



Local surf company Faroe Islands Surf Guide own a small shack on the bay of Tjørnuvík, on Streymoy. The twin sea stacks of Risin and Kellingin (the giant and the witch) guard the bay, staring out toward the Arctic. Sets of waves creep past them up the deep, steep-sided inlet to break across black sands.

Hannes soon realized that Faroe Islands Surf Guide was more of a group of friends than a surf shop. Their enthusiasm for surfing on the islands rolled with as much vigor as the waves. They called Hannes when conditions were good and he rented a board to join them. Surfing there was much easier with local knowledge, but it still felt like a microcosm of Faroese life: challenging, lived at the whim of the unpredictable weather, but more rewarding as a result.

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After meeting up with a group of cliff divers, they all donned wetsuits and navigated along intricate sea cliffs, traversing, diving, swimming, then starting the process again. Hannes stood eight meters (26 feet) above choppy water, watching it draw out and rush back in to meet the cliff face. Then he stepped out. Gravity caught up and his senses were overwhelmed by sea water.