

*Kattegat*

# *Mysteries of the Öresund - a travel-journal*

*by Morten*

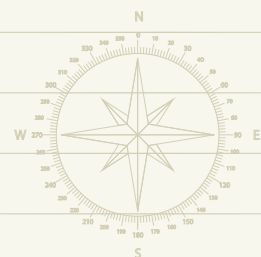


The Sailor's Dream is an adventure.

It's about beauty, it's about life, it's about decisions, it's about love – but most of all, it's about the sea, those mighty, soaring waters, the origin of all living creatures. The sea is giving and taking life. The sea is above all the source of my dreams. It gives me strength and hope.

That's why the Sailor's Dream touched me so much, and once again confronted me with my own life far away from the waves.

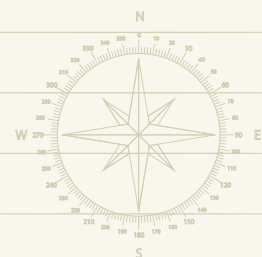
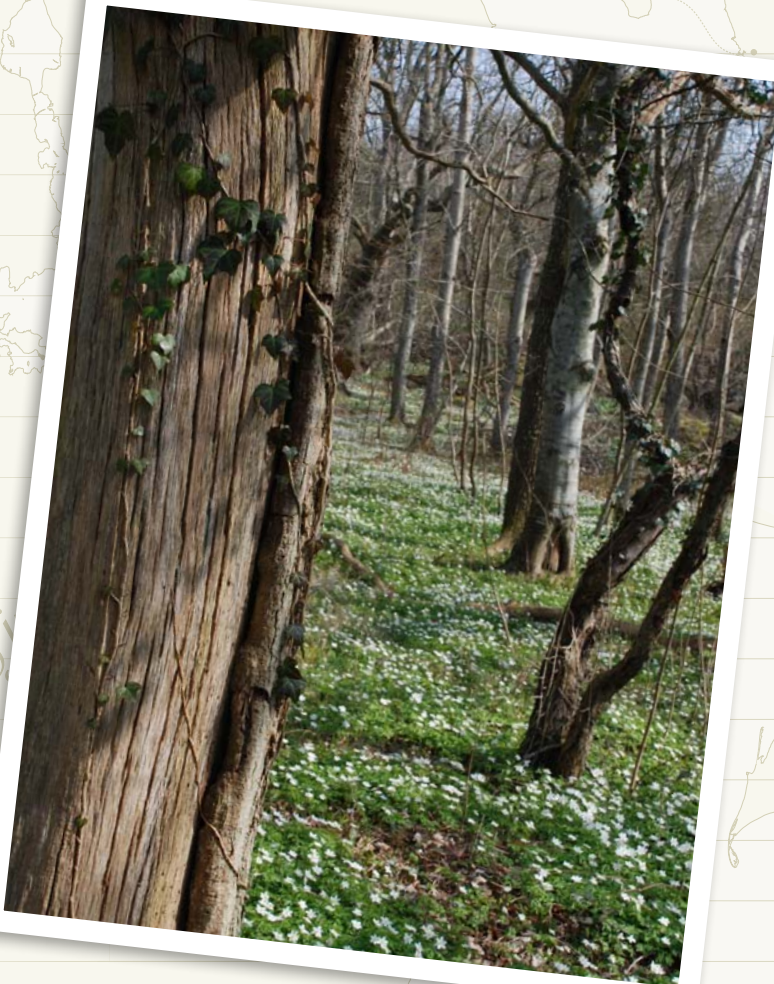
I was drawn into the story of those three people, the sailor, the woman and the little girl. And I waited for the days and hours to pass, for to uncover their story and their secrets. Still, so many questions were unanswered. Those places were filled with life and emotions, I fell in love with them. Since Simon and Magnus connected these places to the real world, the great and amazing Skåne, I started exploring the sites, first virtual by travels on google earth. Then I decided spontaneously to take it a step further and travel there myself...



I discovered wonderful places that seemed to burst with energy. All those places were exceptional, always on the edge of something. I don't know exactly, what made Simon and Magnus choose those places. Maybe I will ask, maybe I don't want to know, because it would take those places away from me. There are spots on this planet that are special, they don't need explanation. For me, they have become meaningful places, I now do have my own stories to tell. They are not connected to the story of the sailor anymore, though it was this piece of art, that inspired me to get all the way up from Austria to the beautiful coast of Sweden.

That's what I am grateful for.

Thanks





day 1 - the celestial sanctuary

My destinations are set:

56°18'03.6"N 12°27'03.0"E

56°27'02.4"N 12°32'33.2"E

56°17'08.5"N 12°29'35.2"E

56°02'05.4"N 12°38'59.1"E

55°54'28.3"N 12°41'48.6"E

55°36'28.0"N 13°00'20.1"E

I have visited these places on the map, saw photographs, read about their meaning. Now I am curious to discover them. My plane landed in Copenhagen yesterday evening. I did not stay there but took the train to Malmö, where I spent the night in a small hostel. Today I got up early to take the train further north to Landskrona, where a ferry should take me over to the island of Ven.

A chilly morning sees me standing on the upper deck of the ferry, all alone - the touristic season has not yet started. Ven's Vandrarhem - the youth hostel of the island, is silent and empty, but I get my keys with the advise to have them sticking in the lock, when I am about to leave the next morning.



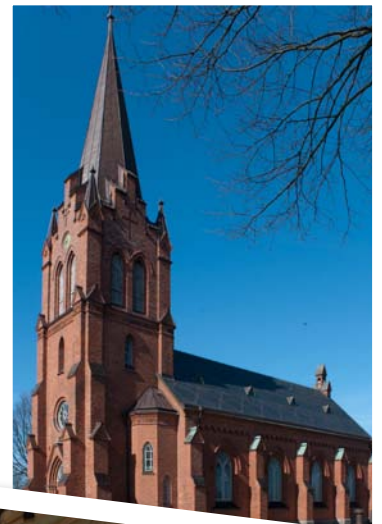
I feel like a conqueror: The whole island is abandoned. Few people are out, working on their summerhouses or boats. There is a smell of wood preserver in the air that shall accompany me the days to come.

Ven is a pearl, right in the middle of the Öresund, surrounded by the sea, but always within eyeshot of the shore, both the Danish and the Swedish coast.

Sandy beaches and green cliff lines with picturesque small villages.

Everything is still closed. I can not visit the celestial sanctuary, but I am granted a quick glimpse into the Tycho Brahe Museum, which is situated inside a former church. You wouldn't know from the outside...

The day becomes warm and sunny, and the only place that offers a beer and some food is the kiosk at the harbor of Kyrkbacken.





I stay there, until the sun goes down. I admire the sunset in the north, the colorful twilight that follows. It takes its time and doesn't hurry you to leave, and find a warm and cosy place. I wander back across the lonely island, watching the many rabbits and pheasants that have to be the heraldic animals of Ven: They are everywhere! There are hundreds of them, and the hardly move, when I appear.





## day 2 - The seven-song-cottage

It is a funny feeling, spending the night all alone in such a big hostel, which must be crowded in summertimes. I intend to get up early to take the ferry at half past six back to Landskrona. Against better knowledge, I do not set the alarm - and will be woken up by the noise of the ferry reaching the harbor. I have just enough time to jump out of bed, grab my stuff and run down to the little harbor - which is only a five minute walk away from the hostel.



For the inhabitants of Ven it is just another working day and the ferry is the bus to the office, to school or to what destination ever. I feel fine on ferries; It's a mixture of freedom and security. On the one hand, they provide shelter and comfort, on the other hand, they run free across the sea; no roads, no rails!

From Landskrona, the train takes me up to Helsingborg, where I have my preferred Swedish breakfast: a fresh and warm cinnamon-roll and coffee! Without spending the wind-swept ship a visit, I resume my journey to the north. I used to cross the sound here, before the bridge was built. Further on I will have to take the bus, first to Höganäs and hence to Arild.



I have made a reservation earlier this morning for a Bed&Breakfast, where I intend to stay the next two nights. Arild welcomes me on a lovely sunny morning in spring. Small flowers blossom everywhere, though the trees are still bald.

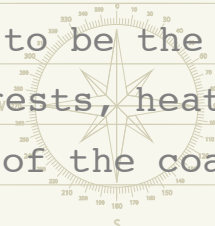
Skåne



The « Parkvilla » is sun-soaken and I have the feeling that the house fills up with light and warmth to store it and share it with it's inhabitants and guests.

Lund

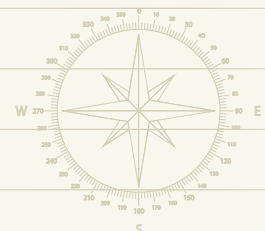
I hire a bike and start exploring the great « Kullen », Sweden's southernmost « mountain », a rocky peninsula that used to be the top of an ancient mountain. Covered with beech forests, heathland, juniper- and birch trees at the top, most of the coastline consists of steep, jagged rocky cliffs.





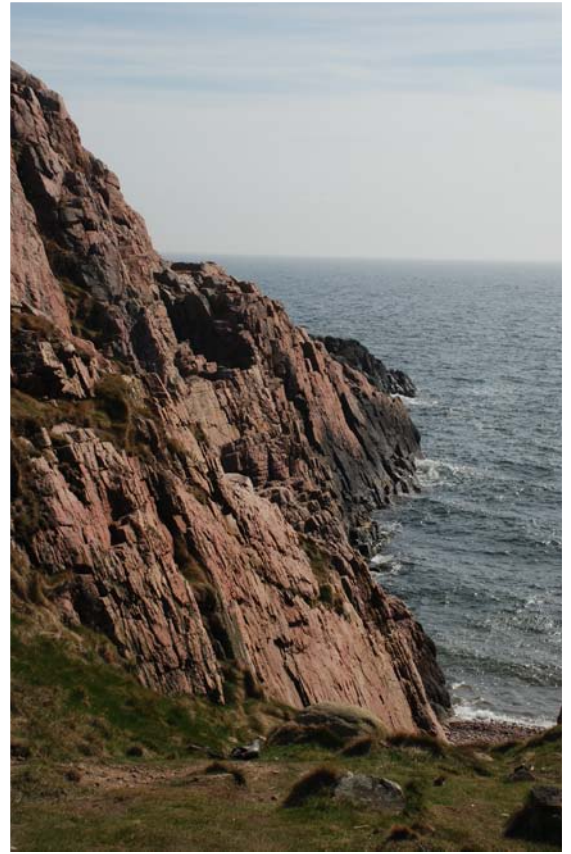


I make my way out to « Kullen's Fyr », the lighthouse at the edge of the peninsula, that stretches out into the Kattegat like a finger. The place is awesome! When I start to climb down to the shoreline I pass a little cottage, hidden in the bushes. Has this house inspired the seven-song-cottage? Or maybe it's the other one, more exposed, a bit further from the lighthouse.



I wander around for hours, across the heathland, up and down the rocks until I reach the « Visitgrotten », a small cave close to the waterline. One can easily imagine smugglers and pirates hiding themselves and their treasures here, after killing the fire up at the lighthouse to misguide the ships at sea...

Back in Arild, I visit one of the two places that are open:



The bar in "Strandhotel", a nice place, but since I am the only guest, I am gently asked to leave at nine o'clock...





## day 3 - the faraway ruins



The next day starts cold and grey. Sea fog hangs close over the village. I enjoy the breakfast, which is being served in the dining room on the first floor. The room has a wooden board floor, the walls are covered with wallpaper showing discreet patterns of flowers. The Biedermeier-furniture is placed with care, and the breakfast prepared with taste.



I don't start before noon. When I ride the bike across the peninsula to Mölle, the misty and cold air bites my fingers and I start pedalling faster to keep warm. Throughout the day you can hear the ships blowing their foghorns out at the Kattegat on their way to Russia, Germany, England, Norway, France or wherever.

The misty atmosphere fits perfectly for a picture of the faraway ruins. Whenever the fog rises, I get a great view





over the marvelous little village and the Kullen.

The harbor is still empty, but one small boat attracts my attention - a beautiful little coastal cruiser!



After a short hike onto the Kullen I have a great seafood-lunch at the « Krukmakerie and Café », a potter's workshop with a joined restaurant and café. The chef is a Frenchman that induces me to practice my french... with doubtful results... I like the place a lot!

I take the bike back to Arild, and stop at the tiny little shop in Brunnby. Here You can find all you need, and what you can't find, you don't need...



One thing I still need to find out: What does Swedish wine taste like? There is a sign at the road to Arild that proudly announces a vineyard. I can see vine growing, tiny but still...

Unfortunately, nobody is at home at the vineyard, except a very polite young employee, who is not entitled to show me around but willing to take my phone number and call me, as soon as the owner would be back. That does not happen until I have left the country...

I still wonder whether the wine really exists!



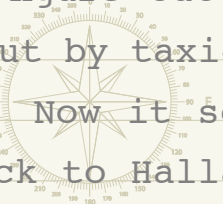


## day 4 - the secret lighthouse



- 8:00am I start to become desperate. I am never going to make it to the secret lighthouse!

I got up so early this morning to catch the bus at 06:20 am. Then I found out that this bus wasn't running on Saturdays. My first mistake. A quick look at the timetable told me that the next bus would be going at 08:20am. I decided, not to waste time and try to hitch-hike towards Ängelhölm. There were very few cars passing, but anyway - none of them stopped! It was at about 08:00 that I realized, after examining the timetable a bit more in depth, that there was a little sign at the times for Saturday. With my little knowledge of the Swedish language I could figure out that it read: « These connections are carried out by taxi-services, please call two hours in advance »! Now it seemed impossible to reach the ferry at ten o'clock to Halland's Väderö, that little island I was so desperately looking forward to reach. The last boat would be going at 12:00!





How can I do this?

- 8:20am I start walking. It is actually a beautiful day, and that little road runs along the coast... But there's this big goal on my mind: I have to get there today! My flight back to Vienna leaves tomorrow at noon...

- 9:00am Finally, I get a lift! Towards Ängelholm. But not further. I try the smaller road to Ängelholm, and finally get a lift towards Torekov, again just a tiny bit.

- 10:30am I am being dropped at a leisure park called « Valhall Park ». I call a taxi service. At the phone I make it clear that I need to be at the harbor at 11:45. They promise me to send a car around. I wait at the bus-stop.. I even let a bus pass by that runs in my direction. No taxi appears! I get furious! It is hitch-hiking again.

-11:15 I get a lift by a friendly elderly man, who takes me a bit further... There is hope again. He drops me at a small place called Förslöv. I run into a tiny shop and ask for « someone to take me to Torekov right now! ». The shop-owner starts searching his mobile phone, while another guy enters and shows interest. At this time I am willing to pay anything, so he accepts to take me. Just in that moment, my driver pops in again and tells me that he has arranged a lift for me. I follow him outside. In front of the shop is a bench where some old men are spending there free time with gossip and maybe some beer...

-11:30am One of them shall get me over to Torekov - in 20 minutes! He looks at me, I stare back. I try<sup>N</sup> to explain why it is so urgent, he slowly gets up, and with the same speed, he grabs my backpack, asks me to sit and starts the engine. The old Volvo may not be a racing car, but he drives it at walking-speed - and past the road-sign that reads « Torekov » I gasp and yell, but he calms me and tri-

umphantly shows me another sign to Torekov - the B-road. Speed is limited to 70km/h, than 40km/h.

I can't keep myself from checking the time every minute. It is an emotional rollercoaster-ride.

I grab my phone and dial the number of the ticket-counter for that little boat, telling them that I am on my way, and will be there at about noon, and ask them to wait for me.

« I see what I can do » is the friendly response, but in the end that doesn't mean anything.

And all of a sudden, we have reached the town, we are at the harbor. My driver doesn't stop - he gets out on the pier, right up to the boat, that is waiting, in a warm sunlight. It is a quarter to twelve, I step on board and feel excellent! I drop my backpack, sit down on one of the wooden benches and just enjoy this victory.

- 12:00 The boat takes me over to Hallands Väderö and towards the secret light-house...!

It is not only about reaching the island. It is about setting up a goal and trying to get there! Don't give up hope. Fight

for it! And I often come to this conclusion: You won't

make it on your own.

I belief in people - and in serendipity. I have trusted in strangers so often in my life, and often, when I didn't expect it, I was rewarded with hospitality and help. If you are in need for something, you will find people to help you. That's what trust is about.



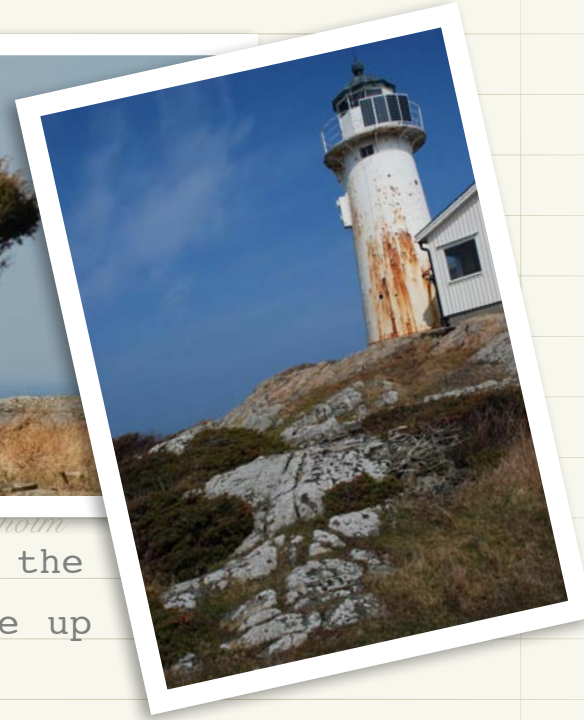
I want to encourage everybody to try it out - trust a stranger, Ask for help! It is serendipity that makes life worth living.

The crossing takes no more than twenty minutes. The weather is fine, there is a light breeze, a gentle swell... seagulls up in the sky, the sound of the motor a sonorous humming. It smells of tar, of weathered wood, of salt and sea... the small island appears at the horizon. My heart opens up.

The island is diverse: heathland, deciduous forest and swampland cover the inner areas, while rocky jagged cliffs and sandy beaches make up the coastline. I hike across the island to reach the secret lighthouse, where I define the northernmost point of this journey.







I enjoy the place with a view over the island and the open sea. Somewhere up there is Norway.



I slowly stroll back across the western shores and finally through the forest in the middle of the island. The ground is covered with white blossoming anemones. There is not enough time to go down to the south, where there is said to be an ancient graveyard of English soldiers, who died from some disease on a warship that anchored here some time in the past. I couldn't find out more about it. But the day is too beautiful for graveyards anyway.

At the gently curved sandy bay called Sandhamn, close to where the tour boat had stopped, I drop my backpack, take off my shoes and step into the cold and refreshing waters of the Kattegat.





In a distance right in front of me a group of seals play on a sandbank. They all drop into the water when suddenly a bunch of kayakers appear. The seals do not escape but nosy pop out their heads to look at these "funny animals" that crawl along the beach so slowly...



At 3:00pm the boat takes me back to Torekov, and I feel satisfied, having found all of the hidden places of the Sailor's Dream. Except the transmission horologe. But I know where I can find it, though I don't know, whether someone will open the door...

The way back to Malmö is much easier; getting away from Torekov puts me into the role of a hitch-hiker<sup>N</sup> again, but this time I am lucky:

I can convince a bus-driver, who opens the bus door only to tell me, that she is not in service anymore, to take me to Båstad. She takes me right to the train station, and I am on my way back to Malmö.





day 4 - the transmission horologe



Leaving the station it takes me just a few minutes to reach the transmission horologe, but since it is Saturday evening, the door is locked. So I decide to just take a picture and send an e-mail to say hi.

One last night I stay in Sweden. Just as I am about to leave for dinner, it starts to rain, for the first time on my trip. I ask some friendly girls, who had been seeking shelter from the rain in a bus-stop for a place to eat; They recommend a place called "Möllevångstorget". Here it is where I end my journey to the mysteries of the Öresund with some very tasty food, nice people and a great atmosphere.



I am taking the sound and the smells and the light of Sweden back with me to Vienna, feeling calm and refreshed. I discovered breathtaking and inspiring places, that I will be visiting again, someday.