

Mush and Hush

Qartuluk, Basko, Timuutu and Amaroq. These are the names of some of the beautiful sled dogs, along with my dog sled musher Karl, who will take me on a joyride into an exclusive zone, a frosty white nook about forty kilometres inland from Ilulissat where I will spend the night in a hut.

I'm No Scaredy-cat

However, I must admit I am a bit nervous when eighteen Greenlandic huskies pulling my musher on his wooden sled run towards me at the beginning of the sled trail.

Why? Because the address sled dogs go to is the house of Mother Nature. With a flick-of-the-switch, she can change ones spitting distance view to giant snowflakes or whiteout snowsqualls. Because the power of this sled chariot is pure muscle and raw instinct.

Sledding into the protected and illustrious Ilulissat Icefjord, a UNESCO World Heritage Site where no motor machine is allowed, is true dog sledding in its unadulterated form.

Relinquish Control

Dog sledding crisscrosses between hypnotic rhythm and adrenaline quivers. The astounding beauty of Ilulissat Icefjord and sledding on frozen fjords only adds to the this-is-super-cool experience.

Most importantly though, dog sledding is about letting go of control. It is about trusting your musher and sled dogs. It is to be humbled and believe that Earth's preciousness is to be honoured. It is about respecting nature, man and animal.

It is a ridding of all the noises in one's head, an utter detachment from stress and responsibility. The brain takes a recess and the inner spirit takes the lead in an almost primal way.

Arctic Ambience

Hush. It is so quiet here at the hut, one can hear a pin drop in the snow. Shhh. Don't talk, just listen. Feel. Peace inhibits in a profound way. Sense. Happiness creeps in and wraps itself around you.