



A letter to you: I love you, Iceland

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For everything there is a season, and a time for every matter under heaven. I've wept and laughed a lot here in Iceland. It's time now to go back to my home, though I love you so much. It was an unforgettable moment when I saw you for the first time; a glance at a web site for international students started it all. The guide described your climate, saying, "In Iceland, we can never trust the weather". I don't know why, but I fell in love with you then. It was probably the Icelandic unpredictability that attracted me, though I know there are plenty of Icelanders who hate that.

I have indeed enjoyed your weather, including windstorms and snow on a sunny day. At that point, I was just a tourist feeling happy to experience strange weather that would not happen in my country. I'll admit it. However, from my foreigner's point of view, I strongly recommend that you who live in Iceland pay greater attention to the sky at night. There might be beautiful northern lights! I was surprised that one of my Icelandic friends had not seen such bright northern lights more than three times, even though I've seen them many times in only nine months. Icelanders don't understand the value, as is the tendency with local people. There seem to be many wonderful things in Iceland that local people don't give much attention.

Tourists and foreigners conversely have a tendency to idealize Iceland too much. I know; I am not an exception. Yet, I love you still. I love the way that time passes here. Time is given equally, but it seems to pass differently in my country. Here in Iceland, everyone has an artistic side, while in my country, few people can think

about art and so on in their busy daily lives. I really didn't want to go back to my busy country, though I like Japan. But perhaps the time limit on my stay in Iceland



makes this life more precious. Anyway, my life in here has been so delightful that I can't go home without sorrows.

I believe that a stroke of luck brought me to you; in 2010, I would not have imagined that I'd be in Iceland in 2013. See? No one knows my future. I only know that the luck which brought me to Iceland might come to me again someday. I'm sure that I will miss you, but for now I'll just say "Thank you and I love you" instead of "Good bye". I'm not going to cry anymore, in spite of the fact that I'm leaving, because the best year of my life is not over yet.

