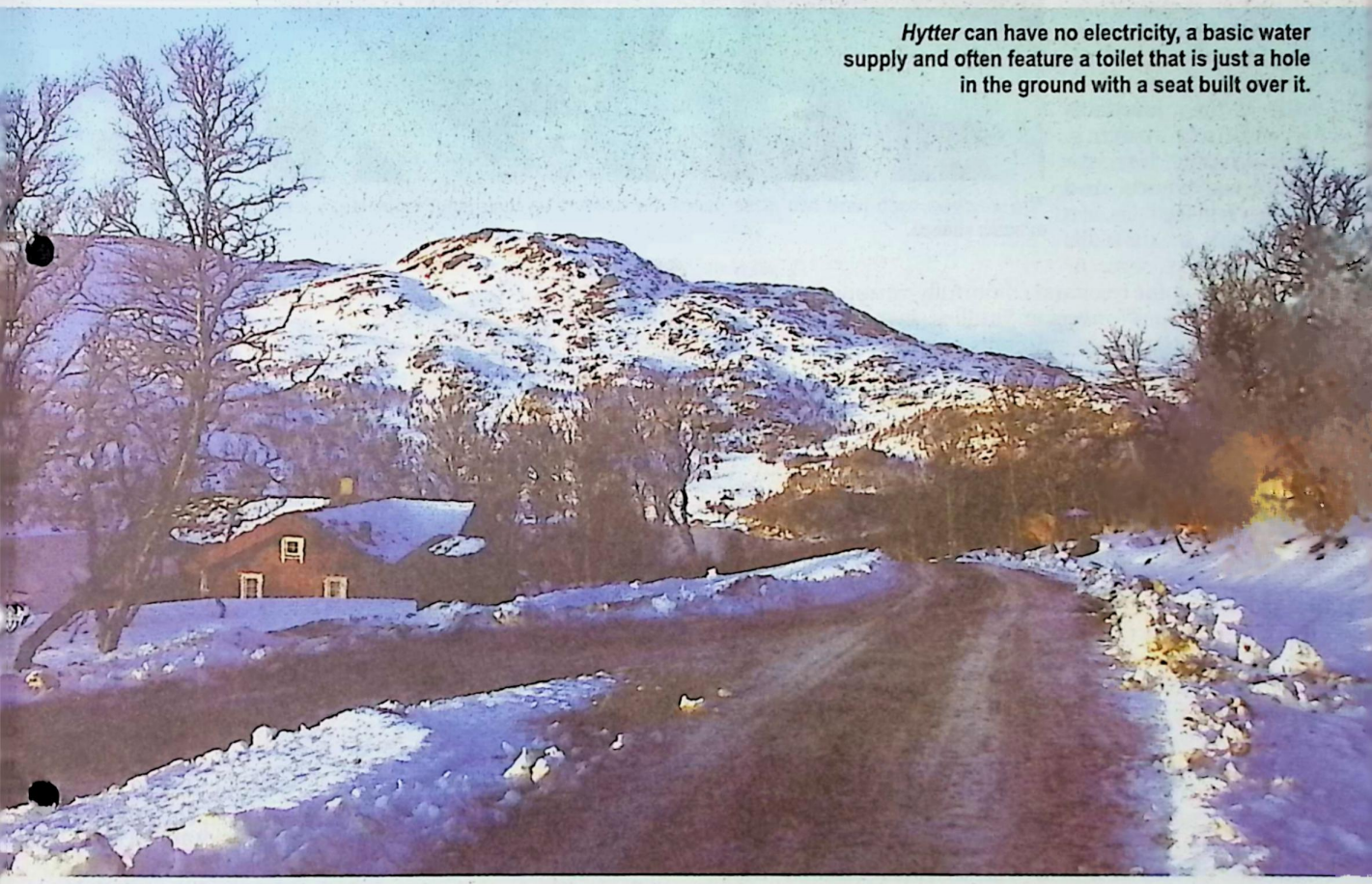
and a tiny hole at the back to accommodate its stocky fur-tipped tail. One wall is guarded by a witch, a hideous wart on her hideous nose. She sits on a broomstick, riding upwards, looking determined, and on another wall is a tapestry in white and brown, catching in its weave tempting shapes of ancient form.

The windows each have two glass panes, for halfway up their length, outside, a wavy line of snow exhales silence. Beyond them, in the black thickness, you can just make out the scarred white trunks and scraggily stark fingers of a few bare birch trees. It feels as if the world is not yet born.

around them: a touch of the essence of where they are from and who they are.

The small hours of night are filled with talk of northern things. There's discussion of the day's hiking or cross-country ski trip along the valleys, over the hills, across the frozen lake. Perhaps there were reindeer, or a shy fox. If it were autumn there could have been a brief pause to feast on a small bush of treasured cloudberries, those diminutive clusters of yellow delight. Such discussions are shaped in the undulating melody of the Norwegian language, with its many valleys and hills of accents, enough to rival even the variety found in Bangla.



Hytter **can have no electricity, a basic water supply and often feature a toilet that is just a hole in the ground with a seat built over it.**

The room is small, with just enough space for a dining table and a sitting area, for the cabin it belongs to, what Norwegians call a *hytte*, is, by tradition, small. *Hytter* can have no electricity, a basic water supply and often feature a toilet that is just a hole in the ground with a seat built over it: but of course the bathroom is inside the building because of the winter cold. It's not that Norwegians can't afford conveniences Norway indeed has one of the world's highest living standards, but in their *hytter* they choose not to have them. Like Bangladeshis, Norwegians have it easy to remember tradition and the natural world

There's a catalogue of life that's spoken of: the incrementally always-changing seasons, the colour of autumn or the heat of summer; of dinners at the usual 4.30 p.m.; of careers and concerns and absent family members held dear. There's talk of the world too, from a Nordic perspective, in peaceful mountains even the smallest daily annoyances can't seem to scale. And of course, there's always analysis of the weather: colder this year, more snow, less snow, the need to shovel snow off the roof in the morning, and the exact degrees-Celsius right now (minus the minus, which in winter need not be