Heli Laaksonen

The Nature of Finnish Nature.

ANIMALS, PLANTS, OTHERS

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To the Reader

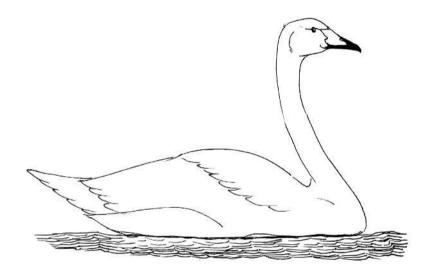
Hey you! Yes, you there! Good to see you!

I love nature – the nature of all nations, but that of my own Finland kindles in me a burning desire to write, speak, describe, sketch, preach, and in all possible ways present it to everyone.

And now I have the opportunity to present it to you!

I am a writer by profession, and a recently qualified nature and environment advisor (and also, by the way, a member of the Finnish Bryological Society).

Though the details of the book
may appear too strange or peculiar
to be true,
the truth is entirely what I intend to present.
The facts have been checked.
Telling the truth
will never diminish
the magic, sweetness and poetry of our land.
And that's the nature of Finnish nature.



Whooper swan, laulujoutsen, Cygnus cygnus, is the national bird of Finland.

Whooper Swan

A voice rings out through a March morn. The light part of the year is already upon us, light as we leave for work, and on our return, still light, though the ice still crackles 'neath the tread of winter boots.

A voice rings out across the sky, brass-band clarion-call hurdy-gurdy.

Over the beaches, across the swamps the swan's song sounds, Here they come again!

Would we even have the seasons, without this white messenger gliding across the foamy sea, to change them for us, as if changing fresh bedsheets?

Finland

Finland is a country standing on its own sturdy stilts of wood high in the conifer belt.

Finland is tall and upstanding: there's room within for everything from snow days to flower walks, mountain fells to oak groves and lily ponds.

Finland is shaped like an apron flying in the wind. Finland feels the chill breath of the North Pole. Finland's southernmost settlement, however, appears to be Fuengirola. According to our Swedish neighbours, we are the eastern land.

As for our own east – let's not go there right now. Finland lies between west and east, as the tongue between the teeth.

