separating us from the sea that, the day before, had been lunging across the pavement pushed by 50 mph winds.

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A fishing boat looks for its dock between the two main islands on which Henningsvær sits.



# *End of the Earth*



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The wind calmed overnight, replaced by snow, and now the sky was mostly benign.

The storm had forced us to spend an extra night in Svolvær because Hurtigruten had cancelled all north- and southbound stops for its ships in the Lofoten and detoured them to their next stops on the mainland.

But that gave us the opportunity to drive to the fishing village of Henningsvær (the “-vær suffix means fishing village and rhymes with “air”) after canceling our plans from the previous day because of the same storm.

Any good port in a storm, and we found two.

**A row of fishing cabins was turned into a Svolvær hotel on the opposite side of the harbor from us.**